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I Am Proud That I Was An Orphan!

By William S. Dutton

PITY the poor orphan? No, envy him!

I am an orphan boy, reared in an orphans' asylum, and I am proud that I was. Almost am I tempted to say—since what was had to be—that I am glad that I was. There are advantages in being an orphan, just as there are advantages in having parents. The lot of the orphan is not nearly so hard as folks like to think. It is the boy with parents who often has the harder row to hoe.

I certainly am glad that an orphans' asylum undertook my upbringing and that I was not "farmed out" to sympathetic relatives. That condition would have involved all the disadvantages of having parents, with few or none of the advantages. As it was, in that alma mater of mine I was no worse off than is any rich man's son who is sent away to a private school for his education. I've a notion that I was better off than many a rich man's son—and I know I was better off than untold thousands of poor boys with parents.

Have no doubt, however; had the choice been mine, which it was not, my parents would have lived. No boy in the world could have had finer parents than mine, and no boy willingly could have lost them. What I lost by their going, I don't know, except vaguely. My knowledge, necessarily, is limited to what I gained. All I know surely, after twenty-seven parentless years, is that He who takes is not slow to recompense. I know only that I gained, and that my brother gained, while somewhere back in those years we became unconscious of loss.

There were just the two of us—my brother, who is the younger, and myself. Our father and mother died within a year, before I was eight years old. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a painter by trade who should have been an artist. She had been a most beautiful woman, sought after and admired. The hardest thing that life exacted of our mother was to die in the flower of her womanhood and leave us boys behind. There were times, I think, when the whole town joined with her in her fervent prayer to be permitted to live.

There were debts, the inevitable aftermath of months of illness. The home our father had built was sold. I remember the furniture piled on the sidewalk, the crowd, the cries of the auctioneer. Before that, I remember my heartbreak at my mother's death, the aching sense of being utterly alone; yet before that, the funeral of my father, a gorgeous pageant of marching uniformed men, of drums that did not beat as drums always had, of soldiers firing sternly over a flag-draped grave, and of my brother and I eagerly picking up the cartridges ejected hot from their guns.

A glorious funeral it was, that funeral of my father. In life he had often gone away to decorate churches and lodge rooms in distant cities. This time, my mother assured us, Father was going to the Wonder City of Heaven! We could not understand why those crowds did not cheer as we passed, why the drums did not boom as they did on the Fourth of July. Perhaps, was my thought, these people didn't know of the happiness there is in Heaven.

AT MY mother's going there was a pang, for I was older and had learned selfishness. I had learned to fly to her for protection and to know the warmth of her love; these things were being taken away and I cried out. But to this day I know only pride in the going of my father and in the honor paid him by our town. I can say, as few mortals can, "I've felt the joy of a soul called by its Maker! I've exulted in the passing of a loved one of mine to immortality!"

And before that?

Before that, the death of my father, I have memories perfect and unblemished, such as only an orphan can have. In manhood, with much of the world going wrong, I can look back upon

How This Article Came to Be Written

"HOW did you manage to get such a good start in life?" the Editor asked William S. Dutton.

"Well, I've been an orphan since I was seven years old," he replied, "and we orphans have a certain advantage over the rest of you."

An amazing remark, and out of it grew the remarkable article that begins on this page! For years, Mr. Dutton has been writing about other people—scientists, builders, business men, engineers, farmers, adventurers, laborers, men and women in all walks of life. You have enjoyed his stories of others; now you will be fascinated by his own story! Did you know that orphans almost look down on boys who have parents to decide things for them, to protect them? Did you know that orphans resent being considered pitiful little creatures to be wept and sentimentalized over and treated as objects calling for charity? In this article Mr. Dutton gives you the inside story of an orphan's look at life. "I was nearly grown," he says, "before I learned that I was something to be felt sorry for, and the discovery came to me as a shock. It seemed funny to me, and also it made me mad!"

Mr. Dutton is a reporter of rare ability, and in this, his own intimate story, he has done a particularly effective job.

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two parents who were ideal and without a fault in my eyes. I can recall no word of my father's to regret, no act of my mother's over which to bow my head. They appear to me, these parents of mine, as I last knew them, clothed in the golden glamour woven around them by a child. Maturity and wisdom have not dimmed nor marred the picture—it has come down with me untarnished through the years.

Reason prompts with the reminder that they were human, and therefore with fault; but I laugh at reason. What is reason before fact? I place a halo upon their heads, and there is no imp in my memory to challenge it. And no man challenges it, for the living think softly of the dead.

In the little town of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, where we lived, old friends of my father and mother still recite to me their virtues, when I go back. The barber who shaves me leans over to confide that in his home, unchanged, are doors which were grained by my father's brush; and he adds, "This town has never had a painter as fine as he was." The lodge member tells me of a canvas painted forty years ago, and still hanging in its place in the lodge room. An old neighbor recalls the friendship of my mother, an anecdote that brings a lift to my head, and my mother's halo is aglow with fresh glory.

"Aren't you Will Dutton's son?" They halt me on the byway, shake my hand, and there is a warmth in that handclasp begotten of the heart. Never an unkind word, never a sneer, for if ever a cause existed for these it has been long forgotten. It seems that when a man or woman dies only the bad dies with them; the goodness lives and goes on and on. I smile when I hear someone say that it is a tragedy of orphanhood to be without a parent's influence and example. He knows not of what he speaks. Death has merely replaced the imperfect example with the perfect.

IT WAS my mother's wish, when she knew she had to die, that we boys be placed in an orphans' asylum. She and Father had gone over the matter together, even had picked the school to which they wished us sent. It was a school, one of three, maintained by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the orphans of its soldiers who had fought in the Civil War. "The State isn't dispensing charity there," had said my father, "but is discharging a just debt."

Mother exacted of one of her sisters, who was to become our guardian, the promise that the wish would be carried out. The others of the family rose up in protest and in honest horror. They were able, eager, to take care of two small boys. My aunt Mae, who was childless, begged for me to rear; my uncle Charles as earnestly begged for my brother Hubert. It was unthinkable to them that we be sent away among strangers—worse, that we go to an asylum.

"I've given my word and have no choice," said Aunt Alice, our guardian, and her position was hard. She, too, had no children. Her husband, our uncle Horace, gladly would have taken us both.

I am glad that she had the courage to keep her word. Gentle, lovable, God-fearing Aunt Mae; big-hearted, kindly Uncle Charles! They would have made their homes our homes; they would have given to us from their hearts and done their level best. But our mother had designated the better way, had looked into the future with no small wisdom. Here was a gap which no relatives, however kindly, could fill.

On a day in February, 1902, Hubert and I became wards of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Orphans' School, at Chester Springs; and we were to remain the wards of the State until we were sixteen years old.

Chester Springs is in the Pickering Valley, not far from Philadelphia. Near by is Valley Forge, steeped in history and in memories of Washington. The old stone school building in which we, the orphans of soldiers, said our lessons, was used as a hospital by the Colonial Army during that winter at Valley Forge. On the floor and walls of the building's huge attic were still to be seen the stains made by the blood of Revolutionary heroes. There wasn't a boy nor a girl in school who didn't know of those stains.

Great trees, a century old, enfolded our dormitories and playrooms and shaded all the grounds about, in which were mineral springs famed for their waters and the beauty of their protecting willows. Like the schoolhouse, most of our buildings were remodeled structures of stone, dating from Colonial days. Covered boardwalks connected them; all about were spacious old-fashioned porches.

Such was our "orphanage," now occupied by a famous art school, in one of the most beautiful spots I have known. There were several hundred of us there, boys and girls ranging in age from six to sixteen. We boys wore blue uniforms much like our fathers had worn, for these schools of Pennsylvania were conducted as military institutions and often headed by former army officers. The girls, who had separate quarters and playgrounds, but who sat opposite us in the dining-room and in class, dressed like the girls of any public school.

Major Holt was in command of the boys. He was tall and spare and bony, and reminded me of an old American eagle peering out from under a broad-brimmed military hat. Our immediate officers were older boys of the school and they were expected to maintain discipline, and did it. They had power to cancel our play periods and to impose minor punishments, such as scrubbing the playroom floor, peeling potatoes in the kitchen, sweeping the porch, and the like. A severer punishment was to stand on a table with arms uplifted "holding up the ceiling." The severest, administered only by old Major Holt, emanated from a worn and ancient razor strop which the major kept hanging behind his office door.

A WEEK or two after our arrival my brother was taken ill with scarlet fever. He was quarantined in the little bungalow hospital, a short distance from the boys' quarters, and I could see him only occasionally through the medium of a closed glass door. I was homesick. At dusk, while the other boys played, that awful emptiness and longing would come over me, and I would crawl away into some corner and let the tears flow as they would. I was strange, the ways of the school were strange, my comrades were strange, and no homeless and lost pup could have been more miserable. I wanted to die—and there were weeks of this.

One evening I was sitting on the porch, hidden behind a pillar, and as mournful as one small boy could be. I had been measured for my uniform, but it had not been delivered as yet. The suit I had on, the same I had worn when I came to school, was in rags. The rough benches of the playroom had played havoc with the seat of my trousers; great holes were in my stockings.

Suddenly somebody spoke at my elbow. I turned to face a red-cheeked, laughing-eyed boy with damp, badly tousled hair. He had been running and was out of breath.

"You're the new feller, ain't yuh?" he said in friendly tone. "My name is Louie Klientop. What's yours?"

I told him, with a gulp, that it was William Sherman Dutton.

"Oh, heck! Bill's enough name," he said. "Homesick, ain't yuh? Everybody is at first." Then, "Say, Bill, we're playin' Injun. I'm the chief. How'd you like to be one of my braves? Come on."

And grabbing my hand, Louie dragged me after him as fast as my legs would go, over the road, down the hill through the buttonball trees and to the open playground beyond. We drew up panting in the midst of a dozen boys.

"THIS is the new feller," announced Louie. "Name's Bill Dutton." And he added with an air that decreed hands off, "He's a friend o' mine."

That night, when tattoo sounded, I was with Louie and three of the most adventurous of his braves in a farmer's apple orchard, which was forbidden territory, scouting to see if any green apples were yet of eatable size. We had to run for it, as I had never run before, to make the playroom where the boys were assembling in line to be marched to bed.

"To-morrow night," was Louie's parting word, "we'll play bandit. I'm goin' to let you be a depity sheriff."

And next day, wonder of wonders, my new blue uniform arrived and I donned it, a full-fledged soldier's orphan at last! I was no longer a stranger, and ceased to be "the new feller." I had friends and was a member of a dare-devil band.

Somehow Louie got himself assigned to the iron bed in the dormitory next to mine. Later we were to sleep together, to sit side by side at the table, to hunt Injuns and trap bandits as brothers-in-arms, and to be thrashed together by the major. We swore everlasting friendship, and in thrilling moments of intimacy talked of running away from school and traveling around the world. Louie taught me the unwritten code of the school.

"Never call a feller a liar, unless you're ready to fight," he said. "Never let any guy call you a liar, either. And when you fight, fight fair. Don't hit the other feller when he's down; give 'em a chance to get up again. Don't kick, or bite, or gouge his eyes, but stick to your fists.

"An orphan," he said at another time, "has got to be man enough to look out for himself. He can't run an' tell his parents when he's hurt. He's either got to swallow it, or lick the other feller. He ain't no cry-baby, and he ain't a tattletale. He's a kid who can give a lickin', and take one, an' keep his mouth shut."

This code and its ramifications permeated the whole school. From first to

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last, it was a code of honor. The boy was not popular who always carried a chip on his shoulder; nor was he popular who feared to knock another's chip off. It was the worse kind of disgrace to strike a fallen foe; or to cheat, either at play or in the classroom; or to be known as a tattler; or as one who couldn't grin in defeat. No boy was permitted to "pick on" a boy smaller than he; any small boy could call a larger boy to his aid, and get it at once when he was in need. No boy spoke disparagingly of another behind his back; unpleasant things, if they had to be said at all, were spoken face to face.

AND the code was enforced. The boys themselves saw to that. The school authorities, too, enforced it with stern justice. I shall never forget my first taste of this justice. The charge against me was fighting and thrashing another boy, and his pair of blackened eyes were in evidence against me. In fact, it was the boy himself who was my accuser; he had played the tattler.

"This boy says you blackened his eyes," said old Major Holt. "What'd you do it for? How'd the fight start?"

"He hit me when my back was turned, without reason," I said. "A dozen boys saw him do it."

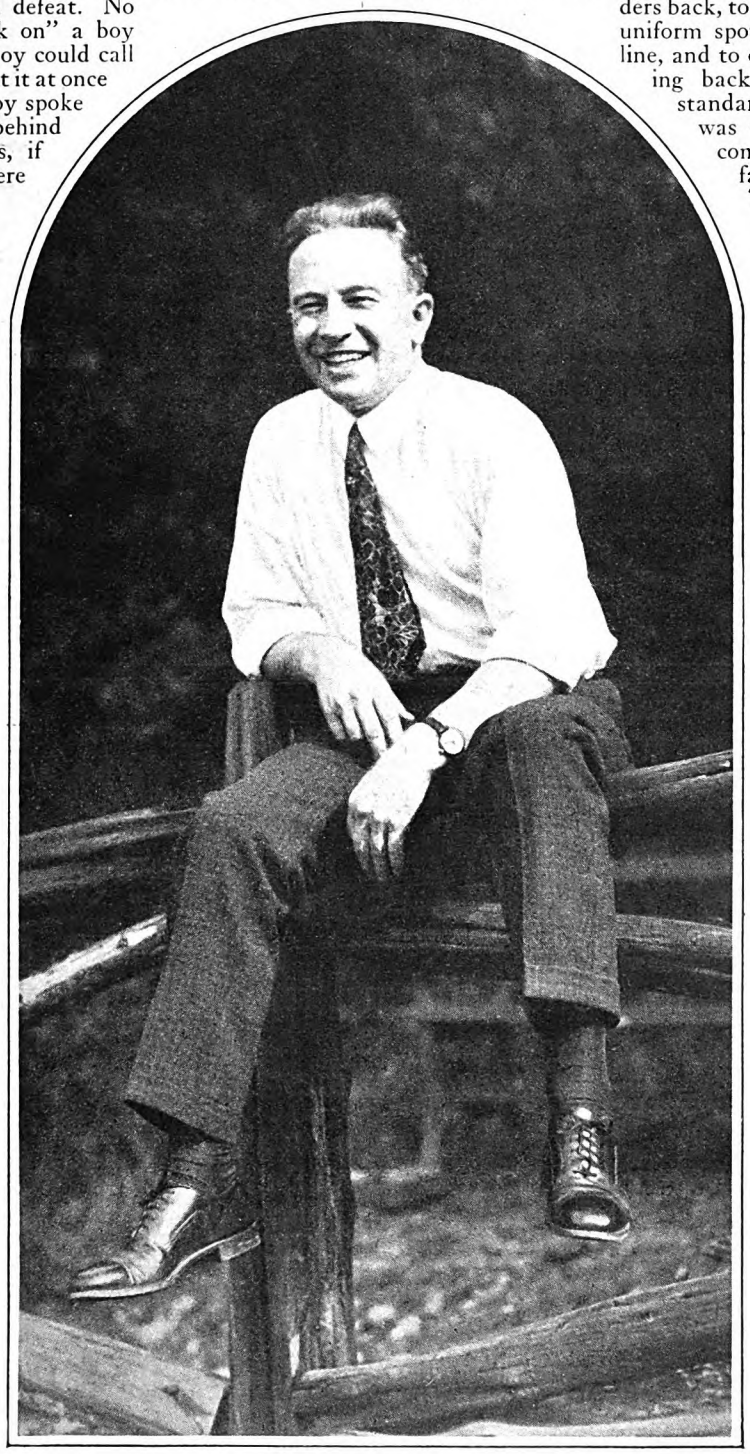
Out stalked the major from the room and to the broad stairway opening into the playroom. "Attention!" he roared, and every boy in the room stood stiffly erect and silent. "Who saw this fight?" he demanded. A half-dozen boys thrust up their hands, whereupon the major fixed the oldest with his bony forefinger. "How'd it happen?"

The evidence supporting my story, back came the major and closed the door of his office. "Step up here!" he said, cold as ice, and my late opponent and myself strode forward. "We have a rule against fighting," said the major, "but there are times when a boy who won't fight is a coward. This is one of them. Dutton, you may go."

Outside the door, I paused. I heard the major snap, "Take down your trousers, I'm going to thrash you; first, for striking that boy when his back was turned and, second, for not being man enough to take the consequences. If you blubber, I'm going to thrash you a third time."

The ancient razor strap was in vigorous action when I tiptoed on my way. I was proud of myself and looked it. Then an older boy tapped me on the arm. "You did right, kid," he said; but added softly, "Don't let it go to your head."

No, we didn't rejoice over another's misfortune. It wasn't funny when another did wrong. Nor was fighting exalted as such; it was the spirit of the thing that counted above all else. Our superiors, wise in boys, knew that red-blooded youngsters will use their fists occasionally, and instead of denying the fact they faced it and made it a lesson in life, which too is a fight. If I have fought fairly the battles of manhood it is because fairness was drilled into me as an orphan-school boy.



William S. Dutton was born in Philadelphia in 1893. His parents died when he was seven, and he grew up in orphan schools. He has done newspaper work in Stroudsburg, Scranton, Philadelphia, and New York, working for a time as political editor of the Philadelphia "North American." He served throughout the World War with the Rainbow Division, most of the time as Regimental Sergeant Major of the 83d Infantry Brigade. For the past three years he has worked exclusively for "The American Magazine." Mr. Dutton is married, and lives in Philadelphia

I have said it was a military school, and it was. We had military discipline. I was taught to hold my head up and my shoulders back, to keep my shoes shined and my uniform spotless, to keep silent when in line, and to obey an order without "talking back." In the classroom, the standards were high, eighty per cent was the passing mark; and my comrades had little respect for failure.

The food was plain, but we had all of it we could eat. Our beds were clean and our quarters were scrubbed until the boards shone white. We took care of those quarters ourselves, and rigid inspections made us do our work thoroughly; the work, in turn, taught us that life is not all play. I learned more of self-reliance, and faced more of the real problems of boyhood during that first year at school, than I believe would have been the case in five years had my parents lived. And in me began to grow a very tangible pride in being an orphan; the time was shortly to come when I was to regard orphanhood as a superior condition.

CHESTER SPRINGS was one of two lower schools in the State's system of rearing and educating the orphans of its soldiers. The other lower school was at Uniontown, in the western part of Pennsylvania. All children were enrolled first in one of these schools, and upon attaining a certain degree of training were then sent to the higher school, which was the principal institution of the three. This third school, known as the Soldiers' Orphans' Industrial School of Pennsylvania, was located just outside the village of Scotland, in the Cumberland Valley, near Chambersburg. It still exists, though the Uniontown and Chester Springs schools have been discontinued.

It was during my second year at Chester Springs that I was transferred to the Scotland school, where trades were taught. This transfer temporarily separated me from my brother, who did not come to Scotland until a year or two later. Some of our relatives felt that this separation was cruel; but it wasn't. As I was older, my brother was overshadowed by me at Chester Springs. Once "on his own" there, he (*Continued on page 109*)

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"Human Nature Ain't What It Ought To Be"

And so Todd Hibbard tried to change it

By Ellis Parker Butler

DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

UNTIL he was eighty-five, old Todd Hibbard was as light-minded as any man in Catskill County and always ready to have his little joke. They still talk about how, at eighty-four, he pulled the rock joke on the fellow from New York.

The mountain farm was still known far and near as the "Todd Hibbard place"—although old Mrs. Hibbard had been dead fifteen years and Todd had deeded the place to his son Ross—and the stretch of brook through the farm was famed as the best piece of trout stream in the mountains.

Ross and his wife took the boarders now, running the old house much as Todd had run it; but everyone said, "Up at Todd Hibbard's." So this New York fellow wrote his letter to old Todd instead of to Ross.

When old Todd got the letter he sat down on his usual chunk of wood out back of the kitchen door, with the chips and sawdust all around, and chickens scratching, and the view of the mountain tops across the valley, and read the letter and chuckled. It was just such a letter as might come from a green New Yorker who had never cast a fly but had heard of the pleasure of fly-casting and wanted to begin.

In those days old Todd shaved every morning. He had shaved every morning for half a century. He said a man was a man, and not a monkey, and he was blamed if he was going to look like a monkey when he could look like a man, and he was blamed if he wasn't going to shave as long as there was a razor left and he could get a-hold of it. "Blamed" was his favorite cuss word, and when he got real mad he said, "Blame blamed!"

If you stop to think of it, you'll see that a man can put just as much cuss into "blame blamed" as into anything else, and it is less risky to use when there are women around. There were always plenty of women around Todd Hibbard's place, too; six or eight of the family folks and hired help and the summer boarders. Old Todd could go blame-blaming around to his heart's content when the other men had to swallow their cussing and seethe like a kettle of hot mush.

The only trouble with old Todd's shaving was that it made him look more like a monkey than if he had let his beard grow. Even when he was a young fellow of sixty-five the weather had

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wrinkled his face and tanned it, and when he was a few years older and began to be bent in the back and his bushy eyebrows turned white and his mass of hair turned iron-gray, and most of his teeth left him and made him work his lips in and out a good deal, he did look for all the world like a monkey, with his keen little eyes sparkling from under his eyebrows.

But he got this letter from this New York fellow. It was six or eight pages, part very chesty and part very meek, and the man wanted to know if he could come up to Todd's place and have a week's fly-fishing for trout.

"I wish you would send me a list of what I ought to get in the way of an outfit," the man wrote, "and tell me anything else I ought to do to make a success of fly-fishing. I hear there are two ways of fishing for trout with a fly, the dry-fly way and the wet-fly way, and I wish you would tell me which I ought to use and what the difference is. And, also, how long a pole I ought to get."

Old Todd chuckled over the letter for a half-hour and then he went in and answered it. He knew just what the man must be like when he said pole instead of rod, and he wrote a long letter—chuckling to himself all the while—and he certainly gave that man some instructions. He liked his joke, old Todd did.

Maybe you have fished the Brekkill. It has been famous since the old Dutch days, when it was spelled Broek Kill, and it is a nice stretch of water. It has some fine pools, and there is overhang everywhere, so that the sun does not evaporate the stream, and the trout have plenty of surface feed and know a fly when they see one. Except for the pools it is fairly swift water, but its main feature is its rocks. They call them pebbles up there. Where there is a rounded stone as large as a tank on a gasolene tank wagon the natives say "quite a good-sized pebble." They say the Brekkill is "quite a pebbly brook."

THESE pebbles run all the way from a grain of sand to fellows as big as a house. The bed of the brook is nothing but pebbles, the flats are pebbles buried close together in soil; when a man has plowed and seeded he runs a heavy horse-drawn roller over his field to crush a few million pebbles back into the soil, or he cannot reap his harvest when his grain is ripe. Every field has a stone fence of pebbles, and there are huge piles of surplus gatherings of pebbles in most of the fence corners. The mountains are, of course, practically solid rock with a skim of earth, and there are outcropped knobs of rock everywhere among the trees, forty feet high, sixty feet high.

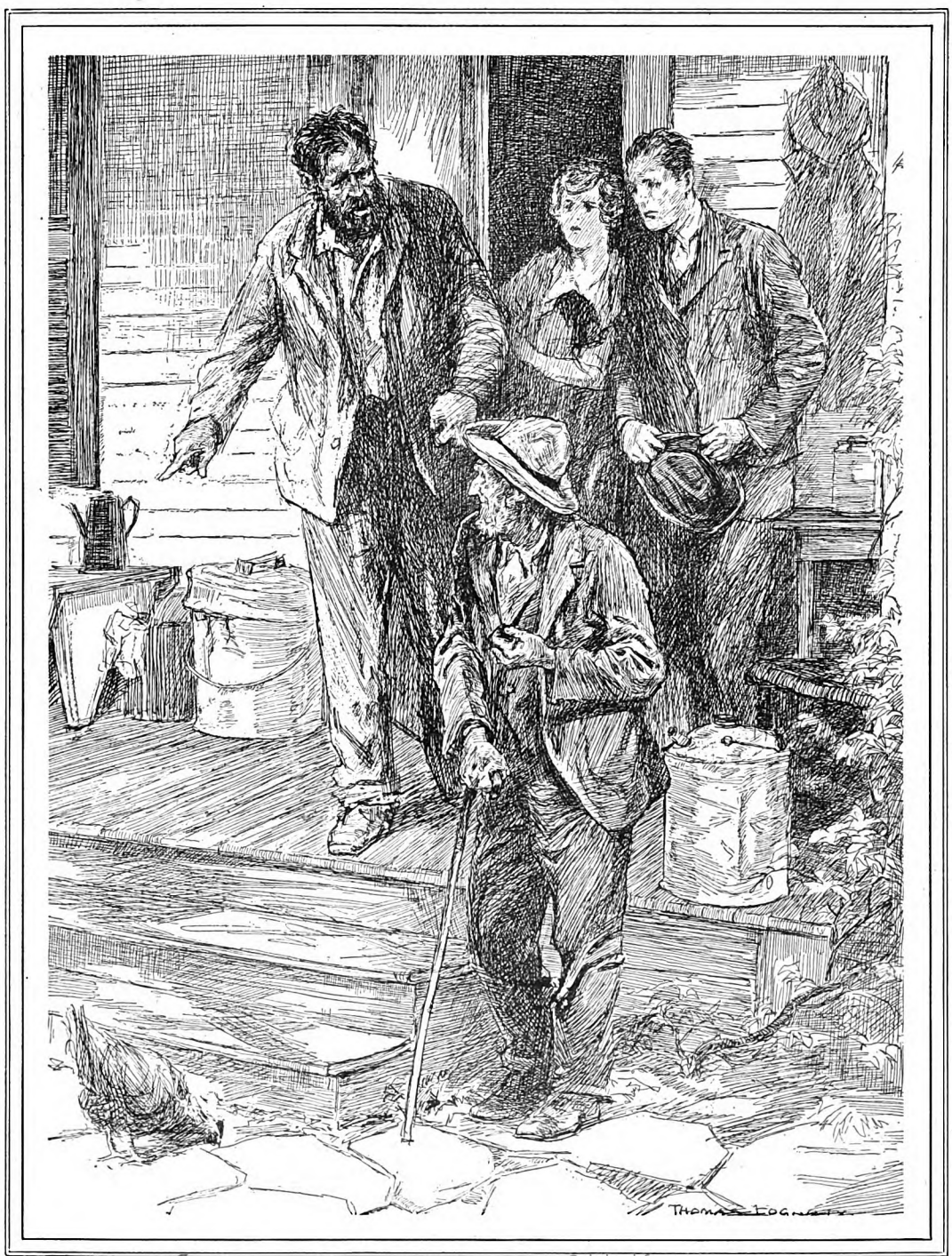
In the bed of the brook inside the limits of the Todd Hibbard place alone there must be millions—perhaps hundreds of millions—of these rounded stones.

When you look at the fields you wonder how a man can plow them; when you look at the rugged, rocky mountains you think that, whatever may happen elsewhere, these rocks will outlast the world; when you look at the brook you say you never saw so many stones in your life. You would not have believed there were so many stones in the world.

"THE trout," old Todd wrote the New York man, "is a queer sort of fish. They always head up-stream. They like to get in below a rock and wait there for flies to come, and some of the best trout are got when they are lying just below a rock like that. Maybe you had better bring a few rocks up with you for the trout to lie behind."

When the New York innocent arrived at Index, the station nearest Todd Hibbard's place, he had two suit cases filled with second-hand Belgian blocks, which are granite paving stones. He went back to New York on the first train; he had no sense of humor. One look at the Brekkill was enough for him.

That was when old Todd Hibbard was eighty-four, and it may



"Agreement nothing!" Ross said roughly. "Suppose you go back to your hen and keep out of this"

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Joe Prender was forbidden to come on Ross Hibbard's land, but he managed to see Emmy now and then

be that the laying out Ross gave him had something to do with the change in the old man. Ross had more of his mother's characteristics than his father's, both in looks and disposition; but what had been a godsend to Todd in his wife became mean qualities in his son.

If Todd's wife had not been a big woman, and serious-minded, Todd could never have let himself go as he had, having a lot of fun with life. She was the manager for the place; she "put up with" Todd. But Ross was big and black and serious, and a man into the bargain, and he had a thick streak of avarice in him. They said he married Effie Decker because she had a similar keen desire to lay by money.

THEY trimmed the edges pretty close when it came to feeding the boarders who came to the place in the summer, and they were both angered when they discovered that old Todd had driven a prospective boarder away by one of his jokes.

Ross gave his father a great old tongue lashing, and Effie added what she had to say, and it may have started the change in the old man. He began to feel old. When his razor got dull he said, "Blame take the blamed thing!" and quit shaving.

His beard grew out white and rather sparse, which gave his face a rather moth-eaten look, and he became even more careless with his clothes than an aged man should be, and he quit chatting with the boarders and sat more than ever on his favorite stump in the chip yard.

He took a notion that a certain red hen was an especial friend of his, and he called her Culloch or Cullock, because of a sound she made when she was experimenting around, and he fed her and presently had her so she would follow him around or come running when he called "Culloch, Culloch, Culloch!"

Now and then, when there was more than usual quarreling in the kitchen, he would call his hen and pick up his stick and go down across the road and sit by the edge of the brook.

There was a place where the brook eddied back when there was a freshet, and it always left a little beach of sand and fine gravel, maybe four feet wide and six feet long but irregular in shape. It was where the teams were driven down to ford the brook when anyone went across to the woodlot on the opposite mountain, and it was always there, year in and year out.

Women boarders used to bring their babies down there to let them play in about the only nice soft sand anywhere near, and there was usually a rusted toy shovel or an old tin cup or something of the sort lying around.

Old Todd had brought Ross there when Ross was a baby, and he had brought plenty of boarders' babies there, and Ross's kids when they were little tots—Emmy and Roger and the rest of them. It was a pretty place. The one or two trees that were kept cut down to let the team through made it a sort of bower, with branches reaching out over it and over the brook, shady and as cool as anywhere in the heat of the day.

THE way work divided in the house, Ross's wife Effie came to have a sort of general supervision of things and her daughter Emmy ran the kitchen. Emmy was a pretty one and bright and cheerful, talking all the time in a voice with a nice little upward lift, and never being a minute without some work on hand, except when all the work was done and she had a right to rest. She was more like old Todd than any of the other grandchildren were, and she liked her joke as well as Todd liked his. They had some great old private jokes together that no one else understood or cared to understand.

"Well, honey," old Todd might say, "blamed if the tzoozicks hasn't flambastuated again."

"Grandpa! You don't mean it!" Emmy would exclaim. "Don't tell me it had the new chugbuggle!"

"It did, though," old Todd would say, and then they would both laugh as if they had said the funniest things

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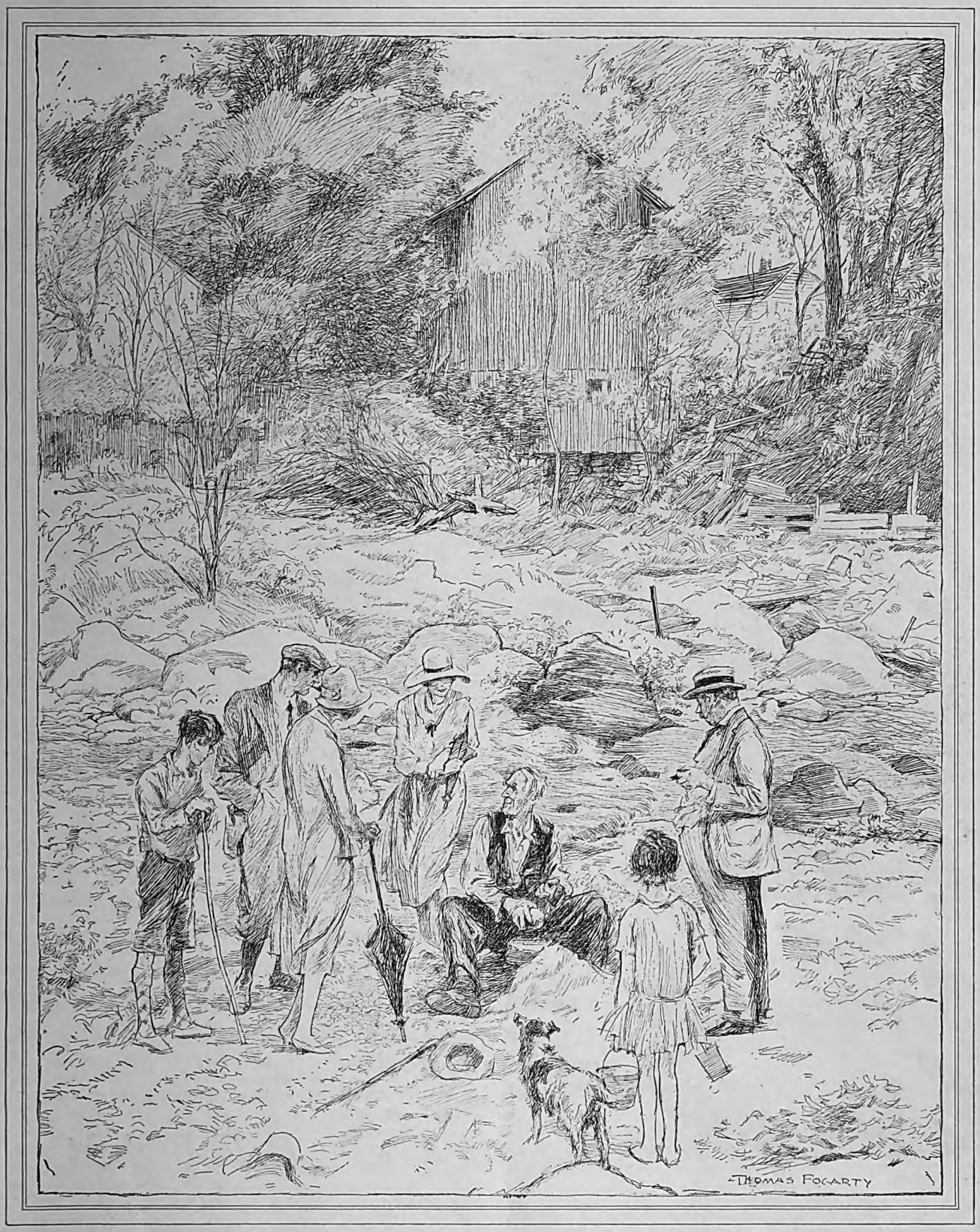

He never missed a whack of his hammer-stone as he talked, but he did not let his mountain powdering interfere with his tongue, either

mortal could say. All their nonsense meant was that Joe Prender had gone to Index again, and that he had gone in his new automobile.

Their joke language was simple enough if one understood it, as they did, for old Todd had once forgotten Joe Prender's name and said "who's this" instead, which they joked into "tzoozicks," and "flambastuate" was how Joe drove a car, and the car itself could be nothing but a chugbuggle. But old Todd and Emmy had a lot of fun that way, and it did nobody any harm.

At eighty-five old Todd was not supposed to be of much use any more, but he did a lot of small jobs around the place. You would see him on the lawn in front of the house after a blow, picking up the fallen twigs with their leaves attached, or he would go to the kitchen door and take a pan of scrapings and carry them away from the house for the chickens.

You might see him with his stick leaned against a stone wall, picking up a stone almost too heavy for his strength and putting it on the wall in the place from which it had fallen. He was always doing something of the sort, (*Continued on page 70*)

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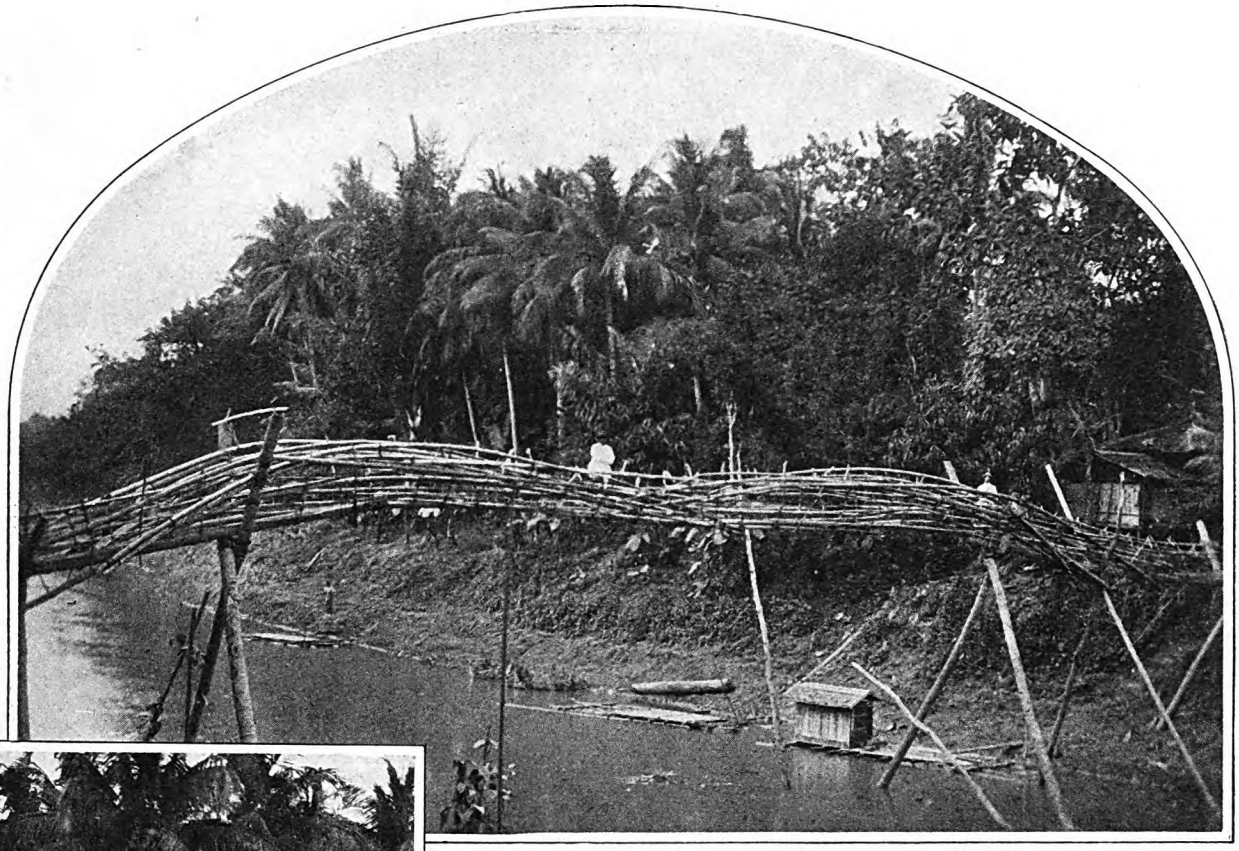
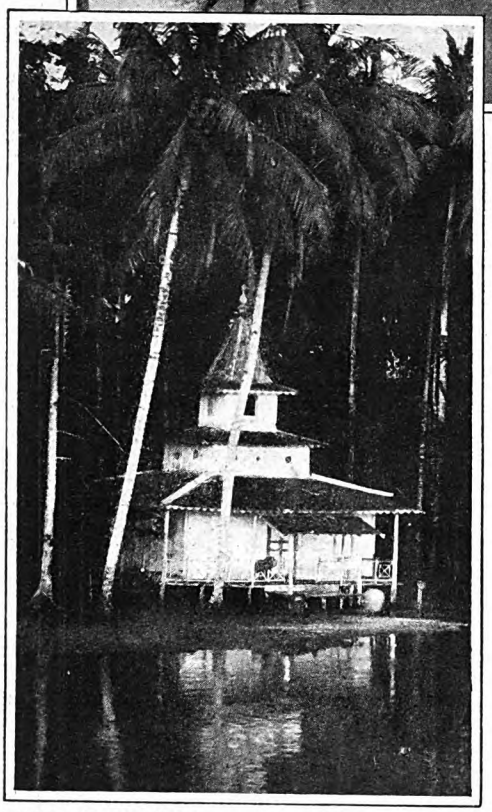


PHOTOGRAPH FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT, N. Y.



COURTESY K. P. M. STEAMSHIP CO.

A bridge of rattan over one of the tributaries of the Barito River near Moera-Teweh in Borneo. (At left) A Malay building on the Barito

The Conquering Jungle

"It is always encroaching, never sleeping—Cut down a tree, and three more take its place; make a clearing, and in two weeks it is cluttered with vegetation—Kill an animal and a million poisonous insects are bred; have pity, and you die! The white man will never conquer the jungle"

By Eugene P. F. Wright

I HAVE a deep sympathy with the jungle, yet if I were to try to give you my impression of it in prose you would think me mad. If you understood me at all, you would say that I was trying to convey a mood, and that such a thing should be done through music, or in a poem. I would no more give you a photographic impression of it than I would hold up a glass of water and tell you to look at the sea.

It is of the great Malaysian jungles of Borneo that I speak, for I know no others quite so enchanting, or so depressing. They crawl out of the Java Sea in tangled, odorous masses; and, until they reach the China Sea, a thousand miles to the north, they are labyrinths of lost vegetation, sodden with equatorial rains, and steaming under a tropic sun.

In these jungles, the white man, when he first enters, is as foreign and out of place as a Paris gown. All that he has learned, all that has come to him through heredity, is of no use. He is cut off from his own civilization, and he is without any other civilization. He has not the moral support that the presence of other white men invariably gives. He is utterly alone.

Men who have spent three months or more in the jungle alone are never quite sane. They talk to themselves of little inconsequentialities; they spend endless months in day-dreaming; they lose the habit of reasoning by words, and, instead, wonder over the problems that have puzzled men for ages, over problems that have their ends in space. They become reserved, but intensely sentimental, brutal without realizing it. The jungle captures a man body and soul, and molds him over again.

I am not talking about white men who merely live in the tropics, who work in an office in Kandy, or have an overseer's job on a plantation in Java. Such men are surrounded by all the comforts and influence of civilization, and are secure from

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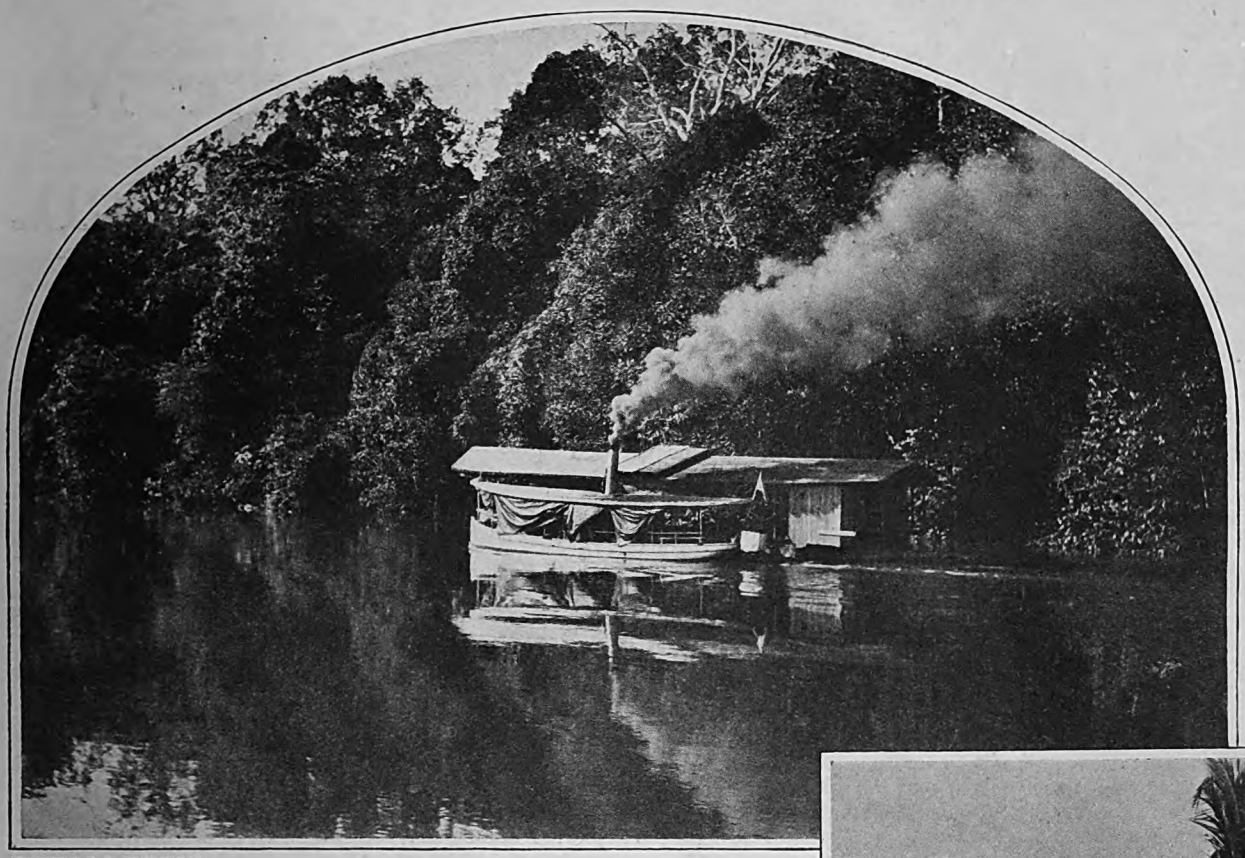

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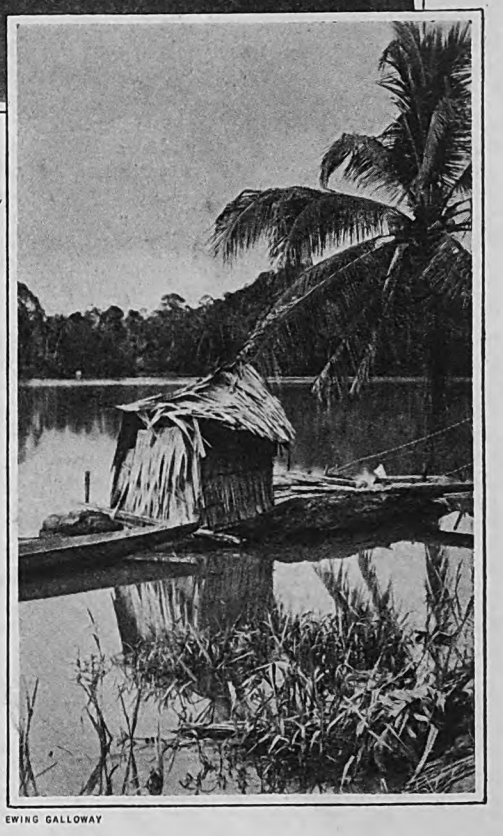

EWING GALLOWAY

The boat that took Mr. Wright up the Barito River. (At right) Scene on the Bocloengan River, northeastern Borneo

the influence of the jungle. I am talking of men who go alone into the jungle, rare in spirit, and with Adventure written in their eyes. It is only these men who can translate the jungle into our language; it is only to them that you should listen.

IN SOERABAIA I met one of these men who have been changed by the jungle. He was an Australian prospector who had searched for gold and diamonds in every jungle of the Malaysian and Australian archipelagoes. His face was yellow and bearded; but he had the expression of a young boy. He was unconscious of his ill-fitting khaki clothes and uncouth walk. He looked at everything as if he were seeing it for the first time. For three hours we talked on the veranda of a little native hotel, but his talk was a monologue, in which he asked himself questions and answered them, talking to me, yet, out of habit, expecting no reply.

"It was up in that Punan country that I heard about the men with tails. We came across a party of young Dyaks out after heads, and they told us they'd seen the bivouac where these men had eaten and slept. They said they squatted down just like I did when they ate, because there were little half circles in the dust where their tails had wagged . . . just like a dog's tail wags when he's happy. Would you believe that? Well, now of course it mayn't be true, but who's to know what's in those Borneo jungles? Those Dyaks don't know 'em any better'n I, and 'twas the first time they'd seen such a sight. There's jungle there 't will never be seen by man, black or white.

"But did I go up? No, it was off my diamond trail . . . a hundred miles off, and I didn't go. Some day I'll go. Yes, sir, maybe some day I'll go back to find those men with the tails."

Thus he had talked to himself in the jungle, perhaps for years on end. He told of the men he had killed, of the fortunes that he had made and lost, and of sacred places in the jungle where the diamonds lay upon the ground like moonstones: "Big as turtle's eggs they were, and that clear you couldn't see 'em in a glass of water. But it was death to get those diamonds. Yes, sir, it was death to say the word!"

Every experience was followed by reflections upon what other men would have done under the same circumstances. He had lived so long in the jungle that he actually had a perspective of the white race.

I KNOW a Colonial Hollander who goes to Bandoeng regularly every six months, for his "vacation." He is frightened by the taxicabs, and has to have two friends walk on either side of him when he ventures into the streets. He tries desperately to convince himself that he should stay in Bandoeng forever; but although his leave is for two weeks he always returns to the jungle within six days.

I know another white man who spends his leave walking in front of restaurants and through markets, looking at the food; and still another, fresh from the jungle, who stopped strangers on the street and asked them questions: Did they know Bill or Halsey? Did everyone have plenty to eat? What would they do if the rice crop failed? This man could not sleep in a real bed without sitting up half the night looking at it, feeling the clean white sheets, and talking and chuckling to himself. He bought hoards of tobacco, just to "have it on hand," and took a fancy to having his nails manicured regularly.

I have seen yellow-skinned planters and grizzled diamond prospectors choke up with sentiment at hearing a broken phonograph play a popular American love lyric. In a little thatched hut at Moera-Djoeloi, five hundred miles up the Barito River in Borneo, I heard a tiny phonograph play steadily for thirteen days to a day-dreaming lieutenant who was waiting for the river to go down, so that he could start his jungle patrol. I know of a Dutch physician who (*Continued on page 74*)

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A Man With A Face Like Mine Has To Be A Self-Made Man!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

IT HAS been working in upon me for a matter of twenty years that my personal appearance is not an asset. I wouldn't go so far as to say it is a distinct liability. I cannot put my finger on any positive damage it has done to me, or to my family or to any friend. I can't say it has ever deprived me of any honor or emolument to which I might have aspired had I been otherwise equipped by nature and art, but, on the other hand, I can say with conviction that it has been absolutely useless as an ally; that it has never earned its way in life, and that I could have gotten along just as well, and maybe better, if I had owned no personal appearance at all.

There are some people in this world who have been wafted to great heights by their looks. There are bank presidents who have gotten to be bank presidents because that was what they looked like. The surest way of getting to be a statesman is to look like one. Every political party has to have a man who looks like a statesman. He doesn't have to do anything but look that way, and be willing to disseminate his photograph broadcast and be able to learn by heart speeches written for him by intellectual persons who do not look like statesmen.

Having a personal appearance is a profession, as, for instance, being Siamese Twins is a profession. You either have it, or you don't. If you are a pair of Siamese Twins you never have to do anything about it to succeed in the twin business. There you are, and they can take you or leave you. But they always take you. And the same with a Personal Appearance.

All you have to do is stand around conspicuously and exhibit it. If you have enough of it, and the visibility is high. Such men ride through life on the shoulders of their personal appearance, the way a flea rides through life on a dog. The flea is comparatively negligible except on hot days when he gets uneasy; the dog does all the work. These people never have to do any work at all except to be a skeleton to fit their appearance over, and that isn't what you would call fatiguing.

Nobody deserves any credit for anything he does, unless his personal appearance is one of the sort you never mention at all, or else refer to in whispers behind his back. That sort of man—if he gets any place in the world—deserves a heap of credit. You can bet every time, he got what he got by hard work and sterling ability.

In this respect I may claim justly to be a self-made man. I may reasonably be proud of any little successes I have achieved, because I engineered them alone and unaided, without the help of a Roman nose, a statesman's forehead, the grim, determined chin of a fighter, the deep, inscrutable eyes of a thinker, or the firm yet mobile mouth of the man of action. No. What I have done, I have done from within, neither asking nor receiving aid from the heterogeneous array of features and architectural units which made up my outward display.

About all I can say with honesty that my appearance has done for me is to identify me. That is to say, you can look at me and tell it is not somebody else. Which, after all, isn't so much. The trouble seems to be that people look at me and don't care a hang if I *am* somebody else. There's no money in it.

Not only is my appearance such that I don't look like anybody else, but, search my mirror as I will, I can't see that I look like *anything* in particular. I don't mean by this that I don't resemble a fairly workable human being, with the correct number of arms and legs, and that you can tell my nose is a nose and that my ears are not artificial gadgets like bilge keels on a boat. I have all my parts, and they are assembled with approximate correctness. But the result doesn't make anybody gasp, either with admiration or horror. What I am getting at is that I don't stand out like a sore thumb. I don't look, for instance, like an author.

I DON'T know just what an author should look like; but he should look like an author because people expect it of him, and especially unreasonable folks like editors of magazines and publishers of books. "Gray's Anatomy" doesn't lay down the proportions of an author; it doesn't give his dimensions and elevations. But if it did, that isn't the way I look. The Editor of this magazine, whose name is Merle Crowell, complains bitterly about this shortcoming of mine.

And, while we're on the subject, if *he* looks like an editor, then I don't want a cent for writing this piece. Mind, I'm not complaining about *his* looks the way he does about mine—I'm just stating a fact. I suppose he is so self-satisfied over being an editor who can order authors around, that he doesn't care what he looks like. I try to explain to him that he is running a magazine and not a beauty contest; that what he is buying from me is first-class fiction and not a haughty pose.

But he can't see it that way. He claims subscriptions are canceled every time he prints my picture, because subscribers feel they are being cheated. They read a story purporting to be by an author, and then they look at the author's photograph, and he doesn't look like an author. Therefore he can't be an author. Therefore, the story can't be as good as advertised. But only part of the subscriptions are canceled every time my picture appears, because I write only part of the magazine. I dare him to print *his* picture and see what happens, because he edits *all* of the magazine.

Once upon a time, during the late war, it became necessary for me to go to France before it was too late. Even in the emergency, however, the State Department demanded that I get me a passport. Mr. Robert Lansing was then being a very handsome Secretary of State who looked like a well-known clubman and *bon vivant*. My passport, on which was pasted a photograph of me, was handed to him for his signature. As a matter of fact, he asked for it.

"I've read that fellow's stuff," he said. "Let's see what he looks like."

I am informed that he perused my picture at some length; then he laid it down on his desk with the gesture of a man handling sticky fly paper and spoke two words. "My gosh!" he said.

Now, if that is the language of diplomacy I hope he never starts out to irritate somebody. But at that, it is few authors who have jarred an exclamation like "My gosh!" out of a Secretary of State in the middle of a great war. I'll bet anything he didn't say as much over the battle of Château-Thierry.

Superb efforts have been made to obtain a likeness of me which should look like an author, or, if not like an author, like something admirable. Emissaries of magazines have taken my pictures with cameras using films, dry plates, wet plates. They have photographed me through gauze to get that foggy, far-away look and soften down the knobs and promontories. They have taken me indoors and outdoors, in sunshine and in shadow. But the result always is the same—the dog-gone pictures look like me. That is their one complaint. Probably they would be satisfied if some camera man could press the button on me and get a likeness of Bernard Shaw, or even of Irvin Cobb. Both those authors have personal appearance, and if there is a choice between them, I think Irvin has a little more than Shaw. At least it is thicker.

STRANGELY enough these editors blame me, and not the camera man. All I do is stand quietly to let him work his evil will. It's all one to me whether the result looks like me or like a ring-nosed *giastacutus* and I offer no resistances whatever. But they complain bitterly to *me*. As if I could help it. I suppose I could make faces. But even that wouldn't suit them.

So at last they got discouraged with photography, and resorted to artists. I suppose the general idea was that a portrait painter (*Continued on page 86*)

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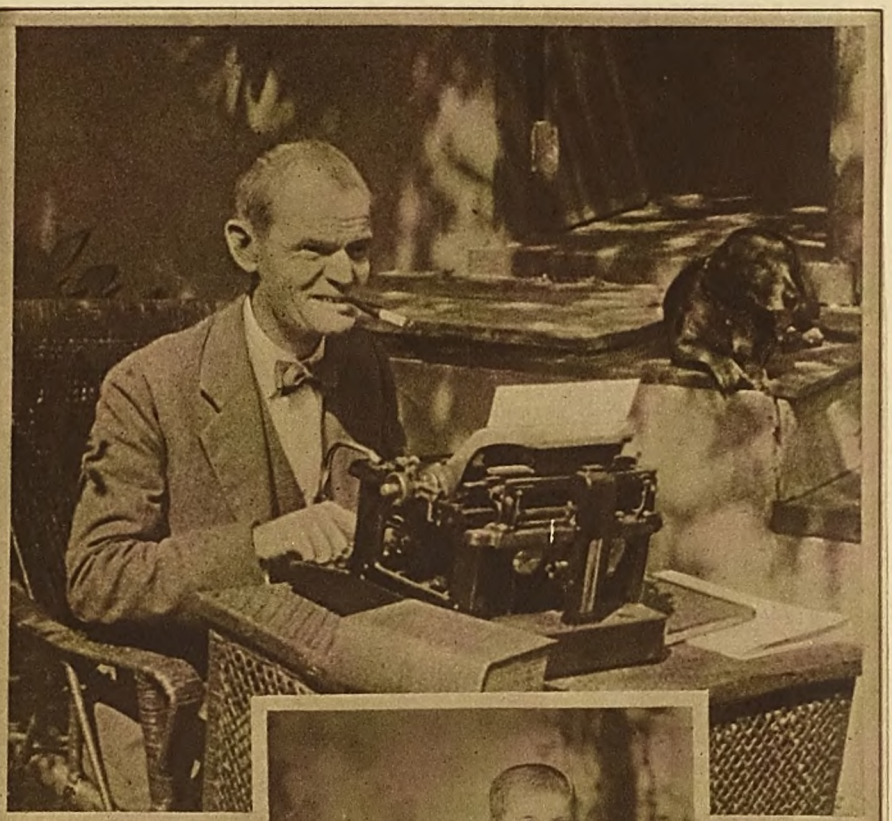
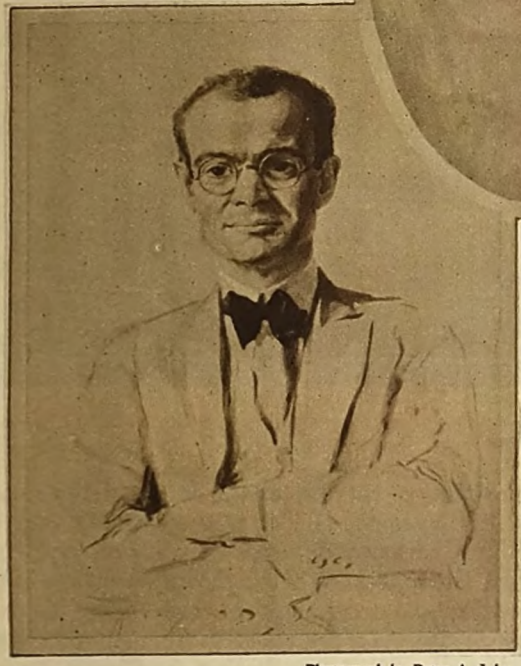
"I'M NOT so terrible looking as these pictures!" declares Clarence Budington Kelland, "I'll swear I'm not! Still, I'll have to admit that my face has never given me either aid or comfort. Its only service has been to identify me."



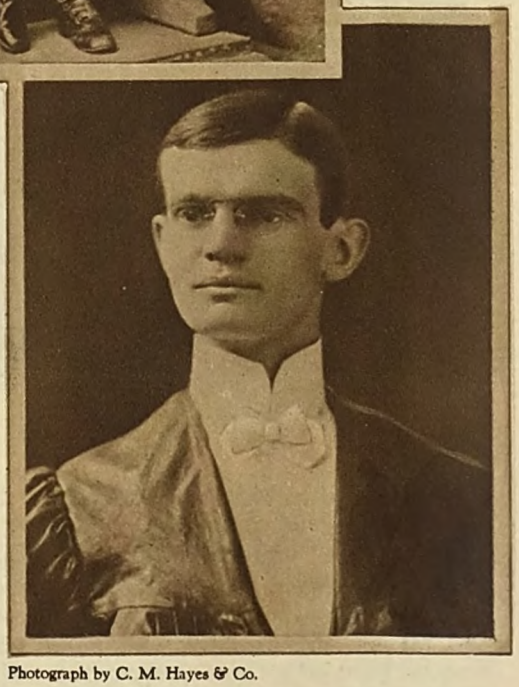
A PORTRAIT of Mr. Kelland (below) by Joseph Cummings Chase. "The genius of Chase couldn't hide the real me!"

Photograph by Cassey & Whitney, Lansing, Mich.



Photograph by Peter A. Juley

TWO baby pictures of the author (above). "My ears developed early," he says; "but, anyway, I've had two distinct compliments in my life. Read the article and you'll see." (Right) The author of "Scattergood" as he looked in his college days. "Even then," he says, "I began to doubt the value of my face."



Photograph by C. M. Hayes & Co.

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Underwood & Underwood Studios, N. Y.

Edward Eugene Loomis

CONTRARY to old-time tradition, Mr. Loomis rose to the presidency of an important railroad—the Lehigh Valley—by the "white-collar" route. He began as secretary to a railroad lawyer, and passed through several clerkships before he became superintendent of the Tioga division on the Erie, his first tough executive position. Here he gained much practical knowledge about handling men, and here he began to apply his theory that the railroad leader of the future would not be the empire-builder type of pioneer, but the man who turned his attention to the internal workings of his organization. The application of this theory landed him in his present position, and under him the Lehigh Valley Railroad has been made into one of the smoothest-running enterprises in the country.

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You've Got To Rub People The Right Way

By Helen Christine Bennett

D'JE see the new boss?"

"Naw, what's he like?"

"White-collar man, used to be a clerk." There was a broad grin on the face of the old railroader.

His companion responded with a second broad grin.

"White-collar man!" he said. "Up here! Huh, last about a month!" He spat, meditating, turning a speculative eye toward a man just issuing from the company office.

"That him?"

"Yeh, name Loomis."

The railroader appraised the new superintendent. Tall, well-knit, pleasant-looking fellow, gentlemanlike; but what did he want up here in the toughest section of the Erie? He shook his head.

Trouble started within a few days. Hardly had the new boss taken his place when a driver boy in a nearby mine, which was railroad property, was discharged for beating a mule. A committee at once waited on the new superintendent, and demanded that the boy be taken back.

The new boss refused. He was pleasant, but decided.

"Then we'll order a strike," said the chairman.

"I'll be sorry to see a strike," said the new boss cheerfully.

"Well then, you'll be sorry," prophesied a member of the committee as they filed out. The new boss followed them outside the door. There was a bulletin blackboard at the right, fastened to the wall. He stopped before it and wrote. Then he crossed the track and jumped on a waiting train and rode to Elmira. The committee, still conferring, walked back to the board and read

These Mines Are Closed Until Further Notice

This was calling their bluff with a vengeance. The new boss had teeth. It did not suit them at all to stop work. They consulted again. The boy *had* disobeyed orders; mule beating was forbidden. They wired Elmira. When the superintendent stepped off the train there the wire met him. They asked another conference. He summoned the committee. It was still stubborn. But the new boss was easy to talk to.

"See here," said one of the men. "We don't want to stop work, but this boy is one of us. Now what *can* we do?"

"Well," said the boss, "if you feel responsible for him you might pass the hat and get enough for a ticket and a new start somewhere else." They passed it, and the boss chipped in, which tickled them mightily. The boy went, the mines opened. The new superintendent had scored.

"Kind of like him," said the second old railroader, when the story of what happened at the mines became known. "Got grit. And it was funny, the way he did it."

"Wait a little," advised the first railroader. "Just you watch."

The town watched and waited. In that day the superintendent of a railroad division on the Erie was almost a czar. At Arnot the company owned coal mines and lumber mills and yards. It sold the employees their food, clothing, and supplies, and the price was deducted from their wages. The superintendent also held court once a week to settle disputes both in the company and out. If there was a family quarrel both husband and wife might turn up and ask to have the tangle straightened. Loomis reveled in his new supremacy. It was sheer fun. He intended to be an economical administrator, and he set about finding ways to reduce expense. All the lumber yards were well policed to prevent pilfering. He ordered the watchmen off and gave them other employment. Men of the town of Arnot twisted grim lips.

"That's a smart boss we've got," the word was passed. "He's taken the watch off."

DURING the following month shadowy forms were seen in the vicinity of the yards on dark nights. Then fences, hitherto left unrepaired, were suddenly mended; dog kennels and a number of chicken coops were built in back yards. Boards were renewed in porches and steps. But all the month Loomis went about smiling, cheerful, greeting the men with no sign that he saw anything. By the end of the month the pilfering was getting general. This new superintendent was evidently blind.

Pay day came. As the men received their envelopes and pondered over the charges against them their faces lengthened. For upon every pilferer's bill was an exact account of the feet of lumber he had taken, and the price had been deducted.

There were hasty conferences. How had the boss known, and how had he figured so exactly the amount taken? There was no error. It was the veteran railroader who explained.

"All month," he said, chewing complacently, "I've been a-measurin' the new material by day what you took by night. And bein' a boss carpenter by trade I measure exact. I missed nothin'." Despite themselves, the men grinned sheepishly. They had been caught, but nicely caught, and they had not been punished, only warned.

"A smart boss," said one with feeling. "Yeh, we said he was smart and he is!" Manlike they acknowledged that they had been outwitted and manlike they liked it. There was no further pilfering. If the men had to pay for what they got, it might as well be delivered to their doors. What was the sense of lugging it home at night? The new boss certainly was a rare one.

IT WAS in these two victories that Edward E. Loomis passed his novitiate as a manager of men. He had met the issues squarely and disposed of them as squarely, with a touch of whimsy that tickled his workers' sense of humor. Just so has he met and disposed of issues since, always firmly, always with that distinguishing touch of whimsicality. To-day the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which he heads, stands out in the transportation industry as a unique organization of workers, created by its president upon new lines which have proved unusually effective.

"I know every road in the East," said an executive in an organization which includes all the roads, "and the Lehigh Valley is credited all over as the best-oiled machine now functioning. Loomis has built the organization out of his own ideas, and if there is a discontented man on his lines he's hard to find."

The same sense of humor that has helped to make the Lehigh Valley Railroad a smoothly functioning machine makes President Loomis a difficult man to interview. He is easy to see, and friendly. As I sat with him in his modest New York office and realized that here was a man with neither pose nor front, who seemed genuinely desirous to do all that I wanted, I anticipated an easy time. But before he had talked three minutes Loomis was restless. He rose and began walking about the office. I tried another tack, but in about three minutes more he was off again.

"See here," he said, "I'm not much help. I've been wondering for the past twenty-four hours why I agreed to this interview. When I get to telling about myself I feel foolish. Then I quit."

He did just that. In the middle of a sentence he would become self-conscious and stop. We reached a compromise.

"You find out about me from other people," he proposed, "and I'll talk about the road and the theories we work with. I think I can manage that."

He was a little better than his word. Occasionally as we talked of the road he gave me a glimpse of himself.

"I think the thing any man or woman needs most in business life as it is conducted to-day," he said, "is a sense of humor. We are all trying to travel ahead as fast as we can. As a result, there are times so tense (*Continued on page 80*)

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Israel Pritchard's face became hard and bitter. "Oh, she's sick, is she? And wants to come whinin' home?"

Helga Lind And The Bright Noël

A Story

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

I WANT to tell this story very quietly: but when I think of what happened up Sweden Hollow that Christmas season I am lifted out of the dull routine of my thoughts into a place of belief and beauty almost too bright to be borne, and my own inner quietude turns to singing. We have, maybe, grown used to miracles, and it takes one of especial greatness to move us.

This happened the sixth Christmas after Helga Lind became carrier for the Sweden Hollow Route. Helga was twenty-six years old then, and a woman of strength and beauty. Not a beauty, perhaps, that everyone would see. It had grown out of being hurt and of having that hurt healed from within; out of having compassion for people, and letting that compassion show in quiet deeds; out of loving and of being loved greatly.

She had never cut her hair, and I think the fair braids wound about her head set her somehow apart in her beauty. It was a symbol of her indifference to the small things small people fuss and fume over. I presume more people have come to Helga Lind in her six years on the Route than have come to all the rest of the folks up Sweden Hollow in their lifetimes.

In late November, just after Helga had taken to horse and buggy or cutter for the winter months, she came up from the post office one night after the early dusk had settled. There was no snow yet, and the whole world had put on a dull brownness that softened into gray in the evening. The wind was making a low moaning across the fields—the moaning that only November knows.

But it was not drear to Helga. She loved this time of year passionately. She loved it to-night with an especial warmth. In the pocket of her short jacket was a letter from Rush Sloan. He was coming for Christmas.

"And, please God, next Christmas we'll be *together*, Helga," he wrote.

They had waited a long time now. But he'd be here—*Christmas!*

It was as Helga thought of Christmas and Rush Sloan's coming, that she saw ahead of her by the roadside a figure stumbling along over the rough, frozen

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earth. It was a slight figure, weighted down with a suit case and a bundle. Helga knew everyone along the Route, but she was puzzled now. She did not know this person. Who could it be? Helga saw suddenly that the figure swayed sickly, and she pulled her horse up abruptly.

"Want a ride?" she called out into the grayness.

Then the girl turned. She put down the suit case, and seemed unable to lift her body again after the downward movement. But Helga saw her face dimly through the night, and gave a start. It was Abbie Pritchard!

"Why, hello, Abbie; I didn't know you were home!" she said cheerfully. "Where you bound for? Aren't your folks home?"

The girl stood there a long time, it seemed to Helga, gray against the gray of the fields, before she answered. When she spoke, her weak voice had a quality that startled Helga:

"Yes—they're home all right. . . . I dunno where I'm bound for. I meant to go toward town. . . . I guess I dunno what I'm doing!"

And Helga thought—"Why, she's sick!"

"Well, get in," she said aloud. "I can take you to town if you need to go."

She got down and picked up the suit case. But she saw Abbie reach out her free hand in a blind, groping gesture, as if she had to have something to cling to, and she came close, let Abbie cling to her. Then she saw Abbie's bundle.

"Why—you have a *baby!*" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Abbie in that weak, numb voice; "he's five days old."

"Five *days?*" Then, as Abbie's hand clutched more tightly at her arm, "Get in, Abbie; I don't know what's the trouble, but I know you're sick, and I'm going to take you home with me!"

She helped Abbie in and spoke to the horse. They went on up the Hollow. The grayness was almost blackness now.

The baby began to cry.

"There, honey! Don't cry!" Abbie said weakly. "I guess he's hungry," she said to Helga.

Most folks would have begun to ask questions then, harry Abbie, for the sake of the gossip involved. But not Helga Lind. She felt Abbie's slim body shake once, against her, and she hurried. At the house she helped Abbie out, and called to her father to take care of the horse.

"I hadn't ought to bother you," Abbie said. "But I dunno as I can go any farther!"

"It's no bother," said Helga. "Let me take the baby—you're *sick*, Abbie!"

Helga saw ahead of her a figure stumbling along over the rough, frozen earth. It was a slight figure, weighted down with a suit case and a bundle

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She got Abbie up-stairs and into her bed. She saw that Abbie's clothes were shabby and that she was terribly thin. The baby cried again.

"I don't seem to have any milk for it," said Abbie.

"I'll fix a bottle," said Helga.

Still she kept from questions. When she came up with a bottle, Abbie was asleep, and her thin face had a look of such utter weariness that Helga felt a sharp pity.

When she went down to supper, John and Hulda and the rest began to ask questions.

"I don't know—I don't know anything about it," Helga said. "I just caught up to her in the road and she was sick and seemed dazed; so I brought her home. She looks awfully sick to me, but maybe she's just tired. I asked if her folks weren't home, and she said, 'Yes, they were home, all right.' It must be they had some trouble. . . ."

"Israel Pritchard's a hard man," Emanuel Lind said slowly. "And he's said hard things to the neighbors about Abbie since she ran away. It may be he wouldn't take her in."

"Oh—but, Father—with a little baby!"

"He's hard," Emanuel Lind said again.

"But not that hard, surely!" exclaimed Helga.

Emanuel Lind only shook his head.

Once, in the night, the baby cried again, and Helga got up and fixed milk for it. Abbie tried to rouse, but she seemed half-dead from exhaustion.

"There! Don't wake up—the baby's all right!" Helga assured her.

The next morning Abbie couldn't lift her head.

"I don't aim to put you out so," she said in a whisper. "I didn't suppose but what Pa'd let me come home—when he saw the baby. But he *said* he wouldn't—I'd ought to have known!"

"There! Don't worry about it!" Helga said gently. "Don't worry, Abbie! Just rest and get well! It was too much for you—coming so soon."

"I—couldn't pay—any—more—board!" said Abbie, and closed her eyes.

HELGA caught her breath. She had come, because she *couldn't pay any more board!* And it had been true—Israel Pritchard had refused to let her in! Helga remembered how, once, Israel Pritchard had said certain words about a fence, and how the matter had gone to law before the words were unsaid. But Abbie—their only daughter—sick—with a baby!

She looked at Abbie. Heavens, how thin she was! She had been pretty, in a bold, bright way. But all the boldness had gone out of her now, all the prettiness too. Helga sensed, without quite knowing, that Abbie Pritchard had gone through some pretty terrible months of living since she had run away from Sweden Hollow.

At noon—it was Sunday—she called Doc Davy. When the doctor came, he looked sharply at Abbie. He began asking swift, kindly questions.

No—no, she didn't go to the hospital—a woman across the hall came in for a couple of days. . . . No, she wasn't sick, not really sick. She—she guessed she was just hungry . . . only she couldn't seem to eat. She guessed she'd gone without too long. How long? Well, since the baby came she'd just had a little . . . the woman over the hall brought in some soup two or three times. The baby's father? He—he—

"I dunno *where* he is," she said in a whisper.

Doc Davy shook his head pityingly.

"Poor child!" he said gently. "*Poor child!* Well, Helga'll take good care of you. I'll be up again to-morrow. Don't try to sit up any, and take this medicine once an hour. You have a dandy baby there, Abbie!"

For an instant Abbie's face glowed with something that was almost beauty, then dimmed again to weariness.

But, down-stairs, Doc Davy shook his head.

"You've got an awfully sick girl up there, Helga! It's going to be nip 'n' tuck with her, I'm afraid. She must have been pretty hard put to it to try to get home with a five-days-old baby. She's starved, you can see that; and her heart's bad, pretty bad. Here's some medicine. If she gets faint, give her this. She's apt to. What's the reason she isn't home?"

"Her father wouldn't let her in."

"Thought as much! He ought to be lynched, Israel Pritchard had! Wouldn't mind taking a hand in it myself. Well, don't talk to her about him, just let her rest. I'll be up to-morrow."

THERE followed, after that, strange days for Helga Lind. Every night she hurried home from the Route to that little room under the eaves, fearing, each day, that when she came her mother would tell her— She had wanted to get a substitute on the Route, but Anna Lind had said:

"No, Helga; I'll look out for her, and the girls can 'tend the baby. It'll be good for them, at the Christmas season."

Anna Lind had understanding beneath her quiet.

So, each night, Helga went in and sat by the bed, and talked gently to Abbie. She told her all the happenings up Sweden Hollow. About the tow-headed Larsen twins and the new teacher at Number 7, and the romance of Sary Overhiser and her widower. They had painted the schoolhouse last fall, and they had parties there every two weeks. The young folks liked it. Last week, after that fall of snow, they had all gone out and coasted down Kollop's hill.

And Abbie lay still, too still, and watched Helga's face as she spoke, watched it so hungrily that more than once Helga found her lids smarting as she talked. At first Abbie didn't talk much herself; but, after a few days, bit by bit, the story of her last months began to unfold. It was only by sentences, but sometimes the starkness of those sentences was almost too terrible to hear.

"I wrote 'im—I guess six times—but he never paid no attention. I guess it was nothing to him if he did have a baby!"

And once:

"I hadn't ought to have ever gone away—only Pa wanted me to—to marry Jim MacFarlane—'n' it scared me—I was just a kid—'n' Pa'd always bossed me so. But seemed to me I couldn't stand it to be bossed into getting married!"

"No, no, of course not!" said Helga pityingly.

Why, Abbie had been only seventeen when she went! Helga thought of her often, then, as she had been—and wondered that she had not seen, beneath Abbie's boldness, the frightened, desperate fluttering of her young wings.

"*I was just a kid!*" Abbie had said. She was not quite eighteen now! But Helga could not smile even at that. For she knew that Abbie was quite grown up now, that she had said that sentence from the full knowledge of maturity.

And, once, Abbie sat up in bed, with her eyes a little mad:

"But you *gotta* stay, Ernie! The baby's coming! You *gotta* stay!"

But, it seemed, Ernie hadn't stayed.

And there was talk, too, about some factory. Poor little farm-bred Abbie, in a silk mill!

ONE night Helga's mother met her at the door.

"Abbie's been crying all day," she said. "And she won't talk. Maybe you can quiet her."

And Helga went up and found Abbie crying quietly into her pillow. Now and then she caught her breath in a little sob. When Helga touched her, she turned quickly and pulled herself up in bed so swiftly that the color drained from her face.

"Is that you, Ernie?" she asked. "Is that *you*, Ernie? Ernie—I wisht I could go home—I wisht I could go home!"

"Well, here you are at home," Helga soothed her gently. "Don't cry so, Abbie! It hurts you!"

But Abbie went on crying.

The next day Helga stopped at the Pritchards' on her way to the post office. She saw Israel Pritchard coming in from the barn, and she stood in the barn road and waited for him.

"H'd'do?" he said shortly.

Helga nodded briefly.

"Mr. Pritchard," she said, "I suppose you know Abbie's up at my house. I wish you would come up to see her—she's awfully sick!"

Israel Pritchard's face became hard and bitter.

"Oh, she's sick, is she? And wants to come whinin' home? Well, I told her she could rot in her grave before I ever turned a hand to help her again—and what I say I stand by!"

"But she's sick—and there's the baby—it's such a nice baby!"

"That's got nothing to do with it! I said as she'd made her bed—let her lie on it! I brought her up good, she had all she needed, 'n' then, just as she got of an age to be some help, she up 'n' run away. 'N' now she's in trouble, she comes whinin' home! Well, she can whine, fer all I'll listen!"

Helga looked about at the farm.

"It's lonely for a girl on a farm," she said quietly. "Most girls feel bound down by it."

"H'mph! If they 'tend to their knittin' and don't put their mind on gaddin' all the time, they're content enough!"

Helga looked at him a steady moment before she spoke again.

"I wish you'd come up and see Abbie," she said, almost with gentleness in her voice. "She's too sick to be moved home; but I think she's homesick—she'd like her mother, I know."

Israel Pritchard reddened angrily.

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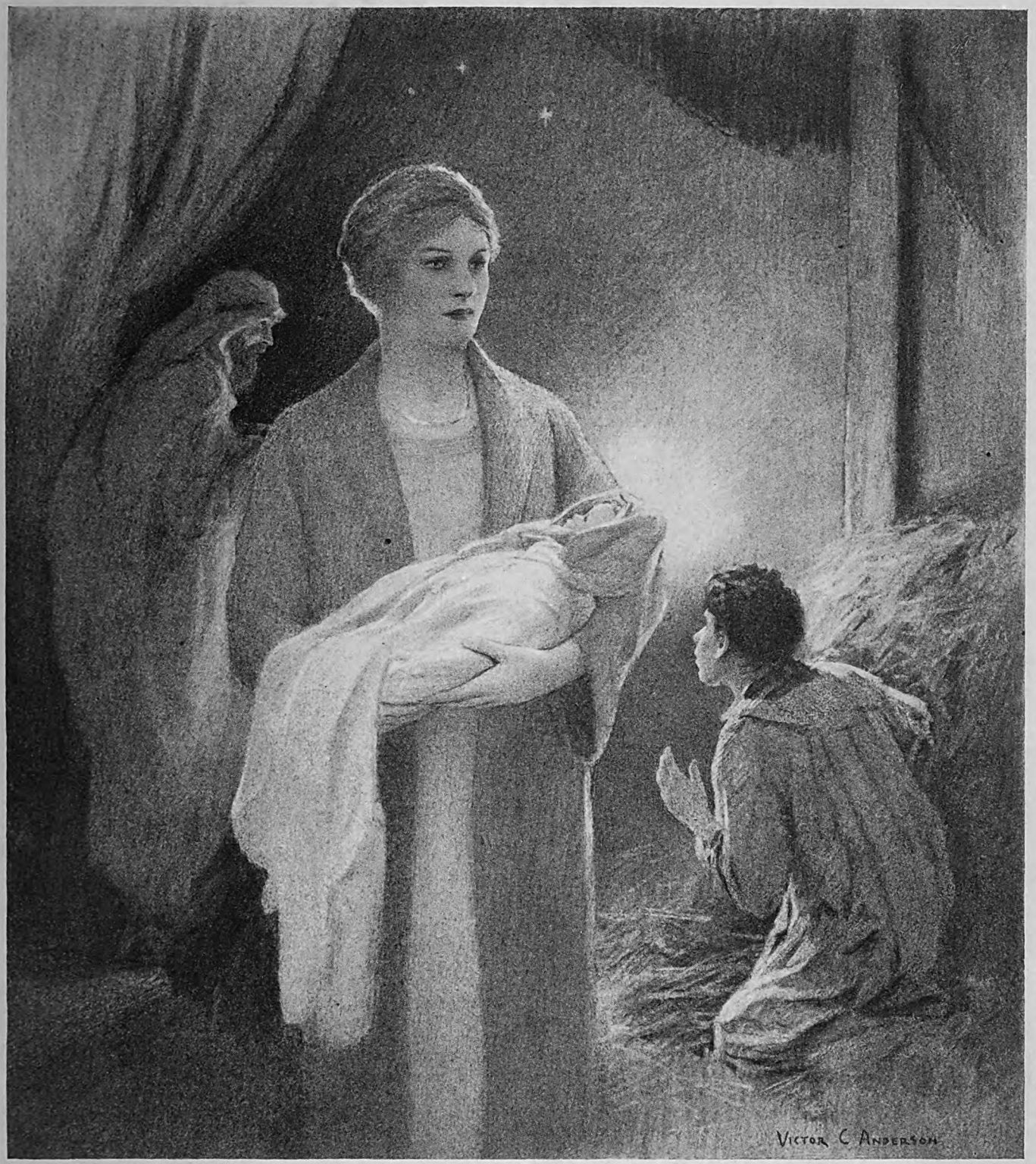

Helga stood there before their startled eyes a moment, holding the baby in her arms. "It seems so strange," she said, "that at the blessed Christmas time, with all the world giving and loving, anyone could come home—to Sweden Hollow—and find no welcome for herself or her child!"

"Well, she can't have her mother! She ought to have thought of that before!"

Helga saw it was useless, and she turned, without answering, and went back to her buggy. She felt a sharp impatience with Abbie's mother, so under this man's thumb that she dared not come, either. She thought of the tired figure of her own mother—why, she would have braved armies to come to one of them, in trouble! It seemed that all mothers were not alike. She was unusually tender with Abbie that night.

But, the week before Christmas, Doc Davy paused, with his hand on the door.

"Helga," he said, "I'm sorry; but I don't believe Abbie's going to get well. She was too far gone when she came. She can't pull herself back, even for the baby. I think life's been pretty cruel to that child—doesn't seem quite just, does it? She was a cheap little thing; but she's not cheap now. . . . It kind of breaks me up!"

Helga bit at her lip.

"Yes," she said. "It seems to me I can't bear it—not at Christmas time!"

She went up to Abbie's room with tears in her heart.

"Try this soup, Abbie," she said gently. "You want to get stronger, so you can take care of the baby."

Abbie took the spoon, put it down.

"I—can't eat," she said. "It seems like it chokes me!"

"Oh, just a little!" insisted Helga.

But Abbie couldn't.

"Funny," she said weakly. "I used to stand by the restaurant windows and watch the chickens turning 'round, 'n' I was sick with wantin' 'em—and now I just can't eat—it's funny!"

"No—not (*Continued on page 106*)

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Three rousing cheers

Why I Don't Go To Church

By W. O. Saunders

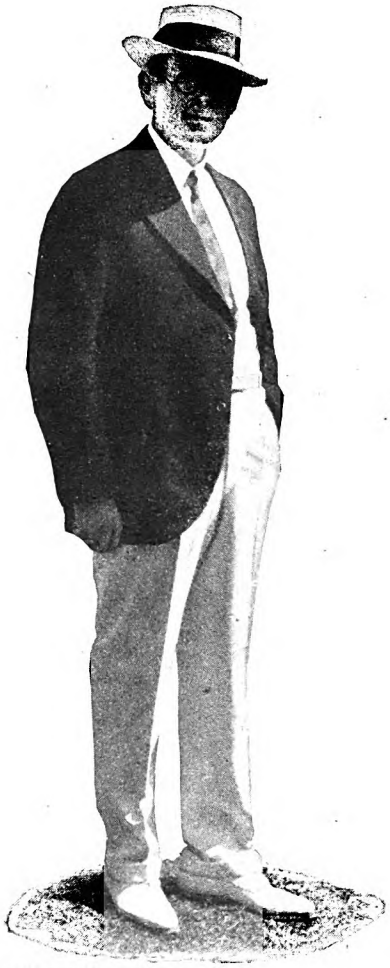

PHOTO BY HAMBLIN, SUFFOLK, VA.

W. O. Saunders is one of the best-known country editors in the United States. The fearless manner in which he has conducted his newspaper, "The Independent," of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, has attracted wide attention, and so have his many magazine articles. He is an untiring fighter for the right, as he sees it, and has kept himself in hot water a good part of his journalistic career. Mr. Saunders is forty-three years old, and has served in many public positions, including that of chairman of the trustees for the State Normal School for Negroes

I DON'T like to go to church. I never did like to go to church. I don't think I ever shall like to go to church. I would much rather lie abed on a Sunday morning after the week's grind, or putter around the house in my old clothes and feel that the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest, a day made for man; or, when the outdoors is calling me, take to the open road. Six days in the week I have had my nose to the grindstone, meeting my routine obligations to the social order under which I live. If I haven't lived to suit God on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I have no idea that I can make up to him by forced behavior on Sunday.

I feel no obligation whatever to go to church. I do not recognize any divine right of the church to demand of me that I attend its services, subscribe to its creeds, submit to its discipline, and contribute to its support. I believe in Jesus and the things He taught. Very heartily do I believe in Him and His teachings. But just what has that to do with the church, or the church to do with that? There is no necessary connection between being a Christian and attending church—none that I can see for myself, at the least. (And let me say once for all, that in this article I am speaking for myself alone. I do not care if every other person in the world is a member of a church. I have nothing against church members, and nothing against churches, except as they judge me for not conforming to their viewpoint as to membership.)

My wife is a church member; many of my neighbors are. Which is all well enough with me. All I ask in return for my attitude is my own right to remain outside if I care to, and not have that fact held against me. I do not believe in the right of the mass to bludgeon anyone into church membership, or lodge membership, or membership in any other organization that does not appeal to him.

THE church, as I understand it, was established by men for the purpose of teaching Christianity as the church fathers conceived it. But these fathers were not infallible. The custom they set, the institution they established, may be all right for many people, but it is not necessary nor obligatory for everyone. Church attendance, I think, is a matter of individual choice, not a matter of fundamental morality. As I have said, it is not, for me, a necessary part of Christian faith or life.

I feel no need of what the church has offered me for forty years. I get a greater spiritual thrill, and feel more reverence in the presence of the breaking of the dawn on my native sand dunes and marshes than in any mass or vesper service ever staged within the somber walls of man-made houses of worship, as I know them. In the crash and reverberations of thunder in the heavens God speaks to me. I get more uplift, more inspiration and more faith in an hour with a volume of Emerson, or, say, with Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy," than I get in months of sermons such as I have heard.

And, then, I do not like to go to church because the church has ever seemed more intent on bending me to its will than in making me a convert to a higher faith. I got my first rude jolt from a Sunday-school teacher, when I was a boy in knee pants. The Sunday-school lesson was on Noah and the Ark, and the teacher was impressing us with the miracle of the Lord placing a rainbow in the heavens as a covenant with Noah. I asked him if it wasn't a fact that rainbows had been appearing in the heavens right along from the beginning of things. "Shut up," said the teacher; "you're an infidel."

He didn't mean to be unkind, but he gave me an uneasy feeling that led me into a curious interest in this thing called infidelity. It wasn't long before I was reading Paine's "Age of Reason," and Ingersoll's "Some Mistakes of Moses." I just had to know more about infidels.

When I began the publication of a weekly newspaper in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, about twenty years ago, I became the target of abuse from numerous pulpits in the town and surrounding country. There were some who didn't want another newspaper in the town. Certain ministers were persuaded that a free-thinking newspaper in the town was a menace to be summarily dealt with, and they began to preach sermons about me. I had not attacked the church, nor had I used the editorial columns of my paper to air my personal views on the subject of religion. But the church in my town, in those days, was full of that peculiar crusader spirit that denied to anyone the right to be different from itself.

Being young and red-blooded, I fought back at the preachers and I wasn't particular as to choice of weapons. The pastor of one of the biggest churches in town began a series of sermons on me. When I opened my guns on him in reply, he didn't do a thing but call upon the "Christian manhood" of his congregation "to rise up in its might and purge the community of this infidel." The attempt at purging took the form of a mob demonstration in front of my home that Sunday night. There was an exchange of pistol shots, and I disregarded a notice to leave town within twenty-four hours.

AS LATE as the autumn of 1924, a professional evangelist came to town with a high-pressure soul-saving organization. A tar-paper tabernacle seating more than four thousand was erected for him. He announced that he would accomplish two things while in Elizabeth City: for one thing that he would drive every bootlegger out of business, and, for the second, that he would bring me into the church. *Drive* me into the church was what he meant.

The evangelist made good his threats with respect to the bootleggers. He hadn't been in the town three weeks before he had the backsliders down on their knees in his confession room. They told him about their liquor drinking and named their bootleggers. Armed with this information, the evangelist visited the head of our local bootleg ring in person, and gave him his choice of hitting the sawdust trail or of being prosecuted by nineteen representative citizens, who were ready to go into court and swear that they had bought (*Continued on page 101*)

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Why I Do Go To Church

By Edgar A. Guest

I GO to church and contribute to the support of a church because I believe in churches. I would not care to live in a city or a state or a nation in which there were no churches and no churchgoers.

I am not a religious fanatic. I have yet to quarrel with a man regarding his choice of a religion; but I would rather have churchgoers for my neighbors than non-churchgoers.

I would not say that all the good people go to church and that all the bad people stay away from it; but I do say that if my new neighbor has a church affiliation and respects it, the chances are greater that he will be friendly and thoughtful and more considerate of my rights and feelings than would a non-churchgoer. For the man who assumes that all religion is a mockery and a sham is likely also to assume that all other restraining influences which would interfere with his personal pleasures may be disregarded.

I am not a regular churchgoer in the sense that I attend every Sunday, rain or shine. I do not attend church from a sense of fear or from a sense of duty. I do not believe that God will love all those who go regularly to church, and make outcasts of all those who do not. I believe that the future life is founded on something more liberal and more human than that. I think life on this earth would be intolerable if all had the same opinion and all followed the same rigid course. And I am of the opinion that the fine soul which stays out of the church will be as richly rewarded in the hereafter as the fine soul inside the church.

I have been bored in church. I have been annoyed; I have been made angry; I have encountered in church men for whom I had lost all respect; I have heard things uttered in church which have disgusted me; but I have never lost my faith in the purpose of the church, nor in its ministry as a body. Furthermore, on the whole, I believe in the people who support the church.

ONCE, as a reporter for the Detroit "Free Press," I heard a member of the clergy make this prayer:

"O Lord, put it into the hearts and minds of the people here to give liberally to our support."

I almost laughed in his face. If anything could have driven me away such a prayer as that would have done it. But I didn't blame the church for the foolish man who had strayed into its pulpit.

I am not of the opinion that the church exists to please me. It is here for my guidance and my instruction, for my help and my comfort in times of sorrow. I do not go to church expecting to be pampered or praised. If the minister be worth hearing at all, I fancy he will now and then remind me of my shortcomings.

Most folks who have been angered by ministers have had to listen to something which they did not like to hear. The same people hear things they don't like in theatres, but they keep right on going to them. They have been bored by inferior shows; they have had their intelligence insulted by low comedians who have sneered at them for their failure to appreciate their stale jokes; they have had their pet weaknesses mirrored before their eyes; they have sat with their wives and children and witnessed obscenity portrayed, but they continue to help support the theatre.

They have seen bad baseball, and they still go to baseball games.

They have drawn bad cards, but they still play bridge whist.

Business has been bad at times, but they still keep at it and still continue to hope. Friends have cheated them, but they still look to friendship for the lasting joys of life.

The only thing they can't stand for seems to be a minister who doesn't suit their taste. They fail to find perfection in the church, because the sort of perfection they seek is that particular type which agrees entirely with their own notions and conduct in life.

I HAVE only sympathy for the members of the ministry. Theirs is the toughest job I know, bar none. Their work is never done, and, what is more, I fancy it is never done entirely to the satisfaction of all the members of their congregations.

I go to church because I believe in the ministry as a whole. I have never been able to bring myself to believe, as some do, that rector, minister, priest, and rabbi have adopted that profession solely for the salary it pays. You could never convince me that Leo Franklin and Merton Rice and Lynn Hough and Bert Pullinger and Dick Command, and the late beloved Father Van Dyke, all of my town, deliberately elected to become clergymen merely because they thought it an easy and a paying profession.

Father Van Dyke, of St. Aloysius Church, in Detroit, was nearly eighty years of age when he died. If ever a Christlike spirit walked this earth, it was he. The poor knew him better than the rich. His little, old-fashioned down-town home was the calling place for thousands. Everyone who tapped at that door found a friend within. His birthdays were the occasions for the gathering of Protestant and Catholic citizens to do him honor.

I know dozens of men who are giving their lives, as did he, to the service of mankind.

Of course they draw salaries for their toil, but no such salaries as they might draw for such brilliant labor in other fields.

PHOTO BY GUY ELLIS

There is not a more popular private citizen in America than Edgar A. Guest. His verses and humorous sketches, printed daily in hundreds of newspapers, have endeared him to people all over the country. Mr. Guest was born in Birmingham, England, in 1881, was brought to the United States when he was a child, and he has been on the staff of the Detroit "Free Press" since 1895. On one of his recent birthdays he received thousands of messages from readers he did not know personally. He is in great demand as a writer and as a lecturer

I go to church because I want my children to go to church. I want them to know something more of this life than business, sport, and self-amusement. I know only one institution that will teach them that they are divine.

The church will interfere with their pleasures at times, but their mother and I sometimes have to do that, and we hope that they will love us none the less because of it. The church will mystify and puzzle them and seem irksome to them now and then. But all things that are worth while demand something of us in sacrifice. I believe that the church and the things it stands for are necessary to our well-being.

I know that scoffers have become believers, and believers have turned to scoffers, but I cannot bring myself to think that all the millions of people who have given us our churches were fools, and that all the non-believers were wise.

There is room for a difference of opinion; but the man who stays out of church entirely, good (*Continued on page 104*)

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The place *whereon thou standest* is holy ground

Seeing Things

By Julia Peterkin

ON THE bright June afternoon when I came, a bride, to be the old plantation's mistress, everything seemed to be making the best of the day's last beautiful sunlight.

The dark richness of the smooth red fields, the long green cotton and corn rows, the wide stretches of ripe small grain, were all covered with thin yellow gold. Trumpet vines flaunted scarlet blossoms from every old hedge row. Partridges whistled blithely. Redbirds and thrushes called. Field larks fluttered up and sailed about.

At the end of a long avenue stood the Big House, my new home, silent, glowing white, its height strangely magnified by the brilliant west behind it. Great live oaks and cedars, shining with light as their branches bowed and waved in a soft summer wind, filled the driveway with mottled black shadows. Tall magnolias clicked leaf against leaf as their creamy full-blown flowers dropped floods of heavy perfume, half drowning the delicate scent of feathery pink mimosas. Squirrels frisked about on their paths through the tree tops. Rabbits peeped out from the shrubbery. Pigeons wheeled in low circles.

Scores of the plantation Negroes, all dressed in their Sunday best, were waiting to pay their respects to my husband and me. Their voices were warm with kindliness as they gazed at me and made frank, enthusiastic comments:

"Lawd! Looka we new Miss!"

"Us Cap'n is got a fine wife, fo-true!"

"Jedus! What a fine dress e have on!"

"Now don't all-two look nice!"

"Us Cap'n sho is had luck!"

To the younger people, he was invariably "Cap'n," to the older ones "Son;" but to one very old man, Uncle William, the oldest of them all, he was "Da boy." But they all called me "Miss," somewhat gravely, I thought.

It was delightful to receive the simple courtesy of these friendly, good-mannered people. The women made low curtsies, the men graceful bows, as each one expressed a fine wish for our happiness.

Many of them wished we might always live like Isaac and Rebecca. A few who were bolder, flashed fine smiles as they wished us joy, a gal and a boy.

Every one brought a present. White cloths bound new-laid eggs into neat clusters. Tin pans brimmed full of ripe strawberries or early peaches. Fat pullets were given with the suggestion that they be kept for seed, since they came from a line of fine layers or good mothers. Others were given to be eaten. A frizzled chicken, with its feathers all turned wrong because it had backed out of the shell instead of coming forward properly, was presented with the assurance that it would keep hawks away from the premises, and a blue hen was brought to give the fowl yard luck.

The whole world seemed suddenly to have changed. Here was an altogether new manner of living and thinking. Even the current speech, the words in commonest use, sounded new and strange, as if a mixture of English and French and African accents were sliding lazily, musically, off the lips of these black people. It was fascinating, yet vaguely perplexing.

Before many days passed, it became apparent that this plantation was a world complete in itself, amazingly independent of outside things. The cotton, ginned and packed into bales right at home, yielded money for needs that could not be filled here; but the swamp, teeming with fish and game, and the pastures where cattle and sheep throve, together with the fields and orchards and gardens, provided abundant food.

There was almost nothing for me to do except to amuse myself, for the housekeeping at the Big House had been well organized for years, and each department was in the charge of an expert individual, so that nobody interfered with another's task.

Daddy Champagne, who cared for the vegetable garden, was an authority on weather lore. He knew everything, from how to plant the different seeds on the different moons, to reading the signs given by the sky. He showed me his fenced-off enclosure with obvious pride, explaining how each thing grew best and when it needed to be planted; but I found out that if even the cook dared to pick as much as a sprig of parsley without his permission, the old man's displeasure was keen.

GEORGE tended the cows, fed them, milked them, helped them to find their lost cuds; but Maum Martha strained the milk and skimmed the cream and churned the butter. She also made the pickles and the peach preserves; but Maum Lavinia made the wine and the fig preserves, for they required longer patience than Maum Martha had.

I had several recipe books, but these old women frankly mistrusted printed words. They carried their

There's Something Here That's Worth Learning

JULIA PETERKIN is a farmer's wife. She lives on a big South Carolina plantation, miles from any city, a plantation somewhat hemmed about by the great Wateree River swamp. As a bride she came to this place.

"Isolated! Cut off!" Such was the verdict of some thoughtless acquaintance.

Twenty-five years passed, and then this same Mrs. Peterkin found herself suddenly the most sensational new figure among American writers. "Black April," her first novel, sent the critics on a hunt for fresh adjectives of praise. It is a book in which no white character appears; a rugged, powerful work of art. But Mrs. Peterkin had never intended to become a writer! Until her boy was grown to manhood, she had never even tried to write, or cared to. Her interest had been in making a home for her husband and their son, in attending to housekeeping details, and in meeting her friends when she could manage it.

How did a great novel grow out of such an experience? The answer is that Mrs. Peterkin opened her eyes and saw the life around her; saw it with bafflement at first, then with understanding. And with love. She might have fought her environment, as many of us do. She might have lived a routine, lazy mental life, as still more of us do. But she was eager to make her life an interesting adventure in understanding. "I soon discovered," she said, "that all well-being depends upon seeing things, and that the ability to see is an acquirement."

Mrs. Peterkin is a great writer. More than that, she is a woman who has learned one of the biggest things in the world—to see, to understand, to love. And to the person who acquires this spiritual gift, no location is isolated, no event is dull. The thing to learn from Mrs. Peterkin is not how to write a novel, but how to live!

THE EDITOR.

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recipes in their heads and a few experiments proved that theirs were as good as any I could find.

One woman washed and ironed the clothes and another woman mended them. Every task had a master, and each season its round of work. Things that I considered commonplace chores were held as arts. Each person had some especial talent or gift. Those blessed with skill or knack in one line lacked a good hand for doing something else. It was the plantation's way.

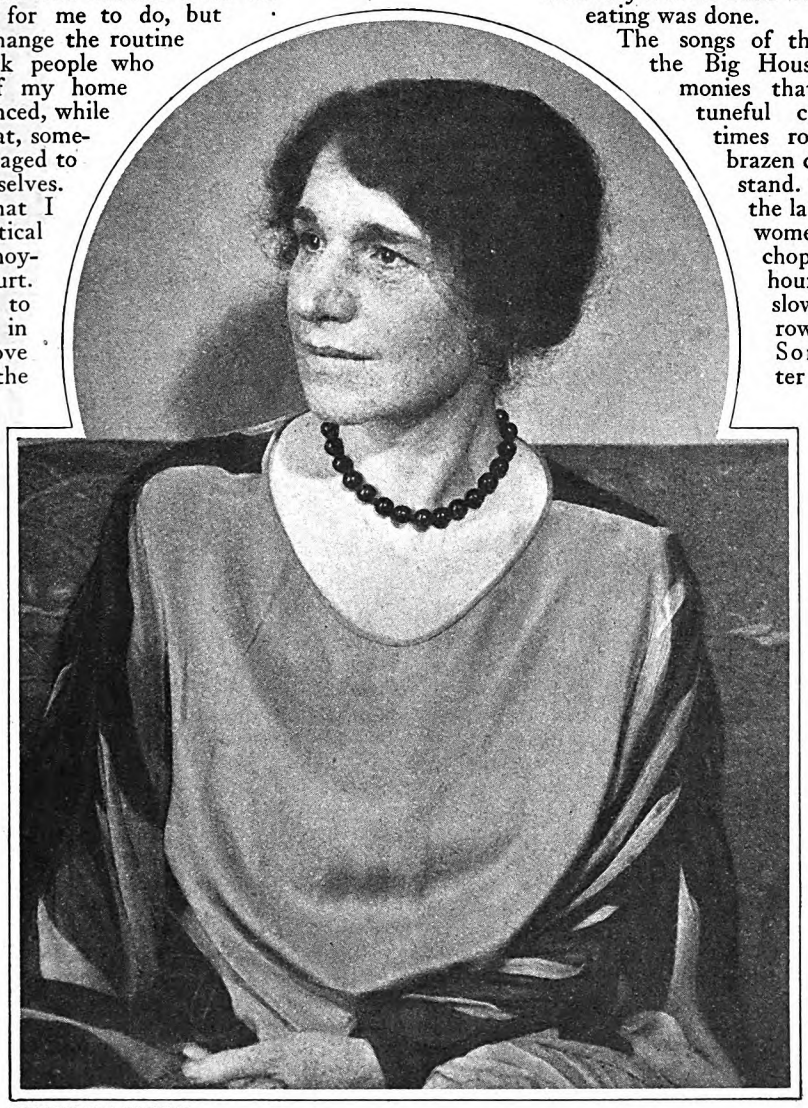
When winter brought the right moon and cold for hog-killing time, Maum Lena came to make the sausages; but Maum Anaky tried out the lard.

Old Chance trimmed the hams and packed them into salt; but Brer Bee smoked them and finished them off.

Nothing seemed left for me to do, but there was no reason to change the routine established, for the black people who conducted the affairs of my home were trained and experienced, while I was so new to it all that, somehow, my best efforts managed to make sad work of themselves.

The consciousness that I had no knowledge of practical housekeeping became annoying. My pride was hurt, and I secretly subscribed to a correspondence course in domestic science. I strove faithfully to master the matters of calories and balanced rations. When the course was done, I went to the kitchen and tactfully suggested to the cook that we have toast for breakfast the next morning instead of waffles. She listened patiently to what I said, then she shook her head. She said she had used those same waffle irons herself for over thirty-five years; they had been tried and tested. No toast could be as good as the waffles they made. Of course, if I insisted on toast, she would carry out my directions, so that I could see she was right. But I lacked the moral courage to argue the matter with her.

We had waffles for our next breakfast, not toast, and surely no waffles ever were better. But the incident was disheartening. It left me with a sense of defeat. I began to realize definitely what had been up to then a vague suspicion: that I was shockingly ignorant of everything that was useful here, and that I was familiar with only useless things, and, furthermore, everybody else knew it.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Julia Peterkin, wife of William Peterkin, of Fort Motte, South Carolina, is the author of "Green Thursday," a collection of Negro stories, and of "Black April," an all-Negro novel that brought her wide literary fame

The span of the plantation days was markedly different from those to which I had been accustomed. Weeks became appallingly long. Hot blue summer noons stretched out through hours and hours of time. Rainy days loitered and dallied, winter evenings tarried, well-nigh endless. Instead of trying to use my time, I strove to spend it, for so much leisure was hard to fill. None of the diversions I knew best were in reach of me. There were no parties or teas or lectures or concerts. No moving pictures or theatres. I was thrown on my own resources, and I found them surprisingly deficient. Boredom troubled me. Life threatened to stagnate. Sinister questions without answers crept into my mind and rankled.

One question that persisted was, how could the Negroes, people whom I pitied as ignorant, poor, dependent creatures, be so contented, so happy and care-free, here, where my days were often tedious and dull? They were pitifully destitute of material things; they had to work constantly for life's necessities; few of them could read or write; and not one of them had what is commonly regarded as education. Yet, for the most part, they were not only cheerful and merry, but they met what life sent with courage and grace. Why couldn't I do it as well as they could? What ailed me?

Five of their week days were filled with work. The men, and often the women, were kept busy from dawn until sunset, and in cotton picking time even the children were out in the fields betimes too, everybody taking dinner buckets along, so that only a little while would be lost at noon when eating was done.

The songs of the plowmen floated into the Big House, full of curious harmonies that sometimes blent into tuneful cadences, and at other times rose full and clear in a brazen dissonance hard to understand. The stillness brought in the laughter and chatter of the women field workers as they chop-chopped with their hoes, hour after hour, or moved slowly up and down the long rows, picking the cotton.

Sometimes a sharp, bitter clatter of high-pitched words told of quarrels; or shrill yells and screeches of fights. Long, terrible wailing shrieks announced to the world that Death had come and taken somebody away. For the plantation has no custom, or convention that requires the machinery of Life to be hidden or kept secret. Love, Birth, Death, Joy, Sorrow, all walk stark in the open here with an arrant frankness. It was often shocking, and yet, against the vivid, colorful lives of these black people, my quiet, orderly, idle, peaceful existence began to look strangely drab and dull.

I resolved to find out what was wrong with me, and I soon discovered that none of my senses was really trained. These black people had eyes that could not only see but also distinguish; their ears knew how to hear, and their bodies had been taught to serve them.

The little black children knew every beast on the plantation as well as they knew the people. The grown people were acquainted with every living thing in the whole neighborhood. I couldn't tell our own mules apart.

When the plantation people were ill, they sent to the woods for roots and herbs and made teas and medicines that cured them. I hardly knew all the flowers and trees.

But perhaps the thing that stirred me most was the discovery that among the plantation traditions was one that touched me personally: the belief that this plantation had never tolerated a mistress who could not "dominize" it. Long ago, when the first white man ever set foot on it, the Indians who lived here had a woman chief who stayed at home and ruled the tribe's affairs when the men were away hunting or fighting. It had always been so. It would (*Continued on page 115*)

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"John," he began, leaning sidewise over the arm of his chair toward him, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth, "do you want my resignation?"

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"You got to make some enemies, only see that you make the right ones"

Big Matt

By Brand Whitlock

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

Synopsis of the Preceding Instalment

"WELL, John, here we are!"

They were the words of Big Matt Holt, first visitor to the new Governor's office on the morning after his inauguration. And they cast the first shadow over that new career. Just what did Matt mean by "we"?

The trouble was that the Governor—elected by an overwhelming majority—knew what Matt meant. He, John Wesley Blake, was governor because Big Matt, political boss, had *made* him governor.

On the night of his inauguration a new vision had come to Blake, looking out at the State House dome, remembering the enthusiasm of the people. He was going to show them that an old machine politician could serve the people, as well as anybody else. How easy it had seemed that night—and how hard he was finding it!

Big Matt, his friend, expected to be made Commissioner of Public Utilities. Senator Morris, machine politician, and all of Matt's friends, expected it. Mills, of the Anti-Saloon League, Senator Pedley, all the "reform" elements bitterly opposed it. And in his heart Blake knew that they were right. Matt *wasn't* fit for the trust involved.

Attorney General Fenshard warned Blake against a split in the party; but, not knowing what to do he let things drift until the report spread that he had broken with Matt. In his trouble, he had no help from Grace, his wife, who was deep in social activities. His only comfort was his lovely daughter Joyce, and she was showing plainly her interest in Laurence Price, an idealistic young "reform" senator.

The Governor had almost reached the point of giving in to the reformers (and his own best conviction) when Squire, his secretary, ushered into the office Barney McGuire, political boss, crony of Matt Holt.

And with one phrase of Barney's all his resolutions were shaken to their foundation.

"There's nothin' in it for me, y' understand," Barney said. "But listen, Guv'nor, you can't afford to have the boys, the regular fellows, think you'd throw down a friend!"

IF THERE were only someone with whom he could talk it over—someone who was disinterested, and anxious to help him out. No use to discuss it with Grace; she wouldn't understand in any event, and just now she was too much engrossed by society, always on the go, overcome by her new situation as mistress of the Executive Mansion.

There, of course, was Joyce; but she was the one pure, sweet element in his life; he wasn't going to let the realities of politics touch her. Politics were dirty business; she mustn't be defiled by them. And, besides, he didn't like to risk the chance of marring that ideal figure of him which existed in Joyce's imagination. But Joyce knew more than she let on.

"Worried?" she asked, that very evening, as he sat before dinner by the great fire in the library. She perched on the flat arm of the morris chair, put one arm about his neck, and with her cool, soft hand smoothed his brow. "It's this bothersome business of Mr. Matt Holt, isn't it?"

"How did you guess?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, pretending to smile mysteriously, "something told me." And then she added seriously, "Is Mr. Holt such a bad man?"

"I don't think so. What do you think?"

"Of course he's not what you might call refined; but he has a good heart, and I've always liked him because he was your friend—and because he was always so good to us as children."

Blake winced a little.

"Yes, my friend," he said; "so he is. But the question is, ought I to appoint him to an important position just on that account?"

"Not if he isn't fit for it," replied Joyce promptly.

"You think Matt isn't fit for it?"

"Laurence Price says that he isn't."

AS SHE said this, Joyce's voice suddenly fell on a lower tone, a tone that had in it a certain soft, indulgent, almost caressing quality, which, since it was employed to utter the syllables of Laurence Price's name, startled Blake and seemed like a new and unexpected menace to his happiness. He glanced swiftly up at her, and her gray eyes fell.

"What has Price got against Matt?" he asked.

"Nothing personal, I'm sure," Joyce replied. "He thinks that personal considerations oughtn't to weigh in public affairs."

"Oh, oughtn't they!" exclaimed Blake, the old practical politician within him bristling up at this sudden challenge of the spirit of reform.

"Mr. Price is a man of high ideals, Papa," Joyce reminded him, "and he thinks they ought to apply in politics, as everywhere else."

"No doubt," said Blake. "Only you know, Joyce, these reformers always think that the only way to show your high ideals is to turn down your friends and appoint somebody who'll be for them and not for you when the time comes. You haven't got a candidate for the job, have you, Joyce?"

"No, dear," she said. "And you know this, that, whomever you appoint, I'll be for you just the same." She laughed, and gave his head a hug.

Mrs. Blake, just then, came in, dressed for dinner but, always busy, with a paper and pencil in her hand.

"John," she asked, "tell me, do you think that I've really got to have Mrs. Fenshard pour on Thursday?" She put the point of her pencil to her lips and studied her paper.

"How should I know?" Blake replied impatiently. "What difference does it make?"

In Blake's mind the political world and the social world were two widely separated and wholly unrelated realms of human envies and ambitions; and he was just then too much absorbed by the important problems of the one to care much about the trivial questions of the other.

Now that Grace had come in, he could no longer talk freely with Joyce, and as he didn't have to think when he talked with Grace he allowed his mind to wander off in search of someone whom he might appoint Commissioner of Public Utilities, and please the reformers, the party, the people—everybody—and at the same time balance the ill effects that would follow a break with Matt Holt.

"I should think you would ask her." He was dimly conscious of Joyce's voice saying this.

"Oh but, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "You know she is *so* impossible! And I *do* want my first reception to be nice—to set a kind of tone. I can ask her later, don't you think, John?"

"Oh, I guess so," replied Blake, indifferently.

"Well, I'm glad you agree," said Mrs. Blake. And with an almost vicious gesture of satisfaction she struck a name from her list.

BLAKE thought that night of Joyce's words, and tried to recall the new vision, his new ideal of public service. It had grown rather dim, of late; he couldn't recapture it, see it quite so vividly as he had on that night of his inauguration.

"Not if he isn't fit for it," Joyce had said. But then there were those words of

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"I'm glad you agree," said Mrs. Blake. And, with an almost vicious gesture of satisfaction, she struck a name from her list

Barney McGuire's, "Throw down a friend." He tried to think of some way in which he could live up to this new ideal, and at the same time not throw Matt down, and gratify his old political associates, the regular fellows.

Confound it all, if only he didn't have those doubts about Matt's honesty! Doubts? No, that certainty; he hadn't "trained" with Matt in politics all these years without knowing pretty well what Matt would be likely to do in a position that gave him a controlling influence over the public utility corporations of the state.

There, in the darkness of the night, while the thawing snow fell drip-drip from the roof, and now and then slid off the roof with a rush and fell with a slap on the ground, he looked over the years, at all those trades, bargains, deals, shady combinations that he and Matt had made.

Not if he isn't fit for it! But who, of the fellows he knew, *was* fit for it? He himself, for instance; was he fit for it, fit to be governor? There were a lot of temptations, and Matt was poor as a church mouse. Perhaps the kindest thing he could do for Matt would be not to appoint him, not to expose him to all those terrible temptations. But imagine offering such an explanation to Barney McGuire—or to Matt!

AND yet, there was what Joyce had said; Joyce was right; Joyce knew better than any of them; there was only one way, and that was to send for Matt, and tell him, squarely and frankly, that he couldn't appoint him; he might have anything else, except the Commissionership of Public Utilities. It would be hard, but it must be done.

He would send a telegram to Matt the first thing in the morning, summoning him to the capital.

He dreaded to see Matt. All that day he watched the passing hours, swift as the train on which Matt was rushing to the capital. By way of preparation for the ordeal, he acted a part all day; he adopted and, as it were, rehearsed a dashing, independent manner; he had never been so decisive, so authoritative and final; he was almost domineering. But down in his own heart Blake knew there was no dashing and headlong courage, but only a fear, a sense of shame and ignominy in turning on this old friend by whose help he had risen to this place.

The day was nearly over at last. He glanced at the clock; four-fifteen; Matt's train was just pulling into the Union Station—unless by some lucky chance it was late. He flung up the window and inhaled a few deep breaths of the wintry air. It was dark. Electric arc lamps were spluttering under the bare trees. The noises of the street had fallen on that note of weariness and exhaustion which comes to a city at the close of day. . . .

And then, there was Matt, standing in the doorway, his large, reddish face wearing an eager, expectant, and yet slightly uncertain smile. Blake flung down the window sash, and turned to greet his old friend. There was a slight constraint in their meeting which Blake's handclasp and his simple "Hullo, Matt," hardly dissipated. Matt sat down, and said, simply:

"You sent for me, Governor?"

"Yes, Matt. I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"All right. Here I am."

"Yes," said Blake, musingly, turning away from Matt, and gazing abstractedly at a winking sign away across the street.

"A little talk won't do any harm," he said presently. "So much has been said, there have been so many misunderstandings—"

"Pardon me, Governor," Matt suddenly interrupted him, laying stress on the "me," "but there's been no misunderstanding on my side."

"But, Matt—"

"Listen," Matt insisted. "If you're troubled about this here Public Utility appointment, why, don't consider me a minute. I don't want to embarrass you. If you think that Matt Holt ain't fit for that job, that he's the kind of fellow some of the papers make him out, why, don't say anything more. We'll forget all about it."

BLAKE felt immensely uncomfortable. The dashing, bold, and independent manner that had served him well all day in those preliminary practice rounds with weaker opponents quite deserted him; it would not serve with Matt! Matt adored him, looked upon him as one of the great men of the Republic, destined to high things. "What a President he'd make!" he had overheard Matt say.

Matt had worked for his advancement, unselfishly; there was something touching in his affection. But as Blake watched him now, covertly, he saw suddenly, that this character, this personality, which in Matt's mind was John Wesley Blake, was, for the first time in his life, questioned and doubted and, as it were, placed on trial in the forum of Matt's opinion.

Matt sat there and looked at him, his eyes fixed in a wide, intent interrogation that confused Blake; he could not remember what he had intended to say; Matt had generously offered to withdraw his claim to the place, but, somehow or other, instead of making the problem simpler, that only made it harder—Blake scarcely knew why.

He could not think, he could only feel—feel Matt's eyes upon him, feel Matt's personality expand and fill the room and lay its queer spell over him.

"Well, Matt," he found himself saying, and even then he did not know just how he was going to put it; "I sent for you because I thought that before I appointed you we ought to talk the matter over, to discuss the situation somewhat, to determine what policies should be followed in the conduct of your office."

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While he was pronouncing these words, Blake had stiffened into an attitude of firmness and command; he leant forward in his chair, and was going on when Matt, his eyes wider than ever, but now with surprise and a slowly dawning joy, said:

"You mean, Governor, that you are going to appoint me Commissioner of Public Utilities?"

"Why, of course," exclaimed Blake, with a scowl of irritation and an impatient shake of his head, as though the question were absurd, as though there never had been any doubt of his intention. "Don't you know me after all these years?

"No; listen, Matt," and Blake, still more erect, still more firm and dominating on the edge of his chair, scowled and, clenching his hand, laid his fist on the table. "I want these public service corporations to understand that they've got to be on the square!" And he struck the table a vigorous blow with his fist.

"I want them to understand that they can no longer exploit and rob the people the way they've been doing all these years, watering stock, and rigging the market, giving poor service and charging extortionate rates, and generally acting as if they owned the cities and the state and the Government and the people." The strong fist thumped the table before him with emphasis at each phrase.

"The thing has gone too far, and it's got to stop! And I'm going to stop it!" He brought his fist down with a blow of irrevocable determination. "Do you agree with me?"

"Sure," said Matt.

"Well, then," said Blake, "that's the policy I want the board to follow."

Matt sat there before him, his face somewhat dim in the failing light. Blake wondered what Joyce would say. But then, no use to worry about Joyce; she would be for him, just the same, no matter whom he appointed.

A warm, comfortable feeling was created in the gathering darkness. Blake could feel that Matt's mind and his were in harmony, unity, once more.

Old Fox, the negro messenger, came in and switched on the light, and Matt was sitting there, his large face illumined by an expression of gratitude and relief. His eyes were fixed on Blake with a look of adoration, as on his hero. Matt waited until old Fox had gone out, then cleared his throat and spoke, humbly, with a slight embarrassment; it was rather hard for Matt to express his feelings.

"I won't try to tell you now just how I feel," he said. "I won't try to thank you. It isn't the job, so much, that I wanted—though I needed it. It was the recognition by you. I wanted to be able to say that I'd held office under the best and greatest Governor the old State had ever had!"

"Oh, that's all right, Matt; don't mention it."

A great sense of magnanimity, generosity, and relief pervaded Blake; he felt that he had been strong, courageous; that he had asserted his will by what he had said to Matt and by striking the table with his fist. He felt well pleased with himself, and fonder than ever of old Matt.

"And now, Matt," he said, "you must come over and have dinner with us." As they sat, late that night, in the library at the Executive Mansion, talking over old times, Matt, in a lull, looking rather dreamily into the fire, said:

"You don't know, John, what this place means to me. I've fooled away my whole life in politics; no," he hastily caught himself up, "not fooled it away, if it's been any use to you; but I've never saved a dollar. I was down to my last cent, and was thinking if I didn't get this place, I'd go after the nomination for sheriff next fall."

When Blake announced the appointment of Matt Holt as Commissioner of Public Utilities nothing, to his surprise, happened. The storm of criticism that he had dreaded did not occur. Indeed, he felt that his reputation had been rather enhanced; he was regarded as a man who knew his own mind, a strong and loyal man, not afraid to brave opinion and stand by his friends.

He was still in the

(*Cont'd on page 135*)

He loathed those hulking and impudent venders of papers, gloating over his trouble and pain

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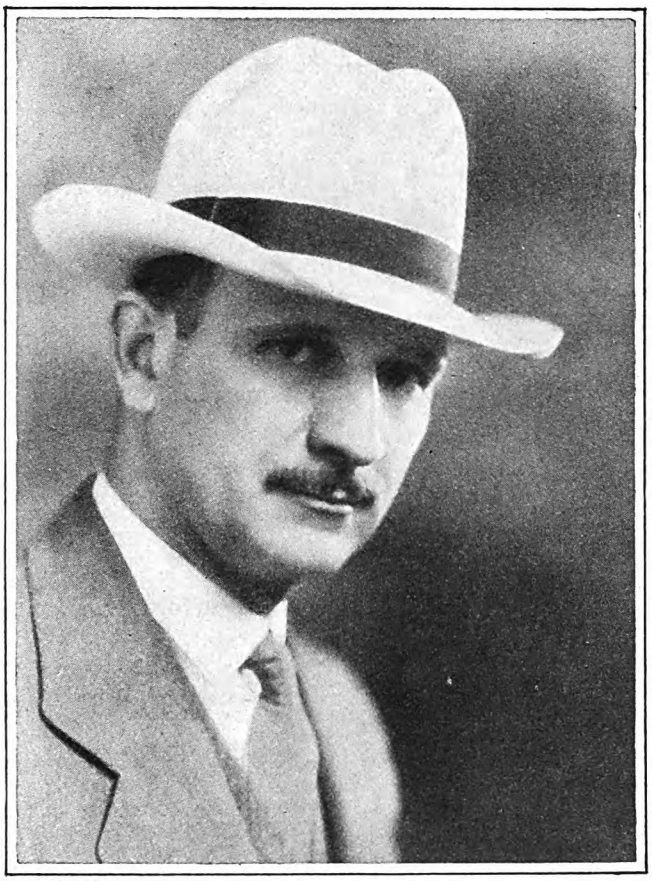
Turn Your Handicap To Your Advantage

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING CHIDNOFF, N. Y.

Dr. Louis E. Bisch, consulting specialist in psychology and diseases of the nerves, is professor of neuropsychiatry, New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. Doctor Bisch's books include "Your Inner Self," "The Conquest of Self," and "Clinical Psychology." He is forty-two years old, and lives in New York City

NOT an individual living is absolutely free from handicaps. Some of us are physically disabled, others are mentally harassed, hundreds suffer both. We struggle with deformity; we fight disease; we wrestle with doubts, fears, feelings of inferiority, over-sensitiveness, uncontrollable temper, all sorts of distressing disabilities. Even the greatest among us are handicapped like that. Every human being is prevented somehow from fulfilling his highest destiny.

But this need not be. Handicaps need not stand in the way of our progress and happiness. There is no valid reason why handicaps should any longer hold us back or pull us down. Indeed, thanks to modern science, handicaps are actually being turned to our advantage. You can even convert incurable ailments into lasting triumphs.

In order to prove this astonishing principle, which can be applied universally to all varieties of handicaps, whether they be serious and obvious or, relatively speaking, disguised and less damaging, I have purposely selected illustrative cases which, on their face, are striking and unusual. A decade ago one scarcely could have imagined such utterly devastating handicaps producing any effect other than complete defeat for the individual so afflicted.

That day, however, is past. Nowadays, the worst possible handicaps merely challenge us to combat. No longer need we be afraid, come what may. No matter what the handicap may be, whether it be big or little, no matter how much it threatens to overwhelm us, we are enabled now, in these days of scientific enlightenment, to face it calmly, to conquer it, to force it to do our bidding.

What has always stuck in my mind with unusual vividness is an incident that occurred in my office about a year after I had hung out my shingle.

I had just said good-by to my last patient for the day when in rushed an intensely agitated woman, reporting that a terrible accident had occurred, and requesting that I hurry to her home as speedily as possible.

And a terrible accident it really turned out to be. Her husband, a man of forty-six, had been cleaning his clothes from a large pan of gasolene. Thoughtlessly, he struck a match to light his pipe. There was an explosion. You can readily imagine what happened.

The pain and the face burns were not, however, the worst this unfortunate man had to endure. There were long torturing weeks of treatment, to be sure. But what was going to be the result when the bandages finally would be taken off? What damage had the explosion done to his eyes?

The day before the scheduled time finally to remove the dressings we were sitting alone in his modest little living-room with the shades drawn to shut out the light. Seeing him there in the dimness, so downcast, so utterly helpless, gripping the chair with all his strength to try and sustain his courage—well, I have seen many tragic figures since, but this one still appeals to me as the most pitiable of them all.

"Doctor," he finally began, "to-morrow comes the big test. I hope I shall be ready for it." His voice choked with emotion.

"Come now," I said, with as much assurance as I could reasonably muster under the circumstances, "perhaps things won't turn out as badly as we fear, after all. In any case, you must not allow that wonderful grit of yours to desert you?"

"I know, I know," he replied. "But can you imagine what it means sitting here day in and day out, wondering whether I really am going blind? And that is not the worst of it. I have already prepared my mind for that, if it must be. I have saved no money. I carry no accident insurance. I am in debt. What is to become of my wife and three children?" He broke down and cried like a child.

And the following day the worst really did happen. A film of scar tissue had grown over each eyeball and completely blotted out his vision. The patient was stone blind, and doomed to remain so for the rest of his life.

Now, here was a problem, a vital, gripping problem. The man had been a bookkeeper for twenty-odd years. To work at figures again was out of the question. His accustomed means of livelihood was lost. What was to be done? What could be done to help this man rehabilitate himself, and at the same time preserve his self-respect?

TWENTY years ago, the very magnitude of such a handicap would have baffled us. Pity would have been about the best we could have offered. In those days, any sort of a drawback, however insignificant, foreshadowed serious possibilities. We stood helpless and hopeless before disability.

But that time happily is past. Thanks to science, no handicap can floor you any longer. No handicap should even alarm you. All you have to do is study the principle that underlies the conquest of all handicaps. The nature of the handicap is of no importance, nor its origin.

If your handicap be a small one, you can conquer it easily. If it be a large one, even if it rob you of an important sense organ as in the case just cited, be calm,

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think, apply the principle. There is no "if" or "but" about it. Each and every handicap actually can be turned to your advantage.

The scientific principle about which I have been talking is based upon certain laws of psychology and physiology. It states that if one sense is maimed, or destroyed, or otherwise disadvantageously affected, other senses *develop more fully*, become more acute, and are able to function with a greater degree of efficiency. This principle is known as the principle of compensation.

Should you lose your right hand, for example, your formerly awkward left hand will gradually take on all the abilities that used to belong to your right. Should your vision in either eye be destroyed, or the hearing in either ear, the other eye or ear will soon be able to do the work of the two former healthy, normal organs. Take one sense away, and *others* will flourish as never before.

IT IS this principle of compensation that gave the hint as to how my patient's tragic loss of sight might be remedied. What is more, by applying the principle with thought and planfulness, the handicap of blindness not only was robbed of its terrors, the prospect of destitution and black despair were not only overcome, but the handicap was actually turned to the patient's advantage!

At the outset, attention was centered on the man's touch sense. We developed his touch sense deliberately, and we started to do so just as soon as it was learned that the blindness was incurable. Within a few weeks he had learned quite easily how to distinguish between various degrees of smoothness of sand when rolled between the thumb and forefinger. A little later he began to practice with flour. And with astonishing rapidity he learned how to distinguish and name various brands of flour, even when only the very slightest differences of smoothness existed.

Then a position was secured for him. He became a flour tester. Flour testers sort and grade flour by sampling it through the sense of touch. Specially interesting was it to observe how quickly he outstripped his colleagues in expertness. Their touch sense, keen though it was through training, could not compete with that of the patient's. In him the touch sense could be, and was, developed far beyond normal limits as a compensatory reaction to his loss of sight.

He soon regained his feet financially. He paid off all his debts. He was able to afford more luxuries for himself and family than ever before. He felt proud of himself, happy over the obstacles he had conquered. It gave him great satisfaction to think he would be able to send his children to college. Indeed, as a flour tester he earned five times as much as he did while a bookkeeper!

MANY of our greatest men were handicapped by disease, and somehow surmounted it. Milton and Handel were blind. Beethoven was deaf. Stevenson and Keats had tuberculosis. Pope was deformed. Cæsar suffered from epilepsy. Lamb and his sister were subject to repeated attacks of insanity. Fielding wrote his rollicking book, "Tom Jones," while melancholy. Florence Nightingale did some of her best executive work while bedridden. The list, indeed, is a long one. These people achieved *in spite* of a handicap.

This, however, is something quite different from the point I wish to make. The case I have just cited was more than the mere overcoming of a handicap. That, in itself, is a wonderful achievement, I admit. But even more marvelous are the possibilities we find open to handicapped individuals of actually converting what would ordinarily be a serious drawback in life into a *positive advantage*, one, indeed, that could not otherwise be obtained except for the presence of that particular drawback. In (*Continued on page 112*)

If You Ask Me:

Here's a chance for you to write your own text

NOT long before his recent untimely death I was talking with Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, president of Colby College, a rather small institution on the bank of the Kennebec River in Maine. In nineteen years of inspired intelligence, Roberts has left his mark on Colby, and on the entire system of higher education in New England.

"How have your athletics been going lately?" I asked him.

"Fine! Very fine!"

"Been winning some state championships?"

"A fair share of them. But we've done something bigger than that!" His eyes glowed behind his glasses.

"What is it?"

"We've made two great discoveries: One is that we don't *have* to win. And the second is that *when we lose we lose nothing but a game*. We don't lose our college pride or our self-respect, for example.

"The same thing is true all along the line," he continued. "Take our debating teams. We have been winning a lot of intercollegiate debates. But we could have won even more if all we thought of was victory. As I saw it, our debates were held for the purpose of training young men in public speaking, and not just to see what laurels we could bring home. Last season we had two or three outstanding debaters. Did we use them all the time? We did not. In every debate some of our best men were sitting on the side lines because we wanted to give everyone on the squad a chance to develop his talents under fire. If we lost the debate, the debate was all that we lost!"

A MAN hit me for a job one day last week. Two years ago he was the star feature writer on the leading newspaper of a Middle-Western city. But he wanted new and greater fields to conquer. So he came to New York.

The grass had looked green on the other side of the fence. And it *was* green. But it was also full of hidden snags. For some time he made a precarious living by free-lance writing. At last he got a position as associate editor of a trade publication. After a while this publication went out of business. And he hadn't been able to get another job.

"Why don't you go back to your home paper?" I asked him.

"And let the home folks know that I lost the only job I was ever able to get in New York?" he said bitterly. "Why, I couldn't look them in the face!"

"But it wasn't your fault," I reminded him.

"No; but they wouldn't know that. And I'd feel like a cur."

That whipped look was still on his face as he left my office. I felt infinitely sorry; but I could see little hope for him unless he could somehow learn to look at life's values with different eyes.

"WHAT's the greatest satisfaction you've got out of life?" I once asked a successful engineer.

"The knowledge that I've always done my damnedest," he shot back. "Sometimes I've won and sometimes I've lost—but no one can say that I wasn't always out there trying. And let me tell you, young man, that there's a whale of a lot more satisfaction in trying hard for something and losing it than in getting some reward you know you don't deserve."

Take these three little anecdotes and stir 'em up for your own sermon. I'm a reporter—not a preacher.

Merle Crowell

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The Six Best-Loved Characters On The American Stage

They are not men of action, and they are not very heroic, but they have humor, cheer, and they embody many of the best-liked human weaknesses—We love them because through their own hearts they appeal to ours

By Walter Prichard Eaton

IF YOU want to know what a people are, in their hearts, you can probably learn more by watching them at their play than at their work. What they do with their leisure is more indicative of their real selves than what they do with their working hours. That is why, of course, history has always paid far more attention to the art of ancient nations than to their industries. More could be learned from it.

Going to the theatre has always been a pastime of our leisure, from the earliest days of our Republic. It still is, though in many sections outside of New York the motion picture has largely taken the place of the beautiful art of the spoken drama. Down through the years there has been in every generation at least one performance by an actor or actress which captured the imaginations and affections of us all, which was rewarded with universal admiration and became, as it were, a sort of national heritage. Whatever the character impersonated, this imaginary man or woman seemed more real to most of us than our neighbors, and was always spoken of as if he drew the breath of immortal life. So our fathers and mothers spoke of Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle." So we today speak of Arliss's "Old English."

Suppose we consider a few of these outstanding and beloved performances, and see if we can deduce from them anything about ourselves—not about the theatre, the art of acting, but about ourselves as Americans, who have chosen, in our free leisure, these performances to witness, and by admiring them have presumably disclosed some of the things that in our heart of hearts we deem admirable. The task is not so easy as it looks; it is complicated by many elements, not the least being the fact that it is easily possible to admire things in art which we would not admire in real life. But it is interesting, and we may learn a little, at least, about ourselves.

First, what are some of these outstanding theatrical performances, known from coast to coast and taken to the popular bosom?

There was E. A. Sothern's "Lord Dundreary," first disclosed in New York in 1858, in a play by an Englishman, Tom Taylor, and called "Our American Cousin." Sothern built up the character from nothing at all, the leading part being that of Asa Trenchard, acted by Joseph Jefferson. Ultimately, the play became merely a frame for the eccentric Lord, and Sothern acted that rôle for the rest of his life.

There was Joseph Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," first disclosed in London in 1865, and acted by Jefferson almost until his death in 1905. Several actors had essayed this rôle before him, including James H. Hackett and Charles Burke, Jefferson's half-brother. But it remained for Jefferson, with the aid of Dion Boucicault, to make a play from the story which hung together, and to embody the character in such a way as to capture the popular imagination and affection.

There was Maude Adams's Lady Babbie in Barrie's play made from his novel, "The Little Minister." In the years when Miss Adams acted Babbie (and also Barrie's "Peter Pan," and Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows") she was the best loved and most popular actress on our stage. But she attempted many plays in which she failed. She never failed, however, as Babbie. She could be playing it still if she chose.

THERE was David Warfield's Anton von Barwig in "The Music Master." Warfield has now retired, a rich man, on his profits largely from this play. He could still go out in it from coast to coast and pack every theatre.

There was Frank Bacon's Lightnin', in his own play of that name, which held the long-run record in New York until the advent of "Abie's Irish Rose." When Bacon, an elderly actor who had spent most of his life in comparative obscurity, left Times Square to go on tour, a band escorted him down Broadway! His tour was a triumph, and would still be going on if his untimely death had not cut it short.

There is, today, the Old English of George Arliss, in Galsworthy's play of that name. Arliss may not elect to continue in this rôle another year, having carried it in triumph across the continent. But there is no doubt that if he chose he could play it as long as Warfield played "The Music Master." The American people have taken it to their bosoms.

This list, of course, might be considerably extended. There was, for example, Denman Thompson's Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead," James A. Herne's Nat Berry in "Shore Acres," Edwin Booth's Hamlet, Billie Florence's Judge Bardwell Slote in "The Mighty Dollar," and William Chanfrau's Mose the Fireman, back in the days before the Civil War. If we omit Hamlet, a character which does not belong to the English race any more, but to the world, it is interesting to note that all these characters in our supplementary list are native American types, and have certain traits in common. That, as we shall see, is perhaps significant.

BUT let us take the six outstanding impersonations we have selected—Sothern's Dundreary, Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Maude Adams's Lady Babbie, David Warfield's Anton von Barwig, Frank Bacon's Lightnin' and Arliss's Old English. What have they in common? What element is there in all of them which has captured our admiration, and so, perhaps, disclosed something about ourselves? The characters differ widely, and so do the personalities of the players. There is as little in common between Dundreary and Old English as there is, in personality, between George Arliss and Maude Adams.

Well, one thing all six of these impersonations have, or had, in common—they were supremely efficient. That may mean more than it appears to at first reading. When a younger actress than Miss Adams two or three seasons ago revived "The Little Minister," she failed ignominiously; the public would have none of it. But when another younger actress, Helen Hayes, revived "What Every Woman Knows," she was acclaimed all over the land. She did it well; she got the real meat out of it. Every actor has a personality of his own, and to be popular this personality must be a winning one.

But personality is not enough for greatness or for abiding popular success. The actor must find a part which his personality can illumine, and then must have the artistic skill to weld the two together until no joints show, until there is a complete illusion of spontaneous life. In every one of the six famous impersonations we have named, the actor did just this—with consummate skill he (or she) made the happy marriage between the actor's natural personality and the character portrayed, so that on the stage this character actually came to life; it wasn't an acted fiction, it was a living person. That much, certainly, the six have in common. Their popularity surely represents the conscious or unconscious tribute we pay to perfection in art.

For the most part the tribute is, I think, unconscious. Few (*Continued on page 96*)

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the beloved actor, as Rip Van Winkle (above), a part he played for some forty years.

MAUDE ADAMS (in oval), as Lady Babbie, in "The Little Minister." In this and other Barrie plays, she became the most loved actress on the American stage.

C. H. Hayes & Co., Detroit

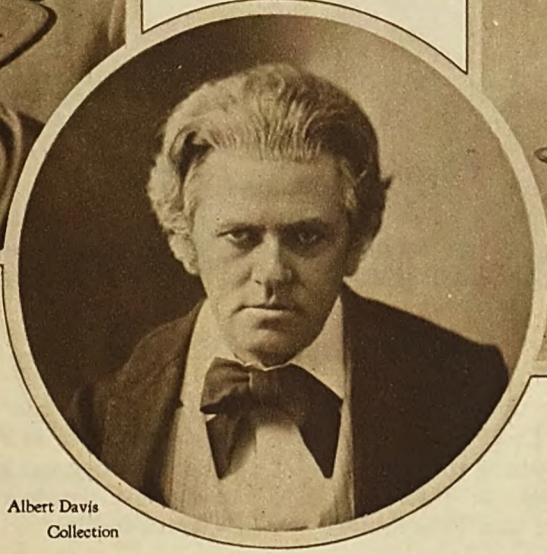
Albert Davis Collection

E. A. SOTHERN (above), as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin." E. H. Sothern, the Shakespearean actor, is his son.

Wide World Studio

GEORGE ARLISS (above), as Old English, in Galsworthy's play of that name, a drama which the American people have taken to their bosoms. If he chooses to do so, Mr. Arliss can no doubt continue in this rôle indefinitely.

FRANK BACON (right) as Lightnin' in his own play of that name. Bacon had spent most of his life in obscurity before he created and acted this magic rôle. He might still be playing it but for his untimely death.



Albert Davis Collection

Brown Brothers

DAVID WARFIELD (left), as Anton von Barwig, in "The Music Master," a part he made famous, and in which he has reached the hearts of countless theatre-goers.

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Photograph by Lewis Hine

Albert Edward Wiggam

MR. WIGGAM is widely known through his many magazine articles, his books, and his Lyceum and Chautauqua lectures. His specialty is translating the technical language of science into popular language. Two of his books, "The New Decalogue of Science," and "The Fruit of the Family Tree," have had extraordinarily large sales. Mr. Wiggam was born in Austin, Indiana, in 1871. Before he turned to writing and lecturing, he worked as a mine superintendent in Colorado. He now lives in New York City, and in Vernon, Indiana.

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Five Rules For Rational Living

By Albert Edward Wiggam

WHEN I was a boy on the farm in southern Indiana, we had a hired hand, named Billy, who was always afraid that something would "knock him plum sensible." Since he was struck twice by lightning without any immediate visible improvement in his mental agility, I pretty nearly gave up my faith in education by concussion.

That was forty-five years ago. And while I wonder, Billy, if all the knocks and boosts, the criticism and praise, the miserable failures and moderate successes I have had since then, have really knocked me sensible, my belief in education by concussion has been bolstered up. We can get information and knowledge out of books, but it takes life to knock us sensible and teach us the true wisdom of rational living.

I doubt that the several dozen psychologies I see on my bookshelves, and the scores of biologies and other ologies I have studied have brought me any better rules of rational living than one or two, which you, Billy, in your simple-hearted fashion, gave to me in those far-away magical days of boyhood.

When you would try to teach me how to turn the mules at the end of the corn row, so as not to trample down the corn, or how to back them astride the wagon tongue for hitching, without getting the lines in a tangle, I would say, as a small boy naturally would, "I just can't do it." And you would always reply, "You mustn't say, 'I can't'; fust thing you know, you'll get yerself in the habit of can'tin'."

That's the first rule Billy taught me, and it has stuck by me to this day. In fact, this expression became a proverb in our family. And, after all, it is just about what Professor William James, the great Harvard psychologist, remarked in his famous chapter on habit. Only Professor James put Billy's maxim in a positive instead of a negative way, when he said, "Guard against the habit of failure and cultivate the habit of success."

I remember a boy who sat opposite me in school who perfectly illustrates this point. It was after my family had moved from the old farm at Deputy, Indiana, to Vernon, a few miles away. This lad was the most bashful boy in school. He would blush and his voice would tremble every time he was called up to recite. He thus got into the habit of failing, and it came near making him a failure at everything else.

But he was a wonder at machinery, and later on his father sent him to a technical school where he was graduated to become a fine mechanical engineer.

But with all his mechanical learning, he had got so into the habit of failing to express his personality that he rusticated on the old farm for two or three years, afraid to go up against a corporation president and ask for a job.

One day, however, a farm implement agent came along and persuaded this young man that he could go out and sell plows to local farmers. I have often wondered how he screwed up his courage to start; but it was a glorious day for him when he did. He sold three plows the first day. When his tongue got loose, he knew more about plows than any farmer. He had designed plows, built plows, thought plows, and dreamed plows.

By the second week he was going so strong that he went farther afield and sold plows to people he had never seen before. In a little while he was selling self-binders and threshing machines. If there had been dirigibles for farmers, he would doubtless have been selling them.

I saw that boy about three months after he had started out, and the change in him was truly astonishing. He had developed poise; there was a power and decisiveness in his voice and an improvement in his manner that was amazing. He could sit down and talk to you quietly and convincingly, and he had also grown much better-looking. As one of the neighbors said to me, he "sure looked a heap starchier."

Within a few years he was placed in charge of the foreign business of one of the great machinery companies, and has just completed an intensive inspection for his company of farm conditions throughout the countries of Europe.

This boy was not an unusual case. I can call to mind at least a dozen timid, bashful lads, afraid of themselves and everybody else, who went off to Indianapolis or California and became salesmen or public speakers or executives. I have seen the same thing happen to timid boys who stayed in the old town and county. They are now the leaders of their communities. And I can recall two or three that never turned a trick, but who, I am convinced, would have become well-known men if they had got hold of the right string in character building and pulled it as hard as these other boys did.

GOING back to this first young man, just what was it that happened to him?

It is evident that for the habit of failing he had substituted the habit of succeeding. That is to say, he had learned the art, not of selling plows but of selling himself.

Anybody can club the other fellow into doing something against his will; but true salesmanship, whether it be selling shoes or inducing your community to put up a new school building or, getting yourself elected to office, consists in compelling the other fellow to do something he doesn't want to do, and then making him glad that he did it.

We used to believe that we could "discipline" or "train" our minds *as a whole*. For instance, we believed that if we went through what we called "mental drill" in algebra or Latin or some other "cultural study," it strengthened or improved our minds in a *general* way, so that we could better solve the problems of the farm or store or machine shop. Modern psychologists have compelled us in the main to abandon this notion.

They believe that if we drill our minds on one subject, this exercise or training does not, to any great extent, transfer itself all through our brain and give us greater mental power for all sorts of problems. However, this theory applies more directly to what we call our intellectual habits, and happily these constitute only a small part of our whole mental life.

PROBABLY the biggest thing in your life —indeed almost all of your happiness— is bound up in what is called your moral or emotional or volitional traits and habits. These are such things as determination, stick-to-it-iveness, will-power, generosity, friendliness, courage, tactfulness, coöperativeness, and the like.

Now, the grand and fortunate thing is that if you train any *one* of these traits it is more likely than algebra or Latin to spread to other brain centers, and thus give you general strength of character. The reason for this is that the whole emotional tone is favorably affected, and creates a tendency to set up an *ideal*.

For instance, if you train a boy to admire a particular hero, or to meet the Boy Scout hardships with courage, you tend to set up inside of him a *general idea of courage*. You may not need your algebra or Latin twice in your whole life, but we need courage all the time. If you train yourself to make quick, energetic decisions, even about small matters, such as writing the overdue letter, or keeping a disagreeable engagement, or doing your daily dozen, you see yourself idealized as a decisive, energetic character. And the more you picture yourself as a person of strong character, the more you will want to measure up to it.

If you succeed in resisting the extra cup of coffee or cigar to-day, you have more strength to resist them to-morrow. Gradually you acquire the habit of succeeding at little things. Soon the habit of succeeding at little things broadens into the habit of succeeding at big things. And, with time, succeeding becomes your second nature and knits itself into your very being.

This is why it is (*Continued on page 130*)

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"After a man's been married six years,
he doesn't look a compliment in the mouth;
he just swallows it, hook, line, and sinker!"

The Song At Midnight—

A story of Dot and Will and New Year's Eve

By Fannie Kilbourne

Illustrated by T. K. Hanna

NOBODY in Montrose knew exactly what it was that started the feud. Not even Mrs. Frank Kirsted and I, who had been right there when it began. Mrs. Kirsted and Dulcie Lane and I were all down on Rosemary Merton's porch, mending and keeping a weather eye on our various babies and children on the lawn and talking about how conceited husbands are, which, heaven knows, is a safe enough topic of conversation for a bunch of married girls.

We were giggling about the guileless way men, especially husbands, fall for every bit of flattery they hear.

"Goodness knows," said Dulcie, "I like flattery myself. But I don't believe it all!"

"Neither do I," said Mrs. Kirsted. "But men do. If a girl tells a man he's a good dancer, he thinks that she thinks he *is* a good dancer."

"Yes," said Rosie; "and when his wife tries to tell him, purely for his own good, that the way he jiggles up and down went out with the Boston, he just figures that she doesn't appreciate him, and goes right on thinking he's a regular Valentino and jiggling like the steering wheel of a flivver."

"Mercy," I said, "can't you remember when we were all in high school, how the married crowd used to look to us, at dances? The wives kidding themselves into thinking that nobody knew that their white crêpe de chine evening dresses were their wedding gowns going into the fourth year. And the husbands! Having a married man ask you to dance was just one faint shade better than having to sit it out. The most you could say for them was that they helped fill up the picture and make you look popular!"

We all laughed.

"Howard never picks a popular girl to ask," said Rosie. "He'll ask some wallflower, who's so glad to get a chance to dance at all that she'll say anything! He actually told me with pride that Girlie Whittaker said that the dance she had with him was the best one she'd had that whole evening. It was probably the only one she'd had that evening; but after a man's been married six years, he doesn't look a compliment in the mouth; he just swallows it, hook, line, and sinker."

We all laughed again. Everything was gay and friendly and confidential, the way it is when a bunch of girls who are really crazy about their husbands knock them a little, just for fun. No four human beings could have been further from a quarrel.

At that moment, we saw Frankie Kirsted, who, as a child, is a total loss, turning on the water in the hose—and as my twins were right in line with the nozzle, both Mrs. Kirsted and I rushed down to stop him. It takes quite a little while at best to persuade Frankie not to do anything he has decided to do, and then, to make sure, Mrs. Kirsted and I stopped to disconnect the hose and roll it up and put it out in the garage and lock the door. Altogether, though, it couldn't have taken us ten minutes. It may not have been more than five that Rosemary and Dulcie were left alone there on the porch.

Of course, if it had been Dulcie and Mrs. Kirsted what followed wouldn't have been surprising at all. They get along pretty well in a crowd, but leave them alone together at any time and ten minutes is plenty long enough for starting trouble. But Rose and Dulcie! Why, they've been friends ever since we were all in infant class. And though they might criticize each other once in a great while, like any other friends, they never really meant anything by it, and always did it behind each other's back. I would have sworn that neither one of them would have said anything to hurt the other's feelings for anything.

AND yet in that brief ten minutes, at most, something had been said or done. Both Mrs. Kirsted and I could feel it as we came up the steps. It was as unmistakable as a sudden fog. Rosie was as red as a fire box and Dulcie was white. And there wasn't one bit of pleasantness left. They were both being polite. Unpleasantly, icily polite.

Dulcie was gathering up her mending and getting ready to go home, though it was only half past three, and Rosie had said she had some lemonade in the ice box and was going to cut the sponge cake she'd made that morning. We had all planned to stay till five o'clock at least.

Dulcie said very formally that she'd forgotten that her mother was coming over that afternoon, and that she must get back right away. Rosie didn't say a word. She was very distrait and absent-minded after Dulcie had left; but though Mrs. Kirsted hinted and gave her every chance to tell what had happened, she didn't. It was a stiff, uncomfortable hour and a half for us all before we finally left.

I told Will about it at supper and he was quite interested. Men make me laugh, the way they love to pretend they're miles above petty gossip, and then fairly lap up any juicy bit that comes their way.

DULCIE came over the first thing the next morning, all primed to tell me about it. I knew what she had come for, of course, though she pretended it was only to borrow my vacuum, hers being on the blink because she never can remember to oil it. But Will was there. He was going to drive a prospect out to show the Chesterfield farm, and as they were leaving at half past nine he didn't bother to go down to the office.

Dulcie was quite taken aback to find him at home, drying the breakfast dishes for me. She stuck around for a few minutes, waiting to see if he wasn't going, but when he didn't seem to be she took the vacuum and went back.

Then I ran into Rosie in The Busy Bee that same morning when we were both doing our marketing, and she was on the very point of telling me. She'd got to the "Of course, you live right next door to Dulcie, but—" when Mrs. Kirsted came in and she stopped. I had got quite curious, naturally, but I figured I'd get it sooner or later so I didn't take to biting my finger nails with excitement while I waited.

Mrs. Kirsted was actually pathetic, she was so crazy to find out what had happened, and she didn't have any patience at all. She couldn't call me up about it, Dulcie and I being on the same wire, but she drove down late that afternoon and was nearly wild when she learned that I hadn't heard anything yet.

And by the time I got to see Dulcie alone, which wasn't till the next day, she'd evidently thought better of it, and decided not to tell me at all. I saw Rosie the day after that, and she didn't say anything about it, either, so I thought they'd probably made it up already. But I was wrong. And it was Mrs. Kirsted

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In that brief ten minutes something had been said or done. Both Mrs. Kirsted and I could feel it as we came up the steps

who told me about the next that happened.

"What do you think!" she gasped in The Busy Bee while our orders were being put up. "Their husbands are in it too!"

"They are!" I exclaimed, amazed. I knew, of course, that she meant Rosie's and Dulcie's husbands. When Mrs. Kirsted is interested in anything, she thinks and talks about it every waking instant.

"Yessir," Mrs. Kirsted said. "You know, Howard was making a bridge for Dulcie—it's a funny thing for a girl of her age to have to have a bridge in her mouth, isn't it?" (Mrs. Kirsted and Dulcie being the two prettiest girls in the young married crowd, either one just loves to see signs of decay in the other.) "And he'd taken the impression and was working on it. And now Dulcie isn't going to have him finish up the work; she's going to leave him and go to Doctor Griffin. Howard is furious about it, says he has the bridge practically done, and that Roger will have to pay for it whether Dulcie has it or not, and you know how close Roger is. He says he'll pay for no bridge that his wife doesn't have."

"MY SOUL!" I exclaimed. I could just see what trouble that would make. Both Howard Merton and Roger Lane have stubborn streaks when they get roused. It was very evident that the girls hadn't made it up.

I had decided to ask them both flat out what the trouble was, but I happened to mention it to Will and he said he wouldn't, if he were in my place.

"I wouldn't go getting mixed up in any neighborhood row if I were you," he said.

"Just knowing what the trouble is isn't getting mixed up in it," I said, "and it isn't any neighborhood row, anyway. At worst, it's just the Lanes and the Mertons."

"Well, if you're smart, you'll keep right out of it," said Will.

I admitted that there might be some truth in what he said, though if either of the girls had volunteered to tell me what had happened in that ten minutes I certainly wouldn't have stopped her. But neither of them did volunteer, and I controlled myself and didn't ask.

I don't think either of them told any-

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body else either but the news spread anyway. Dulcie had a little bridge party for Ruth's cousin, who was visiting Ruth, and she didn't invite Rosie. She asked Corinne of course. Then Corinne wanted to entertain for this same cousin, and *she* wanted to invite Rosie. Rosie said she wouldn't go if Dulcie was going to be there, so Corinne said all right, she wouldn't ask Dulcie. Which, of course, made Dulcie furious, she just having had Corinne at her party.

Dulcie told Ruth about it, and Ruth was very sympathetic, and said it was very bad taste of Corinne, that Corinne should have invited Dulcie and given her the chance to decline. It got to Corinne, of course, that Ruth had said she didn't have good taste, and Ruth said that anybody who had overstuffed furniture in her sun parlor, the way Corinne did, was a hot one to talk about taste. Which got back to Corinne, of course. So Corinne had a bigger bridge party than either of the others, and didn't ask either Ruth or Rosie.

This hurt Ruth's feelings terribly, because it looked so queer to her cousin. So she gave a luncheon for her cousin, and didn't ask hardly anybody who had been at Corinne's bridge. Some of the girls who had been at Corinne's didn't know what it was all about, so they felt that Ruth had snubbed them without rhyme or reason, and they said that Ruth's cousin's hair was dark at the roots.

I had never noticed that it was, and anyway, I'm naturally broad-minded. I say that if anybody is fool enough to think that bleached hair is pretty, let them bleach theirs.

It really did make things awkward, though. None of the girls knew what had originally started the trouble, but our whole crowd was getting split right in two. One half wouldn't go to the other half's parties.

IT WAS about this time that I had what I thought was an inspiration. I decided that, not having taken any sides, I would be the peace-maker. I decided to have a party for Ruth's cousin and ask everybody, just as if there wasn't any trouble at all. Both Rosemary and Dulcie, and Ruth and Corinne and all the girls who were just a little mad. I thought it would be a sweet, tactful way to make things up.

Of course I realized it might not work out well. That some of them might be stiff and formal, and that it might be a little difficult. But I decided to mix them up at the bridge tables just as though there'd never been any trouble at all, and trust to the fact they were all polite, and were, in spite of everything, all old friends, to carry things off. It did occur to me that I might possibly not be able to effect the peace as I hoped, or even that one half, finding that the other half had been invited, might not come.

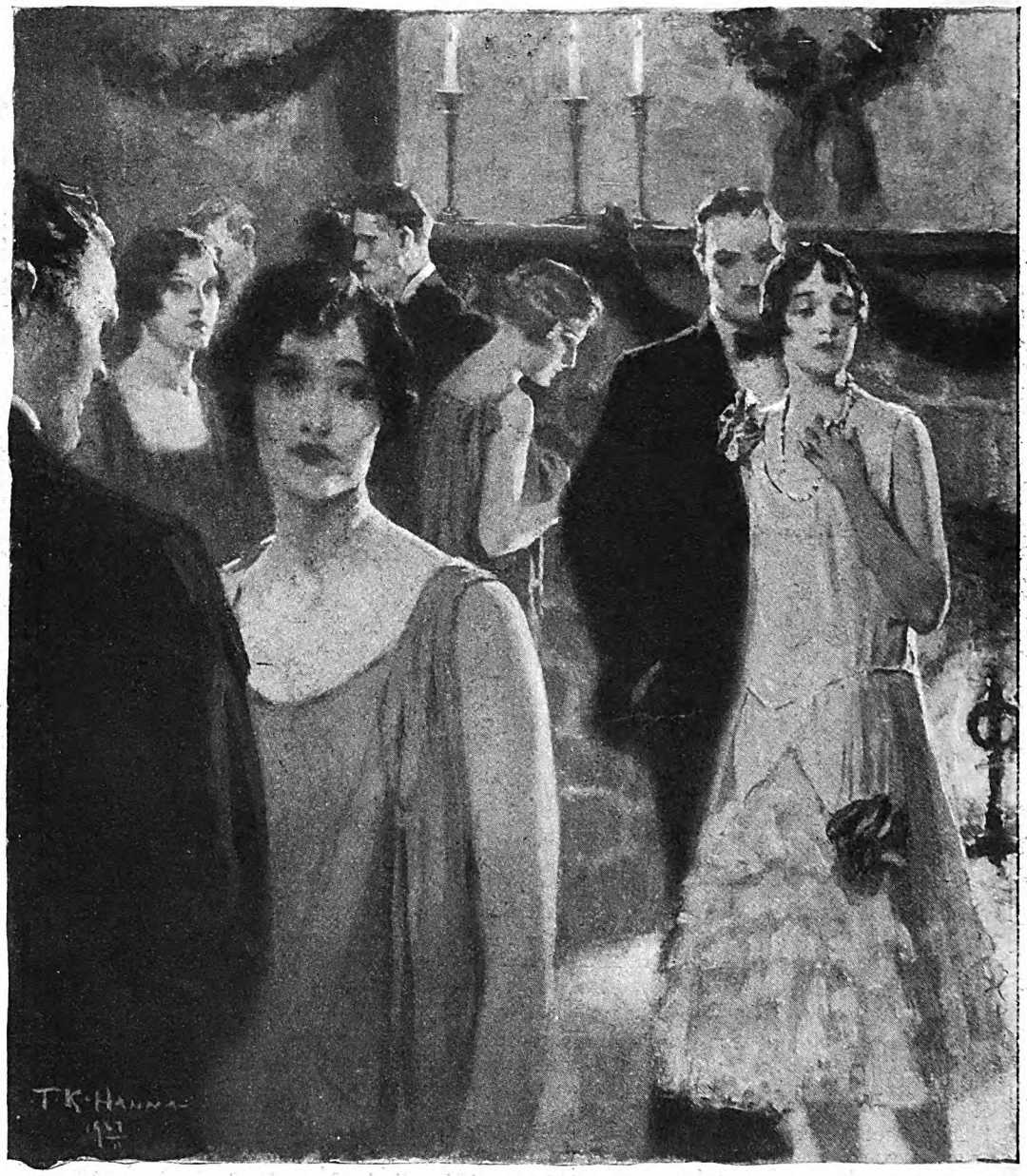
WHAT actually did happen would never in the world have occurred to me. Each half found that the other half was invited, and neither half came!

I had invited twenty-four girls, bought the prizes for six tables, engaged Ella Crowninshield to come over from Verblen to serve the refreshments and everything. Ella had bought a new waitress' apron just for the occasion and, instead of just calling up the girls to ask them, I had sent out the cutest invitation cards, some I had bought when we were on our vacation in Chicago.

Of course I had asked Ruth and her cousin first of all, the cousin being guest of honor, and they had said they would come. Then the regrets began coming in. I never saw such thin alibis in my life. It was plain as a road sign why the girls were declining. There wasn't one good sound regret in the bunch. The only living soul who accepted was Girlie Whittaker, who lives out in the country, and probably hadn't heard about the row.

Moreover, Girlie is so unpopular that when she does get an invitation she fastens onto it with a death grip. I had just asked her because I was sorry for her, and because I felt so broad-minded that I thought the peace and good will I had planned for shouldn't balk even at Girlie.

Well, I was really in a very unpleasant situation. If I had only called up the girls as I had at first planned, it wouldn't have been so bad. I might have called up Ruth and smoothed it over some way, and the four of us could have had a game of bridge and a simple cup of tea, as



There was something queer and

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though that were all there was meant to be to it. But I couldn't get away with that now. It will certainly be a lesson to me never to put anything in writing again.

Ruth had thought the invitation cards were so cute that she had shown hers to Miss Waters, who runs the social column of the Montrose "Monitor," and Miss Waters had put all about my party in the paper. She had called me up to ask me about it and had gone on in the paper in that playful way she has of writing, "A little bird has hinted to me that the decorations are going to be autumn leaves, and that there will be prizes unusual enough to tempt our young bridge experts to their cleverest game."

It was ghastly! There, with nobody but Ruth and her cousin and that awful Girlie Whittaker coming, I had to go right ahead and make it a regular party. I even had to trim the living-room with maple leaves, and I couldn't so much as call off Ella Crowninshield, on account of her having bought her apron. I hope never to feel like such a fool again.

The four of us, all dolled up in our best clothes, played bridge at one table with tally cards and candy wafers and a prize wrapped up in tissue paper and gold ribbon, and then Ella, dressed up like a parlor maid in a play, served elaborate party refreshments, salad and sandwiches and coffee and pistachio ice cream and little iced cakes and salted nuts.

WILL was perfectly disgusted with the whole affair.

"If that isn't just like a bunch of women!" he would say. "I'm glad I belong to a sex that's got some sense. How long would business go on if men made such monkeys of themselves!"

I called it to his attention that Roger Lane and Howard Merton weren't a bunch of women, and that they didn't seem to be on any too good terms.

"Mert's all right," said Will defensively. "All he's doing is holding out for getting paid for honest work he's done. And Roger'd be all right too, but Dulcie's got him under her thumb."

It was naturally something of a satisfaction to me after that, when slowly the men began to get mixed up in the row. I must give them the credit of doing their best to keep out of it. At the golf club and at church affairs or anywhere that both the factions naturally met, the husbands of the opposing lines made a great point of it.

They laughed more and louder than they would have naturally, and kept clapping each other on the back till they must have been black and blue. But in spite of all the "Hello-there-old-scout" stuff they could pull, there was a decided strain. And when two of them met with their wives, and the girls didn't speak, there was a certain sheepishness about the boys.

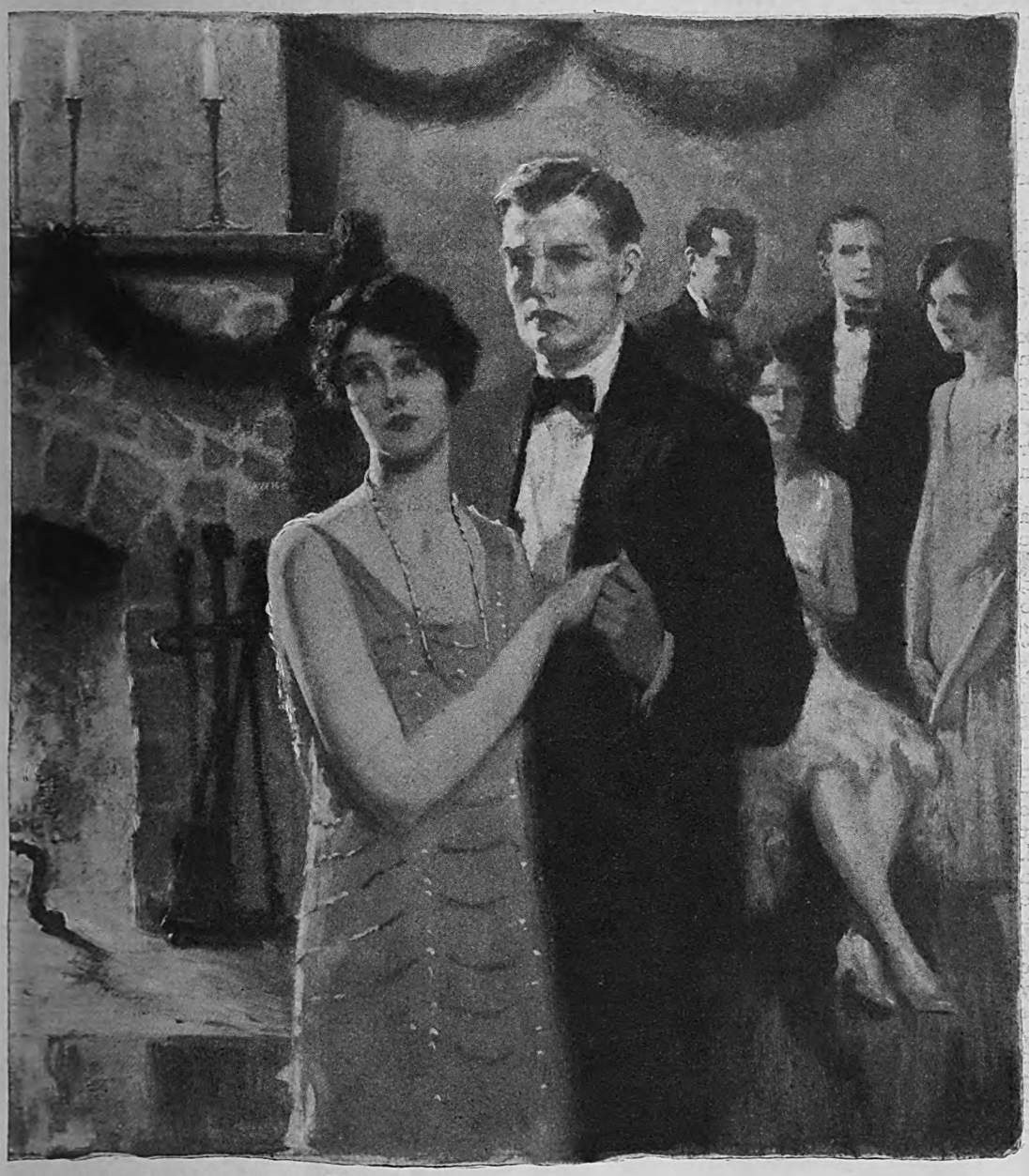
It made a nervous, unnatural atmosphere in which something was bound to happen. On account of the way men stick together and seldom tell things on each other, I never knew many of the details. But I noticed that the back-slapping became almost hysterical, and then, here and there, stopped suddenly.

Inside of a couple of months, Will couldn't be so superior about his sex. I admit that the men didn't get to the point of actually cutting each other, but so far as the truth of things went, they might just as well have. I wouldn't have believed that practically a whole town of old friends could suddenly have split into two sides that seemed actually to hate each other.

IT SIMPLY ruined what we had expected to be one of the gayest winters we had ever had. Almost everybody was doing well in a business way. It was good times. Howard Merton was getting a dandy start in his own dentist office. The new bond firm Roger Lane had gone in with was doing well, and Roger was making more in commissions than he'd ever dreamed he would when he left the bank. Real estate was going fine for Will.

Everything was looking up. We had expected to have a lot of informal parties, and have fun in our clubs, and have a generally happy, friendly, easy-going winter. And look at us!

Not that there wasn't plenty of social life. It was perfectly hectic. I never knew so many parties or such grand ones to be given. But they weren't nice, friendly parties (*Continued on page 90*)



goose-fleshy in that waiting stillness

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You Can Work For Yourself While Working For Someone Else

By Neil M. Clark

THE vice president of the big bank seemed a rather crabbed individual, and the young man sitting opposite, not being in the habit of transacting business with officials, was greatly impressed, even awed. Not so much so, however, that he lost track of what he had come for. Of the facts which he was presenting, he was absolutely sure. He explained them patiently and precisely, and not one of the older man's numerous questions tripped him up. At last the latter relaxed a little in severity, and said:

"All right, young man, the statement seems to be correct. I'll accept the check. Here is your receipt."

The hard-bitten official appeared almost cordial as he signed and handed it over, and the young man, for his part, felt considerably elated. When he stepped outside he breathed with relief, and reflected:

"He's only human after all; I got along with him all right."

A rather startling idea burst into his mind on the heels of this reflection.

"Why," he thought, "it's possible for *me* to become the vice president of a big bank like that!"

The idea was a new one, and landed with such impact that the young man stopped to ponder it while the stream of traffic flowed all around him. Years later he was able to point out the exact spot where he had stood.

Now, there occurred a strange sequel to this little incident, a sequel partaking of the nature of things that people imagine in day-dreams, when they arrange their lives to suit themselves. For twenty years that young man did not set foot again in that bank; when he did, it was because the president had sent for him to ask him to accept a position as vice president!

That young man's name was Eugene Morgan Stevens. It was thirty years ago that he had his talk with the rather crabbed vice president, and ten years ago that he was invited to become a vice president of the bank; and early this year, on the fourth of February, 1927, he was elected its president.

The story of how it came to pass is one of the romances of opportunity that can happen to ordinary men in these United States. The position Eugene Stevens holds is of enormous importance in finance and business. The bank which he heads is the Illinois Merchants' Trust Company of Chicago, one of the ten largest banks in the country, with deposits close to four hundred million dollars. Yet when he started to work at his first job in a little Minnesota wagon factory forty years ago, he was just a country-town kid whose father was dead, and whose mother sometimes was forced to take in roomers and boarders to make both ends meet.

Mr. Stevens insists that there has been nothing spectacular in his career. In a sense, he's right. But in that fact lies part of the message and meaning of his story. How did an ordinary boy, whose schooling stopped early, land in such a big job? This was the question I asked him, and we sat and talked through the hours of an afternoon and of another morning, carefully reconstructing the steps and the reasons, in the hope of making clear that little and easily-understood things had more to do with his advance than special ability.

"I got a firm grasp of a few commonplace but fundamental ideas, and stuck to them," Mr. Stevens began; "and that is all I did.

"I early became convinced that a man can accomplish almost anything he wills to undertake. If I could implant the idea, in even a few discouraged breasts, that *that* is what counts most, I think it would be a bigger accomplishment than engineering some deal by which this bank would make a million dollars. We can always make money; and I do not mean that the making of money is a cheap job, to be despised. But the making of *men*, getting them to do their best with the talents they have, is, to my mind, the biggest job in the world. If I am sure of one thing, it is that the way to great accomplishment lies open to virtually all who will learn and do the necessary things."

BLANK & STOLLER

Eugene Morgan Stevens is president of the Illinois Merchants' Trust Company, one of the ten biggest banks in the United States. He was born in Preston, Minnesota, in 1871, and began work when a youngster in a wagon factory. He was elected to his present position early in 1927

THOUGHTFULLY, earnestly, Mr. Stevens tried to outline those necessary things for the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, illustrating his points with references to his own experience and knowledge. The atmosphere of his office is not that of speed or huge deals. Big, straight, husky, he is; gray-haired, dark-eyed, with an Irish tilt to his nose; unhurried, friendly. "His responsibilities sit lightly on him," his friends say. He likes people, and is liked. His interests are numerous. He is a director in a number of large companies. Music is a delight to him;

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as a boy he played several instruments and sang, and later was a founder and for years a director of the Minneapolis Orchestral Association. Though not college-trained, he is a member of the Board of Trustees and treasurer of the University of Chicago. He is an avid reader. From youth he has found recreation out of doors, and until a very few years ago he was a baseball player of ability. Not infrequently he goes for a week or so to some cabin in the remote woods, where he lives "on his own" in old clothes, with, perhaps, a fishing rod, or a pack on his back.

The outline facts of his life are neither numerous nor complicated.

"I was born," he told me, "in Preston, southeastern Minnesota, in 1871. Our home town was Rushford, in the same county, and we returned there a year later, after my father had finished serving a term as county treasurer.

"My father was half-owner of a wagon manufacturing establishment. When I was seven years old, the factory burned down during his absence on a business trip, and it just happened that the insurance had expired and his partner had neglected to renew it. Most of his fortune, which was a comfortable one, went up in that blaze.

"NO DOUBT he could have reëstablished himself, and he was well on the way to do so when he contracted a cold which developed into pneumonia. The illness proved fatal. He had not yet recovered financially from his fire, therefore my mother was left with nothing except a little insurance money, and with four children, ranging from four to twelve years of age. I was eight.

"I suppose I was about twelve when I began to comprehend how hard a task my mother had bringing us up and keeping us in school until we got fairly well along. So I undertook to do what I could by working summers and at holiday times around stores and at odd jobs. During the summer of my fifteenth year I worked in the office of the wagon factory that my father had started to build when he died; and that fall, when it was time to go back to school, the company asked me to stay. My mother was opposed to it, but I persuaded her to let me do it. I was paid twenty dollars a month, and for that I was janitor, office boy, errand boy, and odd-job man. I washed windows, opened mail, built the fires, carried out ashes, licked stamps, filed letters, and did many other tasks."

Stevens stayed with this company for five years, advancing to a job as bookkeeper and a salary of forty-five dollars a month. It was a small concern, not overly prosperous, and his prospects were none too bright.

"I was twenty," he continued, "when I went to Minneapolis for a vacation trip. I had no special intention of looking for work there; but on the street I met a chap I had known in Winona.

"'Why don't you get a job in Minneapolis?' he asked. 'There's nothing ahead of you where you are.'

"I agreed with him there.

"He went on to say that late in the summer, about harvest time, the big grain companies would be hiring additional help, and probably I could get work with one of them. Following the suggestion, I applied to two of the largest of these firms, F. H. Peavey and Company, and another, asking to be taken on as a bookkeeper. They assured me my application would be filed, and if an opening occurred, they would let me know. I considered it a polite turn-down, and expected nothing to come of it.

"One week later, however, I received a letter from F. H. Peavey and Company, offering me a position at seventy-five dollars a month, and asking me to wire at once if I would accept.

"I immediately wired my acceptance.

How Long Has It Been Since You Learned Something New?

"YOU cannot expect to advance," says Mr. Stevens, "unless you are mentally alert. You must be learning something new all the time. I always made it a practice, and found it profitable, to learn all I could about the jobs ahead of mine; I wanted to know why those jobs existed, and what was required of the men who filled them. This form of study kept me mentally prepared for a step upward. Every man, I think, should ask himself once in a while, 'How long has it been since I last learned a new thing?'"

"My new employer, Mr. Peavey, exercised a profound influence on me in a number of directions."

F. H. Peavey and Company at that time was the largest grain handling firm in the country. Within a year, Stevens was promoted, becoming Mr. Peavey's confidential bookkeeper, and later his general auditor.

STEVENS had excellent prospects with Mr. Peavey, but had always felt a liking for banking and finance, and knew he would not be entirely happy until he went into business for himself. When he was thirty, therefore, and with no capital except one thousand dollars of borrowed money (for he had been helping support his mother), he left Mr. Peavey and established a company under his own name, dealing in commercial paper and bonds. This, in the next dozen and a half years, grew into the largest of its kind in Minneapolis, and he laid the foundation of a modest fortune. He continued in the business until he was forty-six years old.

Then, at an age when most men are content to consider themselves settled in their niche, he took the radical step of giving up his own business, and, largely with a boyish desire of seeing whether he had the stuff in him to "play in the big league," accepted a vice presidency in what was known then as the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, of Chicago. Within a few years this bank was merged with two others to form the present great Illinois Merchants' Trust Company, and Mr. Stevens, who handled most of the details of the merger, was first made executive vice president of the new institution, and three years later was elected president.

That, briefly, is an outline of the facts. Behind them, of course, lies the significant factors that enabled "Gene" Stevens, the country-town boy, to become the head of a bank dealing in hundreds of millions. Those factors Mr. Stevens undertook to analyze.

"I think it is possible," he said, "to outline a definite program of accomplishment. The main difficulty with such a program is bound to be that it seems *too simple*. I was talking once with a young man about his advancement, and mentioned accuracy, an acquired habit which played a bigger part than I can easily explain in my own promotions.

"'Yes, Mr. Stevens,' he said, with a wise smile, 'but what is *the real dope?*'

"THE 'real dope' is made up of simple things. I am satisfied these are the essentials of such a program as I mentioned:

1. The question of a goal
2. Confidence, or self-belief
3. Determination
4. An understanding of the differences between "how" and "why"
5. Accuracy
6. Attitude of mind
7. Physical preparedness
8. Mental preparedness, alertness, keeping out of ruts
9. The habit of work
10. A sense of dignity, of responsibility
11. Patience
12. The understanding of life and its problems that matures with sympathetic effort.

"The question of a goal is essential, because it helps a man with the decisions he must make, day in and day out. It is a sort of measuring stick. 'Does this lead toward my goal?' he asks. If so, the decision is yes; if not, no! Without a goal, he is adrift in a sea of indecision.

"My own early goal was not a particular job, rather it was a field of work to which I was attracted, and an ideal. I early made up my mind that when I was fifty years old I was going to be somebody, and occupy some position of importance. That was my ideal. I did not pick a particular job—jobs change anyway, while fields of endeavor remain pretty constant—but I did have a bent for finance. I remember how, when very young, I used to find peculiar fascination in 'playing bank,' cutting out paper 'money' for the game. Merely going into a bank gave me a sensation of adventure; in much the same way, I imagine, as pirate ships locomotives, fire engines, and other things gave a similar sensation to other boys. As I grew older, I felt pretty certain that I wanted to (*Continued on page 126*)

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Haven't You Felt That Mystic Lure About A Bridge?

By Archibald Rutledge

ONE day, on a stone bridge, the high arches of which sprang gracefully over a wide creek, I met a tramp. After a few sly and circumspective surveys of each other, we spoke greetings, and straightway fell into a conversation. His first words amazed me, coming as they did from as forlorn a figure as my pity ever beheld.

"I love the beauty of this bridge," he said; "I cross it twice a year, and have done so for nine years. I always stop here. I can't cross a bridge without stopping. I used to know what beauty is, and my feeling for it comes back as soon as I get on this bridge. Many is the time I've watched the sunset burn in the water here, and fade."

I asked him to tell me about his life, but he was reticent. Indeed, we did not become better acquainted than his first speech had made us. And had I met him on the highway, he probably would never have spoken to me as he did. A bridge has a way of tempting the heart to utter itself. Lovers know this. Countless courtships have been begun and consummated on bridges; countless pledges made; quarrels made up; lives planned. A bridge is a place of union, of communion; seeming to unite only two parts of the earth, it often helps to perform the marriage of souls.

I walked at daylight one morning in early April to an ancient bridge spanning a broad creek about two miles from home. I did not meet a soul on the way; the road was really a country lane, overhung with blackberry. In the young wheat beside the road, upland plover, busy with their plans for nesting, gazed at me with shy, effacing alertness. From the very tip of a towering oak a brown thrasher, probably second only to the mockingbird as an American grand opera singer, poured forth heavenly melodies.

Reaching the bridge, I sat on one of the massive old copings and looked down at the water; then through the glimmering trees through which the dawn was fast brightening. Far off I heard a farmer calling to the team that he had begun to drive afield for plowing. A bobwhite whistled from a stretch of green meadow. The veiled and silent modesty of night gave place to the dazzling azure beauty of the day.

LOOKING down at the water and noticing with what patient insistence it finally found its way through grass-grown channels and past obstructing rocks, I thought, "Here the stream is victor over its own difficulties." And then it came to me that the only real victories we know in this world are those over our own weakness. To win over one we love, or merely esteem, is ever a sad victory. Indeed, to achieve any advantage at the expense of any other human being is, in a sense, to frustrate the heart.

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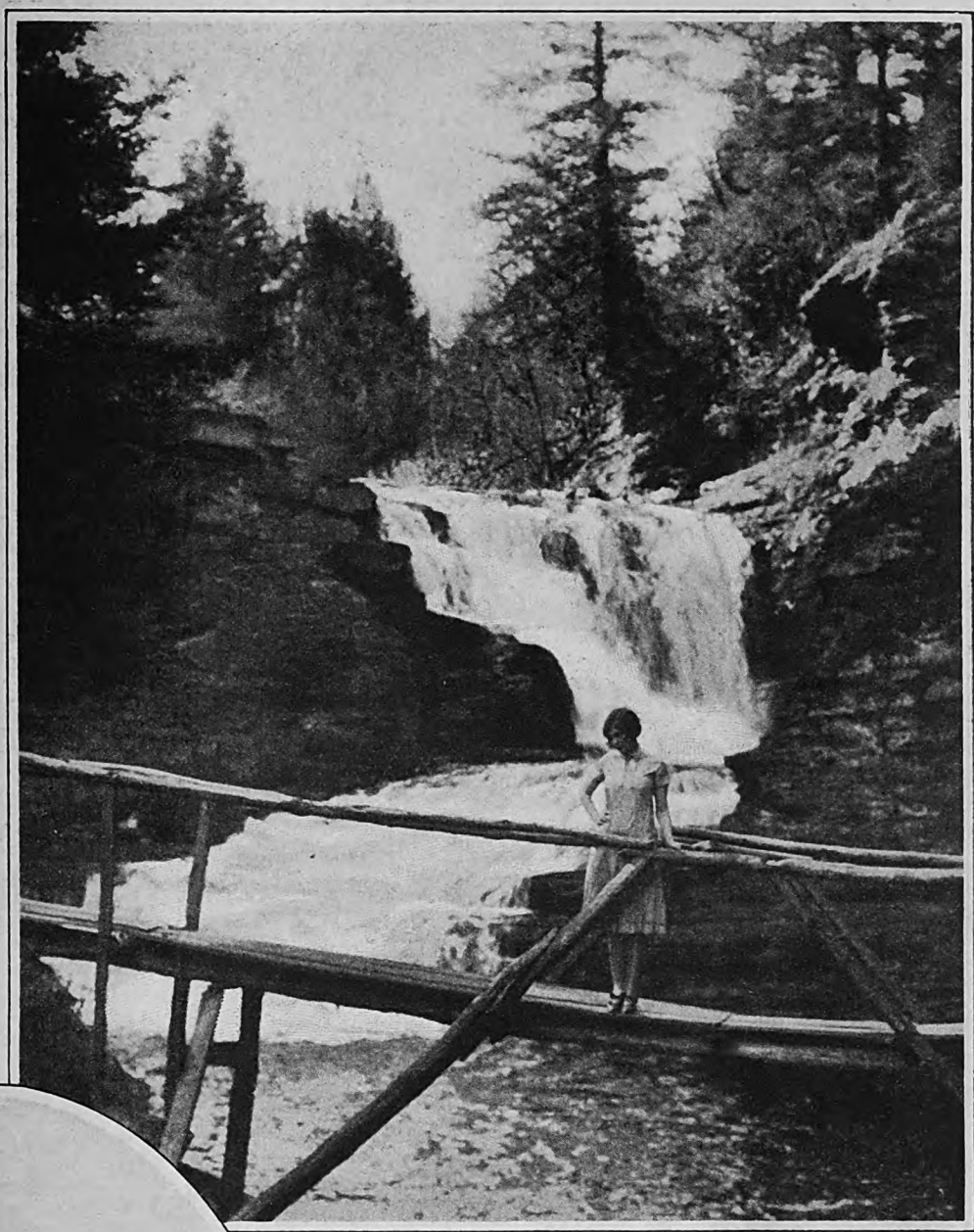
We win when we master ourselves; often, when we master others, we lose.

Again I thought, looking at the tireless stream, there's a power in gentleness that is formidable; a power that we hardly dream of when we are young. And again, life often offers us the choice between the possession of power and the possession of joy. It is not often that the mighty can enjoy peace of heart.

Such were some of the random thoughts that came to me on that sequestered bridge. Perhaps they are worth nothing; but they did shape themselves there, and on my long walk homeward through the sunlit morning I could think of nothing more inspiring than possible methods of meeting some accounts long past due!



WITH bridges we may rightly associate not only quiet reflection but also much of the pathos and the heroism of life. I think of the talented Eustace Budgell, who, after the death of his cousin and intimate companion, Addison, plunged from London Bridge to try to end his sorrow.

But better I like to think of the desperate fealties wrought at bridges: of Horatius, Herminius, and Lartius, on the narrow bridge before Rome, holding at bay the entire Tuscan army until the city fathers could hew down the bridge, and thus save from capture and sack the Eternal City. I like to think of the young Napoleon at the bridge of Arcola, standard in hand, leading his troops against an enemy powerful and intrenched. And I never stand on Burnside's Bridge, on the field of Antietam, without honoring in my heart the gallantry wrought at that fatal place by both the Blue and the Gray.

Yet perhaps in even a loftier sense a bridge represents the heroic; for the building of it may represent the projection, in palpable form, of some human dream. I never look upon some majestic span without thinking of the conceiver and the builder. It was necessary for him to imagine like a Titan.

Perhaps a man cannot leave a more graphic symbol of his own spirit than a splendid bridge, beautifully fancied and nobly executed. Such a bridge is nothing less than a tremendous vision, brought from conjecture to reality, stalwart now in the placid, solemn strength of stone.

BENEATH some bridges there is a world entirely different from the world above them. I know of an old wooden bridge beneath which I have spent many a curious and happy hour, observing the quaint life visible there. This bridge is perhaps ninety years old; it takes a country road over a trout stream; and so well was it built that the original hewn runners are still sound. It is only about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Beneath it, between the piers and the brook, there are sandy slopes, on which particles of mica gleam and wet pebbles shine. Through cracks in the bridge the sunlight sifts down with dim radiance. Here is a tiny dream world sheltered inviolate for nearly a hundred years.

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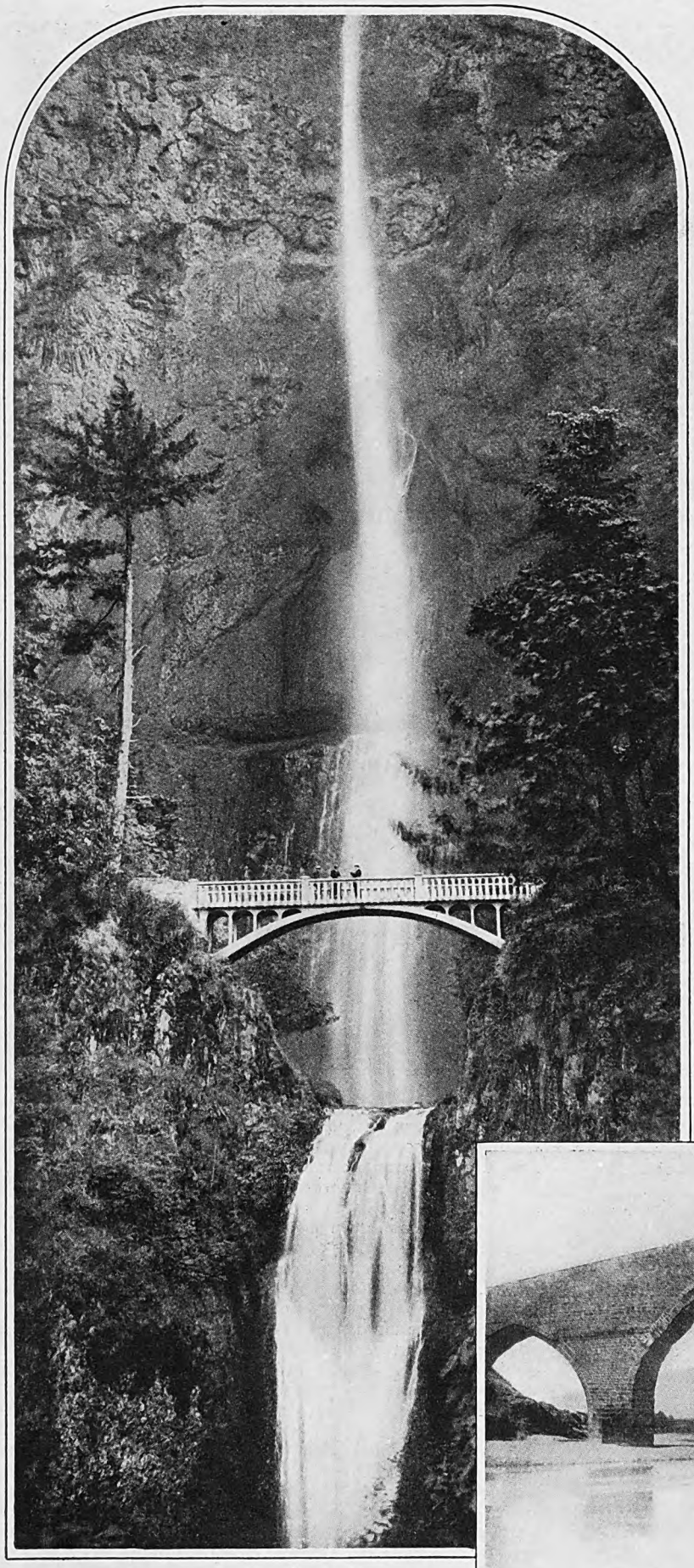
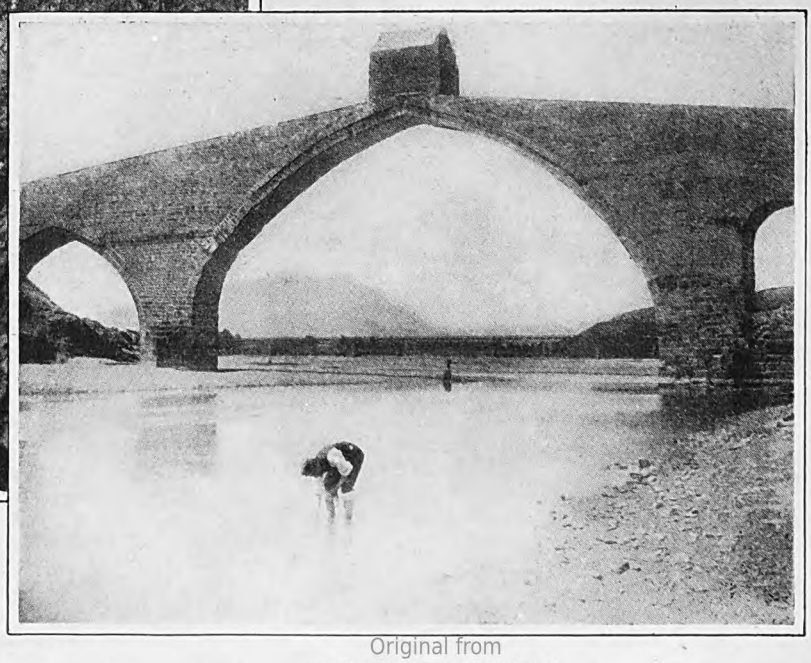
One day under this bridge I saw a phœbe bird begin her nest, plastering a bit of mud against one of the monstrous old beams. Then came lichens, then tiny rootlets and skeletonized leaves. Delicately, in this secret place, she wove her fairy bassinet for the little princes of the woodland that were soon to be hers. The phœbe is one of the most noiseless of birds; but in this home-building she was in an ecstasy of delight. I could see her tremulous joy reflected in the clear water. In the deep pool beneath the bridge I could clearly see a dozen brook trout, some of them of fine size. Occasionally they would warily venture as far as the broad strip of sunlight beyond the bridge's shadow. But it was apparent that this cloistered green silence was home, and the region beyond the shelter of the bridge was foreign country. While watching the trout, I noticed a ripple washing up among the grasses. Then a brown form appeared, with eyes like shoe buttons, with tiny feet that paused, shadow soft, on the grass. Limpid as drops of spring rain the water fell from his coat. He did not see me. But he had seen an enemy. In the meadow below the bridge I saw a spaniel prowling about. Here was a muskrat, come under the bridge for sanctuary. He turned to watch the dog. His black nose twitched uncertainly. Then into the friendly water he stole, glided swiftly into midstream, humped a brown back, and was gone into that netherland that lies beneath all water.

Under almost any bridge, I think, there will be found a quaint community.

IN OUR daily life we are constantly referring to bridges; we say that we must not cross them before we reach them; we declare that we have burned our bridges behind us; and we say that if we stay on the bridge, we shall cross the river. Though we may believe ourselves intensely practical, we think in terms of poetry. The efficiency expert and the statistician in us will, at unguarded moments, make way for the poet. The symbol of a bridge satisfies the astral demands of our imaginations. Nor does a bridge ever seem to fail to awaken fancy. I remember riding one day on a train behind a very tired and stolid family. It consisted of that sad alliance—a man and his wife who seem to have nothing to say to each other. I had been feeling sentimentally sorry for them, when suddenly the train, apparently lying almost on her side and taking a curve at cyclone speed, brought us within sight of a bridge, a superb





(Above) One of the many beautiful scenes along the Columbia River Highway—a picture taken in California. (Right) A bridge in Barcelona, Spain

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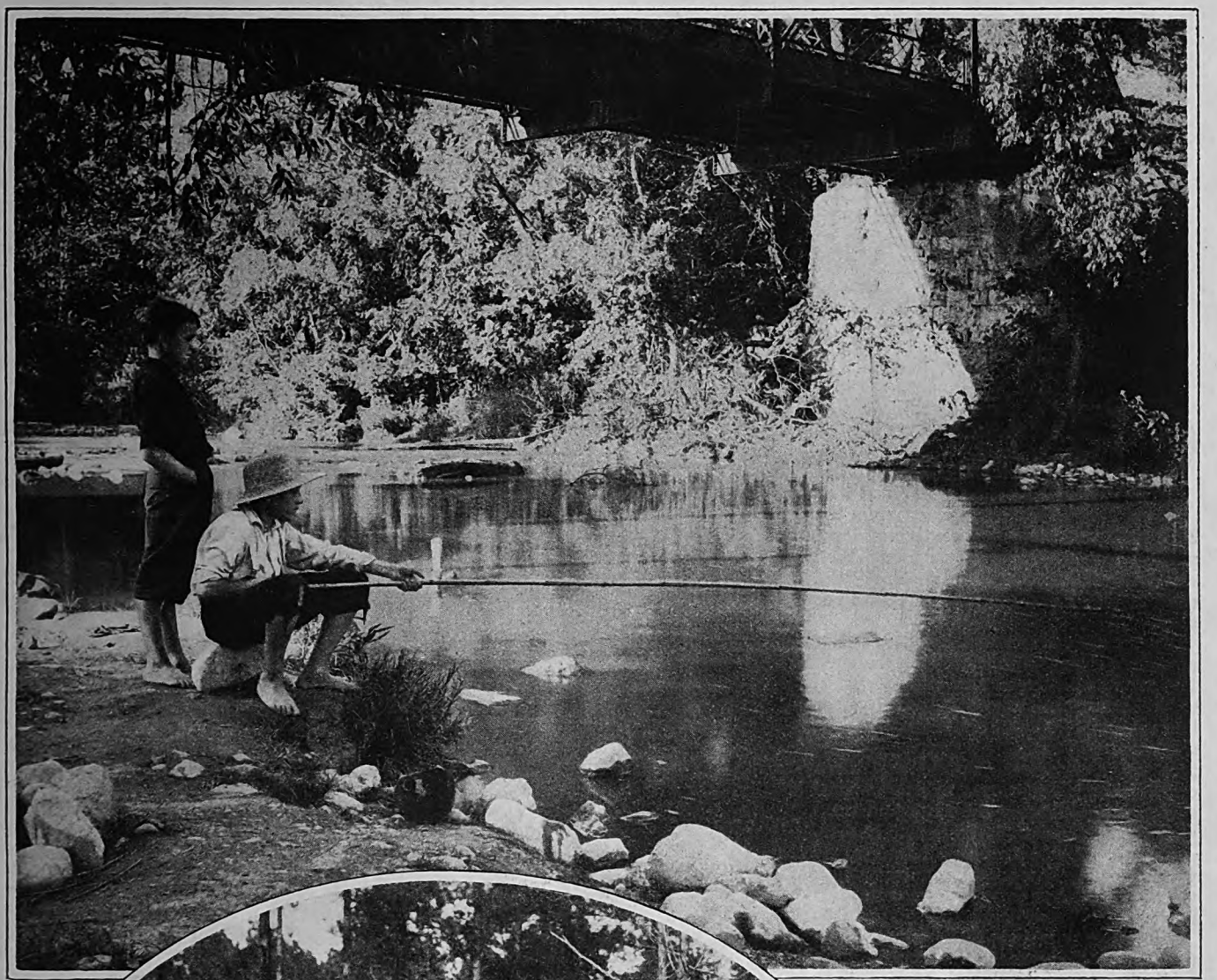

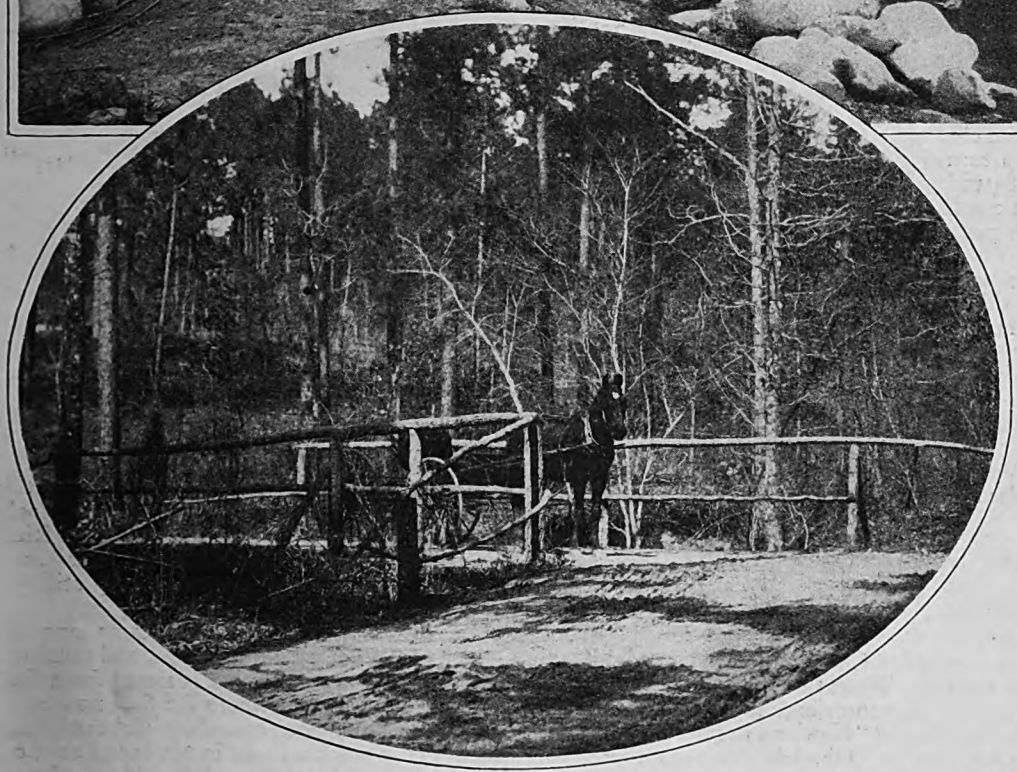

structure spanning the broad, rambling waters of the Susquehanna. All three of us were electrified.

"Oh, a bridge! a bridge!" the woman cried delightedly, seizing her husband's arm. "Isn't it romantic?"

It does not appear to be in man's nature always to make the adequately graceful response to the appeals of romance, especially if it has to be made in public; but this gentleman did rather well. I saw the lines on his face soften; the hard stock-market keenness gave place to something better in his gray eyes. The bridge and the woman humanized him; the combination was irresistible.

Not far from home there is a covered bridge that belongs to the days of covered wagons. This structure has not only served to convey travelers safely across treacherous waters but also has sheltered those who have been overtaken by storms. Generations of passengers have here waited until storms passed. Here, on hot summer days, farmers have rested and cooled their horses. On the ancient wooden sides of the bridge are cut innumerable initials; and there are inscriptions that antedate the Civil War. Here and there a sentiment is expressed that is worth remembering. I copied these: "If you live true, you will love true." "The greatest good fortune that can befall us is to be kind to others." "God was great to make us as He did; He is greater to forgive us as we are." "What we think of others, not what they think of us, makes us happy or unhappy."

One might imagine that a religious convention had been held on this old bridge. But it is not so. It is just that a bridge has the mystic capacity to tempt the human mind to express itself with its native ingenuous conviction. (*The End*)

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Nowhere In Particular

Allen and Breck and Click revolt against teachers, parents, work—and girls

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY WORTH BREHM

ON THE third attempt, Allen succeeded in letting himself out the back-yard gate without also letting out a disappointed little dog named Zip. Another thing Allen left penned up in the back yard was a vicious, boy-killing lawn mower. Zip whined piteously, but Allen was going "nowhere in particular" and that, if one knew all, was no place for dogs.

By an alley route which did not lead past home and mother, Allen reached Forest Street. Here the cement walk, unlike common Pequot sidewalks, was laid in small black and white squares, like a crossword puzzle. By putting a right foot on a left-hand square and then crossing the left foot over to a right-hand square, and swinging the arms and wagging the head helpfully from side to side, one could make perceptible progress. It was not as efficient a way of getting on in the world as that devised by nature; but it was far more entertaining.

An ignorant person, seeing Allen Lansford at this cheap and harmless diversion, might have thought that this was a chubby ten-year-old boy with his cap turned the wrong way, on a May Saturday morning, a care-free lad without a grievance, content to frivol away the passing hour in giddy pleasure.

In fact, just such an ignorant person, Milt Harmon, driving along at this moment in a truck lettered, "Eat Grandma's Bread," called out:

"Hey, Al, what do you think you're doin'? The Charleston?"

Allen replied by climbing onto the back of the bakery truck, and thus traveled quickly and fragrantly to the home of Breckinridge Jones, who was discovered raking leaves.

"Hello, B.," said Allen.

"Hello, A. Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere in partic'lar."

"I can't go. I gotta rake the blame ol' yard!"

"Can't you take a look at a person?" Allen demanded. "What's the matter, are you blind or what?"

Breck took, as requested, a look. His gaze came to rest upon the cap with its visor turned toward the back of Allen's neck. This discovery made a vast difference in Breck's attitude toward life.

"Oh, well then," he said. Glancing inquiringly at the Jones mansion, he dropped the rake inside the fence, and reversed his own cap.

"A. Y. S.," he said, which, in the language of the tribe, meant, "At your service." The two boys walked purposefully up the street, without fancy steps, but rather like people who were going somewhere. A few blocks brought them to the home of Clinton Smedlay, vulgarly known as "Click."

Click was not visible to the naked eye; but a special kind of halloo, wrongly supposed to be inaudible to outsiders, brought a reply in kind from the Smedlay barn. There the boys found Click engaged in his favorite pastime of making a "do-funny," otherwise a mechanical contrivance without meaning or purpose, a thing of strings, wires, spools, and odds and ends of hardware jarred from passing motor cars. Click was a tow-headed boy with a fair skin which showed grease easily.

"Hello, C," said Allen.

"Hello, C," said Breck.

Click helloed "A" and "B," dutifully. When this ceremony was finished, the inventor inquired, "Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere in partic'lar."

"Oh, le's don't go there, Al," Click protested. "Le's stay here and have some fun. I got a catsy idea. You take a box and two tin cans and—and— What's the matter?"

Click suddenly became aware that his guests were eying him in a curious manner and nudging each other. He finally observed their heads.

"Oh, I get you. Who is it—you, Al?"

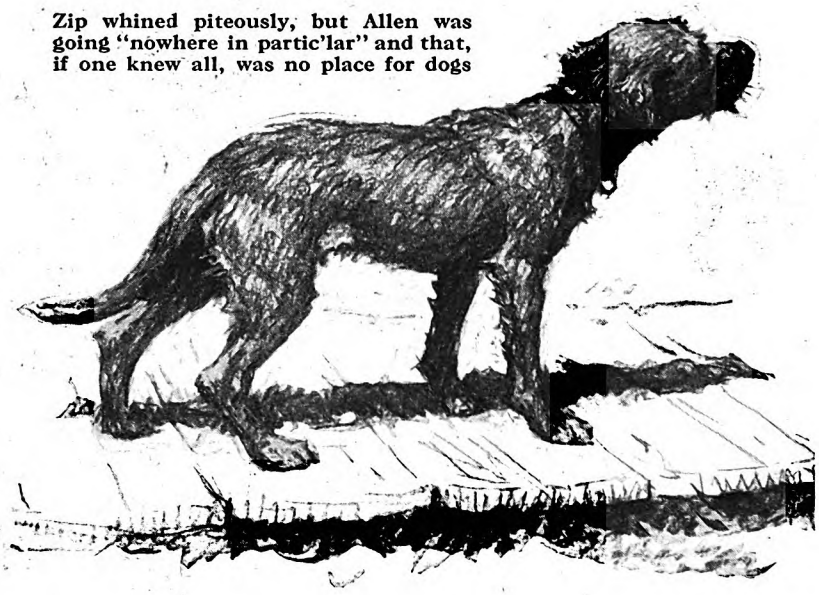
"*I'll* say it's me!"

After hunting among his belongings, Click unearthed a cap. This he carefully put on his head in the conventional way, and then reversed.

"A. Y. S.," he proclaimed solemnly.

The triumvirate now set forth upon their mysterious mission.

"Speedy Six," remarked Click, indicating a passing car. "Pretty good little boat, all right."



Zip whined piteously, but Allen was going "nowhere in partic'lar" and that, if one knew all, was no place for dogs

"It's not as good as a Eureka," Breck argued.

"Go on! That bunch of junk!"

They quarreled cheerfully about this matter. They quarreled for two blocks on Governor Street, then turned by Rickhill's house and quarreled up the alley.

"Oh, for goo'ness sake, keep still!"

THIS carping criticism came over in a peevish, feminine voice, and none was surprised to find that it issued from little Tilly Rickhill, whose fat face now arose like a full moon over the high board fence. Tilly stuck a finger in one ear to shut out the hullabaloo, but she could not plug up the other ear because the remaining hand was occupied with something important; namely, a piece of pie.

"Hey, Till, give us a bite," Breck implored.

Tilly gave herself a bite instead, and replied in a singsong voice:

"*Where* you goin'?"

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"Nowhere in partic'lar," Allen replied. When made to a rank outsider this response always passed as wit, and a good time was had by the three musketeers.

"Let me go along," begged Tilly. She held her pie, obviously rhubarb and juicy, half way to her open mouth, at once a bribe and a threat. Breck looked appealingly at the manager of the expedition; but Allen was firm.

"Aw, girls can't go where we're goin'."

"Where we're goin'," added Click, "a girl would be lucky if they got out alive."

Tilly swallowed her disappointment and pie simultaneously, and the incident seemed closed.

"What's the idea of wearing your caps the wrong way?" she said. "Are you dippy, or what?"

Three rousing jeers were her only answer; but as the boys moved on there fell among them an insulting object, which proved to be a turnip. It was not an up-to-date turnip, but last year's model; if it had been anything edible, Tilly would never have thrown it away. Breckinridge Jones hurled the object back into the Rickhill yard.

"Always stuffin' herself with food," said Breck bitterly. "All she does is eat, eat, eat. She's too fat, anyway. . . . Um-m-m, that smells good!"

All noses sniffed in appreciation, for Breck had uttered a profound truth. The trio had entered the aromatic zone of "Grandma's Home Bakery," the place where Grandma Reisner made bread, rolls, cookies, and crullers.

"Got any dough, Click?" asked the suffering Breck.

Click chose to turn the matter into an untimely jest. He had not forgiven Breck for his outrageous views upon Eurekas and Speedy Sixes.

"No, but I know where they is some."

"Where?"

"Grandma Reisner's bakery. She's got plenty dough."

There was a streak of cruelty in Click's nature.

The subject was distasteful to Allen Lansford, for reasons which he would reveal at the proper time.

"Quit talking about food. I got something more important to think about than eating!"

He now approached a fence constructed of up and down boards. One of these contained a knothole of unusual design. Allen put his hand upon this and went through a ritual of counting boards—"one, two, | three, four, *five*." At the fifth he stopped, and commanded: "On guard!"

Breck and Click turned their backs upon him, shielded their eyes with their hands and gazed intently along the alley, one in each direction.

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"O. K.," murmured Breck.

"O. K.," echoed Click.

Allen took hold of the bottom of the chosen board and swung it outward. The three quickly crowded through the opening and let the board fall back to its normal place. Click, the last through, turned a button that locked the door on the civilized world.

THE boys were now at the frontier of a vast, or somewhat vast, region of abandoned barns and buggy sheds, a delightful maze of alleys, back yards, wood-houses and chicken runs. This territory was a memorial to the departed horse. As people gave up their family carriages, they deserted these ramshackle structures and built neat little garages near their houses.

Wildman's wagon hub factory, never flourishing, had given up the struggle against progress and died insolvent. The whole region was a blot on the fair face of Pequot, and men of property spoke vaguely of tearing everything down before the fire-trap buildings caught fire and endangered their homes. It was now a no-man's land, a boy oasis in an adult desert.

Allen Lansford, his mind inflamed by romantic fiction, had invested this country with a glamorous air of unreality. For him it was a place of secret passages, lurking dangers, high adventure, and possibly crime.

If Allen had never been positively forbidden to visit this evil resort, it was probably because the matter had never been brought to his parents' attention. Concealment seemed the wisest course, and once, when asked where he had been, he replied, with his ready gift for words, "Oh, nowhere in particular." To the three boys who shared it, the phrase, which started as a happy thought, became a private joke, a rallying cry, and finally something like a post-office address.

Through this jungle they now advanced by a remarkable method of Allen's contrivance, abetted by Click's mechanical genius. If Allen was the playwright, Click was the stage carpenter, for it was a concealed wire of his contrivance which now unlatched a door which let the three into the great dim, musty old livery barn. They silently climbed a ladder, burrowed through a tunnel of hay, crawled from an upper window to a shed roof and dropped into another barnyard.

Every time they arrived in the open air they protected their movements with advance scout and rear guard. Once they took a useless side trip to throw off possible pursuers, and when crossing a stretch of soft ground, they walked backward to make their footprints deceptive. By such devious processes they finally arrived at the home of the deceased hub factory, the back yard of which still contained piles of fourth-rate lumber, where persons with a mind for frivolity could play hide and seek.

THE shop itself, the fatuous Mr. Wildman believed, was securely locked. This was a happy circumstance, the boys felt, because it gave the owner a false sense of security, and because it kept out of the hub factory low characters who had no business there. As a matter of esoteric knowledge, the third basement window east of the nail keg had a broken catch.

Once more came the ritual: "On guard!" . . . "O. K." . . . "O. K." Allen raised the window, they crawled through and let it down. They were now nearing their goal. They had not chosen the easiest way to Old Man Wildman's hub factory, but it was the most complicated, adventurous, and secretive trail. No parent, teacher, or bloodhound could have followed them. It was another merit of this route that it did not lead past the sign on the Oak Street side of the factory, "Trespassing Forbidden Under Penalty of the Law."

Three burly ruffians glowered down upon her. "If you don't do it," cried Breck, maddened by the pangs of hunger, "we'll kidnap you away"

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While his companions crossed their hearts and hoped to die if they ever revealed his secret, Allen was concocting the secret

The universal dirtiness of the windows of the old shop formed a screen against the prying eyes of Pequot. The light was dim, yet not dim enough for those of exacting tastes. Raising a trap door, the boys went down a flight of steps into the extinct engine-room, thence into the ex-coal bin. What it was now was indicated in small penciled letters on the door, in the hand of Allen Lansford:

"A. B. C. Club. Nowhere, Particular."

This was an escape from the nerve-racking life of Pequot, and a refuge for male persons who found home conditions intolerable. It was not clean enough to make anyone feel ill at ease; it was so dark that it was necessary to light a smelly oil lantern. Upon the floor was a piece of rag carpet, upon which one could lie and raise the feet to any height desired.

There were art objects upon the wall clipped from comic supplements, and literary treasures in a wooden box, also games. The club-room contained everything the heart could wish, and none of those "do's" and "don'ts" which are the curse of family life.

Above all, it was a spot where souls could be unburdened.

ALTHOUGH the rules of the organization were not burdensome, there was one supreme obligation. If any one of the three members appeared in public with his cap turned the wrong way, it was a sign that he was in trouble. The others must acknowledge this distress signal, and repair to the clubhouse for conference. Allen had called this meeting, and his fellows had loyally dropped their rakes and do-funnies to hear his mournful tale.

"Well, Al?" said Breck inquiringly, "the gang's all here."

Allen at this point was stricken with an ailment familiar to playwrights on opening nights. The best he could produce at the moment was a dry, unconvincing cough.

"Wha's the matter with you?" asked Breck, even more pointedly.

The elaborate hocus-pocus of mystery and suspense, the conspiratorial darkness of the den, the lantern on the floor lighting the three faces from below, all demanded thrilling drama; and Allen felt that he had nothing to offer but shoddy goods.

"Wha's the big idea?" asked Breck, for the third time. "Making people leave their work and ever'thing."

The answer came not from Allen, but from Click.

"It's the bunk," he said frankly. The inventor rested (*Continued on page 119*)

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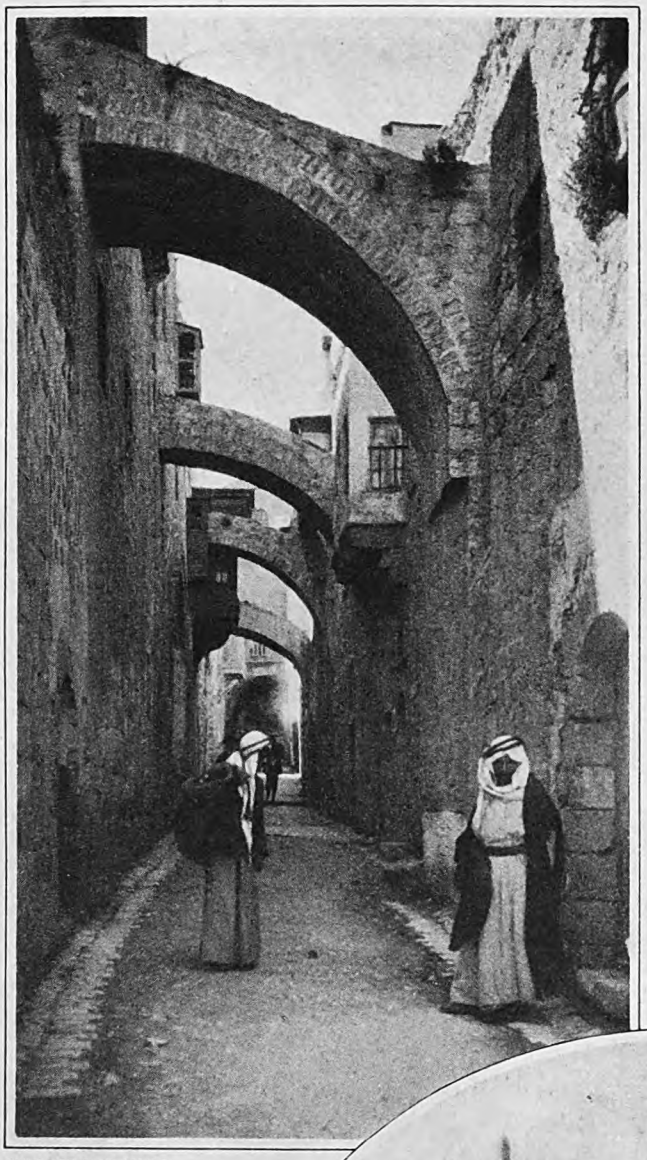
The Little Land That Gave Us The Year One

By Irving Bacheller



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(Above) The Via Dolorosa, or Way of Pain. A street in Jerusalem, leading from the Mount of Olives to Golgotha, through which Jesus is thought to have passed to his crucifixion. (At right) A bird's-eye view of Bethlehem

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PALESTINE is a poor country. It has given little to the world save its noblest Personality, and traditions, and a great race. But to the student it is filled with immeasurable riches. I have seen the lifted dust of thousands of years lay bare a part of the ancient wall of David. I have seen, buried in the rubbish, missiles flung into the city by the engines of Titus.

In Palestine, as nowhere else, one may look down across the ages to the beginning of the modern world. Traversing its plains and deserts, one will behold the very life that Jesus looked upon. One will see the husbandmen tilling as they tilled in the time of Solomon, the shepherds tending their flocks as they did the night that Jesus was born, the wandering tribes preying upon each other as they were wont to do when Herod the Great was king. Their minds are still filled with the darkness of the ancient time; their prejudice and superstition may be quickly kindled into consuming fire as it was when Jesus and His band of followers came up to Jerusalem for the last time. There, too, is the same bitter, hopeless poverty that touched the heart of the Redeemer. But a tyranny and oppression more cruel and irremediable than that of Tiberius Cæsar has its iron hand on the necks of most of these people—holding them in ignorance, and teaching murder, hatred, and all uncharitableness. It would seem as if God, as an object lesson to the world, had checked the drama of life in Palestine and held it in the shadow of that tragic day when the earth trembled, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain.

Now, the chief thing that Christ taught was progress—that man's moral and intellectual nature is in error when it is stationary—that it should ever be moving onward and putting away childish things; that the truth of God for which the mind of man should be forever seeking may be learned only in part. All that He professed to be able to do was to show us "the way" in which truth and understanding—the more abundant life—were to be found.

In Palestine we see those who for one reason or another have not followed in His way. They have stood still. They are like dead limbs on a tree. It is probably true that they are poorer, unhappier, and more ignorant than they were even in the time of Cæsar Augustus. While I was there, two years ago, Jerusalem was still depending on the mercy of heaven for its water supply.

The fact is that Palestine has undergone a vast change for the worse. The shadow of death which fell upon it after the army of Titus had finished its work has not been lifted. Desolation and decay covers the land. The hills and mountains have been stripped of their verdure. The groves and gardens of the ancient time are gone. One finds scarcely a trace of the palaces and villas and of the Greek art which adorned the cities of Galilee.

The arches and columns of the great synagogue at Capernaum wherein our Lord, it is thought, began His ministry lie in tumbled, broken masses near the shore of Lake Galilee, all that is left of the splendor of the beautiful city by the lake. How was it possible, one asks, that a structure as substantial as these sculptured rocks could have been so shaken to pieces. No earthquake of which there is any record could account for it.

The truth is that after the siege of Jerusalem there were only a few of the old faith left to worship in it and keep it in repair, and they were impoverished and broken in health and spirit. The men of

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substance were dead or banished. Grass had doubtless begun to grow in the streets of Capernaum before the great siege conducted by Titus ended. Its shops and villas and palaces became the prey of the Romans, of caravans and wandering tribes. No doubt the cavalry sheltered its horses and cattle in the synagogue, and the deserted, half-ruined buildings of the city and the spacious holy place became later on a vantage point and a camp for contending armies.

It may be, too, that Time had the help of the professional spoiler, with his ram and catapult, in destroying the cities of Galilee.

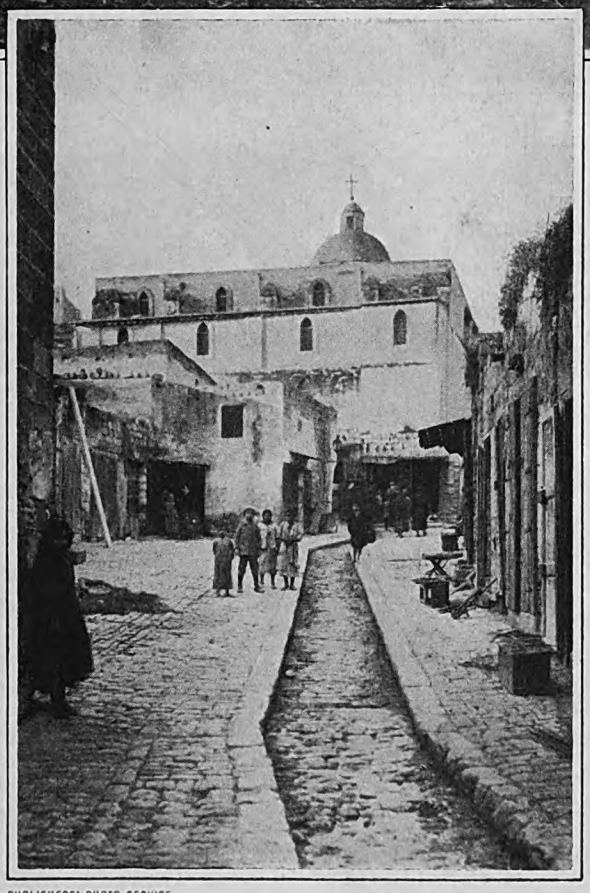
ONE may still find beauty in Palestine. But it is the beauty which careless hands cannot destroy. The lake of Galilee is as blue as when Peter fished in it, although stately palaces and villas and lovely groves and lawns are no longer mirrored on its surface. I came down through the Vale of Sharon on a dirt road between flowery meadows and fields of waving grain, fair to look upon. They spanned the broad vale from the sand dunes of the sea to the bare hills. Thrifty Jewish farmers have reclaimed this stretch of fertile land. The smile of plenty is upon its face.

Beyond the rim of the basin wherein is the little village of Nazareth I saw a part of the beauty which fed the eager soul of the boy Jesus. There, as he played with his fellows, he would have seen the lovely, historic plain of Esdraelon stretching far westward to the sea. There he saw the lilies that neither toil nor spin.

Such a plenteous and colorful display of wild flowers as covered the slopes of Esdraelon and Hauran those April days of my journey I have never seen elsewhere. There were different levels of color—a low level of red blood drops, a higher level of red poppies and, topping these, an abundant flower of heavenly blue. Among them was a scatter of white and yellow petals, and here and there a tower of pink hollyhocks.

As the beautiful lad was playing on the slope of that hill He would have seen, at one time or another, the merchant caravans from Damascus bound for Egypt, the Roman legions and nobles coming up from the sea; the camel trains, which had crossed the fords of the Jordan from the east. He would have seen the snowy heights in the north and the far range of Gilead.

In all the world there was no place so fit for the youth of the Divine Messenger. In a measure it accounts for His vision and the exquisite poetry in many of His stories and sayings.



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(At top of page) "And there were . . . shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." A sight as common in Palestine today as in the time of Jesus, and unchanged from that day to this. (Below) A street in Nazareth

THE desolation, the oppression, the ignorance, the filth, the poverty in Palestine have naturally had a serious effect on its people. The spirit of the ancient time is there. The city wall of Jerusalem has no longer the splendid towers of old, but it is still a majestic thing. Like the whiskers, the long hair, and the ancient style of dress, it expresses the conservatism of the Semitic race. The Jews who have clung to the city of their fathers go on certain days to an ancient part of the wall and kiss its stones, worn by the touch of their lips, and weep and pray aloud for the return of the departed glory of their race. It is called the wailing place. Their pathetic cries are the voice of a ruined nation. Indeed one cannot soon forget the voices of Jerusalem.

There is no such index of one's spiritual condition as the voice. In the city of the great kings one hears mostly the voice of want, for there the wolf is at many doors. Beggars and peddlers on every hand solicit the stranger with the clamor of greed. In the streets are the ass and camel drivers, their beasts cruelly loaded. Almost everywhere one hears the song of the lash ending in a swat. Voices of anger and of rage often rise above the others. A friendly argument between natives, as to the value of a

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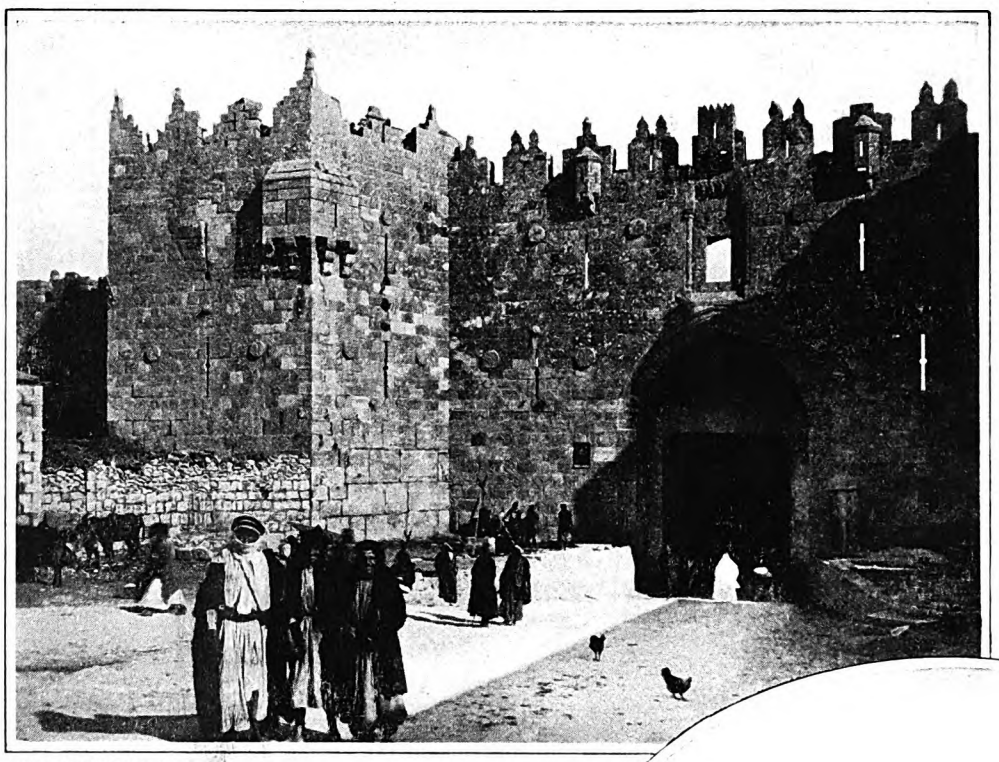

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(Above) The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem. (In oval) "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." A recent photograph of a threshing ground in Palestine, where the cattle are still driven over the grain to separate the wheat from the chaff as it was done 2,000 years ago

piece of merchandise, is usually accompanied by wild gestures. Their faces and the pitch of the talk suggest that murder may be the outcome. Then there are the voices from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer—harsh, insistent voices without a friendly note in them.

I heard the shepherds singing their ancient love songs as they sat with their wine in the cafés. These barbaric chants were filled with a curious kind of bleating.

There was nothing in them which to me even remotely resembled music.

I stood by the dusty highway in blistering sunlight while the great procession of pilgrims passed on its way to the fake tomb of Moses, in the week of the Ramadan festival. Young men danced and piped in the midst of the vast procession, in swathed heads, the perspiration dripping from their faces in the deadly heat. But there was neither grace in their movements nor music in their pipes.

ONE day in southern Sicily I saw a shepherd sitting on the brow of a steep hill, his flock feeding on the slope below him. As I watched he began to play his pipe—the ancient type of instrument called in old Greece the pipes of Pan. He charmed me with his art. Delightful strains of music came from it. I found that most of the common people there have gentle manners and voices. One asks himself why there should be such a difference in the sounds that greet him on these two shores of the Mediterranean?

Chateaubriand has written that Christianity is the mother of noble music; that when its faith came to men and women they began to sing of their new hope, of their love of God and their neighbors—of their longing and gratitude; that the art of expressing in agreeable sounds the deepest emotions of the heart grew, as man grew in grace and wisdom. Thus it would seem that the great song in the heavens on Christmas night taught the world a new form of expression.

From the beginning Christianity has had a hard time in Palestine. The early church in Jerusalem could not endure the persecution to which it was subjected. It flickered out. The great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, founded when the faith had conquered the patricians of Rome, suffers even now a nagging persecution. At one of its great Easter ceremonials, I saw a large band of husky young Mohammedans force their way into and through its crowd, against the resistance of soldiers and policemen, chanting their anti-Jewish slogans. I was told that many massacres had stained its floor. It is occupied by the Greek, Armenian, and Palestinian sects, often quarreling, and sometimes with violence, as to their respective rights in the structure. There is much golden display in the ceremonials, but I question whether these sects have ever founded a school or a hospital or employed any efficient means of relieving the dire distress and poverty which surrounds them. I left the church with the feeling that a dozen loaves of bread distributed to the poor would have been far better worship than all those shining ceremonials of the Eastern time.

OF THE conditions that surround the Church in Jerusalem, I have some knowledge. My dragoman was a Christian from Syria—a young man about thirty-two, who, according to the custom of Palestine, had inherited his father's debts. Every week one half of his wages were paid to the creditor, who could, on complaint to a magistrate, have him cast into prison. He invited me to his home. There in a little house far outside the city walls I found his mother and a number of his sisters. They were a half-starved lot. They could get no work to do. I induced the boy's employer to join me in paying off this devilish inheritance of debt. It made me feel poor; but, having looked into those faces, it was my only way out of the cloud of unhappiness that fell upon me. I am sure that when I was in Jerusalem many good people were literally living one step ahead of starvation and frequently being overtaken by it.

My observation is that the Christians of Palestine are not like those of the Western World. Long under Mohammedan rule, they have not been able to find the way of light and progress. They are submerged in the prevailing darkness and poverty.

Beyond the shadow of the Christian Church in Jerusalem, Palestine is almost a womanless world. There are veiled figures on the streets of the cities, their faces hidden. These are said to be women. You go to tea or dinner with a rich Mohammedan. No women! If one goes to the theatre in Damascus he will see

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many men but no women. If he goes to the great cafés he will see only men. In every shadowed place of comfort and refreshment along the harbor-shore at Beyrout great numbers of men sit gossiping over their cups; but no woman is seen there. Where Mohammed reigns, women are hidden, oppressed, pale, and almost bloodless. They are bought and sold for marriage. They are in the same sort of slavish bondage that they suffered in the time of Jesus.

RENAN was right when he wrote that woman never had an opinion of her own or a decent share in human rights until Jesus Christ began his work.

In Palestine the women are mostly back where they were before Jesus came. It is almost impossible to Christianize the children of Allah, and for a singular reason: Mohammed taught his followers that if one of them deserted the faith it was the duty of his nearest relatives to slay him.

So the Christians make no effort to convert the Mohammedans, for success would invariably lead to tragic results. The Christian college in Beyrout is teaching some six hundred Mohammedan boys. There they get and take back to their homes the intellectual training, the ideals, the good will and manners of the Christian world in the West. But that is all that can be done for them. It is the foundation of a better spirit. And enlightenment will slowly but surely change the spirit of the younger generations.

On the other hand, the Zionist movement has made substantial progress in Palestine; but its future hope lies in the continuance of Christian domination, and the related growth of the spirit of toleration and progress. The wild fanaticism of the Near-East Mohammedans and their numerical strength are a menace to any new idea, however excellent. The children of Allah think that the Jews furnished the money for the conquest, and that the British are rewarding them with favors. My authority for this statement is the Governor of Damascus. No doubt the Jews make the best government servants, and for that reason the British prefer them. The Moslems are mainly children in intellect and men in their power to do harm.

The new Jewish university at Jerusalem is impressive. A new and flourishing Zionist city near Jaffa reminds one of the early growth of Miami, and the little Zionist colonies near the sown lands are composed of decent, industrious folk.

I got it into my head that I must see Cæsaria, the ancient seaport of Herod, where Paul was imprisoned for two years. I tried to get there with a motor car, but was stalled in the eastern edge of the sand dunes, seven miles from my destination. At last I took a train from Jerusalem to a little Jewish colony called Kudeira, in the edge of the sands. We reached the station about sundown. In a rickety overloaded omnibus we toiled toward the village, a mile away. We were nearly an hour making the journey through deep sand. Some time after dark we pulled up at a small house—the only place of entertainment. A kindly little Jewish woman in spectacles received us with hesitation and astonishment. She conferred with the men of the house. She would do her best for us; but she could only give us toast, boiled eggs, and tea. It all had a curious taste, but we ate it gratefully in the dim light of some candles. I spent the night, and the night spent me, on a dusty old sofa with complaining spiral springs which pushed with varying pressures on my back. The morning seemed a bit tardy, but it came at last—a perfect morning with a warm sun in a clear sky. We ate our eggs—I wonder if they were goose eggs—and toast and tea.

For the first time since I was a boy I got into an old-fashioned lumber wagon without springs, sitting on a board which rested on the sides of the box. Thus, behind a pair of farm horses, we began our toilsome journey over the dunes. Our driver was a whiskered, kindly Rumanian Jew.

Pity for the struggling horses soon drove me out of the wagon. The driver then warned me in good German against *schlangen*. I tramped on watchfully, but saw no serpents. For three hours and more we toiled through the sands over hills and hollows with no spear of vegetation in sight. Then down to the sea, very blue and quiet under the noonday sun. What a relief to get to firmer footing!

FAR up the shore we could see the ancient city-gate built by Herod, the Tetrarch, and a part of the old wall. Out in the sea were remnants of the great mole of Herod which enclosed the harbor. A magnificent thing it must have been in the ancient time with its arches and houses for the sea-folk and its Roman columns supporting the vast promenade. Great sections of the city wall, as big as a house, were tumbled over. Beyond were a few half-ruined buildings inhabited by a shiftless colony of Mohammedans living, no doubt, on the fish of the sea. There were broken Roman columns with carved capitals lying among the weeds of the roadside. On the shore I picked up a fragment of a mosaic floor. From the promontory I could see here and there an ancient column of the mole lying prone in the wash. Undoubtedly, the amphitheatre and palaces of the old time are buried under the hill a few hundred yards from the shore.

But it is in Bethlehem, as one looks upon and studies the scenes so meagerly described in the Gospels, that the imagination begins to get a foothold.

This thought came to me there about Mary and the shepherds: She was no doubt a woman noted for her wisdom, high character, and beauty. The wise men of the

(*Cont'd on page 117*)

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The hour of worship at the Jewish Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, supposed to have been part of the temple of King Solomon

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The Old Way And The New Way To Teach Children

By Angelo Patri

THE first school that I attended was a village school among the hills of Italy. I was five years old when I started. On the first day, the master sent me to sit with a row of little boys on a long bench across the back of the room.

I understood nothing of what was going on. Big boys stood in a line and read to the master from books, or answered questions he shot at them. Suddenly, for no reason so far as I could see, a group would swing about to face a chart on the wall, and chant something which ought to have been a song, but which wasn't, quite. I liked the rhythm and the noise of that exercise very much. As the morning wore on, I grew weary sitting on a hard bench with my legs dangling and my back swaying like a sapling in the wind. I wished very much that the man would let the little boys have a turn at standing up and sitting down again and making those delightful noises.

All at once my wish was granted. My bench began to chant, "Baa, be, bi, bo, bu," the phonetic syllables which were the first steps in reading. Without the slightest notion of what to say, I swung in with all my heart and with all my lungs. I thought the game was to make many noises as loud as you could, and my cheerful voice led all the rest.

The amazed and indignant master gave me a terrible look. The next moment, he snatched the great whip from the wall behind his desk, and with exactly the same motion the driver of a dog team uses when he flicks the fly from the ear of his leader, he sent the lash hissing across the room and took me on the tip of the ear. Frightened and hurt and raging, I tore out of the room and raced home to my mother.

I had met with the old way of education and I had obeyed my impulse to get as far away from it as possible. This happened many years ago, but I think it marked the first step in my ceaseless groping toward a newer and better way of helping children find their places in this wonderful world, where, unfortunately, right and wrong and good and bad sometimes look very much alike.

My search has led me far. I have met many strange and delightful people and some who were strange and not so delightful. I have never found the perfect way I set out to discover that tearful morning, but each day I can see it shining more clearly and coming nearer.

We make progress slowly. The old ways are hard to get rid of. The same school often shelters the old method and the new; I have seen them struggling for mastery in the same teacher.

But while habit is strong, it is never so strong as a gorgeous idea, and that is what the new and better idea of education means to me—a gorgeous idea that will result in making schools function, teachers happy, children brim over with health and happiness and power. It is my dream, and it is already beginning to come true.

Under the old régime, the child's sole duty was to put the course of study into his head, and produce it seventy-five per cent strong on demand. It was the duty of the teacher to help the willing child toward this end, and to cram the matter into the head of the unwilling one. Such a process is contrary to child growth and teaching. Naturally, it became a battle that lasted as long as the teacher was on one side of the desk and the pupil on the other. Authority was the watchword and obedience the law.

SOON after I became a teacher I was honored with an introduction to a schoolmaster famous for the discipline he maintained in his school.

"Ha," said he, "just beginning, eh? Take this for your comfort, and never forget that I said it: You are a pedagogue—high calling. Reflect on the meaning of the term: *ped*, the foot; *ago*, to drive—to drive with the foot. There's your theory. There's your method. There's your success. Drive them. Drive them. Success to you, my young friend. Ours is a noble calling."

That was his own private definition and application of the word pedagogue.

He was neither cruel nor hypocritical. He was really kind-hearted, but he thought the children must never find that out. They didn't. They used to pelt him with the surplus tomatoes of the neighborhood on the way from school. The next morning he spent his time hunting for the marksmen and maintaining discipline. It was his way of living up to what he believed to be the better way of training children.

In that sort of school the individual child is not recognized. Any originality of method or manner he may show is accepted as a challenge to authority, and at once "steps are taken" to squelch it flat.

I had a teacher at one time who prided herself on the number of honor pupils she sent to higher institutions. It was not good policy to turn over to her a child who could not maintain a ninety-five per cent standard.

One afternoon this teacher brought Hans to me. "I'll have to drop this boy," she said. "He cannot or will not do any work in arithmetic."

I was amazed. Hans was a wizard in arithmetic.

"He insists upon handing me the answers without any work to show how he got them," the teacher declared indignantly, "and when I call on him for the explanation of any example, he cannot give it. I think he'd better fall back to the slower group; but here he is. Let him speak for himself."

"I can't explain things," said Hans glumly. "When I know them, that is all I know about them."

"It isn't at all what you know," stormed the exasperated teacher. "You must know when you get the right answers. Why can't you say, 'If so many cost so much, and the amount is so much, I can buy in the proportion, and my proposition becomes so much is to so much as so many is—'"

"It gives me a headache," moaned Hans, clutching his head. "Hear me the examples. I know everything in the book. You just hear me, and see. But I can't give the explanations. I can't say so much and so much. It's too much." And because he was overwrought, he giggled.

"If you can write down answers without the work to back them up, and get them accepted for college entrance, very good. My class isn't as smart as that," said the teacher, and she swept out of the room.

Hans could not stay in the class after that, you may be sure. He had to register in the slower group, where a wise teacher let him travel ahead at his own pace with never a delaying word.

I THOUGHT of Hans recently when a mother brought me her seven-year-old son, who was having trouble with his arithmetic teacher in one of the modern private schools, a school earnestly searching for the right way for its children.

"Do try to see what is the matter with this child," begged the mother. "He has me and his teacher just about desperate. He does everything but what he is asked to do. He brought things to a climax yesterday in his number test. He should have handed in sixty five answers, and he had just eleven when the teacher took his paper because she was forced to go home. That gave him about sixteen per cent.

"He knows the answers perfectly," she went on. "He never gets them down. Just too lazy to live. I can't get him to dress in less than an hour, and I have to prod him along from dawn to dark if anything is to be accomplished."

The boy's messy number sheet proved very interesting. The boy had to write that eight and eight equal sixteen. Before setting down the result, he had evidently done his best to prove that eight and eight could equal something else. He had factored sixteen in every fashion possible, and then, as though reluctantly forced to the conclusion, he had written in

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the sixteen. Each number combination had some such form of analysis and test.

"Why did you factor the sixteen?" I asked him.

His face brightened. "You mean why did I take it apart and put it together again?" he asked. He sidled nearer, and spoke to my ear alone: "I was so tired of the blamed things coming out the same way every time that I tried to make them come different. But they never would. Don't they ever?"

"Never," said I, so solemnly that he laughed.

Then I talked to him a little about the beautiful exactness, the eternal rightness of numbers, and I told him about the great masters who had searched out deep-hidden and most precious secrets, because of this very unchanging rightness. He nodded his head and said, "I'll hurry up and get to that place. How long will I be?"

The teacher was one of the new and better sort, for soon she sent me a note saying that the young investigator was hard at work going straight through the book of tables and that he was showing speed.

THE old way of mass instruction imposes not only mass progress but mass discipline, where the individual character is merged and self-control eliminated. That kind of discipline holds fairly well through childhood's early years, because little children are not too conscious of self to submit readily, but it always breaks at the stage of pre-adolescence.

If the child is healthy and intelligent, he has by that time developed a personality, crude and over-emotionalized and ill-adjusted, but sincere, eager, aggressive, altruistic. The old and rigid way allowed no room for the blundering adolescent, no leeway for mistakes, no freedom for initiative.

Yet such allowances and such provision must be made if we are to provide the best conditions of growth and avoid serious trouble

A sturdy, broad-shouldered lad of sixteen rushed into my office one day carrying a record card and a letter from a school in a distant town. "I'm sending you this boy in the hope that somewhere in your big school he may fit in," wrote the superintendent. "He is very bright and very headstrong. He wants to know everything about everything, and insists upon being heard on all occasions.

"The fact that he usually has something to say and that he is usually right in his crusades makes it none the less embarrassing to us in a school where there is but one teacher, an elderly woman, to whom he can recite. To her he is the proverbial red rag.

"We reached our limit recently when he came to school in a gray flannel shirt. The teacher took him aside and told him she thought it too informal for school, and he went into a tearing rage. His father and I agree that he would be the better for a change of environment, so he goes to live with an aunt and attend your school. Do what you can to help him, for, although he is very trying just now, he is much worth while."

As I laid down the note the lad jumped a series of questions at me in a voice that rocked the electric globes: "What'd he say about me? What'd he say? Did he say I hadn't any manners? Tell you I was a nuisance, I suppose? Never knew how to behave myself? I'll bet he never told you what she said about my shirt! A perfec'ly good shirt. A perfec'ly good gray flannel shirt. Good enough for anybody. My father paid three dollars for that shirt, I'd have her know. There's nothing the matter with that shirt, perfec'ly good gray flannel—I guess I know—Ask anybody— If she—"

He was quivering and panting and perspiring, a frantic boy who felt himself driven to the wall by unjust and unreasoning powers. A brave boy at that, struggling to maintain his integrity of personality in the face of tremendous opposition. I shoved the note across the table to him, and sent a chair sliding across the floor in his general direction. "Read it," I said.

"WELL," said he after a moment's frowning concentration upon the paper in his hand, "it's the truth. Could I help it? She didn't want me in school. Chased me out. I've got as good a right to go to school as anybody. I'm going to college. I'm going to teach. I'm going to draw like an artist. And teach right. That's no way to teach. Tell you your shirt's no good. A perfec'ly good gray flannel—"

"Boy," I cut in, "I'm a busy man. You want to come to school? Here's the school. Here's the program. Help yourself. When you've made out your program, I'll sign it, and you can go to work."

He made out a program, and although I thought it stiffer than he ought to try, I signed it.

I saw no more of him until one afternoon I found him sweeping the halls. "What's the idea?" said I.

"I've got to give myself a lift if I want to get through high school and college," he explained. "Dad was mighty good to let me come down here; but I have to help him carry the load. This job is fine because it lets me stay in school, and I can be here at nighttime and see the teacher. He's grand to me. Lets me see him before school, or after, or any time, just so I tell him ahead. I'm eating it up, and I'll be in high school next term."

He swept his way through high school and college, and recently he stopped in to tell me he was going to teach in a boys' high school next term. "Going to teach right? Going to wear perfec'ly good gray flannel shirts?" I said.

"Well," he replied, with a smile, "I know what she meant, but that was no way to take me. You have to know that an adolescent boy, or girl, is a person, and thinks more of being recognized as such than he ever will again in all his life. I'll make my own share of mistakes, but I won't be a crab and pinch the noses off the youngsters just because they happen to get into something that might not concern their daily lessons. You have to let kids *live*."

But to the folk addicted to the old ways school is still the place where everyday life is shut out; a place where silence, muted voices, muffled treads, passivity and conformity reign. Books are important—not life.

WHEN I went to college, I took the course in natural science. I had a notebook and pencil and the professor had the science. He did things with things and made diagrams on the board; carefully drawn bottles with stiff tubes growing out of their necks; notes painstakingly written and heavily underscored; the whole plentifully besprinkled with big and little letters of the alphabet—the one familiar detail in the whole hopeless muddle. I simply memorized the whole transaction against the day when I would have to produce it seventy-five per cent strong.

One day he taught us about electricity. He rubbed a bit of silk on a glass bottle and the silk became alive. Electricity had made it lively. He tore little bits of paper into smaller bits and made them dance about the bottle. Electricity made them do that. He did things with Leyden jars, and then approached them to each other and a miracle happened. A spark was born and leaped across the space. I was thrilled, but not informed.

But in the schools where the new way has taken hold, the children are thrilled and informed. The science man in our school goes from group to group, and points to a screw that needs adjusting, to a wire that needs better connection. And he listens and listens while eager children demonstrate bells and lights and batteries and telephones, or whatever they happen to have. They are using electricity as a tool. What I learned only in words, they are learning through first-hand experience, and their lives (*Continued on page 84*)

The Schools Are Now Made To Fit the Children

"THE old way of teaching," says Mr. Patri, "meant imposed knowledge, imposed conduct, dependence, unquestioning acceptance. The teacher was the core of the school. The child was merged in the mass.

"The new way implies a search for knowledge, a purpose and a will in each searcher. The child is the heart of the school, and the more he differs from his mates in gifts and abilities the prouder the record of the school.

"Life flowed by the closed door of the old school. It flows through, today, and the children laugh and cry and cheer and push on with their elders. School is life and we are all living it. It is the new way."

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Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

On all sides they hemmed him in . . . but the small gentleman appeared singularly happy

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Synopsis of the Three Preceding Instalments

IT WAS in search of her lover, Gilbert Barradell, that the lovely Jolie Stanwicke left her mother's people in England, and journeyed to the New World. She found no trace of Barradell, who had landed in old Charles Town to seek his fortune and had vanished into the wilderness lying so close about the little settlement. But she did find dangers and romance undreamed of in cultured England. She was seen and coveted by Lance Falcon, captain of the brig "Good Fortune"—one of those violent soldiers of fortune infesting the New World. And she soon discovered that Falcon had some mysterious power over her father, Lord Stanwicke, in whose stately house she was virtually held prisoner.

In her dilemma she commissioned Almayne, hunter and woodsman, to trace for her the fate of Barradell. It was this state of affairs that Lachlan McDonald wrung from Almayne, after the young man had seen the lady Jolie in her father's garden. And Lachlan—Indian, Scotchman, Frenchman, Prince of the Muskogee Empire and Chief of the Family of the Wind—vowed not to go back to his father's kingdom until he had found Jolie Stanwicke's lover for her.

Impersonating a Spaniard, he boarded Falcon's brig, discovered his piracy, his alliance with the Spaniards, and his knowledge of the fate of Barradell, who was "Chief Concha's prisoner." Falcon let slip also something of "Chief Concha's daughter," but just then the impersonation was discovered and Lachlan had to flee for his life.

The next day, as he reported her lover's safety to Jolie, he was seized, loaded on board the "Good Fortune," and whisked away to sea. Falcon would have killed him without mercy—but they ran foul of an ancient pirate enemy, and in the fight that followed the "Good Fortune" was wrecked. Falcon saved Lachlan's life, and, waiting for rescue on the beach, Lachlan promised not to divulge the captain's piracy.

Back in Charles Town, Lachlan learned that Jolie had been taken by her father to his lonely country place, and he set out at once, with Almayne, to follow her. They arrived in time to overhear her father's dreadful threats and her defiance, to bind and gag old Stanwicke, and take Jolie with them on their mission of rescue for Barradell.

And then, after hours of grueling riding through the blackness of the forest—the lights of a camp and Jock Pearson's camp train which they would join on its journey to Fort Prince George. At the prospect of rest, Jolie for the first time gave way to weariness. Lachlan, beside her, put his arm out to steady her as she swayed in her saddle. For a moment her body leaned against his, her hair brushing his cheek. . . . And Lachlan realized with vague astonishment that he was trembling like a reed in the wind.

IN THE green savannah in the forest, where Jock Pearson's pack train had made its first camp out of Charles Town, a small gentleman with a prodigious shock of white hair was engaged in the business of defending himself against half-a-dozen ruffians. The small gentleman, clad in white ruffled shirt and black knee breeches, wielded a slim, straight sword; his assailants attacked him with long, stout staffs.

On all sides they hemmed him in, cursing, shouting, flourishing their weapons, and it seemed that his life was not worth a pin. But the small gentleman appeared singularly happy.

He sang shrilly as he fought, and his agility was miraculous. He was here, there, everywhere. His sword was now a circle of light like a halo around his snowy head, now a glittering streak like a horizontal dart of lightning—as quick, as keen, as elusive as the flickering tongue of a snake.

Jolie gasped as the scene burst upon her vision. Just beyond the combatants was the camp of the pack-train—the standing ponies, the rude shelters of blankets and skins, the smoking cook-fires; but for a moment she saw nothing of all this. She saw only the lone swordsman battling for his life and the ruffians trying to kill him.

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She turned to Lachlan, where he sat his horse beside her. His face, too, was blank with amazement, but beyond him Almayne was grinning. The horses had halted at the edge of the glade, and neither Lachlan nor Almayne made a move. But suddenly Jolie heard a shout, and saw that the small white-haired gentleman had burst through the circle of his opponents and was racing toward them.

Three of the ruffians started in pursuit, but still Almayne and Lachlan sat their horses without movement, seemingly indifferent to the fleeing man's peril. In a few moments he was within a dozen paces of them, his pursuers meanwhile having halted, as though uncertain what to do. The small gentleman rushed up to Lachlan and grasped his hand.

"Eh, lad," he cried, "but I'm glad to see you! Lord, we have been worried, Almayne and I! And this is the lady?"

He swung toward Jolie and bowed low.

"By Paul!" he cried, in a thin, birdlike voice, strangely shrill, yet not unmusical, "you will pardon an old man's boldness, Mam'selle, but of all the adorable sex I adore the most those whose hair is the brave, glorious Irish color that mine once was!"

He glanced from one to another of them, a broad grin on his round, pink, clean-shaven face.

"Sure, now," he chirped, "have ye no word of greeting for me?"

"Mr. O'Sullivan," said Lachlan, "what, in heaven's name, are you doing here?"

The grin on the round pink face widened.

"A minute ago," the little man said, "I was enjoying a bit of healthful exercise. Those ignorant rogues of pack drivers had expressed some scorn of the sword as a weapon, and I laid them a wager that with this rapier I could defend myself for half an hour against the cudgels of all six of them. It was none too easy, because I had to be careful not to scratch them—that being part of the bargain—but I would have won the wager."

"But how came you here to Jock Pearson's camp?"

"On a mule," Mr. O'Sullivan answered; "a most abominably perverse and discontented yellow mule, which I bought in Charles Town because in so short a time I could not procure a horse. Later, when I have obtained a respectable mount, I shall take delight in feeding him to the wolves!"

Almayne chuckled. "You meant it then?" he said. "When you said you would go with us I thought you were jesting."

"I was," the little man answered. "But the more I thought about the matter, the more I liked the notion. It fell in with a scheme which has been growing in my head, a scheme to study the aboriginal natives, and mayhap write a book about them. So when the pack train left Charles Town, there was I and my mangy mule. And my old friend, Ugly Meg, overruled Jock's objections to my company."

He turned to Jolie, took her hand in his and patted it. "My sweet bird," he said, very gently, "Almayne has told me something of what's afoot. You will accept me, will you not, as a volunteer in your service?"

Lachlan came to her rescue. "Mam'selle," he said joyfully, "this is Mr. Francis O'Sullivan, of Ireland, a particular friend of mine and formerly my teacher; a man most marvelously learned in the classics and in history, and a perfect master of the sword. There is much more to commend him, as you will presently discover. I am sure you will be grateful for the aid which he will give us."

"I shall indeed be grateful," Jolie murmured.

Again the little man bowed low to her and, turning, included Lachlan in the gesture.

"I thank you, my lady, and you, my pupil," he said, smiling. "And now I'm thinking Jock Pearson may take himself to the devil, for I am duly enrolled as a private in the ranks!"

They rode on slowly across the savannah, Mr. O'Sullivan walking beside them. Despite her weariness, Jolie gazed with keen interest at the camp which they were approaching—the pack ponies, standing about the water buckets or cropping the grass; the pack drivers, in their high buckskin leggins and leather jerkins ornamented with beads after the Indian fashion; the little tents of skins, blankets, and stained, muddy canvas, some of which served as shelter for bundles of merchandise which had been unloaded from the ponies, while others were evidently the sleeping quarters of the party.

At the farther edge of the savannah, beyond the camp, Jolie saw two Indians come out of the forest. Each carried a rifle in one hand, while a great dark bird dangled limp and lifeless from the other. Each raised one hand above his head in a stately gesture, and Lachlan replied with a similar salutation.

"My warriors," Lachlan said to Jolie. "Striking Hawk and Little Mink, chiefs of the Muskogee. They have been out for game and they have two turkeys."

From the lower end of the meadow sounded a faint whoop. Three horsemen, all clad in buckskins, had emerged from the woods and were galloping toward the camp.

"Jock Pearson," said Almayne briefly,

She could see nothing except the eyes; but imagination filled out the crouching shape behind them

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as he wheeled his horse about and rode to meet them.

"We shall have venison, too," said Lachlan, sitting his horse beside Jolie in front of the first of the tiny tents. "There's a buck behind Ugly Meg Pearson's saddle."

Jolie saw the buck, but looked in vain for Ugly Meg. The rider across whose horse the dead deer was slung appeared to be a man. But when they had come up this rider slid from the saddle and walked swiftly toward Jolie. The girl saw then a tall, big-boned woman of perhaps forty years, hook-nosed, red-faced, astonishingly ugly, clad like the others in long fringed hunting shirt and leggins, balancing a rifle in her bony hand.

Meg Pearson wasted no time in formalities. She gave Lachlan not so much as a nod.

"You are tired, my lamb," she said to Jolie, in a voice as deep as a man's. "You are nigh ready to drop with weariness. An' these fools keep you settin' here! 'Light an' come with Meg."

IT WAS early afternoon when Jolie awoke. "See, my sweet, what I have for you," said Ugly Meg, smiling down at the girl, eyes twinkling in her tanned, lined face. Jolie, blinking sleepy lids, beheld a fringed buckskin shirt, new and spotless, elaborately inset with red and blue, belted with green.

"I bought it six months ago," Meg continued, "of a half-breed woman in the Chickasaw Nation, and I intended it for a slim lad I know at Fort Prince George. It has never been worn and it should fit you fairly well."

Jolie donned it gleefully; the buckskin leggins, too, which Meg had magically provided; but the smallest pair of moccasins upon which Mistress Pearson had been able to lay her hands were much too large for Jolie's feet, so for the present she must stick to her own riding boots. A broad-brimmed hat of soft beaver skin, dyed green, into which Meg had thrust a jaunty feather from a wild turkey's wing, completed the girl's new costume; and when she stepped out of the tent and made her bow, Lachlan, who was waiting just without, saw not a woman but a slim, straight youth garbed like a wilderness hunter—a boy, more beautiful than any boy, whose eyes sought his eyes and challenged them.

"How do I look?" she asked him impudently, one hand on her hip, the other twirling an imaginary mustache.

He stood dumb with amazement. For the life of him, he could find no word. It was Mr. Francis O'Sullivan who broke the silence.

"Mam'selle," he chirped, sweeping off his hat and bending low before her, "sure, you have struck him speechless but I bid you find your answer in the pitiful face of him. Mam'selle, I do assure you, with my hand upon my heart, that you are the most heavenly thing these eyes have seen at all, at all!"

"I thank you, sir, for your handsome speech," said Jolie, with a curtsy, "and no thanks to you, Mr. Tie-Tongue, at all, at all. And because he likes not my looks and is frowning at me like an ogre, I choose for my riding companion—Mr. Almayne."

Lachlan stood dumb with amazement. . . . It was Mr. Francis O'Sullivan who broke the silence. . . . "Mam'selle, I do assure you, with my hand upon my heart, that you are the most heavenly thing these eyes have seen at all, at all!"

So, with Jolie riding by Almayne's side—riding astride after the manner of a man—the pack train resumed its journey. There was a purpose underneath her whim. There were questions which she wished to ask, and which only Almayne could answer. He answered grudgingly at first, with an underlying hostility concealed yet plainly evident; but exerting yet not overplaying her charm she got what she wanted out of him, and much more besides, so that she rode with him for an hour or longer.

THIS done, she dared Lachlan to a race, and they galloped ahead of the party. Drawing rein, she talked with Lachlan, as they moved slowly on, about the task that lay ahead of them, asking him many questions, drawing from him in rough outline his and Almayne's plans for the rescue of Barradell.

There was another question which she had planned to ask him, but it was one which had to be led up to with some care; and gradually, as they rode on a hundred yards ahead of the pack train,

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the spell of the wilderness began to take its hold upon her.

She forgot her own concerns and a certain vague doubt which, since her conversation with Almayne, had shaped itself in her mind. Slowly her anxieties faded, and in their place came a languid, dream-like content which deepened as the afternoon wore on. The feeling came to her that all sorrow and evil had been left behind, that she was riding now toward happiness and her absent lover and the fulfillment of her dreams.

An hour before sunset, when the western sky flamed beyond the tree trunks, they came to a long savannah stretching away to their left, walled in on either side by the woods. It opened before them suddenly, as they rode out from behind a dense, tall hedge of myrtle; and as Jolie's eye lit upon it she saw its surface heave upward and her ears were full of the surge of wings.

A thousand herons and ibises had taken flight, sweeping upward from the moist ground on powerful, swiftly beating pinions, whirling and circling in the air, their white plumage gleaming like sunlit snow. For a moment Jolie watched them spellbound; then, when the last of them were vanishing amid the trees, she turned to Lachlan, and he marveled at the light in her eyes.

"AND this," she said, "is the wilderness of which Almayne thought I would be afraid. I never dreamed of anything so beautiful!"

He paused for a moment before answering.

"You do not know it yet," he said. "It is beautiful, and this part of it is safe. But it has claws and fangs and—other things. You will know it better soon."

"I am not afraid of it," she answered quickly; and then, more slowly, "There is only one thing of which I am now afraid."

"And that?" asked Lachlan curiously.

"I am afraid of what we may find at our journey's end," she said, hesitantly yet clearly.

Lachlan read no obscure meaning in the words. He had been frank in pointing out to her the difficulties and dangers of their enterprise, the possibility of failure in their attempt to rescue Gilbert Barradell; and he thought that this was what was in her mind now, and a great sympathy for her welled up in him.

He answered her cheerfully.

"Our task is no light one, Mam'selle," he said. "but I think we shall succeed. Almayne has no equal in Carolina and my two warriors are the pick of the Muskogee braves. In all America I know of no better men for this work than these three."

They were riding onward again now, side by side; and for a little space Jolie said no more. But her gaze no longer wandered along the forest glades; her eyes were fixed in front of her. Just under the red-gold curls beneath her broad-brimmed hat there was the ghost of a frown, and her lips were set as if to steady them.

Suddenly the frown, if frown it was, vanished completely, and her eyes were lit with laughter.

"You are a handsome man, Lachlan McDonald," she said playfully, "though I should not tell you so and risk turning your head. And there is a panther's grace and a lithe comeliness in your two tall warriors, Striking Hawk and Little Mink. Now I am curious about my own sex among your people. It happens that since I have been in America I have seen no young Indian girl. Tell me, Mr. McDonald, are your Indian maidens as comely as your men?"

"There are those among them," he answered gravely, "who are far comelier. They are slim and straight, and some are tall and very beautiful."

"And some," she said, "have married English husbands. Is it not so?"

"Aye, and French husbands, and men from Scotland and from Ireland," Lachlan replied; and he told her then how the Frenchman, Captain Tourville, had married a Muskogee princess of the Family of the Wind, the most exalted of the Muskogee clans; of their beautiful daughter, Sehoy Tourville, herself a princess; and of the Scotchman who came to Talasé and fell in love with Sehoy and married her, and became High Chief or King of the Muskogee Confederacy.

"THAT Scotchman," he concluded, "is my father, and Sehoy is my mother, and she is as beautiful now as she was then."

"Yes," Jolie replied absently, "all this I know. Almayne told me these things, and of how you are the prince of your nation, and of how you are going back to your people and will some day become their king."

He nodded, smiling. Presently she turned her face to him again.

"What know you," she asked carelessly, "of Chief Concha's daughter? Is she one of those slim, tall (*Continued on page 67*)

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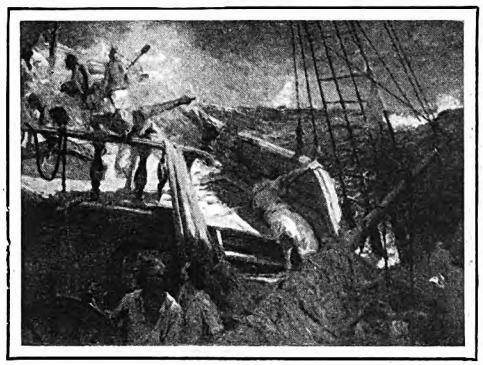
INTERESTING PEOPLE



Mulford Puts Power in His Pictures

The three paintings used with this article were made by Mr. Mulford for stories in "The American Magazine"

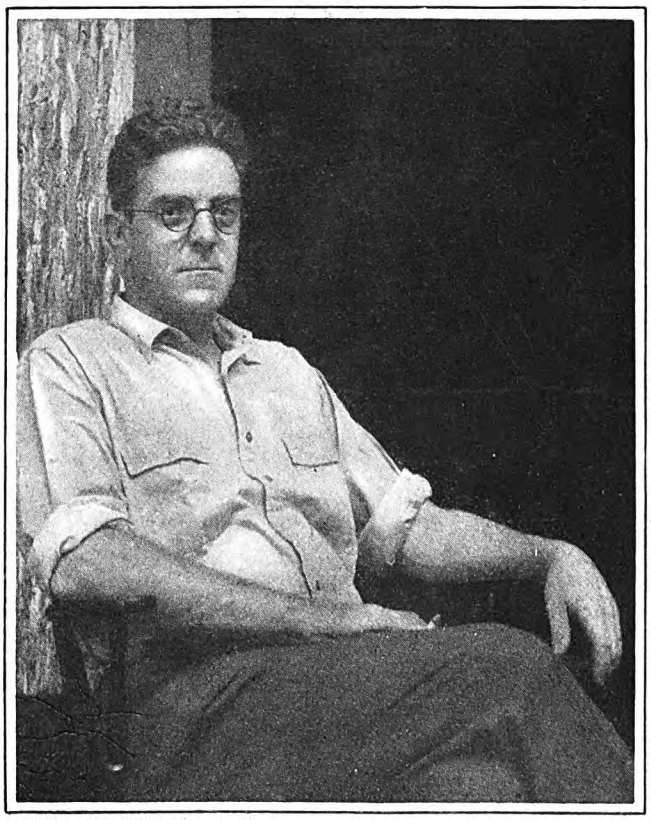
THE man who painted those pictures has done a lot of real living!" said a friend to me when we were looking at some illustrations for "War Drums," the romantic serial now running in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. And the friend was right. Stockton Mulford, the artist whose thrilling illustrations for this novel have attracted a wide attention, has been living eagerly, happily, recklessly, ever since he entered upon the great adventure of life at Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, forty-one years ago.

You have often seen and enjoyed Mulford's pictures in this and in other leading magazines. It was he who illustrated Zane Grey's novel, "Nevada," which ran in these pages recently, and he has also made the pictures for numerous short stories. Mulford prefers to illustrate the outdoor, romantic kind of story. He himself is a large, strong, outdoor man.

Mulford grew up on the Pacific Coast. As a boy he cruised on a lighthouse tender. At the age of seventeen he went to sea as a bridge boy in the United States Army Transport Service, plying between San Francisco and the Orient. Three weeks after he shipped on his first transport, he was promoted to the position of assistant quartermaster. After a time at sea, Mulford came back to his home in Portland, and tried school again. "But I couldn't settle down to studies after my experience on the sea." he says. "The two things that interested me most were adventure and art, and art won the fight.

"I had been drawing pictures since I was a small child," he went on. "When I was nine years old, my father, who died soon afterward, gave me an easel, and on that I made my first real picture. It was of Robinsoe Crusoe finding the tracks of Friday in the sand."

That was a prophetic picture, for, ever since, Mulford has exhibited a decided talent for dramatic moments. Some of the finest, most dramatic scenes he has ever painted are those for "War Drums." He sat up most of one night reading this novel, and he was in the office of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE early the next day, all eagerness to get started with the illustrations. "This is my meat!" he said. "There's action here, and romance."



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Stockton Mulford

But Mulford doesn't dash his pictures off in a hurry. For instance, on one illustration for "War Drums," he spent five days in the New York Public Library looking up a detail of ship structure in the eighteenth century, the time of this story. "I didn't know whether the wheel of this particular kind of ship in those days was on the poop deck or just in front of it," he explained, "and I wanted to put it in the right place."

That incident will give you an idea of how hard a conscientious and capable artist works, even when it is not strictly necessary. Not more than a dozen people in the United States could have spotted the error if he had put the wheel on the poop deck.

Stockton Mulford's father was a life-insurance man. He took his family from Sharon Hill to San Francisco, and then to Portland, Oregon. After young Mulford's experience as a seaman, he worked for some time in a bank. His father had died, and his mother was running a family hotel to help support the family. At the age of twenty-one, Mulford came to New York City to study art in the Art Students' League. His money soon vanished, as money does in a big city, and Mulford found himself a frequenter of pawn shops. One Saturday he was unable to pay his room rent of nine dollars for the past week. He had brought an old pistol from the West, and with this he went to see his favorite "Uncle," who presided behind the three well-known gilded balls. For this weapon the aspiring young artist was given one dollar and fifty cents.

"What's a dollar and a half good for," Mulford asked himself, "when I owe nine to my landlady? I think I'll go to a show!" So, with fifty cents he bought dinner, and with the remaining dollar he bought a ticket in the highest balcony of a theatre.

That night, in his room, he worked on a picture, worked desperately hard. He completed the picture in less than twenty-four hours, and took it to an editor. The editor liked it, and so informed Mulford.

"You can have it," announced the young artist, "provided you pay cash for it."

"That's a most extraordinary condition," said the editor.

"It isn't any more extraordinary than my need for the money," said Mulford.

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Whereupon the editor paid him twenty-five dollars in cash.

But other pictures did not sell, so Mulford went to a bank and got a job. This was in 1907. He continued to study art at night, and continued to sell an occasional picture. The "Christian Herald" was his chief market for pictures.

About the first of December, 1913, he went to this paper with some illustrations for a story. They were accepted, and then the art editor exploded a bomb.

"Mulford," he said, "I am not going to give you another story to illustrate unless you give up that bank job. You might as well decide now whether you are to be an artist or a banker."

"That was a hot shot," says Mulford. "I was scared to death of being broke, now that I had a wife and a baby. But I knew there was real sense in what the art editor was saying to me.

"'Well,' I finally suggested, 'give me until the end of January.'

"The editor agreed, and so I worked on for two more months in the bank, then cut loose as an illustrator, whose only income was the precarious one that I might earn by my own skill as an artist."

That decision to strike out on his own was one of the best Mulford ever made. For a time he worked terribly hard, making sixteen pictures in one frantic month. "But I could never do that again," he says. "The more I learn about painting, the fewer pictures I make. Now, the best I can do is to illustrate two stories a month, and that keeps me humping."

Mr. and Mrs. Mulford live in New York City and, during the summers and often on winter week-ends, on a remote Connecticut farm. They have three children, a boy and two girls. Mrs. Mulford, Senior, lives with them. Incidentally, one of the finest sets of drawings Mulford ever made for this magazine was painted with one hand. While in an early morning frolic with his son he broke a tendon in his right shoulder, and had to do all of his work with his left hand. Another time he illustrated a story for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE when one hand was heavy with bandages because he had overturned a pot of boiling water on himself.

But that's the kind of man he is. As I said at the start, he lives eagerly, recklessly and happily! And paints illustrations that are as good as the best!

JAMES C. DERIEUX

Ruth Conniston Tempers Harsh City Noises With the Music of Her Bells

ON ALMOST any afternoon during the week preceding Christmas, if you chance to walk up Park Avenue, in the heart of New York's fashionable residence section, you probably would hear strains of Christmas carols that seemed to float down from the heavens above. And if you followed where your ears led, eventually you would find yourself in front of the beautiful Park Avenue Baptist Church.

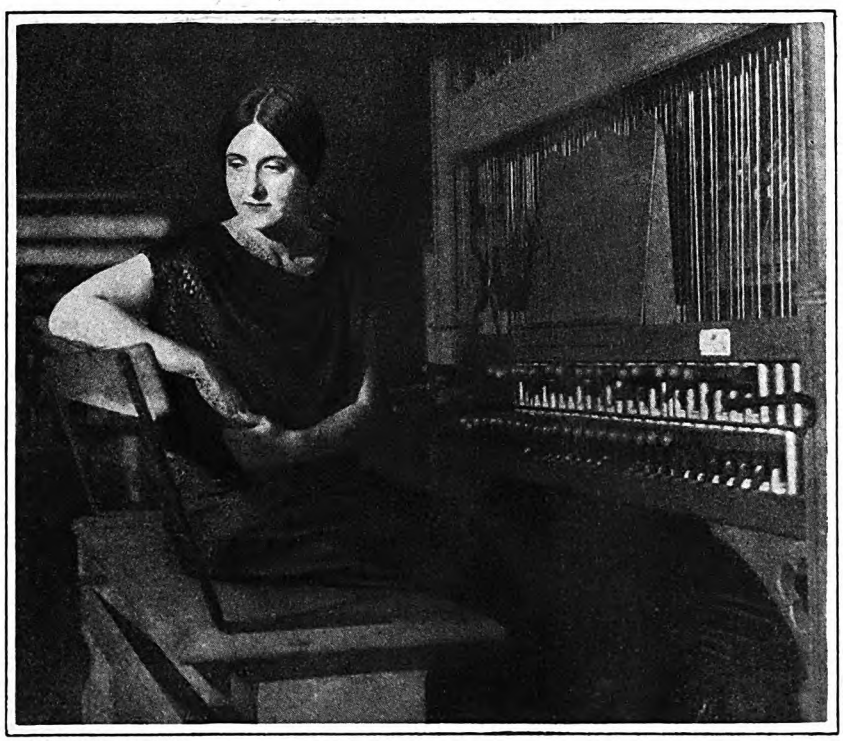
Here you would notice people standing in little groups, pausing amid the hurly-burly of the great city to listen to the familiar yet ever-fresh notes of "Silent Night, Holy Night." And if you stepped inside the massive doorway of the church, you would discover that even on a busy, work-day afternoon, the pews were more than half filled with listening men, women, and children. But still perhaps you would not be able to determine the origin of the music.

In order to do this, you might have to take the elevator to the seventh story of the church and then climb a narrow, steep flight of stairs. Finally, you would find yourself in a tower high above the noise of the city, in a tower through whose open windows gleam the same stars that centuries ago shone down upon a lowly manger in a little town called Bethlehem. And here before a mighty keyboard you would see a slender young woman with her fine, sensitive face aglow, playing Christmas carols on the carillon, or bells, which many think the most impressive musical instrument ever devised. The young woman's name is Ruth Conniston.

Very few women undertake to master the carillon. You will understand why when I tell you a little about Miss Conniston's job. The Park Avenue carillon, which was presented to the church by John D. Rockefeller, Junior, in honor of his mother, is one of the largest and finest sets of bells ever made. It consists of fifty-three bells, ranging in size from the great bass G, which weighs ten tons and has a clapper weighing three hundred pounds, to the little treble bell, which weighs only nine pounds, and has a correspondingly small clapper. A great tower is being built on Riverside Drive, New York, in connection with the new home for the Park Avenue church, and to this tower the carillon will be moved.

The combined weight of the bells is more than a hundred thousand pounds!

The bells themselves are stationary: but the clappers are movable and are connected by a series of wires and mechanical devices with the keyboard, from which the keys project like so many wooden guns. Some of these "keys" require only a touch to call forth the desired tones; but in order to make the big, heavy fellows respond, Miss Conniston often has to use every ounce of her strength. She strikes the keys with the outside of her fists, and in spite of the gloves and finger protectors which she wears, her hands are frequently rough and blistered. In addition to the force which she expends through her hands, the carillon player must also use her feet as in playing the organ, but, of course, with much more expenditure of energy.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Ruth Conniston, carillon player, before the keyboard controlling the bells of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, in New York City

Miss Conniston was born in Connecticut. Both her parents were music lovers and as a very small girl the desire of her heart was to be a great pianist. As she grew older, however, she gradually transferred

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her affection to the organ. She went to the School of Music at Yale University, and came away with the degree of bachelor of music. The following two or three years she spent in San Francisco and Honolulu, teaching and directing.

When she had saved up enough money, she went to Paris, where she had a year of study under Louis Vierne, the famous organist of Notre Dame. Then she came back to New York. She had already obtained several New York engagements when she met Percival Price, carillonneur of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. She immediately became fascinated by the bells and determined to learn to play them.

But Mr. Price was planning a trip to Europe to study the historic carillons of Belgium, France, and Holland. There were only six weeks left before his boat was to sail. He warned her that even a professional organist with Miss Conniston's exceptional training would require at least six months of study before she could hope to master the carillon.

At the end of six weeks, Miss Conniston played so well that Mr. Price recommended that she be given his position while he was away. Later, when he decided to give up his Park Avenue post in order to accept an offer in Canada, Miss Conniston carried on his work.

"How on earth did you accomplish so much in six weeks?" I asked.

"Plain arithmetic," she replied quietly. "You see, the usual practice period is from two to four hours a day. I worked from eight to ten hours. Not up here at the real keyboard, of course, but downstairs in the basement at a dummy keyboard. I still practice down there.

"The hardest part of my job," she went on, "is not the long hours of practice, but the difficult business of arranging suitable music to use in making up my programs. Perhaps only a dozen pieces of music have been published especially for the carillon. Like other carillonneurs, I am obliged to transpose organ, vocal, and piano music for my programs. Folk-music and compositions that have a strong melodic outline are particularly effective when played on the bells.

"I play for the radio quite often, and I am constantly getting requests for old favorites. People do not realize that our programs are made up many weeks in advance. As much as I would love to do so, I cannot often grant the requests that come to me for particular occasions. But I am always glad to get the requests and the kind messages that frequently accompany them.

"At first, I missed the feeling of immediate response which the organist gets from an audience. Not any more. Now I know that people who could never hear my organ can sit by their windows and listen to the music of my bells.

"Just the other day, I got a letter from a woman who had lived all her life in a small Southern town. Recently she came to New York to make a home for her daughter, a stenographer. She often gets cruelly homesick for the little town of her childhood. This is a part of what she wrote me:

"'Every Sunday morning when you play the chimes, I stand by my window and listen so hard that I almost forget to breathe. The music is so sweet and clear. Sometimes it seems to drift straight down from the skies above. I do not think I could go on from week to week without the music from your bells.'"

MILDRED HARRINGTON

He's the Whole Works in His Factory

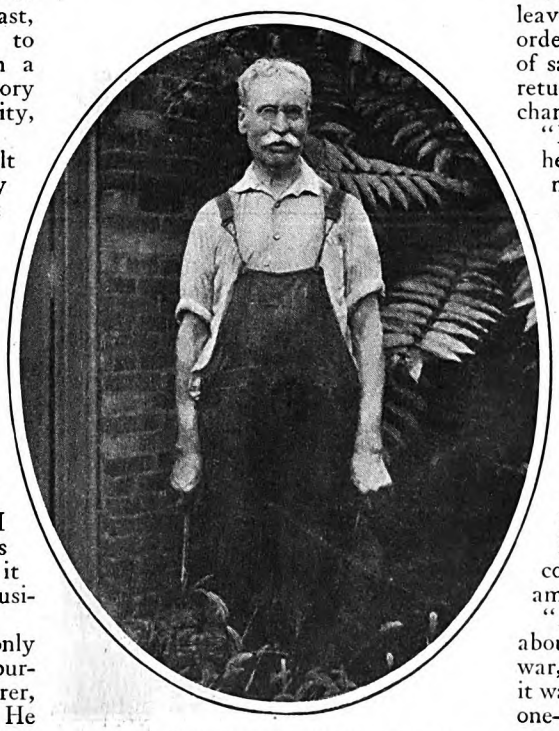
THEOBALT SCHAFFER'S factory is tucked away in a little by-street in a Mid-Western city. Its product is advertised only by a few circular letters the manufacturer sends out each season. Yet its users have spread the fame of Schaffer's ice tongs from coast to coast, and ice distributors from Maine to California have, figuratively, beaten a path to the door of the red brick factory at 1014 West 19th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

The business that Schaffer has built up is conducted from start to finish by its seventy-three-year-old owner. It started forty-one years ago, on Grand Avenue, where Schaffer had a wagon-making shop. As a side line, he manufactured a few ice tongs. When motor trucks took the place of wagons for hauling, the wagon business fell off, but the ice-tong business had been increasing steadily.

"So, the first thing I knew, I found myself out of the wagon business and in the ice-tong business," Schaffer said. "In the beginning, I tried to keep help, but the work was never so satisfactory as when I did it myself, and I decided to run the business alone."

So the white-haired old man is not only the owner of his factory, but the purchasing agent, salesman, manufacturer, bookkeeper and shipping department. He buys the raw material—inch-wide bars of flat steel for the tongs, steel rods for the handle-links—cuts them, shapes them, forges them, puts them together, and, when they are finished, stacks them in neat piles to await shipment; or, if an immediate delivery is requested, wraps them and ships them out by express, after which he sits down to figure up his profits and losses. There is no labor trouble, no incompetent help. And the business makes for him a comfortable living.

"I work when there's work to be done, and take it easy when work is slack," Schaffer explained. "The ice-tong season starts in February, and business is brisk until September, when a slack time comes.



Theobalt Schaffer standing at the door of his ice-tong factory in Kansas City, Missouri

From then until the next season's trade starts I rest a bit and get stock ahead for early orders."

His factory is all under one roof, and compactly arranged, with the coal pile in one corner, the raw materials in another, the forge, shaper and cutting machine in a third, and the office in a fourth. Tongs go through the different steps in their manufacture on different days of the week. The average output is a dozen tongs a day.

When an order comes in, Schaffer leaves his forge or his shaper and fills the order, wraps the purchase, hangs the bill of sale on a hook on the office wall and returns to his manufacturing. "The change in work is kind of restful," he says.

"I make several sizes in the tongs," he explained, "but just now I'm making more of the 18-inch size—a kind that I didn't have any call for at all until these kitchenette apartments came in style. But with those little cubby-holes of kitchens and small ice boxes, you can't put in more than twenty-five pounds, and it takes small tongs to handle that size cake. They're so useful for that business that most of the boys won't have any other kind, so I'm turning out a lot of these little fellows."

Every so often an enterprising young reporter from a newspaper in the vicinity "discovers" Schaffer and his one-man factory, and a story comes out about it—much to Schaffer's amusement.

"It's funny, what reporters will write about sometimes," he said. "During the war, I bought a Liberty bond. Evidently, it was bigger than the salesman thought a one-man's business could afford. He told a newspaper man all about it, and the next morning I saw the whole transaction in the paper!"

He was interrupted to fill an order for two dozen of the eighteen-inch tongs. He wiped his fingers on his blue overalls, and went into the office to make out the bill of sale. When the bundle was delivered, he turned to the factory corner and commenced measuring off material for more tongs.

LEONORA K. ROSS

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People call this soup "a meal"

CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup has a reputation and a tremendous popularity all its own. It is America's first choice as a hearty soup.

Every spoonful of it is liquid and solid food in delightful combination. There are the blended benefits and flavors of fifteen different vegetables, with all they bring in nutriment, healthfulness and pleasure to the taste. There is the bracing invigoration of rich beef broth —the "life" and sparkle of really good vegetable soup. Body-building cereals are here in plenty. Fresh herbs give their savor and their appetizing touch.

Selected for luncheon or for supper, here is a dish that often requires very little else to invigorate and satisfy you. At dinnertime, it does yeoman service in providing both food and stimulation to the appetite. And it's so convenient, requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering!

The next time you serve Campbell's Soup, take a moment to examine the label. Read the list of the twenty-one different kinds of soups printed there. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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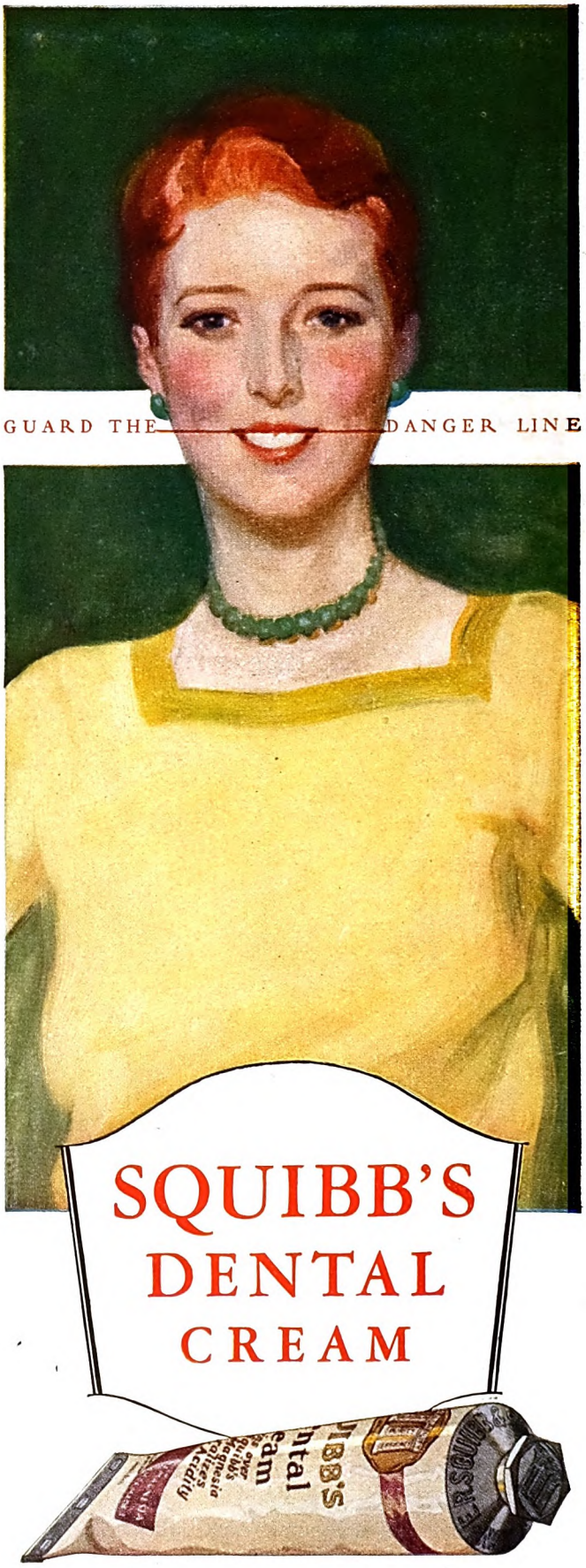
Do you cherish beautiful teeth and coral gums -

then heed this *warning*—



MOUTH beauty is so important these days! Not only for the charm of a pleasing smile—but also because decayed teeth and infected gums will often poison the entire system.

But how are you to protect your teeth and gums? Look through your favorite publications. You will find a dozen theories on what causes tooth decay and gum infections. Look at your druggist's counter. You will find 25 or 50 dentifrices competing for your favor.

That the dangerous situation caused by this confusion might be brought to an end, E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get a verdict from the only authoritative source—the dental profession. A research institution, world famous for its high standard and impartiality, asked 50,000 practicing dentists certain questions on mouth hygiene.

The replies received show that the dental profession agrees almost unanimously on what is the principal cause of tooth decay and gum infections and its safeguard.

95% of the answers agreed that acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet—known as The Danger Line.

85% agreed that the best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form. When you brush your teeth with it, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they remain to safeguard your teeth and gums for a long time after use.

See your dentist twice a year and use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. You will be doing everything possible to safeguard your teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly, it soothes and strengthens the gums, it relieves sensitive teeth. It is pleasant to use and safe. At all druggists—40c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.* © 1927

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 61*)

ones you speak of, who are so beautiful?"

She waited, her eyes searching his face eagerly; and when no answer came, she leaned toward him.

"You will recall," she said impatiently, "that when you sat the first time in Falcon's cabin, he mentioned this daughter of Concha, the Appalache Chief. It is about her that I inquire. Is she comely? There is a reason why I ask."

"I do not know, Mam'selle," Lachlan replied slowly. "I have never seen her."

He was frowning, but she met his gaze coolly.

"Well, no matter," she cried. "We shall learn about her in time, and meanwhile I shall think of her as very ugly! It will make me happier to picture her so."

"Mam'selle," said Lachlan gravely, "you will pardon me for questioning you. I told you nothing of what happened in Captain Falcon's cabin. I told you nothing of his reference to Chief Concha's daughter. I must ask you where you learned these things?"

She flushed and bit her lip.

"You must not be angry with Almayne," she said earnestly. "I wormed it out of him. I knew that you had not told me all, and I had it from him before he realized that he was telling what you had not chosen to tell."

She paused, tapping her boot with the switch which she carried. Presently her eyes dropped.

"But for Almayne," she said softly, "I should not have known how brave a thing you did when you went alone aboard Falcon's ship."

Again she waited, but no answer came.

"I know now," she continued, her rich tones low and flutelike, "that in Lachlan McDonald I have in my service as fearless a gentleman as ever served a lady in distress!"

Lachlan's black eyes were stern and hard.

"YOU have done ill," he said slowly, "and Almayne has done ill. I cannot but blame you both."

She turned on him a pair of flashing eyes.

"Sir," she cried, "I am not accustomed to be chided!"

A quick answer rose to his lips, but, reining in her horse, she cut him short.

"We will wait here," she said, "until the others come."

They sat their horses in silence, neither looking at the other. Two spots of color blazed in her cheeks, her head was high. On a swaying twig of a willow oak above the trail a black and russet sanguilla sang an evening song. As Lachlan watched it idly, a blue-gray shape swooped from beyond the tree top, wings darkened over the singing bird, long claws reached down and snatched it from its perch. Jolie, aware that the song had ceased, glanced upward. She did not see the hawk dashing onward, its victim dangling from its talons.

They made camp that night in a murmurous pine grove close to the edge of a small cypress swamp. It was dim dusk when they halted. Only the pallid radiance of the moon and the flickering glare of the cook-fires lit the grove while the little tents were being pitched.

Jolie wandered away to where the moss-bannered cypresses of the swamp soared straight and tall into the blackness of the night. Here a long, narrow cove of a lagoon lay still and deep under the shadowy trees, while the moonlight, streaming down between the pine tops, illumined the water and the sloping bank where Jolie stood. Beside her a huge wild grapevine hung from a pine, making a loop like a child's swing, and in this loop she seated herself.

She was weary of body, but her mind was wide awake. Her thoughts passed quickly to Gilbert Barradell—to certain facts which she had learned that morning from Almayne. Lachlan, mindful of his promise to Falcon, had made known to her only part of what had happened on the "Good Fortune." What he had omitted seemed to her more important than what he had told.

MOST important of all, in her mind, was Falcon's reference to Chief Concha's daughter. Almayne had merely touched upon this incident, which he seemed to regard as of slight importance, in telling her the story of their first visit to the brig; but she had questioned him closely regarding it, and she had planned to get from Lachlan a report of Falcon's exact words concerning Concha's daughter, as precisely as Lachlan could recall them. The thing had to be gone about delicately—for none must guess what was in her mind—and before she could accomplish her purpose Lachlan had dared scold her, and she had shown him his place. She must wait now for another opportunity.

She must have fallen asleep sitting in her grapevine swing; but only a few moments passed before she awoke and saw the orbs that watched her. They were pale yellow-green and they were set wide apart, so that she knew at once they were the eyes of some great beast. Across the glade near the swamp edge, a short, squat live oak stood amid the pines, and under it all was dark. It was out of this blackness that the yellow-green orbs stared palely at Jolie.

She could see nothing except the eyes; but imagination filled out the crouching shape behind them and made it even more formidable than it really was. She felt her body grow cold as clay. She tried to cry out, but no sound came from her dry lips. A faintness swept over her. She held tightly to her grapevine swing to save herself from falling; and she was still sitting there, fighting down her terror, when, minutes later, Lachlan's voice spoke close behind her.

"Mam'selle."

She rose and stood, swaying a little

"There were eyes," she told him; "great pale eyes which watched me from the darkness yonder!"

He glanced at her sharply, then strode across the glade in the direction which she had indicated, vanishing under the live oak. In a moment he reappeared.

"It was a panther," he said quietly. "Its scent is strong on the still air. Were you afraid?"

She was herself again now.

"Not I," she lied glibly, knowing that she lied, yet feeling that it was not all a lie. "Did I not tell you that I did not fear your wilderness? And did I not tell Almayne that I would teach him much that he does not know about women?"

Lachlan stood silent a moment.

"Mam'selle," he said, "I have come to ask your pardon for my rudeness to you this afternoon."

"I do not lightly forgive, Mr. McDonald," she said, after a pause. "You have done me a great service; but that, as I conceive it, does not give you the privilege of scolding me when you choose."

"Nor do I so conceive it," he answered.

"And yet you hectored me shamefully."

"I was angry. I am sorry."

"And Almayne?" she asked quickly. "You have scolded him also because of what he told me?"

"I have said nothing to him yet."

"I forbid you to mention the matter to him!" Her tone was a command.

"Mam'selle," he exclaimed, "you are arrogant!"

Her eyes flashed dangerously.

And what if I am, Mr. Lachlan McDonald?" she said proudly.

He was silent, gazing at her in wonder.

"I KNOW not how it is here in America," she continued, a biting sarcasm in her tone, "but in England the young men about me do not complain of what you are pleased to term my arrogance. They take me as I am, and they are proud to serve me."

She paused, expecting a reply, but none came. Deliberately she played her bold game to a finish.

"They said in London, Mr. Lachlan McDonald, that Jolie Stanwicke was the most lovely lady in all that great city. Because of her beauty, many gentlemen of London were her servitors. It is your good fortune to be in her service here. I think you do not sufficiently value your privilege."

"You are mistaken, Mam'selle," Lachlan muttered. "You— I am aware—"

"Come," she said quietly, "I am hungry. The venison should be ready."

She chattered lightly of small matters as they walked the short distance to the camp. Lachlan answered briefly, his thoughts still in a maze. As for Jolie's thoughts, they were clear enough, yet led to no conclusion. The sense of them was:

"Either he hates me as a monument of vanity, in which case all is well; or else I have stretched him at my feet."

At supper she found her answer. The pack-horse men supped apart. The others sat on the grass around an elk hide laid upon the ground, serving them as a table; and Jolie was aware that from the beginning to the end of the meal Lachlan scarcely glanced in her direction.

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Later she led Almayne aside.

"I have done it," she told him.

"Done what, Mistress?"

"This afternoon," she said, "you made it very clear to me that you regarded me as a peril to your young Muskogee prince. To speak plainly, you have been afraid that he would fall in love with me."

The hunter stared down at her, open-mouthed.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "I said nothing of this to you!"

"You said it as plainly," she smiled, "as a man may say anything without putting it into words. You can now dismiss your fears. I have done that to your Indian prince which puts me forever beyond the pale of his desires."

"In Heaven's name, what have you done to him?" asked Almayne.

"I have shown him Jolie Stanwicke as she really is," she answered solemnly. "And henceforward he will flee from her as from a plague!"

SUNRISE found them again on the road—the Path, as Almayne called it—the great Trading Path from Charles Town to the inner country. All that day and through the early hours of the next they pressed on steadily.

The Path had long been an Indian trail; now the traders' caravans traveled it also, the long lines of pack ponies bearing cloths, rum, guns, hatchets, paint, and innumerable trinkets to the Catawbas of the middle country, the Cherokees of the Blue Mountains, the Chickasaws, who dwelt beyond the mountain barrier; and returning, after months in the far wilderness, laden with bales of pelts.

It was becoming a well-traveled road, for year by year the peltry traffic grew and the caravans increased in number; yet it was still but a narrow trail through a vast and unspoiled wilderness, peopled only by red men and the beasts and birds of the forests.

Jolie's heart sang within her, answering the singing birds, of which the number seemed illimitable. Her eyes, thought Lachlan, as she turned to glance behind her, were brighter than the wild flowers strewn along the way; her slender form, as she swayed with the motion of her horse, was more graceful than the slim, leaping deer. Yes, she was beautiful, and doubtless it was true that in England many gentlemen were her servitors because of that beauty. But— He smiled a wry smile and, leaning forward, whispered to his mare.

"Tuti, my little Snowbird," he spoke softly into the silken ear. "She is a very lovely lady, this Mam'selle Jolie, this Lady Sanguilla. But saw you ever such pride, Tuti, such vanity of woman?"

The mare flicked her ear and tossed her shapely head. Lachlan laughed quietly.

"Be at ease, Tuti, little Snowbird," he murmured. "For a while longer thy master's heart belongs to thee alone."

Nevertheless, he kept his eyes upon the girl. She rode a little in front of him, Ugly Meg Pearson by her side. Meg's horse, like that of Jock Pearson, who rode with Almayne a few paces behind Lachlan, was a blue roan of the big-boned English type; but Jolie's claybank gelding, Selu by name, was of the Chickasaw breed, small, slim, long-maned, long-tailed, small-headed like a Barb.

Tuti the Snowbird, though her color was dark chestnut, might have been Selu's sister; and though Selu was the swifter and the better trained, Lachlan loved Tuti the Snowbird best, because of her playful, impudent tricks and the warm, loving heart within her.

He was content, that morning, with Tuti's company. Mr. O'Sullivan, digging his heels into the ribs of his mule, pushed past and joined Jolie and Ugly Meg at the front of the caravan. Behind Lachlan, Almayne, who rode a piebald Chickasaw pony, which he called "Nunda the Moon-face," spun yarns with Jock Pearson, about great hunts beyond the Blue Mountains, and marches and ambushes of the Indian wars. After these again trailed the pack ponies, the pack-horse drivers riding beside them.

One possibility bothered Lachlan. It might be known in the town that Mr. O'Sullivan had left with Pearson's train, and in this Lance Falcon might see some significance. Yet this seemed unlikely. Mr. O'Sullivan had told no one of his hastily formed decision to go journeying into the wilderness; and since the pack train had started before daylight, there was a good chance that his presence in it had been unobserved by anyone who knew him.

IN THE mid-forenoon they met and passed a group of half-a-dozen Pee Dee Indians, members of one of the small lowland tribes, which the warrior nations despised. All were armed with rifles, two carried steel hatchets, while the others bore tomahawks of stone. They were unmounted, for the Pee Dees were too poor to own horses, and they carried on their backs the bundles of skins which they would barter in Charles Town for rum.

Recognizing Pearson, they stopped and made as if to show the pelts which they carried, hoping to get their rum at once instead of trudging the weary miles to Charles Town; but Jock, knowing the Pee Dees of old, and aware that no skins of value would be found in their bundles, bade them roughly get on and clear the road. It was just after they had passed that Jolie beckoned Lachlan, and he rode forward and joined her.

"Your warriors," she said, "Striking Hawk and Little Mink. I have not seen them this day. Where are they?"

"Little Mink is ahead of us, Mam'selle," Lachlan told her, "and Striking Hawk follows in our rear."

"But why?" she asked.

"You are not traveling the safe roads of England," he replied. "Here it is well to know who comes on the Path in front of you and who follows on the Path behind."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Did you know that those Pee Dee Indians were coming?"

Lachlan nodded.

"A logcock called from the woods in front of us some minutes ago," he said. "It was the voice of Little Mink, and it gave me notice that travelers were approaching, and that they were not to be feared."

She exclaimed in wonder, while Meg Pearson looked on with a smile, and Mr. O'Sullivan swore softly in the ancient language of Ireland, which he used when he was much pleased or surprised.

"And, lad," he asked, "if those poor Pee Dees had been enemies whom we should have had cause to fear, what then would have been Little Mink's signal?"

"He would have called to me then," Lachlan answered, "in the voice of one of the preying birds or one of the hunting beasts. If the danger were slight, he would have used a sparrow hawk's cry. If it were great, but not very great, he would have uttered the scream of the partridge hawk. If the danger were very serious, we should have heard the howl of a lone wolf or the scream of a hunting panther."

Mr. O'Sullivan slapped his thigh with his right hand. "By Paul!" he cried, his round face glowing like a beet under his white mop of hair. "'Tis the strategy of the wilderness, and 'tis superb material for the book I plan to write about the warfare of the Aborigines. Now tell me, lad—"

THE words died on his lips; he stood open-mouthed, eyes suddenly wide. From Jolie's cheeks the color drained.

From far behind the pack train the sound came—a long, quavering, wailing scream. It might have come from a woman smitten suddenly with terror; yet it was an utterly inhuman cry, savage and wild and menacing, fiercer even than the chorus of the wolves.

Ugly Meg found her tongue first.

"Speak of the devil—" she said grimly.

Mr. O'Sullivan glanced at Jolie, marked the pallor of her cheeks.

"Perhaps," he suggested hopefully, "that was the real thing we heard—a real panther. What say you, lad?"

Lachlan made no reply. Already Almayne was at his side, speaking rapidly in a low voice, his gray-blue eyes alight. Lachlan nodded, turned swiftly to Jolie.

"Mam'selle," he said, "we will go now—you and Almayne and I. It was the signal agreed upon with Striking Hawk. It means that pursuers from Charles Town are coming. Mr. O'Sullivan, you cannot come with us; your mule could not keep up. Ready, Mam'selle? Then—ride!"

Meg Pearson's long arm encircled Jolie's slim shoulders. Leaning forward, she kissed the girl upon the forehead.

"God's blessing on you, my lamb!" she whispered. "We'll do what we can for you here."

Nunda the Moon-Face leaped forward as Almayne's heels dug into the piebald's flanks. "Now, lamb!" cried Meg, and struck Selu's haunch with her open palm. They were off, racing straight up the Path, Almayne in the lead, the fringes of his bucksin shirt streaming in the breeze, his long rifle balanced in his right hand.

Teeth clenched, muscles taut, Jolie bent forward over Selu's neck. She saw Almayne glance behind him, saw the frown on his brow, read the thought that was in his mind.

The spurs of her riding boots tickled Selu's sides. The gale roared on her ears. Above that rushing roar she could no longer hear the thunder of Tuti's hoofs behind her. Her horse was racing now, and Jolie, head down, boring into the wind, spoke to him coolly, gently:

"Faster, Selu! Faster, my sweet boy! We'll teach Almayne something, you and I!"

(*To be continued*)

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"Human Nature Ain't What It Ought to Be"

(*Continued from page 13*)

trying to help as much as he could with what small strength remained in him. But after the blowing up he received from Ross and Effie he quieted down a lot. He sat more and moved around less, and he talked to his hen Culloch more than seemed quite rational.

And then the big trouble came to Emmy.

It seems that when old Todd deeded the place over to Ross there were a couple of provisos agreed between them that were not put into writing. Todd took care of his own sons and daughters by giving them cash money when he gave Ross the home place; but he thought of Ross's children too, and it was understood between them that, as the farm was the only income producer, Ross was to give each of his children a thousand dollars when they married.

Old Todd might have kept the place and made it earn the money for him and put this in the will when he made one; but Ross was rather pushing and it was arranged as explained. With the coming of automobiles and new state road, the old place had taken on a new lease of boarding-house life and Ross and Effie were making plenty of money out of it. But they were on the avaricious side, as had been said, and they couldn't seem to be satisfied.

They hardly gave old Todd enough to buy tobacco, which was all he spent money for, and they tried to get along with half enough help in the kitchen in the summer. And then Emmy, who was worth four hired girls, fell in love with Joe Prender.

JOE PRENDER, taking him one way and another, was as good as any young man in any of the valleys leading out of Index, and he was more ambitious than most. He saw that there was mighty little chance for a farmer up Brekkill Valley unless he fell back on boarders and worked his women too hard, and he decided that when he got married he would get out.

He sent himself through high school, and then took seven years to put himself through four years of college, working in Index three of the seven years, and we all thought he was wise in planning to go down to New York and have a try at a job. He talked it over with Emmy and old Todd, and they agreed that it was the only thing to do if Emmy was not to become a permanent boarding-house keeper.

To Joe Prender, whose parents and grandparents for generations had stuck to the same stone-infested fields, the step to New York seemed a daring adventure; but the thousand dollars Emmy was to receive when she married was their anchor to windward and their lifeboat and their emergency ration. They thought they could make a safe port before that thousand disappeared, and they told Ross and Effie they were in love and wanted to get married.

"That'll be fine," Ross said. "I can use Joe around the place first rate. I'll give him fifty a month and board you both."

"We thought we'd go to the city," Emmy said. "Joe and I have talked it all over, Father, and we want to try to do better than we could up this valley. Even if we didn't go to the city, we wouldn't want to stay here; we would want to go where there are better farms."

"How'd you buy a farm?" Ross asked. "Joe, got any money?"

Joe said nothing to this.

"I'll have my thousand dollars," Emmy said cheerfully.

"What thousand dollars?" Ross asked. "You don't get any thousand dollars to get married and quit us. Don't you believe it! You and Joe can go ahead and get married and live here with us, and I'll set aside a thousand dollars for you and let you have it when I think I ought to; but I see myself giving you a thousand dollars to bat off to the city with! You're crazy!"

THEY were on the kitchen porch, and old Todd was standing on the flagstone at the bottom of the two steps, leaning on his stick with his pipe in his mouth.

"You ought to give it to Emmy, Ross," he said. "That was the agreement we come to."

"Agreement nothing!" Ross said roughly. "Suppose you go back to your hen and keep out of this. I can run my own family without your help. I know what's got into Emmy—she wants to go down to the city and cut her skirts off up to her knees and swell around like the flappers down there, smoking cigarettes and I don't know what all."

"It was an agreement, Ross," old Todd insisted.

"Yes, an agreement!" Ross laughed. He was a black-bearded man, and now he pulled at his beard and grinned. "A fool's agreement. Nobody but you would have done such a fool thing. Look at you now; you ain't hardly got a cent you can call your own. You got to come to me if you want a dime to buy a package of tobacco. Well, I ain't no such fool. What I got I keep, unless I've got good reason to part with it. I won't have Emmy married anyhow. She's too young to get married."

"I didn't marry until I was twenty-eight, Emmy," Effie said. "You oughtn't to think of marrying anybody yet. A girl of your age don't know her mind."

"I do know my mind, Mother," Emmy said, but most of her cheerfulness was gone.

Then began the endless nagging of Emmy that soon had her in tears and that kept her in tears for weeks thereafter. It was in May that Ross Hibbard repudiated his agreement, and all through May and June the kitchen was little more than an arena where Effie and Ross attacked the poor child, trying to wear her down and make her so miserable that she would never want to hear Joe Prender's name again.

Joe Prender, of course, was forbidden to come on Ross Hibbard's land unless he wanted to be filled full of buckshot; but he managed to see Emmy now and then, and he was blue enough. He was going to the city, he said, to try to make a start there, and if he could get going and earn enough he would come back for Emmy. He tried to cheer her up, but she could not be cheered, and they were never able to talk more than a few stolen minutes at a time.

The Emmy of that June was as different from the Emmy of April as rain is from sunshine, and she had no jokes at all for old Todd. She went about her work in the kitchen listlessly and her mother scolded her continuously, and a good part of the time Emmy wept.

Probably Ross had enough conscience to be a little ashamed of himself, but like most of us who injure another, he took it out on his victim, and he gave Emmy no peace. When he wasn't telling Emmy what a fool she was, he was scolding her or telling her that Joe was a worthless, no-account loafer and only after her money. The only time he ever suggested that Emmy had any right to any money was when he was saying Joe Prender was marrying her for it.

Old Todd urged Emmy to run away with Joe and marry him in spite of everything, but Emmy had been so long under her mother's thumb that obedience had come to seem a duty, and she would not hear of an elopement. She said that, for one thing, it would be unjust to Joe, loading him down with a wife at the start of his new venture; if she had had some money with which to help him it would have been a different matter. So, about the middle of June, Joe Prender went to New York.

That brought Emmy's misery to a climax, for she loved Joe as not many girls love a fellow, and it was as if the world had ended for her. But old Todd seemed to take it harder than anyone. He was so fond of Emmy and so helpless. He gave up all attempts to do any of the little old chores that had formerly helped to pass his time, and he sat almost all day on his chunk of wood in the chip yard, mouthing his unlighted pipe and thinking unpleasant thoughts.

He even neglected his hen Culloch. She used to come up to him and turn her head on one side and say "Cul-luck?" And all old Todd would say would be "Get away from me, blame ye!" He sat there so often and so long at a time that even Effie noticed it.

"Ross, I'm afraid your father is getting queery," she said to him.

"Well, he's an old man," Ross said when she had explained that old Todd sat and talked to himself by the hour. "He won't have long to be that way. What I wish is that Emmy would get some sense into her."

THEN, one day, when Joe Prender's father was driving past the place in the car Joe used to make hop over the ruts, old Todd hailed him and asked for a ride to Index. It had been a year or more since old Todd had gone to Index, and he did not care much to go to town as a rule,

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but now he had something on his mind.

He had Sam Prender let him out at the bridge as you go into town, and he walked the few hundred feet to the frame church and down the steps to the basement. The minister lived in the basement; but he was in his garden when old Todd arrived, and he pushed back his hat and held out his right hand and bade the old man welcome.

"I got something I want you to help me," old Todd said, and they went to the steps and sat down and conversed as one man with another. When old Todd had told the minister the whole story of Emmy Hibbard and Joe Prender, and of what Ross had promised to do and had not done, this Reverend Nowell Waters gave him little cheer. The preacher was an old man, not as old as Todd but venerable and gray, and he had the face of a world-weary prophet—a kindly man; but one who had seen much of man and his ways.

"But what can you do and what can I do?" he asked. "We may feel that this girl's father is not doing what you or I would do, but by what right would I interfere between child and parent? The ancient commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' still remains as it always has stood and as it always will stand, and little good ever results from the interference of an outsider."

Odd Todd said nothing. He felt the bigness of this man, and that here was one who knew more than he. No man he had ever met had impressed him as Nowell Waters impressed him.

"What this man says is right," old Todd thought. "He would not say anything that was not right."

"I know Ross Hibbard well," Nowell Waters went on. "There are men that are hard, and he is one of them. But that is human nature; human nature is hard, and we must look for hard things from it."

"IT OUGHT to be changed," old Todd said.

"Yes, it ought to be changed," Nowell Waters agreed. "I thought in my blindness, when I was a young man, that I might be one to change it. I am an old man now, and human nature is as it was. It is the same now as it was when Columbus lived. It is the same as it was when Pharaoh lived. It is the same as it was in the days of Noah. It is the same as it was in Adam."

"If it makes folks as cantankerous as Ross," said old Todd, "it ought to be changed!"

"It is the same to-day as it was yesterday," said Nowell Waters. "The ages have not changed it."

"It ought to be hurried up some, seems to me," old Todd said.

"Hurried?" replied Nowell Waters. "Do you see these mountains piled around us on every side? How long do you suppose those mighty mountains have stood, vast cores of virgin rock? For ages! Time and storm, frost and rain have gnawed at them—and still they stand there. A year goes by, and a handful of rocks, pried off by the frost, is that year's work on those mountains. My friend, human nature will change; but not until those mountains are broken into pebbles, and the last pebble is crushed into dust! Then, and not till then, will human nature change!"

Old Todd got up. He felt in his pocket for his pipe.

"Well, much obliged to you, Parson, anyway," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if Sam Prender might be coming back along pretty soon. I got to get home."

"They'll be anxious about you?" Nowell Waters asked.

"I'VE got a job of work to do," old Todd said; "and I got to get at it."

That evening after dinner Emmy was washing the dishes and she looked out through the screen door, but she did not see old Todd on his favorite stump, and she asked Effie if she knew where he was.

"Some foolishment of his," Effie said. "I do think he's getting weak in his mind. He come out of the barn with the lantern, and I said to him, 'Where you going, Pa?' and all he says is, 'Can't stop; I got a job of work to do.' Him! A lot of work he does these days! He went down to the brook and sat down."

"Yes," Emmy said, peering through the dusk, "he's down there now; I can see him."

They almost forgot him when the work was done, but Emmy remembered him.

"Grandpa is down by the brook yet," she said uneasily. "I guess I'll go down and see why he don't come in. It's getting right cold."

"He ought to have sense enough to come in when he gets cold," Effie said; but she made no objection when Emmy threw on a wrap and went out.

It was one of the cold, quiet nights that come in late June in the mountains, often bringing frost. A quawk flew over, uttering its cry. As she stepped off the porch Emmy heard the frogs chorusing in the drain near the barn, but she heard another sound. It came from where she could just see old Todd, one side of him lighted up by the glow from the lantern. It was a regular beat of sound, "clunk, clunk, clunk"—almost unintermittent—and as she drew nearer she saw old Todd's arm rising and falling regularly.

She found him sitting flat on the sand with the lantern at his side, and he looked up when she approached but did not stop his work. His legs were spread apart and between them was a large stone, one a foot or more in diameter, and in his right hand he held a smaller stone, one the size of a coconut. With his left hand, which was cupped, he was dripping pebbles no bigger than peas onto the larger stone and, as each dropped, he brought down his right hand and crushed the pebble into powder. When his left hand was emptied he reached out to where the small pebbles lay at the edge of the sand and scooped up a new handful. He smiled as he looked up at Emmy.

"Grandpa!" the girl cried. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Doing?" old Todd answered, whanging his hammer-stone down on a pebble. "Changing human nature, blame it! Time it was done, and nobody else seems to be helping it along."

"Yes; that's nice," Emmy said agreeably, for she was sure the old man had at last lost his mind. "But there's to-morrow, you know, Grandpa. It's getting too cold to sit out here like this. Won't you come in now? You'll have lots of time to-morrow."

"I'd better work a while yet, Emmy," old Todd said, although he was clearly shivering. "I'm making blamed slow progress as it is."

She urged him in every way she knew, but he was obstinate. He did not get angry, but he insisted that he had better work while there was oil left in the lantern, and even while he talked he continued to sift the small pebbles from his left hand and to crush them to dust with his hammer-stone.

Emmy went back to the kitchen. She was reluctant to tell about the new strange actions of old Todd, but it might mean his death if he was allowed to sit out there on the damp sand in the cold, and she told Ross and Effie. Roger, younger than Emmy by a year, and two younger children were in the kitchen, and Ross called Roger and the two went out to bring old Todd in.

He did not give them much trouble. His old legs were so stiff from being stretched out on the sand so long that when they took him by the arms and lifted him up they had to hold him erect for a minute or two before he could walk. Even then they had to support him. Ross cursed more or less as he helped the old fellow to the house, but old Todd seemed happy.

"Human nature's got to change, blame it!" he declared. "It ain't what it ought to be."

Before they reached the house he had twisted that into a sort of sing-song to an old tune—

"Old human nature ain't what it ought to be—
Ain't what it ought to be—
Ain't what it ought to be—"

He continued to hum this after they had put him in his chair in the corner of the kitchen, beating time to it as he slapped his cold hands on his chilly knees. Emmy put a shawl over his shoulders, and even Effie insisted that he drink a cup of hot coffee, which he took willingly enough.

"I never in my days heard of such doings!" Effie complained. "You'll have all the folks thinking you're crazy, Father, if you go and do things like that. What do you think you were doing, anyway?"

"PARSON WATERS says to me," said old Todd, like a child repeating a lesson or a message, "'Human nature ain't going to change till the rocks are all dust;' and I know blame well there's plenty of human nature 'round here needs plenty of changing. 'Rocks to dust,' he said; 'Rocks to dust!' Parson Waters's own words—'Rocks to dust!' I'm just helping along a little, Effie. Don't you mind me; I'm just an old fool these days. 'Rocks to dust, then maybe human nature'll change,' Parson Waters said. Yes, yes!"

Effie looked at Ross and shook her head sadly, and Ross frowned and understood her. When Roger and Jessie and Grace went up to bed the girls asked Roger anxiously what was the matter with old Todd.

"Grandpa's loony," he told them; "but you needn't be afraid of him; he ain't dangerous. If he gets dangerous, Father will put him away, you bet."

Ross was in the barn the next morning when old Todd took his stick and went

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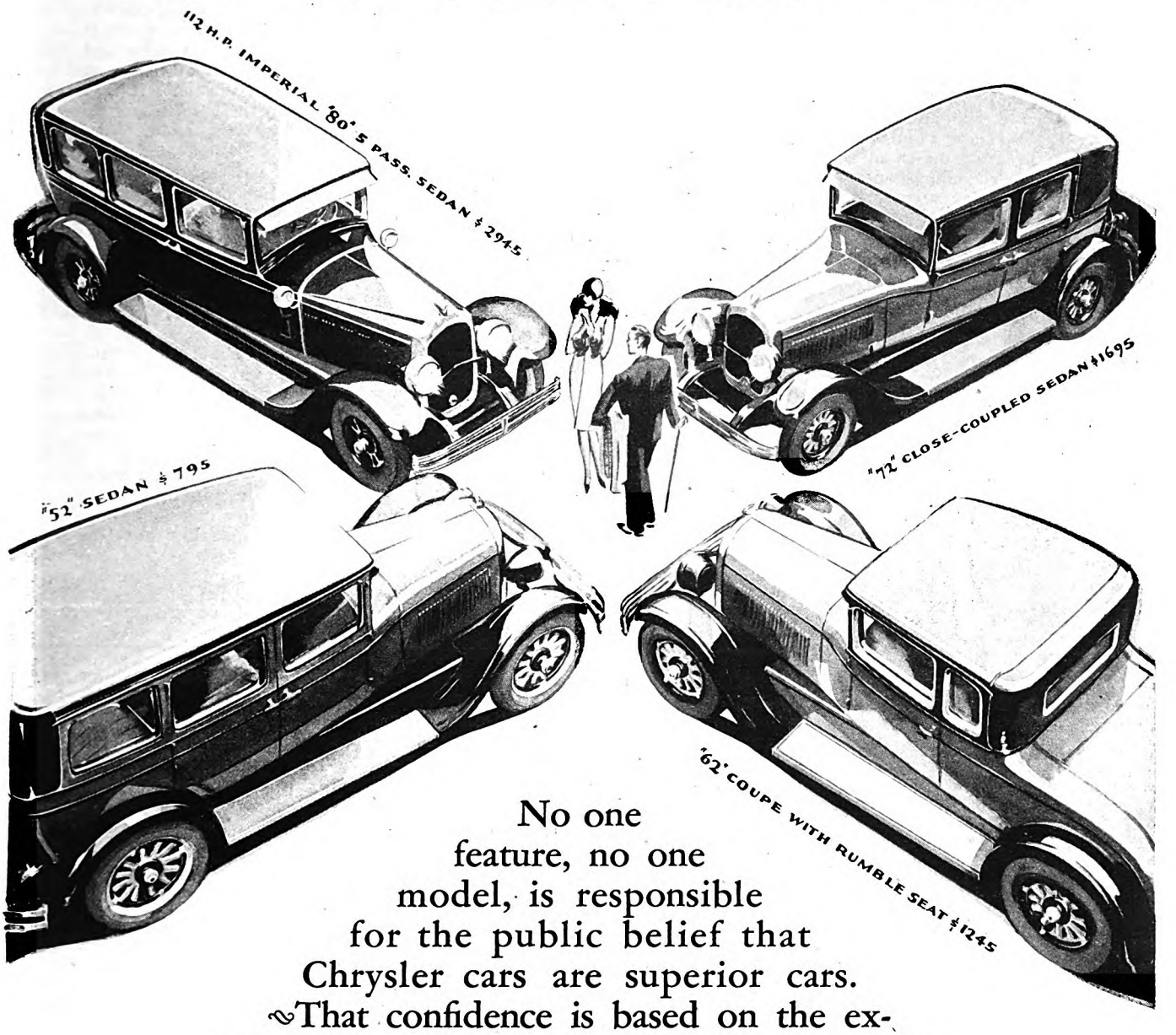

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stiffly across the road to his little sand patch and sat himself down and began breaking pebbles again; and Effie went to the barn, but Ross would not interfere.

"Let him alone," he said. "Long as he is mashing stones he ain't doing any harm, and the Lord knows he won't run out of pebbles."

So they let the old man alone. Emmy and the children would go down to talk with him now and then, and the younger children played at helping him when they felt like it, powdering the small pebbles in the same way old Todd was powdering them, and he was apparently grateful for their help.

"All the mountains has to be pounded into dust before human nature changes," he told them. "We got to work steady or we won't get anywhere much. Old human nature ain't what it ought to be—ain't what it ought to be—ain't what it ought to be—"

The younger children took up his rhyme and chanted it, hardly knowing they were doing so, and more than once Effie batted them on an ear and told them for goodness' sake to shut it up. And so a week—possibly ten days—went by, and then the first boarders came.

To the boarders the brook was always fresh and new and delightful when they arrived, even though most of them had come to Todd Hibbard's place year after year, and the first day the first came they discovered poor old Todd sitting spraddle-legged there by the brook pounding his pebbles.

"And what on earth are you doing?" they asked him.

"Got to change human nature," old Todd said. "Parson Waters says there ain't no change to be looked for till all the mountains get powdered to dust, and I'm helping along. Yes, ma'am."

But he did not stop there. He was franker with the boarders, and explained that there was a sort of human nature around the place that would accept a man's farm from him and make a promise, and then refuse to give Emmy a thousand dollars that was hers by rights. He never missed a whack of his hammer-stone as he talked, but he did not let his mountain powdering interfere with his tongue, either.

"BUT I think that is outrageous!" Mrs. Littlecome said to Mrs. Trench. "I had no idea Ross Hibbard was that sort of man," and when more boarders came they talked about it too. They began by being cold to Effie and short with Ross, and presently the Cranes came, and Mrs. Crane said outright that she would not see her money going to any man who acted that way to a sweet girl like Emmy and a dear old man like old Todd; and when she packed up and left, she told Ross just what she thought about it. The whole air of the place was changed, and presently those who were left began to find fault with this and that, and they went, too.

And old Todd went right on changing human nature down by the brook. When there was a lull in the kitchen, his hammer-stone could be heard "clop-clop-clopping" on the pebbles, and they all knew he would continue to sit there and break pebbles. They remembered a stubborn streak he had under his jesting.

"Confound the old cuss!" Ross swore at last, and he went striding down to the brook. "Here!" he shouted at old Todd. "For cripes' sake, stop that! I'll give Emmy her money. I'll let her marry who she blame pleases. You got it so I can't keep a boarder on the place and nobody in the valley will say a decent word to me. Stop it, I tell you!"

All around Todd was pebble dust and pebble dust was on his clothes and his hands and in his scraggly beard; but he put down his hammer-rock and eased himself over onto his hands and knees and got to his feet. He rubbed his knees a minute or so, and then he looked down at the peck or two of dust and up and down the brook at the millions and millions of pebbles of all sizes, from a pinhead to a pumpkin, and he grinned.

"Well, I didn't help human nature so blame much," he said, "but I helped it some!"

He turned around and went limping up toward the chip yard calling his red hen—"Culloch! Culloch! Culloch!"

NEXT MONTH you will meet one of the biggest bridge builders in the country, yet when you read his name it may very likely mean nothing to you. Robert Z. Drake—it is said you cannot ride an hour over a road in the Mid-West without crossing a bridge which he has built either in part or its entirety—is one of the "great unknowns" whom this magazine delights to feature. But Drake is more than a bridge builder: he is an idealist whose unpatented inventions alone represent a discarded fortune; a man who hates a display of wealth and subscribes to the simple belief that he was put into this world to do good and foster happiness.

The Conquering Jungle

(*Continued from page 15*)

"went Dyak" for seven months, and of an American meteorologist who "went Dyak" in Borneo, and now lives like one.

But, you may say, perhaps it is as much the man as the jungle that causes those changes. In some cases this is true; yet it is a fact that any man living long in the jungle will admit himself to be a bit insane.

I saw the Borneo jungle in the same way that a man opens his eyes to find himself in a strange room. I went to sleep one night on a steamer in the Java Sea; when I went on deck at five o'clock the next morning we were threading our way up a small river clogged with water hyacinths, and with the jungle bending over our decks. A big gibbon with an orange rump sat in the top of a coconut palm with his back toward me, and glanced casually around as we passed. A splash of red and purple orchids against the deep green foliage caught my eye. The palms and lianas along the banks brushed our deck railings, and the backwash of the steamer rolled back into the jungle with a swishing, seeping noise. The only other sounds were the hushed coughing of our engines, and the ripple of water astern; a cautious group of noises that grated against the quietness of the jungle.

Two months later I was five hundred miles in the interior of Borneo, paddling up the headwaters of the Djoeloi with a crew of Malays and Dyaks. At night the jungle crawled and buzzed and sang and screamed with life; but in the daytime I could hear no sound but the dull, rhythmic beat of ironwood paddles against the gunwales of the dugout. For days I sat motionless in the stern, looking and listening for the slightest sign of life. At times, when the air currents were right, I could hear ants gnawing the hardwood trees, and the buzzing of mosquitoes in the lagoons back from the river. There was a feeling of suppressed motion that made me think of a sleeping volcano; and every morning, after the howling of the apes and the buzzing and crawling of the night had died away, I felt as if my every movement were being watched by thousands of hidden eyes.

GRADUALLY I began to sense that fear of the jungle that changes a man. Travel upon the silent rivers bred it, but cutting through the jungle increased it. For twelve days, I cut through a jungle covered with moss a foot thick, and so dark that I could not see my coolies fifteen paces behind me. The earth was a tangle of great tree roots and lianas that caught at my legs like live things; the ground oozed water at every step, and the atmosphere was dead and pungent with the odors of rotting vegetation.

Sometimes a long shaft of sunlight disclosed endless files of huge red ants, or a curious, scaly, orange and black creature that moved slowly along a thick root. Always there was a scattering of leeches on my hands, and by feeling around the back of my neck and my temples I usually found more of the black, rubbery things, fat with blood. At regular intervals I stopped to take off my shirt, pull up my trousers, and shave off the leeches with a razor-like knife, or touch them with the lighted end of a banana-leaf cigarette. Once I stopped cutting ahead, and rested for a moment, listening. I heard a faint hissing noise close by, and immediately struck out in that direction with my heavy knife. Something hissed madly, fell to the earth with a thump and attempted to scramble away. I looked, and saw that I had killed a deadly poisonous lizard.

Life was desperate on that jungle floor; it crawled and struggled to exist, as it had crawled and struggled for a hundred thousand years. But high in the treetops, a hundred and fifty feet above the earth,

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Winter dangers lurk in "light oils"

How easy starting may cause lubrication troubles

Today the indiscriminate use of extra-light oils in winter to permit easy starting brings new dangers.

The yearly mileage of the average car is far greater today than it was a few years ago, and this extra mileage is largely *winter* mileage.

Would you deliberately increase your engine wear to permit easy starting? No. But you may if you carelessly accept any "light oil" offered you merely because it gives easier starting in cold weather.

Many such oils are offered today. While they may make starting easier, they fall seriously short in providing the margin of safety necessary to prevent dangerous gasoline dilution of the lubricating oil.

Too thin an oil fails to seal your piston rings adequately. The free use of the choke in starting brings extra gasoline into the combustion chambers. On compression and explosion strokes much of this raw gasoline is forced past the rings into the oil supply in the crank-case.

Then comes extra wear—serious wear—costly wear.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is especially manufactured to meet this problem of winter lubrication in most cars. Although fluid enough to provide easy starting, it has an exceptional richness that gives unusual protection against gasoline dilution.

Mobiloil Arctic has the full rich body and character that will resist dangerous dilution and provide thorough lubrication for all friction surfaces.

Mobiloil Arctic will circulate freely in your engine on the coldest days.

The winter lubricating advice of the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart is approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks.

With freezing weather at hand, it will pay you, (1) to drain off the used oil from your crankcase and (2) refill with the correct grade of Mobiloil—usually Mobiloil Arctic (see Chart at the left).

A single week of incorrect winter lubrication may easily cost you more than a whole year's supply of Mobiloil.

Keep a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic on hand in your own garage. The 10-gallon drum or 5-gallon tipper box are convenient packages and afford about a season's supply. For touring or emergency use, the sealed quart cans are excellent as they can be carried in your car, ready for use at all times.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked*.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil Arctic

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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was sunlight and vitality. There, huge butterflies, gaudy as batiks, floated across shafts of sunlight, to be lost in darkness; immense locusts buzzed and zoomed in and out of hearing, and pyramids of scarlet fruit hung from the tops of vine-covered trees.

High above the earth, the jungle was a conservatory of extravagant beauty. Every tree, dead or dying, was the bed of brilliant orchids, air plants hung suspended like the chandeliers of a cathedral. Every bit of vegetable life gave birth to another; ferns lived on the trees, air plants lived on the ferns, and orchids and brilliant red and purple flowers sprang from their roots and gave their intoxicating sweetness to the myriads of butterflies and flying insects.

THE average person thinks of tigers, leopards, and snakes as the most fearful things of the jungle. They have never caused me any anxiety, and I do not know one man in Borneo who has ever lost a night's sleep because of wild animals. Unless I made a special habit of hunting them, I often went for weeks on end without seeing anything larger than a bird. If left alone the animals will mind their own business. Once I passed within a spear's length of a twenty-foot python, without knowing it until one of the Dyaks touched my arm.

No, it is not the wild animals that make man fear the jungle, for they invariably give warning; they can be seen, and fought against. The things that mold men over again are the creatures that *cannot* be fought—the malaria mosquitoes, the poisonous insects, the tiny snakes, the tropical storms, the whirlpools, the sleeping crocodiles and a thousand and one other small dangers which one must forever be on guard against if he is to live.

They breed the haunting fear that perhaps some moment he will be careless, that to-morrow or the next day he will make the slip that means the end. And this fear is magnified by the terrible silence of the jungle, that seemingly interminable fourteen-hour silence between nights. Men weaken under the constant strain of having to keep on guard in a silence that to the normal mind means peace and relaxation.

One afternoon I was sitting on the river bank waiting for the water to go down. I reached over to pick up a coconut I had been drinking, and quickly jerked my hand back and jumped to my feet. There was a scorpion beside the coconut, his purplish stinger lifted up to strike. After that I always looked down before I touched the earth.

I grasped a liana one time to pull myself up a bank, and a beautiful but exceedingly poisonous lizard fell on my shoulder. I knocked him off without being bitten; but afterward I looked above me as well as beneath me. Walking down to the river one evening, I brushed the tops of some low bushes with my hand and, suddenly realizing the folly of the act, jumped aside. To persuade myself that I was, after all, taking undue precautions, I walked back a few steps and examined the bushes. Lying like a dead stick across their tops was a snake whose bite can cause death within twenty minutes.

Some time later I went down to my bathing place at the river, to see the head and fore feet of an enormous crocodile sticking out of the water. He was basking in the hot mud, his livid white mouth wide open. I had swum in that spot for two days. I usually bathed with a dipper afterward, and when I did take the chance and dive in the river it gave me a queer, tingling sensation. On one of those "chances" a small fish bit me, and I nearly died of fright.

I have lain down on a log to rest, and been awakened suddenly by the bites of a swarm of red ants that practically covered my body. They bit like hot needles, and swarmed over my nostrils and ears, and under my clothing. A quick jump in the river got them off, but suppose I had been ill of a fever, and could not move? I have awakened in the mornings to find mosquitoes packed over my double netting like huckleberries, pressing it down to within six inches of my face, deafening me with their buzzing for blood. I have heard them over a mile away, rising with the morning mists in clouds that blotted out the course of the river.

On a beautifully clear day, toward mid-afternoon, we were rounding the bend of a river when a terrific roaring sounded ahead. The coolies succeeded in reaching shore just as a great wave of water, about two feet high, charged down the valley in a torrent of foam. It swept by us like a stampede, uprooting trees, and sucking away the bank with its backwash. The river rose eighteen feet by night; there had been a cloudburst in the mountains. Sometimes men do not reach the shore in time, and water-logged dugouts are seen floating in the backwater of the pools.

These are all little things to be sure, but they have a habit of recurring when one least expects them. In time, of course, I took them for granted and instinctively guarded against them; but in the meantime they had bred a subconscious fear of the jungle—the great generic thing that had given them birth and could produce millions more like them every hour.

ALTHOUGH a man may become hardened to these things, a woman never does. I have seen the wives of some of the young officers who go out on jungle patrol. For several days before a husband's return his wife can scarcely sleep or eat; and at dawn on the day of his arrival she is standing on the bank of the river watching the bend above, hoping and praying that his dugout will come down again once more.

There are men who cannot face the jungle alone. Love it as they may, they cannot stand up against it without the occasional relief that companionship affords. In Poeroek-Tjahoe they told me of the recent death of an elderly captain over on the Mahakam River. This captain, they said, was unmarried, and was bivouacked twenty days away from the outpost of the nearest white man, a young lieutenant. They were the only white men in this vast section of the jungle, and were close friends.

One day a dugout of Malays came down the river, and brought up at the captain's bivouac. Lying in the bottom beneath the shade of a rattan mat was the lieutenant, shrunken to a skeleton and delirious with fever. He died that night.

The captain sat awake by the body all that night and the next day, eating nothing. That evening, an equatorial storm broke loose, and the river became a pounding, foaming flood of muddy water. Very methodically the captain shaved, brushed his hair, and carefully put on his best uniform. Then he buckled on his sword, and sat beside the body until morning.

The river was rising to its height when he called his four best soldiers and told them to prepare the large dugout. They refused, knowing that to travel in such a river was certain death. At the point of his revolver, however, the dugout was manned by the four Malays, and, once released from the shore, it sped downstream like an arrow. The captain, silent and magnificent in his dress uniform, stood in the bow, his eyes fixed straight ahead. At the first rapids the dugout dipped under a wave and disappeared. By some miracle all the natives reached the bank safely; but the captain had given himself to the jungle that he had fought and loved, but could not face alone.

THE constant dangers of the jungle breed a philosophy of fatalism in the white man. He never knows when he is going to die. He may be stung by a scorpion, or bitten by a bush snake; a native whom he has angered may send a poisoned dart into his neck. Traveling up the river, an equatorial flood may sweep down around a bend and destroy the dugout and all its occupants; traveling down the river, the rapids may dash him against the great boulders and send him into the whirlpools. Any one of a thousand things may take his life. He never knows when the end is coming. Through sheer recklessness he builds up courage to hold the jungle at bay.

At the headwaters of the Barito River I came upon such a man—a Dutch lieutenant bivouacked with his patrol of Javanese convicts and Malay soldiers. He was nearing the end of his patrol in the jungle, and if the moon had come to earth he could not have been more surprised than he was to see me. We were perhaps the first two white men ever in the center of the Borneo land of the snake-eaters.

This man, still in his middle thirties, was the virtual king of an immense realm of jungle. For upward of eight years he had been living among the head-hunting tribes, trying to keep peace among them, bringing them to justice, and laying down the law. A thatched hut on the river bank was his castle, but in it he demanded respect as an Oriental emperor.

One night, by the light of pitch torches, I sat behind him while he squatted on a rattan mat in singlet and cotton drawers before a half-circle of forty-three tattooed head-hunters. All of them were armed with long knives, and their black eyes glistened like oil in the flickering light. One of them had been convicted of an offense, and was receiving his penalty.

Talking all at once, his friends tried to help him by concocting alibis, endeavoring to confuse the facts of the case. Now and then they broke into several different dialects, hoping to reach the ear of their comrade alone. But the lieutenant knew all the dialects, and his voice boomed over their heads in the same tongue, reprimanding them for trying to make a fool of him. They cowered before him like beaten dogs—forty-three against one!

He knew that his life in the jungle was

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"Come on! *Please!* Let's go this once!"

BUT NO. She is "too tired"—as usual. It's little episodes like this—repeated again and again—that wreck marriages. And so often the woman who "fails to stay young with her husband" has only herself to blame.

Neglect, or misunderstanding, of the delicate problems of feminine hygiene so often leads to inertia, premature old age and needlessly unhappy marriage.

Yet there is no mystery about feminine hygiene, as there was a generation ago. The correct information and simple rules about it are contained in the booklet pictured below. It is offered to you free by the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Its author is a woman physician who puts her sound professional advice in frank, understandable language. Simply send the coupon. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

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as uncertain as the weather, and he realized the utter futility of trying to be cautious and be king. He did things in bold strokes, and laughed at the consequences. If the jungle wanted him, the jungle could take him. As long as there was life within him he *would* be regal.

With his little handful of superstitious, Dyak-fearing Malays, he tracked down head-hunters, entered their villages, and cowed them through sheer will-power. The fear of him was felt for hundreds of miles, and when the word went forth that he wanted a certain man for head-hunting or stealing, that man often gave himself up rather than be hunted down.

I never saw him carry his dugout around a rapids. With his crew of selected Dyak paddlers he sped like an express train to the very lip of the roaring white water, stood up to have a look, and then let her go. The natives, powerful and quick as leopards, twisted the craft through with their broad paddles, and knocked off the tops of the leaping waves, singing wildly and shouting that they had killed the river ghost. The lieutenant always got through, yet he never knew when he would see white water for the last time.

He had a brilliant mind, but it had begun to decay in the jungle. Forced to depend upon his ears and eyes for his salvation, his mind had gradually adapted itself to those problems. The question of whether or not Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays was insignificant compared to what caused a certain crackle in the underbrush; and the problems of national armament or the five-cent fare were positively laughable. How much more important were the curious machinations of the Dyak mind; how much more compelling was the problem of food?

ADVENTURE? No man of this type will ever tell you that there has been an adventure in his life. What excitement is there about surviving one Dyak attack after another, or coming through the rapids alive day after day? It means just that much more fighting against the jungle until one is eventually taken. Life means very little, for he sees it born and destroyed regardless of value. It is a constant battle, and the living of it is painful. It is only by conquering it that he can exult.

But try to convince one of these men that he ought to leave! In Poeroek-Tjahoe I met an officer who talked repeatedly of the time when his term of service would be ended, and he would go North, where the breezes were fresh and cool, where the sun was not poisonous, and where one could see white people in any number. Suddenly, as if to test him, word came that he was to be transferred to a northern post. I have never seen a man more disheartened. His life's work, he said, would be ended. Then he became angry and talked to his superior officer. He convinced him that he was needed in the jungle, and that no other man could handle his work. Of course he stayed; they all stay.

And it takes that kind of man to survive in the jungle. He must have a touch of feldspar in him to hold his own. The jungle is always encroaching, never sleeping. Day and night it grows on, to cover the land and meet the sea from whence it sprang. Cut down a tree, and three more grow up in its place. Make a clearing in the forest, and in two weeks it is covered by foliage. Kill an animal, and a million poisonous insects are bred; have pity, and you die. The white man lives by striving to conquer, and it is the conquest that kills him.

THERE is a sadness about the people of the jungles; a sadness that only those of us who pity our ancestors and have progressed from superstition into reason can begin to see or appreciate. It was only after I had felt the influence of the jungle myself that I began to realize how utterly hopeless it is for the Dyak ever to rise above his present level of intelligence. I had seen my own Malay and Javanese coolies gradually "go Dyak." I had my most trusted soldier, who was reared in a mission school and professed Christianity, cry out in the night that the river ghost was drowning him. I had seen his eyes burn bright with the fever of superstition, and I had caught a strange expression in his face as we watched a witch-doctor dancing in a Dyak village. He began to drink blood for strength, and three months later, in Poeroek-Tjahoe he sneaked off into the jungle to find a medicine man. It was pathetic to see the jungle overwhelm this man and take him in, body and soul. It was thrilling to realize, as my pulses pounded with the drums at a head-hunting dance, that, with a few superfluous brain cells torn from my head, I might easily "go Dyak" myself.

The Dyak is as much a part of the jungle as any wild plant. He has the jungle's silence, its treachery, and its incomprehensibility. He ministers to it like a vassal, understanding its moods, and thinking of it as Creation itself. I think if a Dyak should stand motionless in the jungle, he would begin to take root. Lianas would drop from his shoulders, ants crawl across his feet, and birds and monkeys scamper through the tangles of his hair. Unlike the white man, he does not live and die by conquest; he lives by submission.

You say that I have given only the brutal and unlovely side of the jungle, and so I have. I have given you the rough surface that takes the veneer of civilization from a man in three months, and leaves him an animal. But there is truly another side, beautiful and compelling, that haunts the imagination of every man who has known it—nights when the air is rich and cool, scented with the subtle odors of wild hyacinth and poengoen blossoms, and tingling with the hum of insect life. A fish splashes in the river, and leaves widening phosphorescent circles; far off an orang-utan howls at the moon like a lost man calling for help. Along the shadowed mud banks the wild boar grunt lustily in their feeding, nose the air, and scamper into the undergrowth like rabbits.

There are nights in the Dyak villages when the medicine drums thud throughout the jungle to drive away the devils of the bewitched; when legends of flying ghosts are told by old men with ivory in their ears, and stories of tribal wars and feuds and head-hunting victories roll from the tongues of the young bloods. There are beautiful nights when the warriors dance like peacocks in the flickering torchlight, when the women bend and sway to the intoxicating rhythms of an organ-like music, and the medicine-man claws the earth. This is the wild beauty of the jungle, caught by a half-mad race.

The evening before I began my return to civilization, I was sitting quietly upon the river bank watching an old man making fish cord from shredded wood, when the sound of a gamelan boomed from the village across the river. In deep, methodical beats the drumming leaped from the distant huts, held with a numbing vibrance in the air, and became the undertone of a second time-worn booming. In it there was the feeling of centuries of seasoned wood, the lumbrous, revolving cycle of jungle life, and all the savage imagery of death. If the coppery clouds of a thunderstorm were touched with a mallet they would give forth just such a sound. Faster they came, to a barbaric measure, almost a tune. Then slowly, and more slowly, with a tireless deliberation, until the jungle was flooded with the sound and exuded it reluctantly, stealthily, long after the drumming had ceased.

Almost immediately from the huts behind me, women and girls dressed in their finest clothes descended the notched logs and walked to the trails at the edge of the clearing. They were awaiting the nightly return of their men from the paddy fields.

FOR perhaps a half-hour I sat quietly, my ears eager for the dull chunking of paddles, the pattering of feet upon wet clay. My eye caught a lean dog slipping past the supports of a hut with a noiseless wolf trot. To the left, three women, leaning forward under the weight of children which they carried on their backs, were beginning to ascend the notched log of a hut. A man with a heavy pack on his back and carrying a spear lancewise followed in the company of several trotting dogs. From the openings in the jungle four more dusky figures stooped forward, paced by dogs, followed by dogs. They passed unconcerned, and still others came into the clearing. From the left, from the right; from up the river bank and from every opening in the forest they slipped unnoticed, like evening flights of wild geese.

Smoke began to drift out from the sides of the huts, and with the sudden darkness, flames leaping high within, silhouetted figures that moved about slowly, half-stooping, half-crawling, like beasts in a cave. Except for the occasional yelp of a dog the village was still. The jungle held the silence, and I was alone.

No, the white man will not conquer the jungle.

"WHAT'S THAT ON MARS!" There's something, all right, and Dr. W. H. Pickering, one of the greatest of astronomers specializing on this planet, tells you about it next month. He offers an explanation of the so-called "canals" on the red planet, tells of designs that have appeared in the Martian vegetation, and concludes by saying that "life on Mars is almost certain!"

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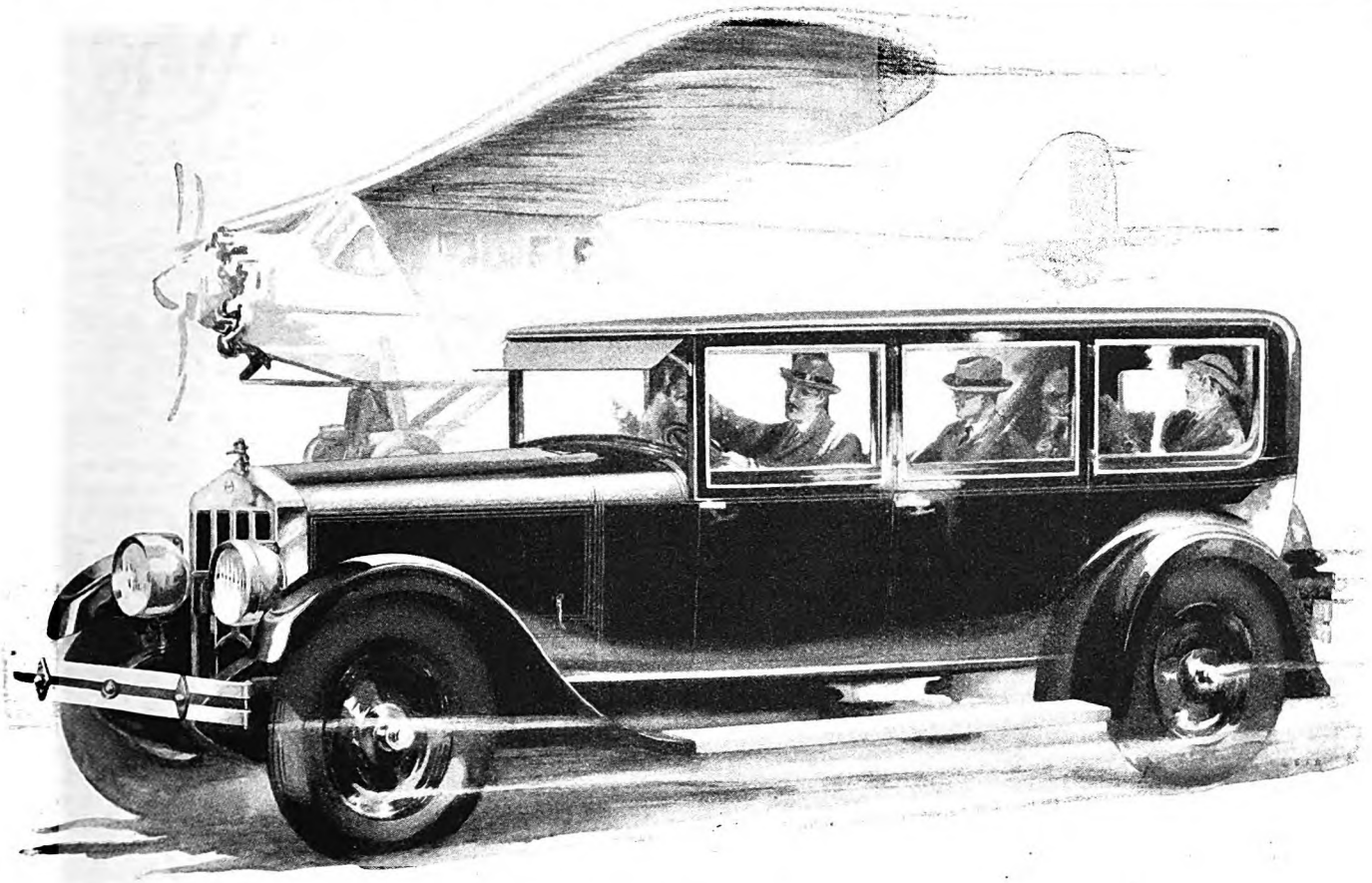

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Airman *Series*

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You've Got to Rub People the Right Way

(*Continued from page 19*)

that they would be unbearable, and moments of depression so deep that we never could climb out had we not learned to laugh. We all need as keen a sense of humor as the man who watched all his savings, in the shape of a fine building, burn to the ground a few hours after the insurance had lapsed. Looking down on the smoking ruins he laughed. A bystander who knew that the man's whole fortune had vanished, asked in surprise,

"'What on earth are you laughing at?'

"'Well,' said the bankrupt man, 'it's so absolutely complete!'

"That's the brand of humor that makes things go. That and optimism. I believe in being an optimist. The only optimist that is a menace is the one who does his believing without any accompanying work. I also believe in luck. Without doubt luck is a factor in every man's life; but the thing that endures and comes through is not luck.

"Some years ago, when I was superintendent on the Erie, a young man came to me applying for a position. He was a stranger and had no introduction of any kind. I liked him the minute I saw him.

"'I'm a graduate of Penn State College,' he announced, 'and am just out. Here's my diploma. I haven't a cent, in fact I'm in debt. My mother is partly dependent on me. I want a job.'

"I looked him over. A well-set-up, cheerful young chap.

"'I'm sorry,' I said honestly; 'but I haven't a thing open that would suit you.'

"He shook his head.

"'You don't get me,' he said. 'I want *work;* you must have something.'

"'Will you take a pick and shovel and work on a gang?' I asked.

"'Sure will,' he replied. I gave him a paper to the foreman of the gang. The next morning before seven he passed my house with the pick and shovel on his shoulder. I asked about him after two weeks. He was a fine workman. In a few weeks more he was foreman of a gang. He worked for a year and a half, during which he was promoted several times. Then he came to me again.

"'I'm out of debt and I've saved some,' he said. 'I want to be a surgeon. If I can be assured that if anything happens to me my mother will be safe, I'll quit here and work my way through medical college. I'll be back during vacations.'

"We managed a plan so that he was freed from anxiety as to his mother, and he went to Philadelphia. Every vacation he was back, taking the first job vacant. If he was asked to dig ditches, he dug them. He never welshed. I have no idea where that man is now. But he became a surgeon, and one thing I am certain of, *he's a good surgeon.* Luck? I suppose he was lucky that I gave him that first job. But it wasn't luck that pulled him through."

IT HAS not been luck that has made the prosperity of the Lehigh Valley Railroad during the ten years that President Loomis has been its head. Indeed, for the first five years of his administration the only luck on the horizon was bad luck. He came to the presidency in 1917, a year when every effort was being made to ship enough goods from this country to war-ridden Europe. In January, 1918, his road passed under government control and was operated as a unit of a general system. In 1920, when it was returned to private management, there followed the trainmen's strike, the miners' strike, and the shopcraft strike. As the Lehigh Valley in those days depended for half of its freight upon the coal mines, the miners' strike affected the road profoundly.

Loomis spent his energies in developing new freight possibilities to help the road to keep running. He was so successful in this that of the eight roads most affected by the coal strikes, the Lehigh Valley probably suffered the least. In 1922, when post-war conditions settled to a more placid level, he was at last able to put into practice a cherished plan of administration, one that is said to be without parallel in railroad running.

Long before he came to the Lehigh Valley Loomis had decided that the day of the empire builder had passed. The efficient railroad man of the future would not, he believed, be the one who built a road through the wilderness but the man who turned his attention to the *internal* workings of his organization. The need of the future would be for managers of men, not for courageous and hardy pioneers.

BUT with the growth of the roads and the increasingly large numbers of employees there had grown a habit of handling men en masse, taking them in and throwing them out when they proved unfit, much in the manner that the mechanical parts of the road were handled. The remedy for this, Loomis believed, was close touch with every individual worker, and the employment of men as leaders who were capable and sympathetic leaders.

"When I was a young man and had just started on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western," he told me, "I was put in charge of its anthracite properties. I didn't know much about anthracite at that time, but I had some experience in managing men. There was one mine where the driver boys struck every few days. I looked up their boss. He was a good man, regular, hard worker, sober, honest, forceful, and he knew his job thoroughly. Yet we lost time and money every week because of the striking boys. After two weeks I transferred the boss to a place where he worked by and for himself. I put in his place a man less capable and who knew how to handle boys. From that day there were no more strikes, and the work speeded up.

"*It does not matter how able a man is, how thoroughly he knows his job, or how hard he works, he cannot be a first-class leader unless he rubs people the right way.* I am well aware that there are many men who are now the heads of large organizations who do not rub people the right way, but I maintain that they detract from their achievements by their lack of popularity.

"You can't," says Loomis, "rub people the right way unless you know them well; and to know them well you must be in close touch with them."

It is on this policy that the organization of twenty-two thousand employees of the Lehigh Valley Railroad is built. For Loomis to know so many employees personally and intimately was obviously impossible, so he created seven new jobs upon the road, one for each of its divisions. These places carried the title "supervisor of employment," and for them he selected employees who were characterized as leaders of men from his own standpoint—that of getting along with a minimum of friction and keeping up with standards of work. The seven men appointed had served in various capacities. One had been a yardmaster, one a telegrapher, another a trainmaster, another an assistant chief clerk, and three had been supervisors or superintendents of departments. Loomis called these men his "fingers," because their sole duty was to keep in touch with the employees on their divisions, and with the men in the vicinity who might become employees of the road. The president directed the experiment in person. He carefully coached the seven men. What he said to them was unusual:

"When you ask questions of an applicant for a position make him believe that you want to help him, rather than find out how much he does or does not know.

"As far as possible, become the firm friend and adviser of all men on your division. Listen to them sympathetically, try to understand their problems, and aid them in every way possible.

"If a man is not happy in his work, he will not do good work. He will not progress and the company likewise will suffer. It costs a lot to train new men, and they are expensive until they get educated to their positions, which emphasizes the importance of obtaining the right men for the right jobs. Applicants should be aided in deciding which branch of the service they want to follow. Your experience should be of great help to them in this respect.

"It is the contented employee who makes a good railroad."

THUS primed, the new supervisors started out upon their duties. They never employed or discharged men; their capacity was purely advisory. And it was understood that any employee of the road could take any problem to his supervisor. In addition to their personal touch, Loomis arranged that the operating superintendent of every division should interview a number of employees every week, and write a detailed report every week to the General Manager. Loomis has read those reports for five years. When necessary he sends a personal letter in reply to any problem.

A man taken on the Lehigh Valley, no matter how humble his position, is introduced to his fellow workers, and they are specifically asked to look out for him as a new man.

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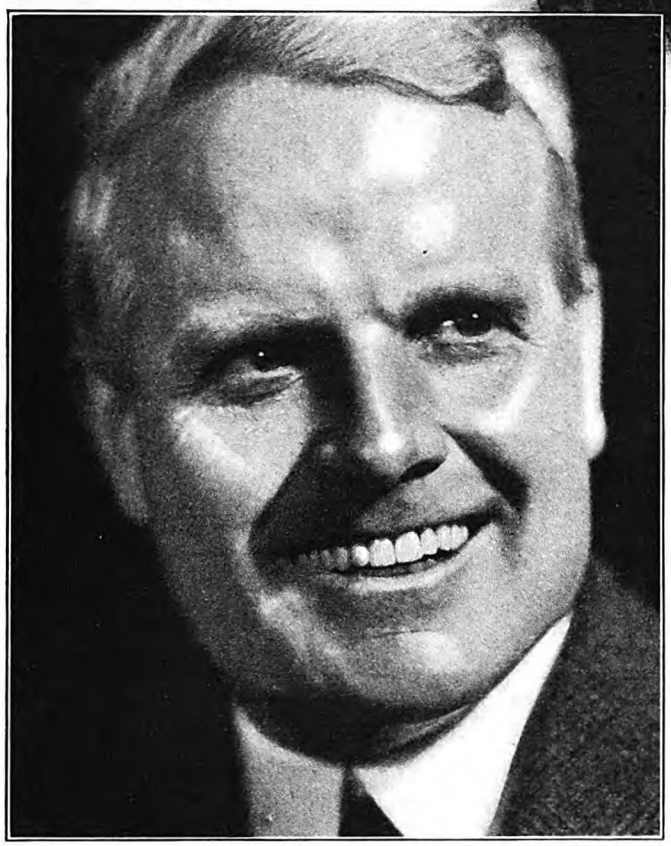
At Fourteen *and at* Forty *the same attractive* SMILE



Glowing with *Healthy* *Lustrous* TEETH

How many can boast that* their *teeth have stood the test of time

IN years to come, what kind of teeth will your smile disclose?

Gleaming teeth, sound teeth, unspoiled, attractive teeth?

If you are anxious to preserve the flash and charm of your smile, to keep it bright and wholesome as long as you live, take this one simple precaution:

Protect the health and soundness of your teeth by the proven methods only. In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file. Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentist for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. Our chemists made countless experiments; we interviewed the leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean the teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because the testimony of leading dental authorities today sustains the original principle that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

Colgate & Co., Dept 201-A
595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

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There are other phases of the Loomis plan which are too detailed to be described in a short article. The gist of it is here. For five years it has been consistently followed, and for five years Loomis has traveled continuously on the road, keeping in as frequent touch with the men as he possibly can. "My office," he says, "is on wheels." The results are remarkable.

The workers, free to talk with someone not directly over them, have figured largely in the nature of the developments. They asked for and got the first participating group insurance on any road. They have their own savings-fund society, backed by the road. They asked for an old building at the main shop center, Sayre, Pennsylvania, to be used as a social center. Loomis gave them the building and the materials with which to improve it, with the understanding that the work was to be done by the men out of hours.

This building and others at various other shop centers along the road have developed as social and study centers. The employees have formed all kinds of social organizations, orchestras, clubs, and athletic associations. To meet expressed needs a cafeteria was started at the Sayre Building. It is run by the employees on a coöperative basis, and is in charge of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Because the workers wanted them, there have been classes in foreman training, held under the Department of Engineering Extension of the State College of Pennsylvania.

THE significant thing about these movements is that they were not imposed or suggested by the road but by the men who work on it. The road sanctions them and helps if needed, but, by far, most of the undertakings are self-sustaining. The results in the internal workings of the company have been so to develop the employees as to make a smooth-functioning machine that stands out as noteworthy. If a man on the Lehigh Valley has a grievance, he takes it to his supervisor. There is in the Loomis plan a committee to which grievances, which cannot be satisfactorily adjusted, are to be referred. It has never been called upon to act!

As the intimate talks between superintendents and employees went on and the employment supervisors became friends with the men, there came about an understanding of the problems met by the road, and of their relation to them. In essence it was simple: If the road prospered through efficient running and sufficient business, the men prospered. If the road was hard up, they would be out of work. That law governs any business.

The men on the Lehigh Valley realized their responsibility to the road. They wanted to hold their jobs. They liked them. The first move was made by the Ladies' Auxiliary at Sayre, wives and daughters and mothers of the men on the road.

These women set about boosting the road and soliciting business for it from the merchants and tradesmen with whom they dealt. Employees followed their example. In some cases they have issued local publicity material, writing the copy and distributing it among themselves. A fair sample of this work is the following, written and distributed by the Maintenance of Equipment Association and the Athletic Association at the Sayre Shop:

Steady Employment on the Lehigh Valley

To Fellow Employees:

The first step in our campaign to keep L. V. R. R. employees steadily at work was a letter to all shippers and receivers of goods in this vicinity, urging them to use L. V. R. R. lines as much as possible in all their movements of freight.

The next step is squarely up to every man employed by the L. V. R. R., for "The Lord helps those that help themselves." You can be of great assistance in keeping yourself and fellow employees at work if you will earnestly strive to carry out the following suggestions:

1. Be loyal to the Lehigh Valley, not only in your work, but by telling of its unexcelled service and advantages to all travelers and shippers whom you meet.
2. Buy your coal, food, and merchandise from those who ship and receive freight over the Lehigh Valley.
3. Urge your friends to patronize the merchants and business men who ship via the Lehigh Valley.
4. Tell your merchants that over one half of the freight charges they pay are paid out in wages, and so benefit them.
5. Be saving in your work and time. Efficient labor and careful use of material means more money for the company to spend on the great amount of work always waiting to be done.

Your coöperation in carrying out these suggestions will insure steady employment and prosperous conditions for all.

There are no bonuses paid for business thus secured, no commissions. The workers feel that they are a part of the road and that their reward will come through it.

With the growth of a working organization that consciously set out to obtain business, as well as improve itself, how could the Lehigh Valley fail to forge ahead? In 1917, when Loomis took charge, the operating revenues in a year when the road was rushed with war-time traffic were $53,000,000. In 1926 they were $80,000,000. The stock has almost doubled in value. Incidentally, this road was one of the first to sell stock to its employees, and many of them, particularly the Veterans' Association, which is a group of three thousand employees who have been with the road twenty years or more, own stock.

WHAT kind of man is this Loomis who has developed a singularly intelligent organization of workers, who are bound firmly together in loyalty to the road they serve? Whence have come his unusual ideas? I could get little from him concerning his boyhood.

"That part of my life has hardly any bearing on the present," he said. "What matters has happened since I began to work. Mine is no hard-luck story and I never suffered privation. My childhood was very comfortable and so was my youth."

Yet Loomis has made himself. He went to work because he wanted to work, and he climbed step by step to his present position. In addition to his presidency of the Lehigh Valley he is ex-officio its chairman of the Board of Directors, and to these duties he adds those of a directorship in forty-five other companies.

He comes of Connecticut Yankee stock, and his forbears came over in 1638, settling at Windsor, Connecticut. From there the younger members of the family migrated to what is now Herkimer County, New York. There they farmed, ably, so that each succeeding generation was better off than the preceding one.

When Edward Eugene Loomis was born his father owned several farms and the family was what in those days was called "well-to-do." He spent a happy, care-free boyhood and a happy, care-free youth. He went to private schools, played about a good deal socially and had a royal good time. While staying in New York with a cousin of his own age, and enjoying distinction as a cotillion leader, he suddenly decided to go to work.

A friend got him a job as clerk in the office of the New York attorney of the Denver and Rio Grande. He began to read law. But before long he knew that he was more interested in the railroad end of the business than the legal end. From the law office he went to the Erie, as a clerk, rising eventually to chief clerkship to the general manager, in charge of thirty men. All of these were white-collar jobs in a day when getting ahead on a road meant beginning in the operating field. Loomis was fascinated by the railroad game. He intended to get ahead in it; but he saw no reason why the white-collar end was not as good an end to start with as any other. He still holds that opinion.

"A stenographer to a superintendent offers as good an opportunity as a boy can have," he said. "He can study management right there. He has to transmit orders. He learns in a small way how to tell men what to do. He has presumably a good example before him every day. A clerkship is not a dead place when a live man is in it."

IN 1894 Loomis graduated from the office into the superintendency of the Tioga Division of the Erie, with his headquarters at Elmira, his territory including also the coal and lumber properties at Arnot. He had managed clerks well for several years, but it was as superintendent that he demonstrated dramatically, as told in the beginning of this article, his ability to handle men.

He spent five years as superintendent of that division. During his first year he wanted a leave of absence to visit his family, and he went to the man directly over him and asked for a vacation. The general superintendent, a veteran of the road, looked at him with stern suspicion.

"Young man," he said, "you have a busy division which needs constant supervision. I've not taken a vacation in twenty years."

Loomis held his ground. As he says frankly, "I never duck." He doesn't; but his manner is very gentle, so gentle as to be disarming. He smiled at the old man who stood before him, and said respectfully but firmly:

"Well, sir, I can't help it; but I've a theory that it's a pretty poor superintendent who has an organization he can't leave for two weeks." His eyes twinkled, and after a moment's stare the older man capitulated.

"Son," he said, "I've an idea you're right. I'm going to take a vacation myself and find out."

Loomis believes in acting just the same with all conditions of men and with all ages. "Older men like to be treated on

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Me— I like a *pipe*

I DON'T attempt to speak for others. But as for *me,* I like a pipe . . . a pipe packed to the rim with good old P. A. What a dish *that* is for a pipe-hungry man! An easy chair, a newspaper, and a pipe-load of the grandest tobacco that just ever was. Say!

Are you one of those who feel that the joys of a pipe are not for you? "Tried it" and all that? Then let me urge you to try again. It's all a matter of clicking the right combination—a pipe and Prince Albert. You scent success in that first fragrant whiff.

And when you pack the bowl and apply the match, you break out in a smile that all P. A. smokers know. You've found your smoke . . . and your brand. How cool and sweet this long-burning tobacco is. What a marvelous taste it has. Pipe-load after pipe-load. Morning to midnight. Great!

No matter how fast and frequent you fill and puff, Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Men who were pipe-shy say Prince Albert is the one brand they can smoke and enjoy, seven days running. Get out that old pipe. Give it a new deal with P. A.!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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your level and so do younger ones," he says. "I naturally talk the same way to everyone, but I believe in it as a policy."

In 1899 there was need of a man to whip into shape a certain section of the New York, Susquehanna and Western. Loomis was selected for the job. The employees there were unhappy and rebellious. In six months' time the railroad was running smoothly, and Loomis was promoted by being sent to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western as superintendent. In 1902 he became vice president and member of the board of managers, and held this office until he became president of the Lehigh Valley.

His vice presidency in the Lackawanna will long be remembered because of one unusual contribution: Loomis has great natural ability in designing and sketching. Many of the most artistic passenger stations of that road were built from his original sketches. On both the Lackawanna and the Lehigh Valley he has insisted upon order in stations and shops, in an absence of litter, and in beautifying even the yards with flowers. His passion for flowers has become a personal hobby, and at his farm near Murray Hill, New Jersey, he has extensive greenhouses and raises fine roses.

IN ALL of his moving about, Loomis has made a point of leaving the force intact and working with the new organization as he found it. In one mining company where he was sent, as he says, "to whip it into shape," he spent an entire month getting acquainted. It was easy. Every man who headed a department had a grievance to air concerning another department and he was delighted to tell it to Loomis. At the end of the month Loomis assembled the heads of all departments.

"The only trouble with this organization," he said, "is that you are each interested only in your own department. You are here to work, not for a department, but for a company. No results worth while can come from a quarrelsome organization. You can bury your differences, start afresh, or present your resignations as you leave this room."

Nobody presented a resignation. In six weeks the new spirit of coöperation had completely changed the organization. And the heads had become friends.

"One of the biggest troubles a mining or a railroad head has in promoting men," said Loomis, "is with the men who have worked their way up. I know this applies to my own industry. I think it applies in many others. Some men feel resentful if the other fellow finds an easy way up the ladder. The chap who started at the bottom can't forget all the hard knocks he got en route, and instinctively he expects those working for him to be prepared to take them too. Generally, it is difficult to convince him that times have changed, that handling labor twenty years ago is quite different from what it is now. To-day, if a man wants to succeed as a leader, he must make his men like him. He must have their respect, and he can get that only by fair treatment and a firm hand. Men like discipline. They have the common sense to know that only by discipline can results be accomplished. And any worker, high or low, wants to be a part of a going concern."

SO MANY PEOPLE mistake book-learning for education that it is extremely refreshing and enlightening to read an article which clearly sets forth the difference between these two. Next month in "Does Your Mind Hit on All Its Cylinders?" Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, defines the truly educated man. A list of questions, specially prepared by Doctor Robinson, will enable you to discover whether you are educating yourself or merely getting by.

The Old Way and the New Way to Teach Children

(*Continued from page 57*)

are so much the richer, their intelligence keener, and their powers mightier.

The school is open, and life flows through like a vitalizing current. What good is a light that serves nobody? It is not enough that a child rig up a light and see it shine. Before the experience is complete, before it can truly enrich the child, that light must stand to him as a symbol of common need and common fulfillment. The little school job must tie up to the big outside job. It must convey the savor of life, if it is truly to educate him. And there lies the heart of the new education.

JUST when it seems that the class has about exhausted the subject for the time, the teacher calls the electric company and a big truck backs up to the door and unloads a moving picture story of electric lighting. The picture tells its story clearly and dramatically, but the teacher manages to slip in a helpful word now and then.

"We will show you how we make and store power," says he, and the show is on.

The lights flash out and the pictures flash in. There is a skyscraping building full of great rooms, where countless wheels are turning and workers coming and going. The huge dynamos whirr; the twinkling brushes are like greedy rivers, so fast do they sweep, the great containers are like huge ovens, ready to swallow any number of genii. The magic is stored, waiting the touch of a childish finger to free it for miracles beside which the wonders of Aladdin's lamp would pale.

"When we need light," explains the teacher, "we release this power in the way you are all familiar with. We'll show you what happens in the power-house when a big storm threatens to darken the city and make us all stop work in the daytime."

The children gaze spellbound at the picture before them. Great thunderheads loom in the western sky. High on the power-house is the storm detector and the signal man who reads its message. It marks the coming storm and the watchman signals the rooms below. Instantly they quiver with life. The wheels fly faster, and workers go here and there on important errands.

Darker and darker grows the sky; lightning cuts the dark cloud masses; the wind, advance rider of the storm, kicks up little puffs of dust, sends papers and dead leaves swirling high. "It's a big one," signals the watcher. "Turn on an extra line." More wheels turn; more workers take on added speed; more magic is stored.

The storm comes nearer. People quicken their steps; housekeepers haul in their clothes-lines; storekeepers furl their awnings and make them fast. A stenographer in an office high above the street snatches at her flying papers and slams down the window. A splash of rain like the smudge of a giant's hand across the face of the sky blots out the sky line, and the last glimmer of sunlight goes. Then a million fingers push a million buttons, and a flood of light sweeps the streets and shops of the darkened city. It is as though the sun shone through the storm. The children sit back and smile in satisfaction. The answer had come out right.

BUT the experience must be brought still closer. Next week the truck backs up again, this time unloading coils of wire and boxes and steel cabinets and a clutter of interesting things. "I showed you how we stored and used the current for lighting," the teacher says. "Now to-day we'll harness the power and use it."

Such a hitching and unhitching of batteries and wires, such testing and adjusting of this and that never was seen in any school save those of the newer way. Toasters and hot pads, lights and heaters, flatirons, vacuum cleaners, bells, radios, telephones—all the household equipment is here to show itself off to the admiring youngsters.

The teacher smilingly helps them experiment with the harnessed current, shows them how not to blow the fuse out, by blowing one out with a convincing bang. He lets them make all the connections he has made, so they get the feel of the electricity in their fingers and elbows, where it ought to be. Mine, you remember, was all in my notebook. At last the children can think of no more questions, no more stunts, and they help the teacher take down the wires and pack the boxes and load the truck.

"And now," says the class teacher, "I think we're about ready for the test."

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A GOOD RESOLUTION

—"to use nothing but Firestone Tires throughout the coming year!" Let the family enjoy the safety advantages of Gum-Dipped Balloons and the freedom from trouble that their use insures. To the woman at the wheel Firestone Tires are essential to full enjoyment of driving. She revels in the comfort of the ride, confident that the wide, non-skid tread will hold in any road or boulevard — assured of freedom from slip, skid, or slide. She has the sure control of wheel and brake, so invaluable in heavy going. Let the nearest Firestone Dealer give you the benefit of his experience in tires. He will tell you why Gum-Dipped Balloons deliver added safety and luxurious riding with the long mileage which will produce a big saving in your budget. See him today.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . Harvey S. Firestone

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But how shall a lesson like this be tested? How can one measure the educational profit from a series of experiences such as this brief study of electricity has offered? It is all very well to interest and amuse the children, delightful to watch them stringing their bells and batteries and lights, and making the wheels go 'round, but what has it meant to them in terms of personal power stored for future need?

Under the old régime, the teacher made out ten questions and the children answered them as well as they could. Their success depended upon what sort of questions the teacher asked, and that again depended upon how he felt at the time, what he knew best, what he liked best, what he wanted to correct, what he thought the class knew best, or, if he had a hypertrophied conscience, what would be most difficult for them.

He corrected them on the same wide basis. If he felt generous, he marked that way; if he felt hard and bitter, he marked that way. If he liked the pupil, that counted; and if he didn't, that counted too. One never knew what to expect from a test. Who at one time or other hasn't felt aggrieved at a teacher's marks?

By using the standard achievement tests, the personality of the teacher is left out of the testing. If the people who have been earnestly searching for newer and better ways of helping children to learn had done no more than establish these tests, they might well consider their search repaid in this great contribution of the growth of childhood's intelligence and power.

These tests are a set of standardized questions that represent what the great number of children of the same age and grade can accomplish under ordinary conditions. They have been compiled only after the most careful experiment and analysis of result. "This," says the teacher, "is what the boys and girls of this country can do on this job. Now let's see how you measure up to them."

The children accept the challenge as perfectly fair. They have the notion that they can do as well as any other children can do, and a little bit better. They take their test sheets and fill them out to the best of their ability. By and by, the teacher gives them an answer sheet with a key and they correct their papers.

The test has become an educational experience. The child has searched his mind for what it contains, compares the result with the standard and with that of his classmates, and is informed about himself.

THE old way put the responsibility for the teaching and the learning and the rating upon the teacher. The test was entirely the teacher's. He made the questions, he corrected the answers, he rated the papers, he recorded the marks in his book, and the pupil got the result in the form of a letter on his report card. The mark on the card was all he got out of the whole performance. Most of the time he never knew what mistakes he had made, and so never profited by them. The basis of the rating, the interpretation of it, its relations to him and his work were the teacher's secret.

It is an old and outworn viewpoint that permits a teacher to say, "Your marks are my private records." "Do what I tell you, and never mind why." "You keep out of this. I'm doing it." "Never mind what comes after this, you'll know when you get it." That means that the work is the teacher's. The will that rides to action is the teacher's. The school revolves about the teacher, and the child is a small pale moon that shines with the cool reflected light of the teacher's zeal.

The new way is better. The child may know his plan of work. He may discuss it with the teacher and organize it in the most economical fashion for his purpose. He has a chance to exercise his own intelligence upon his work and to bring in his neighbor if he feels he needs him. Education is becoming a social matter, and childhood is fast becoming a recognized society with rights and privileges and characteristics of its own. We have come further along the road to a better educational world than we know. How far I had not realized until not long ago an elderly, a massive, woman with the tread of a grenadier offered her services as a teacher in my school.

"I've been out of the system for some years," said she, "and they won't give me my license back again unless I can pass their examination. What do I want of an examination? I can teach. I've had a double A record for years and years.

"Well, I have to substitute around till I get my time in. I hear you have a new school, and I know I'm just the teacher you need for the special class. The toughs, you know. As long as there's a window pole in the room they'll not get by me. I can train Indians if you've got them. Nothing scares me."

"I haven't a class like that," said I. "You see, I couldn't use a teacher of your qualifications, having none of the children you describe."

"Humph. You haven't? You're lucky. I'll miss my guess if you don't need me, or the police, for the crowd I see in this neighborhood, young man. Good day to you." And she strode out as she had entered. But at least the children in my schools were safe from her gentle ministrations.

I would like to believe that all that was unseeing and useless and wrong in school-teaching went with her, but that time has not come yet. Life is not so simple, and school is a cross section of life. However, things are looking up for the children.

A Man With a Face Like Mine Has To Be a Self-Made Man!

(*Continued from page 16*)

would look through the rude, unbeautiful surface to the soul beneath. I hear that is what portrait painters do. So one of them got me to venture inside the studio of Joseph Cummings Chase.

Well, as a barer of my soul Joe turned out to be a fine bass singer. Anyhow, if the thing he bared was my soul I'm going to have to buy a ticket from a scalper to get past St. Peter. No, sir, there wasn't any soul there at all. There was nothing but me. You could look at the portrait—as some people did—and tell right off it was Bud Kelland. There was no deception, not a literary trimming. None of my lovely thoughts and fancies showed through. It was just me, and no more. Even the genius of a Chase couldn't add a jot or the fraction of a tittle to me.

Well, the editors thought maybe it was because the portrait was in oils, and, maybe, if they had one done in charcoal . . . So they commissioned Overhardt to try his hand at it, and to do a profile instead of full face. The idea being they got just half as many eyes and cheeks and ears, so, in any event, that picture couldn't be more than half as bad as the rest. But it turned out differently. Mr. Overhardt concentrated on the one eye and ear and cheek permitted to him, with the result that the picture resembled me twice as much as Mr. Chase's full-face view. A sort of condensed likeness. Putting all my eyes in one socket as it were.

After that, in despair, they had two or three cartoonists tackle the job. No luck. The answer of the editors every time was, "That ain't no caricature, it's a portrait." The idea being that the difference between a caricature and a faithful presentation was so slight as to be unnoticeable. . . . Now they are falling back on printing baby pictures of me, taken in the early eighties, and running captions under them that the above is what an author grows up out of. But they deceive nobody. I show through even at six months.

In other walks of life than authorship my personal appearance has betrayed me. I was once eminent in another field, that of education. I was, for six years, a member of the school board, and for one beautiful and thrilling year president of that body! I live in a wonderful town to be president of the school board in, and no wonder almost everybody prays nightly for the job. During the five years that I was just a common or garden member of the board, and during the one fateful year when I was its president, I so conducted myself as to endear myself to almost every man, woman, and child in Port Washington. My influence over the proletariat was little less than miraculous. Even taxpayers swore by me. . . . Well, at any rate, they swore. . . . All I had to do was propose a measure, to have the voters defeat it; that is how they depended on me to make up their minds for them. Well, the upshot of it was that by now I would have had a statue erected to

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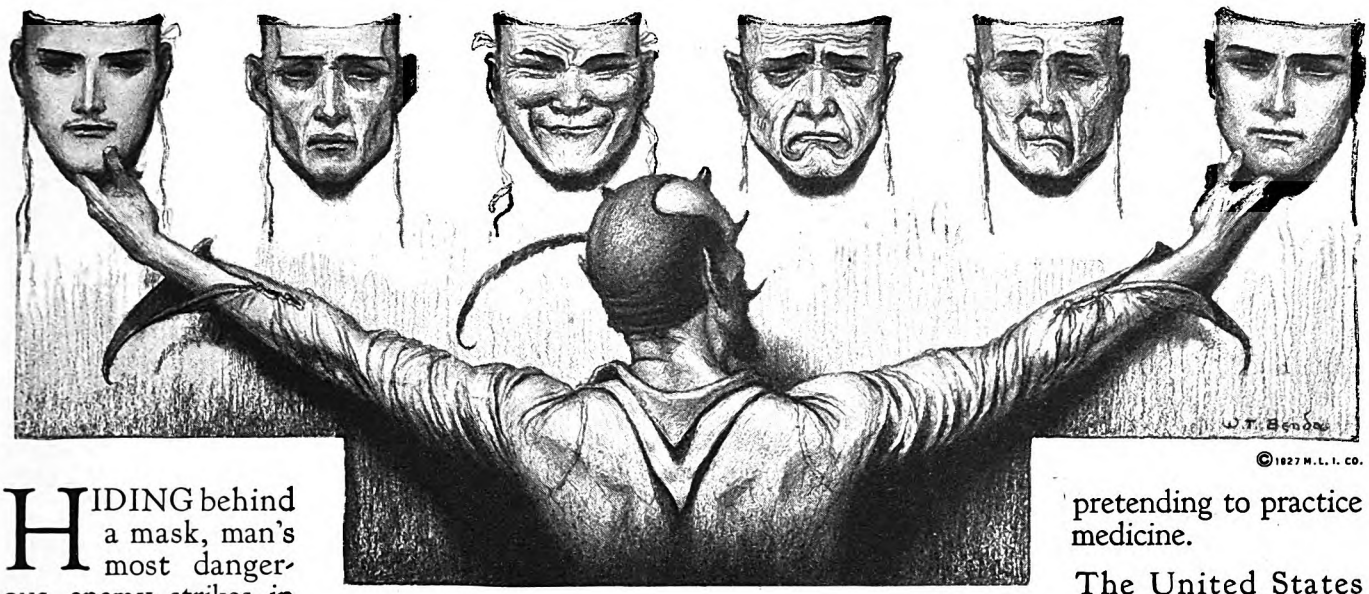

©1927 M.L.I. CO.

HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

The Great Imitator

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily and surely robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organic disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a life-long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans and worse—insidious blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has been allowed to progress beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in plain language to those dependent upon them for education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge wide-spread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 12,000,000 persons in the United States have or at some time have had syphilis.

From 5% to 40% of all the cases in the general hospitals of this country are found to be suffering—directly or indirectly—from this disease. The variance in the figures depends upon the character and location of the hospital.

According to Government statistics, the deaths of 200,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths charged to other causes are actually due to this disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that early infant mortality can be reduced one-half by pre-natal treatment of syphilitic infection.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free of charge, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

me by the Taxpayers' Association if only I had the personal appearance for it. But when it came to that point the populace arose and said, "He doesn't look like the president of the board of education, so he can't have a statue." A few of them, possibly a majority, stated what they thought I did look like; but they never erect statues of that—not even after his term is expired and he is released with a new suit and a five-dollar bill.

THEN there is the matter of committees. What I mean to say is that just because a man can write fiction of the sort an editor who looks like Merle Crowell will buy is no sign he can make a speech. But there are people who think so, and therefore I get invited to address bankers and alumni and boards of commerce and conventions of this and that and the other.

These excellent folks never think to send for a photograph but ask me sight-unseen. Then the committee meets the train to escort me to the hotel. It is always a sad, not to say depressing, sight. Invariably they bustle up to a large, distinguished-looking man and all but kidnap him before they discover he is not I. Generally, he is a plumber on a vacation or a salesman for pills, but he looks as I ought to look. Then, nobody else being left, they turn to me, and it is pitiful the way their faces fall. You can see them nudge each other, and you know what they are saying: "Great heavens! Is this what we draw? And four hundred and thirty-two people waiting to see him!"

You know right off they would get out of it if they could. They would like to ask me to sprain an ankle or elope with the cook or do any little chore which would make it unnecessary for them to present me as the distinguished guest.

At first it rather discouraged me, but after a while I got used to it, and missed it if it didn't happen. The only times it didn't happen was when there wasn't a welcoming committee and I had to sneak in by myself.

This, I should say, about closes the public aspects of my personal appearance, but there remain the more intimate and private aspects: how it affects my relations with my family and my friends and my acquaintances—and with casual strangers.

I have gotten to believe that I am the most completely unknown author in the world. In spite of the fact that I have tried for twenty years to make Clarence Budington Kelland a household mouthful, I feel that I have failed. Nobody ever recognizes me. By that I mean that no stranger to whom circumstances compel me to give my name ever associates me as I stand there in my shoes with me as I appear in type.

I go into a store and buy me a lovely necktie and tell the clerk to send it home. "Name, please," says he, and I tell him. Now, does he act gratifyingly and bug his eyes and hold up his hands in glad astonishment, and exclaim, "What! Not *the* Mr. Kelland! Not the author of those marvelous stories!" Does he? He does not. He says, "How do you spell it?" And that is just because his mind, as any intelligent mind would, refuses to connect the personal appearance I present with anything whatever deserving acclaim. If, desirous of winning his esteem, I should announce myself as being such and such, author of such and such, he would look at me with tired eye, and give me to understand that he *had* to sell neckties, but he didn't have to listen to silly jokes from the customers.

I travel. I am a great traveler. In fact I have gone so far as to cross the ocean in a ship. If you have ever been in a ship you will see folks for the first few days with passenger lists, trying to fit people to names. You will see their eyes follow some tall, noble-looking, ample-proportioned undertaker, trying to make themselves believe he is the Prince of Monaco or Jack Dempsey. It is always these splendid-looking fellows they gaze at and wonder about and weave legends around. But does any eye ever follow me? Not an eye. Is anybody ever curious to know who I am, or patently eager to cultivate me? They are not. The only people on the ship who evince any interest in me whatever are the stewards, and they eye me coldly, as looking like the sort of man who would sneak off without tipping.

A GOOD many years ago I was an infant. My mother never entered me in a baby show. On the other hand, she never concealed me from the eyes of the neighbors in a darkened room. The attitude of the family was that there I was, and must be accepted as one more cross to bear. I am confident nobody ever said convincingly that I was a beautiful baby. They probably said I was a baby, and let that cover the matter. I was just plain baby. I grew up into a plain boy who never was noticed by outsiders unless he earned attention.

It is to this fact that I owe a somewhat stormy reputation which has pursued me since early youth. I resented neglect. Self-respect made it incumbent upon me to cause my existence to be noted, and I did so. A deep, philosophical conclusion is to be drawn from this; namely, that it is more than possible the criminal classes are recruited from little boys who were neither so homely as to cause apprehension nor so beautiful as to cause gurgles. The submerged, unnoticed fraction. And, just to impress their personalities upon a neglectful world they turned to crime.

I turned to writing. The law is lenient with that form of activity. Therefore crime could be diminished by appointing a body of men and women whose duty it would be to go around noticing plain little boys and so saving them the trouble of going to extremes.

I have had two compliments in my life: one from my wife, one from an editor. My wife said on a certain red-letter evening, "When you are shaved and have on your evening clothes, you really aren't so bad." I think I wept on that occasion. Every once in a while, even to-day, I shave again in the hope she will repeat. But I think she must have spoken absent-mindedly, or thought she was talking to somebody else, because, applaud as I will, I have never been able to make her respond with an encore.

The second compliment, from an editor, ran as follows: "Well, anyhow, your pictures are worse than you are."

Which is something.

So, the next time you regard with aversion or scorn or ridicule, or whatever you regard it with, a picture of mine—possibly those accompanying this piece—remember that I am not as bad as they are. Atrocious as I may be in my proper person, I have not achieved such pronounced, such belligerent, such flamboyant atrocity as the counterfeit presentments of me printed on another page. I could if I wanted to, but I don't want to.

ONCE I hoped to improve with the years. I had faith that the softening hand of time would sort of currycomb me down, plane off the corrugations, add a touch of lovely silver to the hair, place artistic wrinkles in apt areas. But it has not happened. My appearance is like my weight: it never varies. My net pulchritude at forty-six is about what it was at twenty. It will continue to be that at ninety.

I've tried dressing for it. But the best tailors in New York have done me no service. You can put on me the most finely tailored suit in the world, and it becomes just a pair of pants and a coat with me inside of them. I am quite convinced I could dress up like the drum major of the Elks Silver Cornet Band and I would still be myself, inconspicuous, sort of ornery and skinny and commonplace. I could march at the head of the parade and folks wouldn't know the procession had started until I was past them.

As I said before, my appearance has never done me a cent's worth of good. On the other hand, it never has been vindictive and done me harm. It gets in its work in a negative way. It amounts to this: Nature decreed that every man should have a personal appearance, so she gave me one. It is mine. I can't change it. But, just as truly, I can't use it. The only service it has been so far was to use it to match up to a passport photograph. Port officials have used it calmly for that purpose, and having matched me and the photograph, have been satisfied to let the matter drop.

It doesn't trouble me any more. I hardly think of it. Years ago I learned to tie my tie without looking in the mirror, so I almost never see it. In that, you will admit, I am more fortunate than other people, who, by chance or by the workings of malign fate, meet me face to face.

All the same, it would come in mighty handy if I could contrive to look like an author—even a very bad author

SERGEANT ARCH ATHERTON of the United States Marine Corps stood on the wing of a speeding plane two thousand feet in the air. Then he dove calmly into space and fell for fourteen hundred feet before he opened his parachute. This is merely one of the remarkable feats pulled off by this "devil-dog" in the interest of making the air safe for the aviator and passenger. "Jump," an article next month, is crowded with Sergeant Atherton's experience as a "high diver" of the air. "Archie" is only twenty-three years old, but into those years he has packed sufficient thrills to satisfy a hundred ordinary mortals all their lives.

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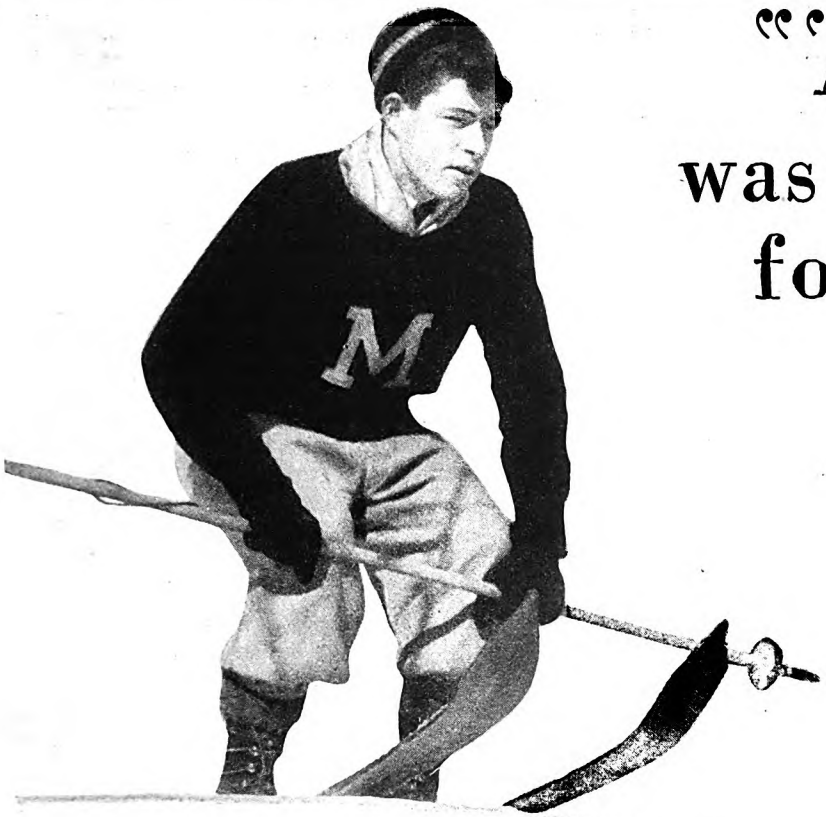
"'Afflicted' was a mild word for my case"



Hurtling into space! Mr. Charles B. Webber, Jr., going over the top . . .

East Milton, Mass.

"My embarrassment was natural enough. I work in a bank and am in constant contact with people with whom appearance counts.

"Also I am thrown socially with a group of young people interested in sports—and a blotchy complexion doesn't fit there either.

"I was 'afflicted'—that's a mild word for the case—with a whole series of skin eruptions. No sooner had one harvest of pimples begun to disappear than another crop sprang up . . . The situation got on my nerves.

"I knew that my father had found Fleischmann's Yeast beneficial. I myself began eating three cakes faithfully every day. The results were surprising—and amazingly prompt. My skin cleared—completely. My morale rose—enormously."

Charles B. Webber, Jr.

FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*, with truly remarkable power. The power to cleanse the intestines. To keep them active. To "regulate." As your constipation disappears, your whole being awakens to new vigor and life. Your skin clears. Indigestion gives way to healthy assimilation.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. And write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-48, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

RIGHT

"I WAS SO NERVOUS and run down I couldn't stand the slightest noise, and could hardly do my housework. I weighed only 97 pounds. And I was badly constipated. Naturally I am only too glad to submit my own little 'True Story' of what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me and indirectly for my family. I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast on or about the first of August. I am now entirely relieved of constipation. I have never felt better in my married life than I do at this time."

MRS. M. S. PARSONS, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I WAS TENDING the gates at the crossing. A fellow from the power house down the line happened along, and we got to talking about different things. I happened to mention how I had tried all kinds of medicines for my indigestion and he said, 'Why not try Fleischmann's Yeast? I take it regularly.' Well, after eating it for a few months, I felt ten years younger. My indigestion simply disappeared."

WILLIAM MILLER, Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

Health, new joy in living —this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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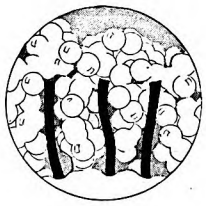
Billions... of bubbles

Drench the base of your beard

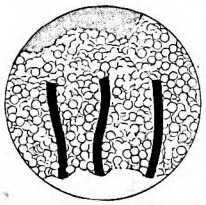
THIS "small-bubble" lather is the result of hundreds of experiments by Colgate chemists. It is a lather developed to soften your beard with water. Water, science proves, is the only effective beard-softener. What's more, this "small-bubble" lather is designed to soften your beard at its base. And that's where your razor does its work.

Compare the two lather-pictures on this page. Notice the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how compact they are. The smaller the bubbles, the more water they hold; the larger the bubbles, the more air.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This lather-picture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream shows how the tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of every hair, holding water, not air, against the base of the beard and softening it right where the razor works.

How Colgate Lather Works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

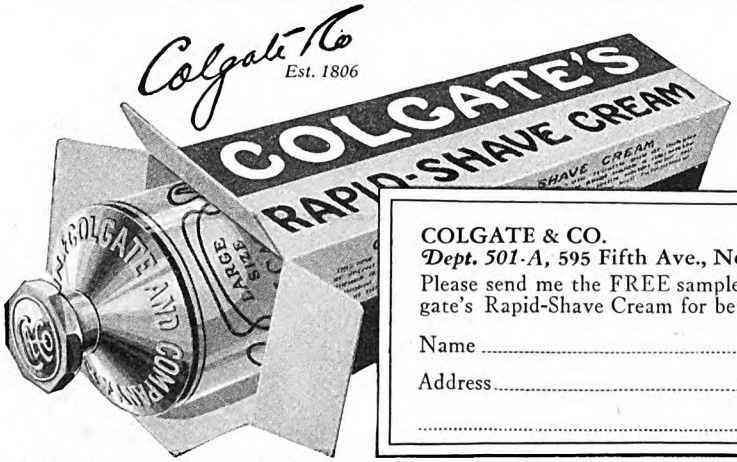
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly through the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

One week's better shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-A, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

The Song at Midnight—

(*Continued from page 41*)

any more. Each one was given to show somebody else, or to put somebody else in the shade, or to get even in some way or another. Only half the old crowd would ever be at any one party, and they'd spend two thirds of the time being mean about the other half.

It was hardest of all on me, trying to stay friends with both halves, and not take sides. Every time I set foot out of the house was a nervous strain. I didn't know what I'd run into. I didn't dare so much as have a bunch in for Sunday night supper, because I wouldn't ask one side for fear of hurting somebody's feelings who was on the other side, and I knew that if I asked both sides neither would come.

And of course it completely ruined things that we'd planned to undertake together. Our coöperative laundry, for instance. Rosemary and Dulcie and Ruth and Corinne and Mrs. Kirsted and I had planned to have a coöperative laundry. We had got the idea out of a magazine, and had decided to have it in Kirsteds' old garage.

We had been going to club together and put in a washing machine and an electric mangle and, as soon as we could afford it, an electric dryer. Now, of course, we just had to give it up.

That wasn't the only thing that had to be given up either. The fair that we were going to give to raise money for free beds in the new hospital was a perfect flop, because the people who ought to have worked together, wouldn't. The church suppers didn't make nearly the money they always had before. Our Christmas Community Chest actually didn't raise as much money as Dawson, which is a much smaller town.

FOR a long time, not being on either side myself, the whole thing just seemed half funny and half maddening to me. But as the holidays came on it began to seem terribly sad. Under all the hectic gayety and entertaining, there was a queer, grim feeling of something lovely that was dying.

Howard's dentistry wasn't going well, and when I thought of the gallant fight he and Rosie had put up to start that office of his, in spite of their four babies, it just made me sick. Old friends who, a year ago, would have done anything for Howard, going 'way over to Verblen to Doctor Blain rather than let Howard fill a tooth for them.

Some of the poor families on the other side of the tracks actually not getting Thanksgiving baskets, because somebody on the Good Samaritan committee wouldn't call up somebody else and ask for a car!

Christmas time was the saddest of all. I thought of a year ago and the fun we'd had, all getting up a Christmas Eve dinner at our house together, hurrying through the snowy twilight with presents for the different houses, trimming the Sunday-school Christmas tree and filling the

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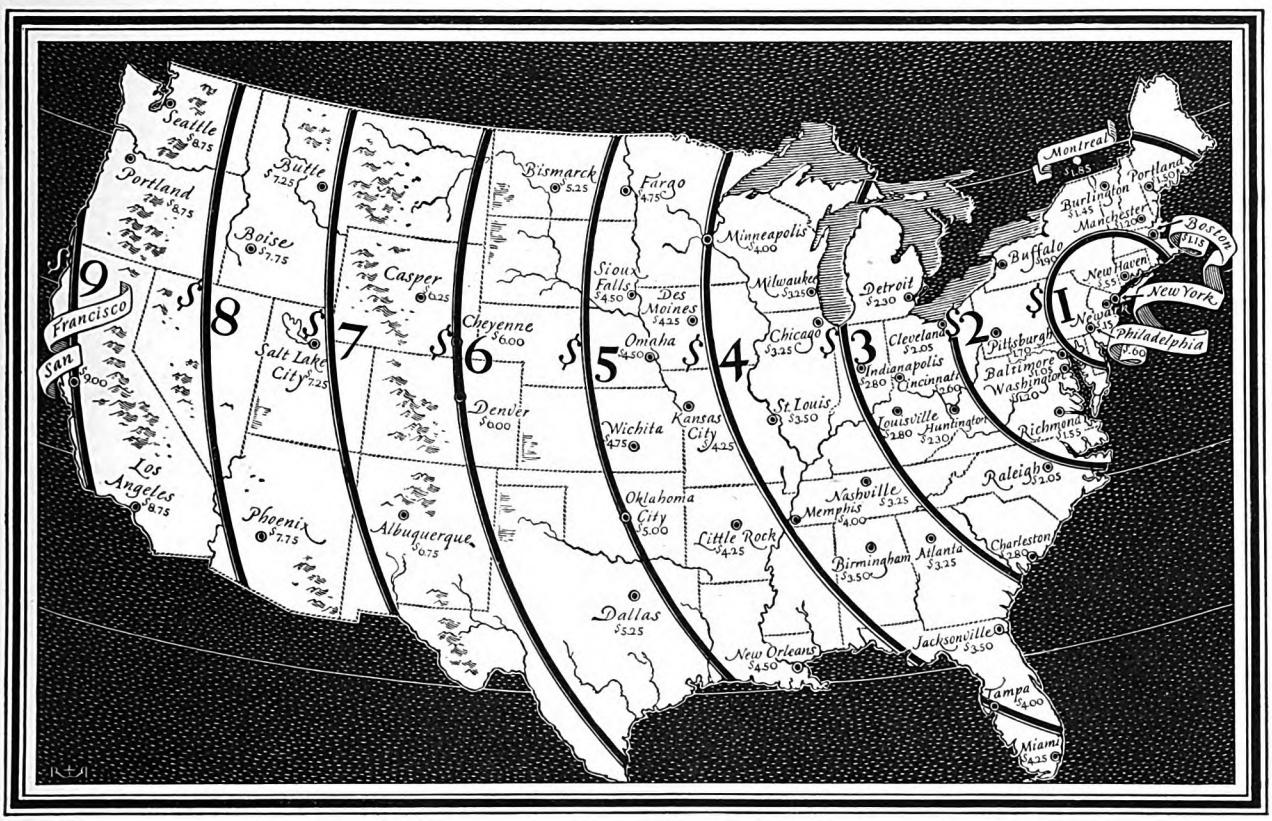
You can now Talk from Coast to coast for only $9



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

ON DECEMBER 1, 1927, telephone rates on calls to points 390 miles or more away were again substantially reduced. The day station to station rate from coast to coast is now only $9. Other typical station to station day rates are: Baltimore to Los Angeles, $8.25. Seattle to Chicago, $6.50. Denver to New York, $6.00. Atlanta to San Francisco, $7.75. Cleveland to Omaha, $3.25. Minneapolis to St. Louis, $2.30. Night rates—less.

The greater the distance, the greater the saving by these new rates—in long trips, time and expense.

Says a large fruit, vegetable and produce house, "All of our buying is done by Long Distance."

An automobile manufacturer, "It reduces distance to nothing, and gives us an opportunity to talk with our dealers . . . just as though they were at the plant."

A large paper company, "Telephone selling has become a necessity. Hours are saved this way. Selling cost reduced."

What distant call now would make a needed appointment, close a pending purchase or make a sale? Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Fisherman Says He Never Gets a "Bite" From This Tobacco

The sport of fishing seems to enlarge men's souls, despite all the fish stories we hear. Let a man find a hole where the fish are biting well, and nine times out of ten, if he is a true sportsman, he will let his friends in on the good news.

Evidently the same thing holds true of pipe-smokers. Take the case of Mr. Massey, for example. He has learned from a fellow fisherman how good Edgeworth is, and now wants to tell the world about it himself.

Jasper, Tenn.,
March 23, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have always wanted to smoke a pipe. After several attempts I gave my "taste" up, for with each trial I got a blistered tongue.

One evening, when looking over a certain outdoor magazine, I read that a certain fisherman could catch more fish when using "Edgeworth," so I decided I would try "his" tobacco—for I am no poor fisherman!

The next day I tried to secure Edgeworth. The local country storekeeper did not have it, so I sent by a friend to the city for my first Edgeworth. Two things have happened: I still smoke Edgeworth, and the local storekeeper always has a supply.

I catch fish and *never get* "a bite" from Edgeworth!

Yours for keeps,
H. V. Massey

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles

candy bags with such hilarity and good nature.

The Community sing Christmas afternoon! I remembered how it had suddenly brought tears to my eyes, when we were singing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," and I happened to hear some of the men come in on the bass, and remembered how I'd known them in kindergarten when they all sang "Jingle Bells," in treble!

Christmas, this year, was a hideous farce. Two parties to every one of a year ago. Noisy, brassy parties, full of gossip and hate. In the midst of more social life than Montrose had had in years, I felt queer and lonesome and homesick.

Will and I didn't go to any parties. We had been so careful not to take sides that we didn't have any place anywhere. We had a nice, quiet day with our mothers and fathers and the children, and all the next two or three days we kept telling each other that we were glad we were out of the trouble and that we were better off alone than mixed up in it.

But being strong-minded is a lonesome business. Holiday week without any merrymaking is queer and dull. By the middle of the week I was so starved for a little sociability that I made up my mind that I should go to the next affair I was asked to, whichever side was giving it.

And the invitation came from Dulcie for a New Year's Eve party. I asked Will if he wanted to go, and he said he supposed he might as well.

Fifteen minutes after Dulcie had been in the telephone rang—and it was Rosemary, asking us to a New Year's Eve party at their house. Of course we had to refuse, and it made me just sick. I'm almost as fond of Rosie as I am of my own sister. And Howard and Will have been bosom friends since they wore rompers. Howard and Rosie would hear that we had been at the Lanes, and feel, of course, that we had at last taken sides against them.

At first I thought of getting out of Dulcie's party, after all; but when I remembered the way Dulcie had helped me out the time the twins were sick, and scads of nice things she'd done for me, I couldn't bring myself to do that, either. Besides, Will and I had stuck at home so much that I couldn't help feeling kind of pepped up at the idea of going to any party again.

The day before New Year's Eve, it began to snow hard. It snowed all day long and all night, and in the morning Dulcie ran over to tell me that they were going to make it a sleigh ride and drive out to the old Dewdrop Inn, where we used to have our high-school parties, for oyster stew and to dance the Old Year out.

IT WAS a perfect night for a sleigh ride, clear and still and starry. No wind and not too cold. A lot of the old crowd were there, very gay and noisy. I suppose there was a bit of a strain, and that everybody was being a little gayer and noisier than they would have been naturally, a little determined to prove that they were having a simply marvelous time. But a sleigh ride will carry a lot of noise and hilarity, and it seemed so good to be out with a crowd again that I cuddled down under the straw and found myself having a much better time than I had expected.

We drove away out the Pike and through the wood lots and along the Old Stockade Road. It was a little after ten when we saw the lights of the Dewdrop Inn shining through the bare branches and out over the glittery snow. Everyone was a little cold by then, and starved. As we opened the inn door, light and warmth and the smell of coffee greeted us.

Two other pairs of bobs were standing outside the door. The horses had been unhitched and put out in the barn.

"I guess Mr. Fleck got his other party," said Dulcie. "He said he hoped to get a crowd from Verblen. It hardly pays him to open up the inn for just one party."

Mr. Fleck came to the door to greet us—he knew most of us by name. The big hall was all trimmed up with evergreen ropes and there was a fire burning at each end of the room. The other party was already in one of the small dining-rooms. We could hear them laughing and shouting. The cloakroom was half full of wraps.

I was wriggling out of the sweater I'd worn under my big coat, and waiting for my turn at the mirror in the cloak-room when I happened to glance about at the wraps already on the hooks and thrown over the chairs and tables. Suddenly, my heart stood still.

THERE, on the chair beside me, was Rosie Merton's coat!

I couldn't be mistaken. It was the one she'd worn for four years. Howard opening up his own office and having to buy fixtures and everything, Rose hadn't wanted to spend any money for new clothes. Surreptitiously, to make sure Dulcie didn't see me, I turned back the edge of the coat, just to make doubly sure.

Yes, there was the tan and brown foulard lining that Rosemary had been putting in that very day when she and Dulcie and Mrs. Kirsted and I had sat sewing on her porch—the day that that terrible, mysterious something had happened between her and Dulcie. That unknown, devastating something that had killed the happiness and the tried old friendliness of half a town.

For an instant, I had a wild impulse to get Rosemary and Dulcie together there that night, with all the crowd around, both warring halves of what had once been such a jolly, affectionate whole, and make them tell us all just what it was that had started the trouble. Surely, it couldn't be anything that couldn't be made up.

But I knew, almost instantly, that it was a wild and melodramatic and impossible idea of mine. For at that moment, Dulcie recognized the coat too. Realized what had happened. That it wasn't some distant friendly crowd from Verblen that was eating supper there in the dining-room beside ours, who would dance in the same room with us, to the same radio music. Dulcie went stony white, and shut her lips in the little, hard, angry way she has. I knew that nothing I or anybody else could do would help things now.

Instantly, the news spread that the other crowd was there too. There was a kind of stiffening up. Everybody became

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- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Stenography — Stenotypy
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
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How *to beat a* Cold

NO matter what soothing measures you employ to ease a cold, there is always one basic thing to do—*clean the system of the poisons of congestion by taking one or two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water.*

Don't stay "stuffed up." At the first sneeze take Sal Hepatica which clears out intestinal wastes and poisons promptly—*usually within half an hour*—and so prevents a cold from getting a start—from dragging on for days and days!

You may take Sal Hepatica at any time but for the most prompt action it should be taken half an hour before any meal, preferably before breakfast. Its use helps to keep the body in perfect condition to battle the germs of not only colds and grippe, but many more of the minor ills of life.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, effervescent, pleasant to take and gentle in its action. By releasing the natural secretion of water in the intestines, Sal Hepatica washes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica has the same health-giving salines for which the waters of the European Spas have long been noted and, like them, Sal Hepatica helps correct not only colds and other winter ills, but also indigestion, headaches, skin blemishes, auto-intoxication and many other troubles arising from faulty elimination.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, bubbling drink. It has been the largest selling saline for over thirty years.

Keep well this winter—take Sal Hepatica when you need it. Send for our booklet that tells you more fully how to avoid colds and other ills.

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Sal Hepatica

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much gayer, and much, much noisier. A defiant, challenging sort of gayety. You never heard such hilarity as we made over our oyster stew and coffee and ham sandwiches and pickles. You never heard so many jokes called from one end of the table to the other. Such merriment, such laughter. And yet, looking around at the tense eyes just above the laughing mouths, you knew it wasn't truly merry.

The big radio had been switched on and the others were already dancing when we streamed out into the hall. A few of the boys exchanged sheepish, gruff greetings, but in the main nobody spoke. We swung into the dance too. Brushing shoulders with people we'd known all our lives. People who had worked and played together since they were babies. And to-night, wouldn't even wish each other "Happy New Year."

After the first dance they gathered around the fireplace at one end of the hall, and we around the fireplace at the other. When the music for the next number began, Will resolutely strode up to the other end of the room and asked Rosie to dance. She refused, politely, saying she'd promised the dance already. But she hadn't, because she just sat there till someone in her own crowd asked her. When Will came back to our bunch, people glared at him angrily. He was as conspicuous and as unpopular as a spy caught in the enemy's lines.

The radio music was coming from a big hotel in Chicago, and it was marvelous. Jazz that just made your feet follow it, whether you wanted to or not. The wild, half-weird, half-sweet moan of the saxophones, the rhythmic beat of the drums.

After Will's disastrous attempt nobody in either crowd paid any attention to anybody in the other. One dance followed another, each gayer and jazzier than the one before. We all cut in on each other in our own crowds, and whirled and laughed and flirted. And I don't believe the gayety really fooled one person in that big room.

There was the sharp, pungent sweetness of the evergreen branches, the soft brightness of candles burning in the big sconces on each side of the fireplaces. And that music coming from so far away lent a queer touch of magic. Reminded you, as your own private music never could have, of other people, other places, everywhere. Dancing the Old Year Out.

SUDDENLY, the jazz stopped. An announcer said there was but a few minutes before midnight. That at midnight all stations tuning in would be able to hear the bells and whistles welcoming the New Year. In the meantime, he said, the hotel orchestra would play a waltz medley of old-fashioned airs.

After the hot excitement of the jazz music and the modern dances, there was something queer and still and romantic about a waltz. I was glad that Will asked me to dance that one with him.

All the old tunes that had been old-fashioned even when we were youngsters. Tunes that our mothers and fathers must have waltzed to: "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "After the Ball," "The Sidewalks of New York." Through the radio came now and then a faint sound of voices. Some of those people who were dancing to the music in the Chicago hotel must be singing along with the fiddles. Some of our boys began to whistle, the girls to hum. Now and then someone took up a snatch of words:

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
I'm half crazy—all for the love of you."

I wondered in how many other places, all over the country, other people were dancing the Old Year out, singing too. Queer, how suddenly came flashing back into my mind other parties we'd had here at the Dewdrop Inn. Kid affairs, with snappers and paper caps, and pinning the tail on the donkey. The high-school senior dance when we'd caught Scott and Corinne kissing on the stairs, and they'd told us they were engaged, the first of us all to take the leap.

We shan't have a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage;
But you look sweet—upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

I don't know why, but just then I thought of Mary Burns, who had been going to marry young Doctor Wheeler. We'd been just kids, and so thrilled at the sight of him in his lieutenant's khaki. Young Doctor Wheeler, who had kissed Mary good-by and gone marching away. . . . And never came back.

Again the music crept from one tune into another.

"REMEMBER this one?" Will asked me suddenly. "'Member Rose and Dulcie singing it at that old-fashioned concert our class gave when we graduated from grammar?"

I did remember suddenly, Dulcie with her short, yellow curly hair, and Rosie, with her little thin legs and her two long brown braids. I could hear them now. Queer, for a Chicago hotel orchestra to be playing that old song:

I don't want to play in your yard;
I don't like you any more.
You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door.

I guess Will and I weren't the only ones who remembered Rose and Dulcie singing it. I looked up at Howard Merton, who was dancing past, and he was looking queer and sheepish, half as though he wanted to laugh. So did Scott and Corinne.

You can't holler down our rain barrel;
You can't climb our apple tree—

The memory seemed to flash from dancer to dancer. People suddenly turned red, there was a half laugh from somewhere at the other end of the room—not the noisy, defiant laugh we'd grown used to. Some man's reluctant laugh, half ashamed, half amused.

I don't want to play in your yard
If you won't be good to me.

Rosemary and Dulcie, looking straight at each other, for the first time in months, across the room.

Suddenly the music stopped.

"In a few seconds," said the announcer, "you will hear the bells, ringing in the New Year."

The dancing stopped. Everyone stood still. Nobody spoke. In the sudden stillness, we could smell the evergreen branches, hear the sap in the fire logs, the sputter of a candle that had burned down.

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There was something queer and goose-fleshy in that waiting stillness. I found myself staring at the candles, and they seemed to blur and dance. It was as though, for those few moments, there was no such thing as space. As though we were all waiting together, we in Montrose, all the unknown dancers in Chicago, other people out on ships, perhaps, or somewhere on lonely farms.

No time, either. I thought of Mother and Father, watching some old year out when they were young as we were, and had danced to those same old waltzes. Of our babies, asleep at home—why, it would hardly be to-morrow before they would be dancing the Old Year out and making love and having babies of their own—

SUDDENLY the candle I was watching winked brighter an instant and flickered out. I thought of Mary Burns's lover, who had never come back. It was as though some ghostly voice were whispering of New Year's Eves to come, of other candles flickering out, of friends and lovers—we had such a short time together at best. I felt Will's arm grow tense and tight around me, as though he were thinking of it too.

The silence seemed to grow stiller. Then there was a quick rush of feet. There was a little vacant space in the middle of the floor and two figures were suddenly in it, in each other's arms. Laughing and crying together.

Whistles and sirens blared out of the silence. Bells ringing, distant shouts, distant laughter. The New Year had come in, over the radio.

Instantly, we all took it up. Shouting, too, ringing our bells, shaking our clackers. Whistling. Calling. Laughing. And there, in the middle of the floor, Rosemary and Dulcie, arm in arm, brushing away tears, laughing together.

"Come on!" Will shouted. "An old-fashioned Paul Jones!" The radio music began. "All join hands and circle to the right."

One great circle—not a soul held back. Roger and Howard Merton with Corinne between them.

"Grand right and left—make it snappy there!" Someone blew a whistle. "Dance with the lady on your right!"

Will swinging away with Rosemary, Howard with Dulcie. Girls who hadn't been speaking for months smiling shyly at each other over their partners' shoulders. Men, who had grown stiff and formal, cutting in on each other, hilariously, tumbling each other out of the way. Back in the circle again.

"Ladies to the center! Circle right, men circle left! Basket!"

No reconciliations, no apologies, no explanations. Nobody knew what Rose and Dulcie said to each other that moment in the stillness between the years, any more than anybody knew what they had said that other time before, that had started all the trouble. And nobody cared.

The feud was over. Over with the Old Year. By some magic, we had waked up out of the nightmare. And too happy to ask how or why, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" in waltz time, we danced the New Year in!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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OVER and beyond the fresh-picked, fresh-kept tomatoes that make up Snider's Catsup, its secret of flavor is of course in the art of cooking and spicing.

This recipe, now a classic in tomato cookery, is a measured, careful mulling—a process exclusively Snider's.

What a sparkle this sauce has—in truth the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced. What a pick-up it gives to the palate, and how different from what most people would call just "catsup."

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CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

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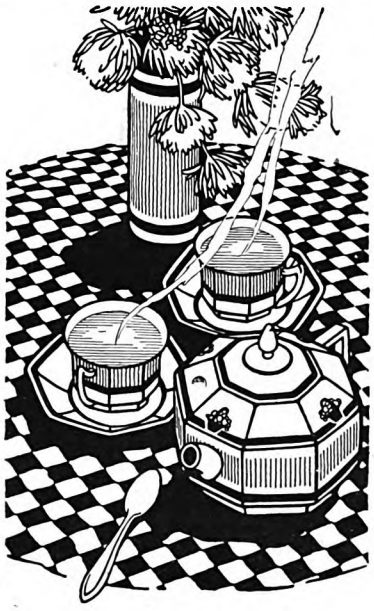

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Ten minutes to wind you up like a clock for a better afternoon of work or recreation!

Ten minutes spent over a leisurely cup or two of Japan Green Tea after luncheon!

Drink it slowly, *lingeringly*. Enjoy each separate mouthful.

Try it once and see! No four o'clock fatigue. No mid-afternoon drowsiness.

Japan Green Tea is tea in its natural state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaf preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup

The Six Best-Loved Characters on the American Stage

(*Continued from page 34*)

people know much, technically, about acting, and the great majority do not appear greatly to want to. In fact, it is only too common in America to find people who openly boast that "they don't know anything about art, but they know what they like," and who look upon the minority who try to uphold standards of perfection in art as "high-brows."

Yet, when it comes to our deep, unconscious response to dramatic art, we discover that it is fully roused, warm and glowing, only by first-rate performances. We discover that we respond neither to what is "high-brow" nor "low-brow," but simply to what is artistically perfect, to unerring skill guiding the creative imagination. The most "high-brow" of critics enjoyed Jefferson's Rip as much as the humblest person in the gallery; more, indeed, because he could grasp the beautiful precision of the actor's art. The public rejected Maude Adams as L'Aiglon and Juliet, and rejected Warfield as Shylock, beloved as these players were, because in these rôles they were not persuasive.

They were not persuasive because they could not bend their personalities to the demands of the characters, and so attain artistic perfection.

NOT only were the six outstanding impersonations we have listed examples of almost flawless acting, but I cannot recall any example of a greatly popular impersonation where the acting was poor or inefficient. The plain lesson is that in the theatre, at any rate, we have as a people the capacity to respond to artistic proficiency, as much as any other people, and that when left to our own unfettered device we do unconsciously respond to it, and the greater the proficiency the greater the response. In other words, we like fine art, we are more susceptible to it than many of us have felt it respectable or "manly" to admit.

Different as these six impersonations were, they have other things in common than their happy artistic perfection, or efficiency. For one thing, they all have a strong element of humor. Sothern's Dundreary, of course, was entirely a humorous creation; in fact, it was a gorgeous burlesque of the vacuous, "silly ass" Englishman, kept to earth by the marvelous way in which the actor never let you forget that, after all, this preposterous lordling was a gentleman (just as his son, E. H. Sothern, never lets you forget Malvolio has real dignity). Jefferson's Rip was bubbling with good cheer and humor. Who that saw it can ever forget his comment, when he learned that the sisters of the dwarfs were dumb, "Vat vives they vould make!" or his constant toast that ended in a gurgle as his face disappeared behind his tankard. The pathos and humor of Jefferson in this rôle were like the summer storms and sunshine of Rip's own Catskills, and ended with a lovely rainbow at the evening of the play.

Miss Adams as Babbie was all elfin contradiction, the eternal feminine whose capriciousness, when backed by charm, by twinkling eyes and smiling lips and bubbling gayety, makes all the world smile in response. Needless to say, Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'," when he told how he drove a flock of bees across the prairie and never lost a bee, or when he drawled many a retort, was indescribably mirth-provoking. Both Warfield's "Music Master" and Arliss's "Old English," though the one is rich in pathos and the other dies at the end of the play, are full of humorous touches—in the first a gentle, pervasive humor that runs along beside the pathos, in the other a grim, sardonic humor that makes the old commercial pirate stand sharply out from his fellows.

That we find this element of humor strongly marked in all six impersonations is not, I think, surprising, because it shows that we, as a people, relish humor, and demand it in those things we like best, whether actual persons or stage creations. This has often been said of us, and here we find another proof. It does not necessarily mean that we have more sense of humor than other peoples.

What it certainly means is that we are a cheerful people who give our warmest-hearted response to things with laughter in them. Whether our sense of humor is greater or less than that of other people, it is more to the front of our consciousness, more inseparably a part of our emotional reactions.

Considering the glum religion and repressed life of our Puritan forbears, who settled so much of these United States, this is a bit puzzling, and it would be interesting, if we had the time, to try to solve the mystery. In our drama, the Yankee (which means the Puritan descendant) has been our most popular comic type—not laughed at, but *with*. This new land did something to us, and something rather pleasant. Certainly, it appears that our most characteristic art expression will be in comedy.

ANOTHER thing that these impersonations have in common is an appeal to our sympathies, to our warm, human emotions of compassion or affection. There is not an exalted character in the lot, no man or woman built in heroic mold, no superman or poet, except as there was a gentle poetry in Rip. In fact, by ordinary standards of daily life, more than one of them is reprehensible! J. Ranken Towse, the critic, used to say "Rip Van Winkle" was the most immoral of all dramas, because we were all made to sympathize with Rip when actually he was lazy, didn't support his family, and was a drunkard.

Dundreary was quite moral, but a silly ass. Babbie was of wayward feminine caprice all compact. Lightnin' Bill was a ne'er-do-well, a sort of Rip reincarnated. And Old English was a commercial pirate. Only the Music Master was entirely to be commended on ethical grounds, at the same time being of normal intelligence.

Accepting a rogue for hero in the drama

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means, of course, nothing about our attitude toward rogues in real life. In real life, we should certainly prefer Rip's society to that of his wife, as we do in the play. But we'd pitch in and help her when he left her to support the family. In real life, too, we would get more satisfaction out of talking to Old English than to his fellow directors, and would infinitely more admire his mind—as we do in the play. But we wouldn't do business with him if we could help it. In real life, we men would vastly prefer the twinkling capriciousness of Babbie to some of the nice, common-sense females who would scornfully watch us swarming around her, and turn up their noses. But if we married her, we'd pray she settled down a bit.

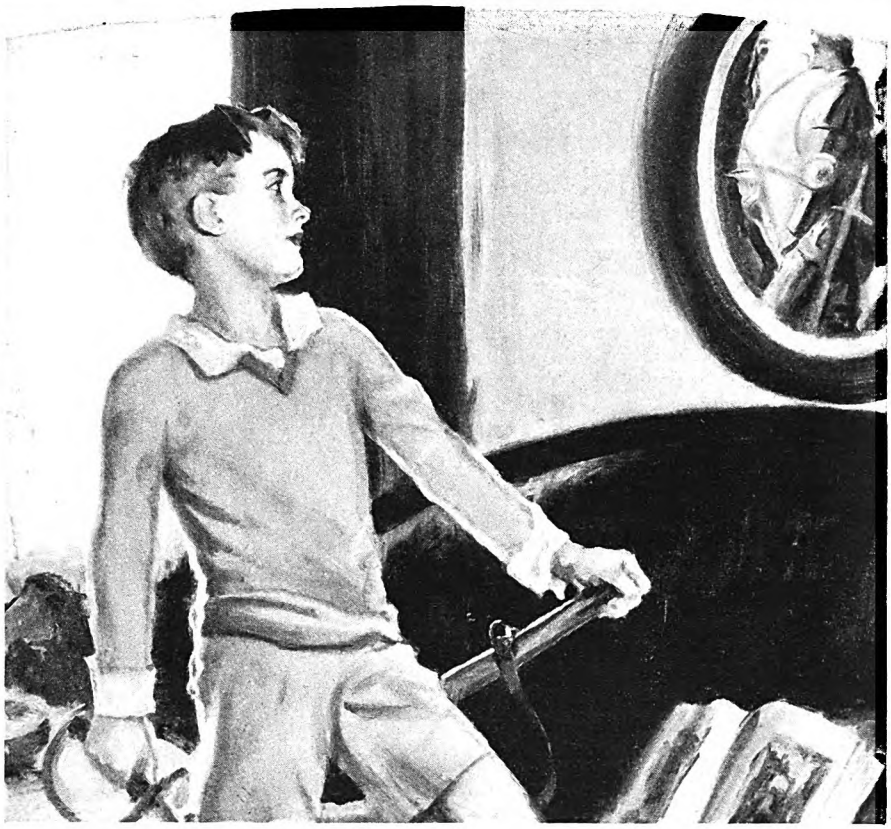
All peoples are alike in enjoying the fictional presentation of rogues, vagabonds, wayward and unusual folk of every sort. Perhaps it enlarges our understanding of life, perhaps to our mostly proper lives it gives a harmless spice, perhaps it is a vicarious outlet for some of our own wayward impulses.

But it is significant, I think, that each character makes a distinct appeal to our sympathies, not because of any great injustice he has suffered, or any idea or cause he champions, or any tragic fate that hangs over him, but because of his own human qualities of likableness.

WHEN I was a little boy, and first saw Jefferson play Rip, I cried as if my heart would break when his wife put him out into the storm. I loved him exactly as the village children loved him. He was my friend. In fact, he was very much like my paternal grandfather, who spent the time he should have been filling Grandmother's wood-box making me willow whistles. There was one moment in the play, of course, that transcended personalities, and plunged to the heart of things—when old Rip, returning unrecognized, exclaimed, "Are we so soon forgot!" Jefferson's voice and face, as he said this, were quite marvelous. It was a supreme moment of tragic art. But most audiences used to laugh! They found it amusing. It was the warm humanity of Rip, the man, they adored. The deeper note was beyond them.

Dundreary, as I have said, was always a charming gentleman, and that gave to his asininities a certain wistful quality which was quite indescribable, which made the impersonation a living thing, and endeared it to the heart as well as the head. In "The Little Minister," the play, Barrie left out a good deal of the more serious qualities of the novel—fortunately, probably, for Miss Adams did not handle high passion. What he left in was the adorable elfin feminism and sparkle of the rôle. Lightnin', of course, like Rip before him, had personal charm, a conquering good nature; he was the sort of droll person who makes you brighten up when he approaches, and with whom it is delightful to crack a joke. When such a person has a bit of luck, or rises unexpectedly to a crisis and does a good job, there is never a voice of envy. Everybody is glad. There was just that common humanity in Lightnin', and in the scheme of the play.

We all remember "The Music Master," no doubt, and recall how the sweet old fellow, fighting poverty, struggles on to find his lost daughter, but is willing to give her up when he thinks it is for her happi-



He thinks he's so big . . .
but you know he isn't

Now, more than ever, he needs your guidance in things like this

HE knows so little of the real world for which you are preparing him!

Much of the time he lives in a land of make-believe. How lovable he is! How difficult to care for!

So many problems he cannot understand! At the breakfast table, for instance, he cannot realize how much he handicaps himself if he eats too little food, or the wrong kind.

So common among children of his age are bad habits at breakfast that school authorities have now made it the subject of a nation-wide health movement. They are today urging mothers everywhere to see that their children eat a *hot* cereal in the morning.

This rule hangs today on the walls of over 60,000 school rooms: *"Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast."*

Many tests have shown that children fall short of doing their best in studies or at games when they fail to have a *hot* cereal breakfast regularly.

How sure you feel, yourself, that your children are really prepared for a day of work and play, when you start them off with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

For 30 years, authorities as well as mothers, have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal *hot* cereal for children for these reasons:

1. It is unusually rich in energy. 2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest. 3. Children love its creamy goodness.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this way at breakfast. The easy plans, described below, will help you to arouse their enthusiasm for a *hot* cereal. Send them to school every day really ready for the effort of work and play. Give them regularly a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

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***FREE**—Mothers say this plan works wonders!*

A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot* cereal breakfast and makes them *want* to eat it regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. P-10, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....

Address.....

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ness. A steadfast father, a man cheerful and kind in adversity, a man ready for self-sacrifice, but with inherent dignity through it all, such a one we all admire in life as on the stage.

Old English might not be so desirable a neighbor, unless we kept our fences up, and obeyed all his "No trespass" signs!

I think there has been a more conscious enjoyment on our part, anyway, in watching Arliss, the actor, shaping this rôle than there ever was in watching Jefferson or Warfield or Miss Adams. We have admired the acting, as well as lived with the character. But that alone would never account for its great success. Is it not due, also, to the fact that there is something in all of us which loves a man who, as we say, "has the courage of his convictions;" and something in all of us which resents the constant repressions of life, whether of society or our doctor's orders, and rejoices at the spectacle of somebody who gloriously casts them all aside?

WE FIND then, in all these six impersonations, an element of warm, sympathetic human appeal, not an exalted or tragic appeal but a friendly one, on the level of our daily living. This, surely, must tell us something about ourselves as a people. In our hours of leisure and relaxation, when our interests and emotions most freely and unconsciously follow their natural bent, we find ourselves most captivated by characters recognizably on our level of life and thought and feeling, and characters, too, which appeal to our friendly, almost our neighborly sympathies, which have humor and charm. We would seem from that, would we not, to be a people of quick sympathy, interested primarily in folks rather than principles, warm-hearted, liking the fellow who has charm and good nature, even if he's a bit queer, responding most readily to the pleasant contacts of daily life, the humors and milder heroisms of everyday existence.

Let us, very briefly, look at the other list of famous impersonations we made, to see how it bears out this deduction: Josh Whitcomb, in "The Old Homestead," was one of that long succession of shrewd, humorous, lovable Yankee characters on our stage, which began way back in 1789 with Jonathan in Royal Tyler's "The Contrast," the first American comedy to be acted on our stage. Nat Berry in "Shore Acres" was another. Chanfrau's "Mose the Fireman," which made such a furor in the 1840's, was the "Bowery Boy" of that day to the life, with all the swagger and bluff and humor.

Florence's Judge Bardwell Slote was an old reprobate, a vulgar, unscrupulous politician, who was also humorous and kind. The part was written and played broadly, as a satire, and in it all America recognized the good and the bad in the political life of the nation, and grinned accordingly. What endeared them to the portrait, however, was less the satire than the common humanity Florence put into the rôle. You had to like the fellow.

Here, then, in this supplementary list of universally acclaimed impersonations, we find (except for Booth's Hamlet) nothing tragic, nothing heroic in the grand style, nothing intellectual. We find, instead, the two elements of characteristic humor and the sympathetic delineation of everyday, likable folks out of our own common experience.

This seems to make us out a cheerful and, as the expression goes, a "folksy" people, and rather tends to counteract the impression which may exist in certain quarters that we are hard and grasping. But it seems to me the lists show something more about us, as much by their omissions as their inclusions. Where, among all our beloved stage figures, is the strong, executive character, the captain of industry, the builder of railroads, the bridger of continents? Where is the man who works eighteen hours a day on his climb to power? He simply isn't there. Instead, is the loafer Rip, the loafer Lightnin', the poor, shabby Music Master, the old farmer Josh Whitcomb, the old lighthouse keeper Nat Berry, the English lordling Dundreary who never did a stroke of work in his life. These are the folks who, in our hours of freedom, when we are just ourselves, we unconsciously love.

In our secret hearts we don't tremendously admire the captains of industry and their kind, though we may envy them their power and wealth. Our affections go out, rather, to the folks like ourselves, and our admiration to those who have found a way to get the most joy and pleasure and richness out of life, to the playboys of this Western world. Of all public men in recent years, Roosevelt was most loved and admired, and Roosevelt had charm, he had humor, and he had leisure, which he employed in every sort of play, from writing history to hunting elephants. Affection began to creep into our tone when we spoke of John D. Rockefeller only when he began to give away his money, and play golf.

In other words, our materialism has, perhaps, been overstressed. At bottom, we have a love and capacity for leisure, and the instinct to employ that leisure in amiable and pleasant fashion, for we love humor and we have warm sympathy with our fellows. A future national problem is less to give us a chance to work happily than to play happily. The eight hours a day when we are neither working nor sleeping is when, perhaps, we shall most develop the national soul.

IN our lists of universally beloved impersonations, only Booth's Hamlet had intellectual depth and heroic stature. It is not safe to infer too much from the lack of intellectual response in the theatre, for two reasons: first, all drama is much more an appeal to the emotions than the intellect; and, second, in the theatre we are in a crowd, and in a crowd the heart works more than the head.

Nevertheless, I think it would be true that in certain other countries, as France, Germany or Russia, a list of the universally beloved impersonations over a period like ours would include several of national heroes or classic characters in epic mold, and perhaps several of strong intellectual appeal. France would certainly show Coquelin's Tartuffe and Rachel's Phaedre, for instance. Is the explanation that we, as a people, are less moved by the tragic and high poetic emotions, and less intellectual in our pleasures?

It would not be entirely safe to say so. The question is too complicated for a yes or no answer. It must be remembered, for one thing, that until recent years our native stage has not had playwrights skillful enough to give us a national drama of parts, rising to the dignity of our national heroes. Even our greatest hero, Lincoln, was dramatized for us by an Englishman. We have no Shakespeare or Molière or Goethe of our own, and it certainly isn't a sign of weakness that we prefer our native Rips and Josh Whitcombs to foreign characters, however exalted. It is a sign, rather, that we instinctively abide by our own destiny, a sign of health.

But that doesn't mean that we have no intellects!

THAT lack of profound or exalted emotion in our most admired examples of theatrical art, if it indicates what it seems to in our national character, rather tends to show that as a people we are still in process of finding ourselves. We have not yet become quite of age. It is a sign of the coming of age in the race no less than the individual when the process of thought, the reasoning faculty, is never held in abeyance, even when amusing one's self.

The sense of reality grows stronger with the years, and the sense, too, that behind reality is the great mystery of life which moves deeply and exalts. It is noticeable, I think, that in recent years American art has more and more sought for reality, and more and more, too, felt the tragic mystery behind it. Our recent essays and novels, even many of our recent plays, have been concerned with reorientating America (as the critics phrase it), trying to carry the intellect over into our amusements, so that they are not a mere escape into a never-never land of pleasant emotion. This movement, incidentally, has also been coincident with the growth of leisure all over the country.

People are less weary with toil than they used to be; they have more time, more money for enjoyment, fresher minds and bodies to bring to their play. That may or may not be significant; I am not sure. But at any rate I think there are signs that the universal impersonations of the future on our stage will number some of deeper intellectual appeal and more exalted emotion than in the past. But I do not believe, and certainly I do not hope, that they will sacrifice the national element of cheerful humor, kindliness, and warm, human sympathy. If we lose those things in the process of coming of age, it would be far better to remain children forever!

"DEAD BROKE"—an unpleasant situation to be in, but one which Albert Payson Terhune says is the acid test of character and a liberal education for all who pass through the experience. A big financier is credited with saying, "Any man is worth helping *once;* but the man who needs help a *second* time isn't worth helping at all." And the truth in this remark is largely borne out by Terhune's own observations which he tells you about next month in an extraordinarily interesting article.

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You see that it hasn't a single drain, pipe, belt or fan . . . . and it never needs oiling

THIS simplified General Electric Refrigerator works automatically, economically. It needs no attention—not even oiling. Inside the hermetically sealed casing there is a permanent supply of oil.

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Why I Don't Go to Church

(*Continued from page 24*)

liquor from him. The bootlegger hit the sawdust trail.

And I, who had listened to this evangelist night after night exhort my fellow townsmen to withdraw their support from any man in town who held out from the church, exposed the methods employed by the evangelist in converting the bootlegger. The fury of hell broke upon me. I suddenly found that, according to the evangelist, I was the hired tool of a syndicate of international Jews, who had conspired to destroy Gentile civilization by debauching it. The evangelist named a nationally known business man of Chicago as one of those Jewish conspirators.

I didn't know this business man except by reputation. I wired to city officials and court officers, heads of universities, editors of newspapers, and the pastors of the leading Protestant churches in Chicago, laying the evangelist's statements in regard to him before them, and asking them for the truth. Their indignation was aroused; their vindication of the man was emphatic and complete. "The Evangelist Is a Liar" was the heading appearing in my newspaper that week.

That night the evangelist prayed for God to perform a miracle and strike down "this infidel." He gave harrowing instances of scoffers who had defied God and dropped dead. Instead of driving me to repentance, he drove me just that much further away from the church and the god of the fierce theologians.

I had a hard time living in my town for some months after that. My attacks upon the evangelist were interpreted to many believers as attacks upon the Deity, and I was shunned or openly reviled by half of my neighbors. But I walked confidently among them, because I knew them better than they knew themselves. I knew they would get over it. And they did. When I was laid low by an attack of double pneumonia, the churches and church people were the ever-consistent and thoughtful comforters of and ministers to my distressed family.

EVEN though I don't like to go to church, I am far from being irreligious. I came of religious ancestors. My early life was largely influenced by religious-minded men and women. Some of the most beautiful characters in my town are devout churchgoers. And some, just as beautiful, good and noble and just, never go to church. When I say I don't like to go to church, I don't mean, of course, that I don't like to go occasionally to hear a Doctor Cadman, a Doctor Fosdick, a Doctor Holmes, a Rabbi Wise, or a Cardinal Hayes; I would go out of my way to hear any important and interesting person in any rôle, in any place. And I like to go occasionally to hear a Dr. John Roach Straton, a Frank Norris, or a Billy Sunday. I always did like a good show.

I say I never did like to go to church. I must qualify that a bit. Once upon a time, in my adolescent years, I did like to go to church: when a certain brown-eyed, black-haired angel sat in a pew up front and just couldn't help turning around and blushing to find my eyes intently riveted on the tantalizing little curl that came down from her back hair and nestled on the nape of her neck.

I say I don't think I ever shall like to go to church. I have a firm conviction to that effect. I am forty-three years old; I am of an intensely religious nature; I have been seeking God all my life. I have been seeking a way of life, trying ever and ever so hard to make those adjustments to life that would make for my own mental and spiritual peace and security, and enable me to live on the happiest terms with life. I sought for years to find these things in churches. I never found them.

I don't like hymn-book music. I enter church on a rainy, gloomy, dismal Sunday feeling all depressed, and listen to hymns sung indifferently. I enter church on a bright, sunny morning when all the world is fresh and green and smells good on the outside; birds are singing, children laughing, flowers nodding and smiling in the morning sun. And in church they sing moodily, while the pastor preaches an uninteresting sermon that I am sure he would rather not preach on such a beautiful morning. There is not a new thought in it.

I HAVE sat under a preacher who talked for forty minutes to explain to a congregation, in which several rich men were conspicuous, that when the Lord said it was easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven, he really meant that it was harder for a camel to enter a gate. The camel had to get down on his knees and be relieved of some baggage before he could enter a low gate, explained the preacher.

His explanation was that a needle referred to in the Scriptures was another name for a tower through which traffic passed in and out of a walled city, and that the eye of the needle was the gate or portal of the tower.

The very next Sunday this same preacher jumped back into the Old Testament, took his text from Jonah, and said that we should believe the story of Jonah and the whale literally, because it was the word of God; that if we took liberties with one part of the word of God we might proceed to tear the whole works to pieces. As for his part, he said, it was easier for him to believe than to disbelieve.

And he was right about that. The way of an unbeliever is hard. Even if he is the world's most honest unbeliever. I am speaking of millions of humble skeptics like myself who stand reverently in the presence of the riddle of the universe, and seek understanding with eager hearts and open minds.

I have sought this understanding in the churches, and they have failed me. I find more than two hundred denominations of conflicting faiths, differing mostly on trivial points of doctrine, each interpreting an infallible book in its own fallible way, and yet denying me the privilege of being another to read the Bible in my own way.

I am told on every hand that I must not question; that I must not impose my puny intellect against the background of the wise and mighty men of the ages who have ordered all things for me. I resent this. That is just about what the prophets of Baal said to Elijah; it is very like what the Fathers of Israel said to Jesus; it is what the Church Fathers said to Galileo, to Copernicus, to Spinoza, and to Martin Luther. It is what reactionaries have said to progressives from the beginning of time.

My friends, the ministers, will rise up and say that one who lives outside the church has no right to criticize it; they tell me that if I don't like the church as it is, my place is inside the church, where I can work to make it what it should be. I believed this once, only to find to my sorrow that he who joins a church with a view to helping to make it one whit different from what it is is headed for trouble.

I JOINED the Baptist Church of my parents when I was a little boy. They had what they called a protracted meeting in the church. The evangelist preached nightly on the lurid frightfulness of hell and the beauties of heaven. I must confess to having been a bit concerned about the imminence of hell. The evangelist made it very real, more real in fact than he made heaven.

Toward the close of the meeting I went to the mourners' bench and professed religion. Deep down in my soul I knew I didn't have any more religion than I ever had, but to profess so seemed the proper and popular thing to do; everybody else was doing it. I somehow expected that the very fact of going up would work a sudden and beatific transformation in my life. I expected to be seized by the Holy Ghost. But I wasn't seized.

I left the meeting that night with a chum and we stole off to the edge of the town by the bank of a river and sat in the grass watching the play of moonlight on rippling waters. It was a glorious night. Instead of leaving God in that church back there in town, it just seemed as if we had wandered out into a silvery silence where God was.

I never got any help, inspiration, or uplift out of my early church experience. I attended services regularly for a time, but I couldn't see that belonging to a church altered my spiritual condition an iota. I had previously entertained some high and mighty notions about church membership. I had thought that a member of a church should, somehow, be a different and better person. I couldn't discover that it meant any difference at all. I didn't feel it in my own life, and I couldn't see it in the lives of other communicants, whose everyday pursuits and practices seemed pretty wretched when analyzed under boyish scrutiny. I became indifferent and gradually drifted away from the church, and felt relieved when I learned, years later, that they had

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Five famous Santa Fe trains leave Chicago and Kansas City every day for California. "Santa Fe all the way." Besides The Chief there are The California Limited, The Navajo, The Scout and The Missionary—all offering famous Fred Harvey meal service.

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Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

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finally taken my name off the church roll.

Another time I joined a church. I had a wife and children now and I had listened long to those who would persuade me that, regardless of my personal views, I owed an obligation to the community to align myself with some church and set a wholesome example for those who were incapable of reasoning for themselves, and who might become undesirable citizens but for the restraining influence of the church in the community. "Your staying out of the church may have the effect of keeping some poor devil out who needs it," was the argument. And I joined.

I joined after talking it over with a seeming liberal-minded minister in the town, a Methodist, who assured me that Methodism was a progressive religion and that, despite all that, it provided a church home even for the liberal thinker. I found this church I joined otherwise. Once inside, I was questioned and criticized. It was observed that I did not partake of the Lord's Supper, and that I did not recite the Apostolic Creed. And one Sunday my pastor, who had accepted me as a member in full knowledge of my skeptical views, preached a sermon about doubters that seemed to be aimed pretty directly at me.

After the sermon I sought the pastor out in his study and apologized to him for my membership in his church. I told him that I thought we had understood each other, but that I knew that I was mistaken, and that I could no longer remain in the church without feeling like an impostor.

He did not seem to see the point at all; he slapped my shoulder, threw back his head and laughed, and said, "Why, my dear Saunders, I'd rather have one honest doubter like you in my congregation than a thousand spineless hypocrites who believe because they have never thought for themselves!" But I wasn't satisfied. I tendered my resignation to the board of stewards in writing early in the week. My wife retains her membership.

My wife retains her membership because the church has a very real and precious meaning for her. It was her mother's church; it was the church of her girlhood, and is associated with her liveliest girlhood memories. The social life of the church is attractive to her.

ALL of this I know. But I cannot conclude from it that there is any Divine command that I should attend church, or that preachers have any more Divine authority than other men. I cannot think that preachers are singled out by the Almighty, and "called" to their work in some peculiar manner that the rest of us are supposed to take on faith. I cannot think that the ministers have any more right than other good-intentioned men, to speak for God. Where do they get such authority? What proof is there of its authenticity?

I have heard thousands of phrases, such, for instance, as that the "church is the bride of Jesus." But such phrases say nothing to me. Who said the church was the bride of Jesus? What does that mean? A skillful preacher has a phrase for almost any situation, but my mind is of the kind that is not satisfied with phrases. I cannot help but question when a thing does not seem clear to me.

Possibly I am different from other men. If so, it is my right to be, as long as I do not do anything to diminish the liberty, happiness, or prosperity of my neighbors, or their spiritual well-being. I certainly would never lead a man "away from God." My attitude is one of sympathy for the poor fellow human who is seeking Truth. I'd help him if I could. But I would not force him to my view even if I had the power. I do not believe in coercion of any kind, whether by public opinion or otherwise, in religious matters. Freedom of thought, freedom to seek the light in my own way, freedom for others is what I believe in.

The church, I think, fills a very essential need in the lives of average church members. It is the only community or social center that most of them have; it supplies about all of the music, all of the fellowship and all of the entertainment they get out of life. It inspires them with a feeling of security and importance in being identified with the most ancient and most powerful organization ever instituted among men. It comforts them in their hours of trouble, and puts flowers on the graves of their dead. It promises them a care-free mansion in the skies in place of their care-ridden earthly home.

ELIZABETH CITY has a population of ten thousand in round numbers. Of this number three thousand, round numbers, are Negroes. The colored people live to themselves and have their own churches. The seven thousand white people in the town have eleven churches all told. There are three regular Baptist churches and a Free Will Baptist church. There are two Southern Methodist churches, an Episcopal church, a Presbyterian church, a Christian church, a Pentecostal Holiness church, a Catholic chapel, and an independent religious assembly, to say nothing of the unorganized sects.

The pastors of the six more important churches have given me some figures. They value the total of their church property at $561,675. The combined salaries of these pastors total $19,200, the contributions for all church purposes amounted to $72,974 last year. That is for six churches only.

The six churches for which I have authentic figures have a total membership of 3,178. They claim an average Sunday attendance of 1,480. Less than half of our town's folk belong to churches, and less than half the folks who belong to church are to be found in the church pews on Sunday. It is evident that a lot of folks don't like to go to church. Out of a population of 7,000, more than 5,000 are not to be found in any church on Sunday, the one day in the week when they are supposed to let the world see that the church means something to them.

But if everybody in town tried to go to church, there wouldn't be room for them. Stretching their auditorium space by opening up all of their annexes, the total seating capacity of our churches is 4,450, leaving more than 2,500 souls without a church seat.

So there are plenty of people in my town, and in every other town, who stay away from church just as much as I do. But they are wiser than I am, in their ability

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to keep silent about their religious views! It is simpler, perhaps, to conform, or seem to conform. And it is all right for those who care to do it. But *for me*, it would not be honest. I have to be myself, and think I have just as much right to say why I don't like to go to church as the preacher has to say why people should go. No doubt he is sincere. So am I. He really has something to gain by persuading others to attend church; I have nothing to gain by staying away, so my sincerity cannot be questioned on the ground of self-interest.

I hope that I shall not convey the impression that I am hostile to churches, or that the churches generally are hostile to me. I take comfort from the fact that a notable free-thinker in the town contributed regularly to the support of a church whose services he never attended, and he was given a Christian funeral in that church when he died, with nothing said about his heresies.

In the great open spaces, in the mountains or by the sea, in sunsets and cloud effects, in the stillness and sweetness of wooded places, in the fields that men have plowed, by country roadsides, in the stars, in the restless and resistless billows of the sea, or in the dimpled laughter of babies wiggling their pink and awkward little toes—I see God.

I see Him working with a Burbank among his flowers, with an Edison in his laboratories, with a lone Lindbergh in his transatlantic flight, and with every noble and aspiring human who will work with Him in unraveling this marvelous scheme of things.

Why I Don't Go to Church
(or)
Why I Do Go to Church

Prize Contest Announcement

YOU have just finished reading the discussion on churchgoing, and the chances are that you have agreed heartily with either Mr. Guest or Mr. Saunders. Now we ask you to add your contribution to the discussion and tell us why you go to church or why you stay away. How has church attendance enriched your life? Or, if you used to be a churchgoer and gave it up, let us have your reasons for doing so. Do you want your children to go; if so, why? The Church, being a human institution, has its faults. What are those faults? Be as partisan as you please. You do not have to mince your words or hold back your real thoughts on the subject.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes January 20th. Winning letters will appear in the April issue.

Address Church Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

even a swim

. . and a steam-room

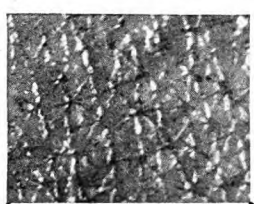
can't remove pore-dirt from your face

IF a Turkish bath won't clean out pore-dirt, you'll see how little chance you have of losing it with ordinary cleansing methods.

For pore-dirt is grimed down deep in every face. It's *under* the surface. There it clings—grays your complexion, dulls your skin, robs you of the healthy, athletic glow that a really clean face radiates.

How does it get there? The air about you all day long is teeming with millions of tiny specks of gray. They come from smoking chimneys, dusty streets, passing motors. They're too small to see. So tiny, in fact, that they work unnoticed into the pores—get packed down where the wash-cloth never reaches them.

"Not in *my* face," you say. Yes, in *your* face—in every face. Here's proof: Send for a *free* tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. When it comes, rub a small amount of the cream into your face.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

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Goes in pink; ROLLS OUT GRAY

The upper of these two photomicrographs shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare it with the lower picture, taken after using Pompeian. There's skin that IS clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream — dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day! A marvelous "sprucing-up" for a bright evening.

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it *free*. Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails—right now, while you read this message.

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The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-A, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

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TO keep all your teeth, brush them all. Here is one tooth brush that reaches every tooth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sold in three sizes in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—white or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Four-Row Pro-phy-lac-tic. Price 60 cents. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

Why I Do Go to Church

(*Continued from page 25*)

citizen though he may be, is leaving to others the care of an institution which makes his neighborhood a safer place for his children to play in.

We are a queer lot about church. We can be married by justices of the peace, but most of us prefer clergymen to tie the knot. We can have our loved ones buried by undertakers, but most of us insist that a clergyman shall say the last sad prayers. In times of sickness and trial and trouble, beyond and above all the assistance of kindly neighbors and friends, we seek the aid and counsel of a minister.

As a reporter, I was a witness to this scene many times:

Someone is dying. The doctors have done all they can do. It is the last hour for a human being.

"Who knows where a minister can be found?" says someone in the room. One is located somewhere, and because the cry comes from the brink of the grave this clergyman answers the call.

"We haven't been churchgoers," sobs the mother, or the wife, or the father, or the son, "and we didn't know whether you'd care to come to us or not, but we'd feel so much better if you'd pray for him and for us."

It is one o'clock in the morning. That clergyman has been roused out of his slumber by total strangers. He strengthens and comforts a passing soul, and sustains for the time being those who remain behind to mourn. They had no use for him yesterday or the day before. But now that they themselves stand in the presence of death, they ask him to come to them and bring with him that faith and comfort which they have never supported, and, it seems, never expected to need.

I GO to church because I believe in it and in its service. When death comes into my home, I shall want a minister whom I have helped and worked with. I shall want to be able to look him in the eyes and greet him without apology. I don't want to say to him: "I have scorned you and your kind and make your works my mockery, but now I need the very thing I have been mocking. I have never given a dollar to the church, but I want the church to bury me."

Most of us are for the church when we are dying. If many of us were not for the church when we are in health, there would be no clergymen to come at our bidding in the last sad hours.

I don't want to beg my prayers at the finish.

I believe that the church is vital to community life. I believe that neither business nor government, nor social service workers, nor any other organization could do the work of the church. A man who has had no religious instruction is not an educated man. We may laugh at the Sunday-school, but therein lies the cornerstone of our manhood and womanhood.

God is as much a part of this life as he is of the life to come. I do not vision Him as one dwelling in a far-off place, to be encountered some day as a stern and frowning judge. I believe that much can be learned about Him now. There is a need for religion. Most of us want our children to be trained properly in our faith. Business has no time to teach them; Government has no time to teach religion; nor could it do it wisely if it would, because the paths which lead to God are so many and so varied. This is the proper function of the church and the difficulty now is that the church is struggling to do its duty against terrific odds which we ourselves have raised.

We are all looking to the ministry to give us a finer church. They could do it easily if we would give them a finer and more helpful body of laymen and laywomen.

I go to church and help to support it, not only because I think I need it or may some day need it, but also because I think the church needs me. If all of us who give money thought our duty ended there, the church would die. It exists not on dollars but on men and women.

PERHAPS there are clergymen who have failed to put forth every effort to hold the interest and enthusiasm of their congregations. But it is easy to find an excuse for not going to church.

I myself can always do it. On a lovely June Sunday morning, I much prefer a round of golf to our Episcopal Church service. That God can be worshiped as well under His blue skies and green trees and on His rolling meadows as within His dimly lighted building, I have often said. It is a soothing balm to my conscience. The only difficulty about this is that when I am playing golf on Sunday morning I give little thought to worship.

I can say that the minister doesn't interest me, and it may be all true, and it may also be more my fault than the minister's. If I go to church only to be interested by an orator, and not to participate in a service of worship, then my excuse for non-attendance is good. But the fact is that if I am truly sincere in my church attendance, I can worship my God in a house conducted by a minister I personally do not like, just as well as I can in the presence of one whose eloquence both charms and uplifts me.

President Coolidge, on his vacation, attended a little country church in which a boy student preached his first sermon. It isn't likely that the President was prompted to go to that church merely to hear that youthful minister. He must have known that this young man would not say to him anything he had not heard said many times before and perhaps in a much more forceful way. Certainly in that little Western community church there was no great choir to draw him there. The service was simplicity itself. The President that day set a high example for us all. He showed us clearly and vividly why more of us should be churchgoers.

Regardless of all the costly trappings which have come in to make churchgoing attractive, the fact remains that we should go for the sake of worshiping our Creator and participating in the service of our own choice. Either we are hypocrites or fools

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when we let one man's blunder, or one man's arrogance, or one man's intolerance, drive us away from that one thing which we know to be vital to our peace.

So I continue to go, though I hear the same things over and over again better said or worse said by men I know well and am fond of, or by men I personally dislike, or by total strangers.

To say that I don't need the church is mere bravado. I needed it when my father died; I needed it when we were married and when our babies were taken from us, and I shall need it again sooner or later, and need it badly. I am in good health now, and I could, I suppose, get along very nicely for a time without the aid of clergyman, or choir, or even prayer; but what sort of man is he who scorns and neglects and despises his best friend until his hour of tribulation?

During the summer, which I spend with my family at Pointe Aux Barques, Michigan, I go to church to hear Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University. Born and trained as a Baptist, during the three months of his summer vacation he gives his time and thought and strength to the little Methodist church of Huron City. Every Sunday afternoon he conducts religious services for the benefit of the community at large. For money? No. For publicity? No. For the sake of hearing himself talk? Not at all. It is because he believes in churches and the things for which they stand.

Farmers and summer resorters sit crowded side by side in that little House of God listening to this man's words. They are simple and direct and almost old-fashioned, but they carry with them comfort and hope and faith and courage that could come from no other source than a supreme and abiding faith in God and Jesus Christ. If Professor Phelps, with all his learning, has found comfort in the things of the Church, who am I to say they are not there?

THE Church is accused of being constantly after money, and I fancy there is basis for the charge. A more liberal laity could wipe out this degradation.

A constantly begging minister is the living symbol of a niggardly congregation.

I fancy no clergyman enjoys very greatly the money-raising part of his job. A wise and an active vestry or board would save their minister from this humiliation. They would see that the funds necessary for his work were raised for him. They would themselves assume the material burden, and free him for the spiritual work of his parish. In this way, they could make him a welcome visitor everywhere instead of a feared and unwelcome one.

The church is an earthly institution. It was built by men to satisfy their spiritual needs. It has been called the House of God, but it is really occupied by human beings, and suffers from every need of human habitation. God does not run the bills or pay them. Men put on the mortgages and men must lift them. Debts can be paid only with money, and money can come only from those who have it. Staying away from church will not lessen its indebtedness. It will only increase it. The difficulty, as I see it, is that now those who do go to church are carrying twice the burden they should. They are maintain-

Some back-to-nature facts

First off, let's discount all Arabian Nights stories about the miracle of instantly curing dandruff; the miracle of quickly putting hair on a perfectly bald head. Our native horse-sense makes us ask: If such promises are true why is *any* man bald?

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PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

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ing an institution for others who now profess not to need it, but who later on will call upon it for help.

I am inclined to the opinion that as laymen we churchgoers are not all we should be or could be. If the church is not attractive to other people, and especially to young people, we must assume our share of the blame. We cannot in justice shove it all onto the minister. Even the most up-to-date clergyman has to depend upon the old-fashioned Bible and the old-fashioned truths and the old-fashioned faith, for his inspiration and his teaching. It is a church and not a show-house he is conducting. The layman can, by his presence and his support, help make his church an interesting meeting place.

"The people I meet in churches don't interest me," I have heard said countless times. The critics are talking about us churchgoers now. Maybe something is the matter with us. Perhaps we have let our religion make us finicky and supercritical and smug-faced and even hypocritical and bigoted. If our neighbor has no religion of his own, and thinks he wants one, we haven't made him feel that ours is a product to be desired. Apparently it hasn't made us happy and cheerful and helpful and honest and fun-loving. As samples of what our religion does we are all trade killers more or less.

As a matter of fact, we ourselves aren't convincing in our desire for the church. Of course we go and we pay to its support; but our enthusiasm is not whole-hearted. We're not earnest enough about it. Most of us couldn't convince anyone that the church fills a genuine need in our lives. If this were so, we should be active laymen and laywomen. We should be busy in the church affairs. We should be planners and workers and dreamers for it. At least we should be able to convince our own children that it is a good thing, and even in that most of us seem to fail.

The way to interest young people, and all people, in the church is to make it interesting. How? I think that is the question for the laity to decide. They have established a church for the nurture of the spiritual side of life. They support trained clergymen to preach the gospel and teach the doctrines of their church, but, that done, they have rested. What church members should do is to go out and demonstrate to the world that their religion and their churchgoing makes them human and lovable and kind and brave. The wave of doubt which is spreading comes not from the clergy but from the laity.

So I attend church when I can, and do for the church what I can, because I believe in it. I have found nothing in my religion that has interfered with my progress for a single moment. I have never been held back from a single opportunity. It has been my source of inspiration and strength and comfort, and I should be an ingrate and a fool to desert it now. Criticized and derided and belittled, ridiculed and mocked as it is, the Church still stands for all that is finest in our thought. It is still the mother of our greatest sons and daughters.

I do not join with the non-believers and the non-churchgoers, because I see no hope where they would take me. I see them trying to lead me and my children into license and debauchery; into a cruel struggle for existence on the earth and to a hopeless deathbed at the last. I will not set my face or the faces of my children toward such a wilderness.

Helga Lind and the Bright Noël

(*Continued from page 23*)

funny," Helga said to herself. "It tears you in two, thinking of it!"

The next day Abbie said, "Would you think it was queer if I was to call the baby Jim, after Jim MacFarlane, that wanted to marry me? I don't want as he should grow up like Ernie. . . . Once Jim give me arbutus in the spring."

Helga went to Jim MacFarlane after that. She tried to tell him about Abbie.

"I wonder if you'd come see her, Jim," she said. "I never knew her much, and I can't be to her what some old friend would be. No one comes—and she probably won't get well."

But Jim's head went back stubbornly.

"Now her city friends have gone back on her, she'll take what's left, eh?" he said. "No, thanks! I've had my dose of Abbie Pritchard, 'n' I don't mind saying it was a bitter dose—I don't hanker for another!"

Helga went away from him with her heart heavy.

"He wanted to come," she thought; "but he's too proud—she must have hurt him badly."

Well, that was that. But she didn't quite give up. She went to Jessie Sutton, a girl of Abbie's age, and asked her to come. Jessie said she would; but there'd probably been gossip at home, and she was busy with Christmas shopping. She never came. Helga spoke to nearly all the neighbors, and some did mean to go in—but Abbie had been a pert little thing; she hadn't meant much to anyone. No one went, no one at all, and it fell upon Helga alone to ease the child's loneliness.

They wanted Helga to help put on the Christmas pageant at the church. But she wouldn't. She was angry at them all for being so numb about Abbie and, too, she couldn't bear to leave Abbie alone for long. For Abbie was getting very weak now.

"We'll have a wee Christmas tree for Jim," Helga told her cheerfully. "Emil's brought him the funniest, softest little cat, and Hulda's embroidering him a dress, and Mother's doing something—she won't tell what. Shall we have the tree up here by the bed?"

Abbie tried to smile.

"You're awful good," she said. "But I guess it won't matter about where you have the tree—I don't believe as I'll be here Christmas."

"Nonsense!" Helga said, and managed to laugh. "I'm hoping you can sit up for Christmas dinner!"

Abbie smiled again and did not speak.

It was snowing next morning, great soft flakes that were very beautiful.

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"Looks as if we'd have a white Christmas," Helga said to Abbie, as she took her untouched breakfast away.

Abbie looked steadily at the drifting flakes.

"It never used to snow like that in the city," she said.

Before Helga left for the day on the Route, she fastened the curtains back so that Abbie could watch the snow.

"I love snow too," she said to Abbie. "It's so *quiet* and so clean—and so beautiful. I like to feel it on my face."

"I used to like to coast—down Kollop Hill—when I was a kid," Abbie said wistfully.

There it was again: "*When I was a kid.*" There was a lump in Helga's throat as she drove out into the snowstorm. When she came home her mother said, "Abbie's had a couple bad spells this afternoon. Go up quietly—I think she's sleeping."

Helga called Doc Davy.

". . . And won't you please stop at the Pritchards' and get *one* of them, anyway, to come up? She's so homesick."

BUT when Doc Davy came he was alone. There was a raw red mark across his face.

"I tried to make him come, and he took the horsewhip to me," he said, a little grimly. "I don't believe Abbie really wants *him*—don't seem possible!"

Helga called the Pritchards' the next morning, hoping to talk to Abbie's mother; but Israel Pritchard answered, and Helga hung up. She asked Sary Overhiser to go down and see if she couldn't tell Mrs. Pritchard about Abbie. Sary did go, but it was no use.

"She don't dare say her soul's her own!" she said impatiently over the 'phone. "Don't know what's got into Israel—he didn't use to be so hard when he was younger."

"Well, you come down some afternoon, Sary."

"I'll try to," said Sary. But Helga knew, by some sudden indifference in her voice, that Sary wouldn't come.

Helga looked out of the window at two cutters passing. If only they would stop—she had an impulse to go out and shout to them to stop, just for a moment's friendliness to Abbie. But the bells became faint in the distance and Helga went slowly up-stairs.

That night Abbie said:

"Pa thought as I wasn't married to Ernie—but I was, all right!" After a little she whispered, "I guess Pa don't know how much awfuler some things is than not bein' married!"

Later that night, she became very weak.

"I wish Ma was here," she said faintly. Then—"*I wisht I was home!*"

Presently she opened her eyes and spoke quite clearly.

"I used to think my room to home was kind of ugly; but I guess it wasn't. It was so kind of *clean*, like this one, 'n' out the window I could look at the hills 'n' the creek—funny how you can get lonesome for hills, isn't it? I didn't never suppose you could miss land 'n' water same as folks."

"Yes—you can," Helga said. "I know how that is. Would it hurt you too much if I should pull your bed over a little in the morning? Then you could see the hills, you can even see your house."

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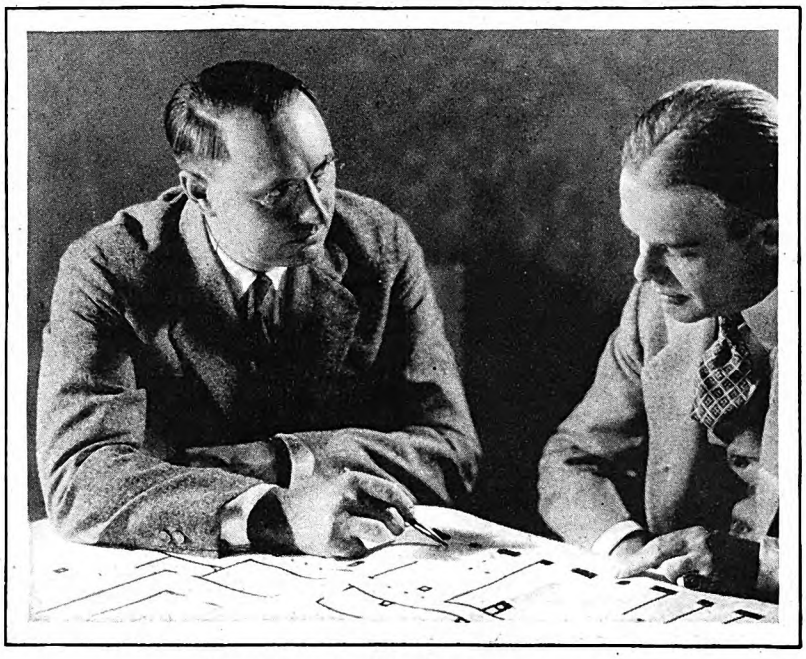

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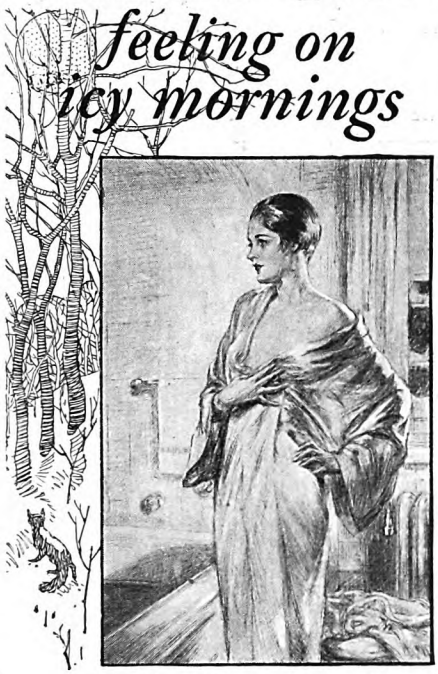

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"No—'twouldn't hurt," said Abbie.

But in the morning Abbie was worse. They got her over by the window though, and she smiled a little, seeing the hills of home, the frozen creek between bare trees, her father's red barn and silo. Helga hated to leave her.

"To-morrow's Christmas," she said, "and we have the dearest tree for the baby! I'll bring it up to-night and show you. It's going to sparkle so you can see it a mile off."

Abbie did not answer, only lay quite still and stared out at the white world.

When Helga came that night, Rush Sloan was there. Much as she had wanted him, she only put her hands in his for one glad moment, and then went to Abbie.

"Sorry, Rush, but she's awfully sick—she needs someone always with her!"

"Can't I come too?"

So they went together up the stairs, and she told him in hurried whispers about Abbie. When they entered the bedroom Abbie lay quite still, her eyes closed.

"Abbie! *Abbie!*" Helga said gently.

Abbie opened her eyes, tired-of-life child's eyes, but she did not seem to see them. Helga put out a hand to Rush, suddenly afraid. Abbie began to whisper, and Helga bent to listen. It was quite dark outside, but Abbie was saying:

"Don't the snow look pretty—so soft 'n' clean? It was so . . . dirty . . . in the city! It's so . . . soft . . . 'n'—"

Helga's eyes were blinded with tears; she dropped on her knees by the bed.

"Abbie, Abbie dear, can't you wait till Christmas?" she begged. "Abbie! *Abbie!*"

But tired, hungry little Abbie Pritchard did not answer.

IT WAS after nine when Helga came into the living-room and said: "I'm going to do something queer, Mother. Seems as if I've got to do it—for Abbie—for Abbie's Christmas! Rush, will you come with me? Down to the church? And, Mother, where's that white blanket? I'm going to take the baby."

"Why, Helga!"

"I know! But you can't touch some people in ordinary ways—and he's never seen the baby! He didn't use to be so hard, Sary says; it's just that he hasn't been made to see—to feel! And there's all the old friends, that have been too busy making Christmas presents . . . and Jim MacFarlane!"

So Helga and Rush Sloan took Abbie's baby and walked down the snowy road toward the church.

"I'm almost glad—for Abbie," Helga said once. "Life's always been too much for her. It was too much for her here, where she wanted to be a girl, free and happy. It was too much for her, out there, where she wanted to be a woman. Now she's rested, she'll never have to fight life any more. . . . But the baby, Rush, that's different. I think she wanted the baby to grow up at home. I know they're hard, the Pritchards, but it seems to me they *need* this baby to soften them, to make them understand their own hardness, and Abbie!"

"But you said you'd tried—"

"Yes, I have, and the neighbors too. Doc Davy went to him but they've never *seen* the baby, really *seen* it! Maybe I oughtn't to do this—before all the neighbors; but they all know, and some of *them* have been hard, too!"

They were there before the church—in the vestibule. And then it was that the miracle happened. Perhaps only a miracle of love and Christmas; but a miracle all the same.

The church was dim, and on the platform was the Manger scene. It was really beautiful, for Sweden Hollow—the Wise Men kneeling, the carols softly chanted in the distance. And into the hearts of the Sweden Hollow folks had come a gentleness, a forgetting of petty neighborhood quarrels, a tenderness for young, believing things. You could see it in their faces.

And, as they sat there, quiet and listening, Helga Lind walked up the aisle and up onto the platform. She stood there before their startled eyes, a moment, holding the baby in her arms. She was somehow profoundly beautiful, looking down at us all with both compassion and sternness in her gray eyes.

When she spoke, her voice was very gentle, but clear.

"It seems so strange," she said, "that at the blessed Christmas time, a little girl could die among us and have no one with her but strangers. It seems so strange that, with all the world giving and loving, anyone could come *home* . . . to Sweden Hollow . . . and find no welcome for herself or her child!"

And then—whether she had thought of these words before, or whether they came to her as she stood there, I know not—but then she held out the baby, and said with clear and beautiful sadness:

"'The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; *but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head'!*"

And Abbie Pritchard's mother, with tears falling unheeded, came running up the aisle, reached for the baby. And Israel Pritchard came awkwardly after, his hard face working with strange and awful pain. And Jim MacFarlane knelt with his head against the altar rail and sobbed, forgetting us all in the bitterness and shame of his grief. And in the hearts of many of us was the unforgettable knowledge that we had meant to see Abbie, and had not gone!

SO Abbie Pritchard's baby came home, and so the folks of Sweden Hollow learned a lesson of thoughtfulness that would stay with them as long as they lived. And I say it was a miracle of the Noël—a miracle of love and forgiveness.

On the way home, under the frosty stars, Rush Sloan said, humbly:

"Helga, sometimes I feel I haven't any right to you, you're too big for me. To do what you just did, without melodrama or hurting unduly—*I* couldn't have done it. I don't know anyone else who could have! There's something about you that's as big as the world is big. . . . Why, what is it, Helga?"

For Helga had paused in the snowy road, and her hands went out to the hands of Rush Sloan.

"Oh, Rush, I don't want to belong to the folks here—I want to belong just to you!" she said tiredly.

"Helga—*sweetheart!*"

And the stars of Christmas Eve made bright shining upon the miracle of their love.

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I Am Proud That I Was an Orphan!

(*Continued from page 9*)

quickly rose in his own right. He became the head of the boys' band and a leader in student activities.

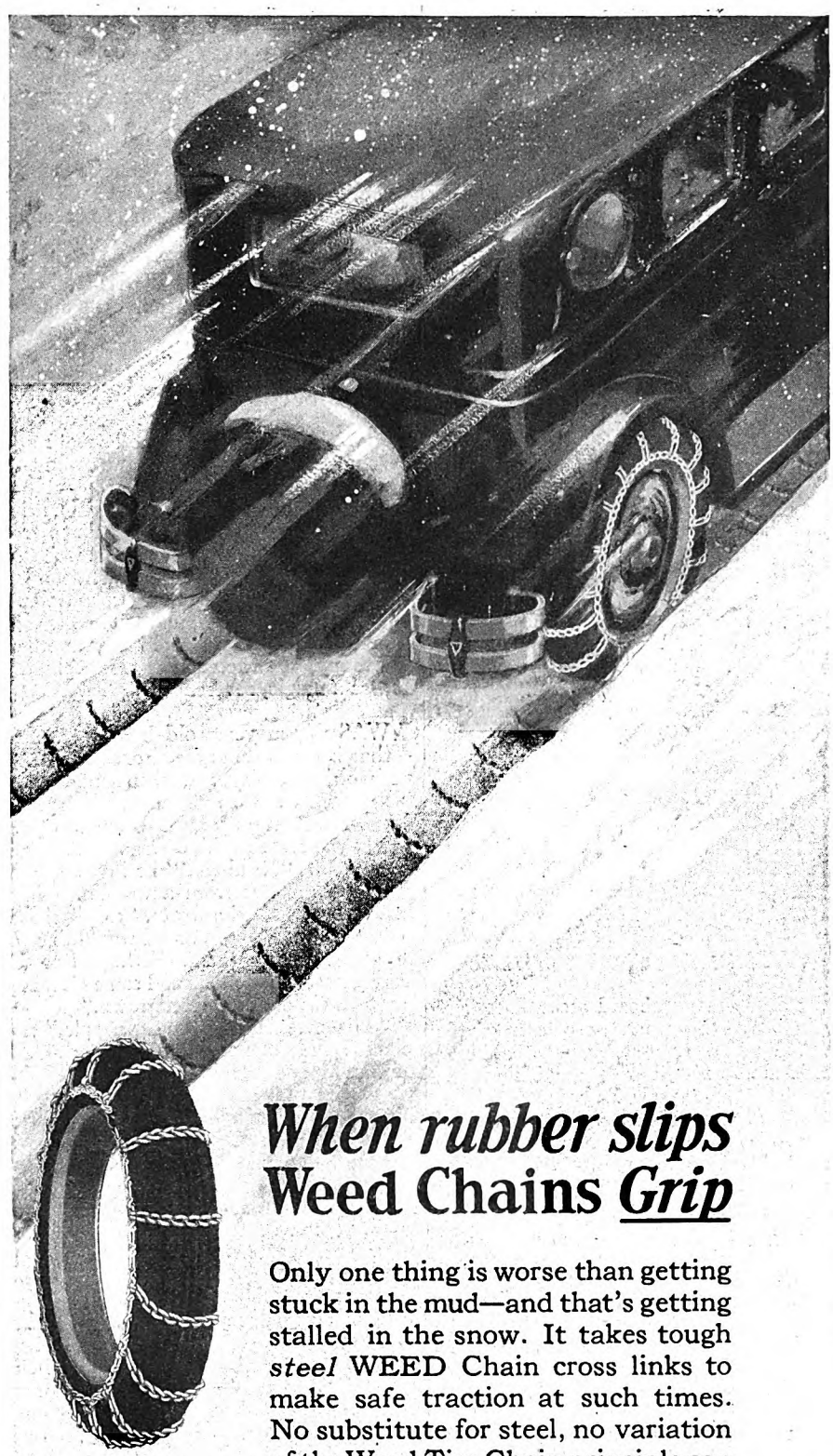
Scotland school was on a far grander scale than Chester Springs. It was modern, well equipped, and set in beautifully landscaped grounds. There was a football field, as fine as that of any minor college; a baseball field big enough for a dozen diamonds; a parade ground circled by a half-mile of gravel driveway; a private lake, on which we skated in winter, and a clear stream in which were deep swimming holes; there were acres upon acres of playgrounds, a big farm that supplied vegetables in season, a modern gymnasium and an indoor swimming pool. The school had its own laundry, its own lighting plant, and a fully equipped industrial training building, where were taught printing, tailoring, cabinet-making, machine work and tool-making. Pupils, after reaching certain grades, were permitted to take up stenography, typewriting, and telegraphy. Every girl was taught dressmaking.

William C. Bambrick was the superintendent in charge of boys, with the title of "Colonel." He was a former West Virginia University man, and there he had been one of the pioneers of football, and active in military and physical training. His assistant was Major "Phil" Johnson, himself an orphan and former pupil, and an excellent baseball pitcher. "Tod" Skinner, a 'varsity halfback at Dickinson in his law-school days, was one of the teachers.

THESE men brought the spirit of college to Scotland—the college spirit of twenty-five years ago. The football and baseball teams which they trained played the freshman and scrub teams of such famous schools as Mercersburg Academy, the old Carlisle Indians, Shippenburg Normal, and amateur aggregations for miles around. It was rarely that they lost more than one game a season. Our football teams would "walk away" with the ordinary high-school elevens. On gridiron or diamond they couldn't be beaten in those days, except by much older boys.

I was, next to Billy Allison, the youngest boy in the school, and one of the smallest. Consequently, I didn't shine in these big Saturday contests except as a spectator. But every one of us kids had visions of some day "making the team." The "spirit of the team" began at the top, and didn't stop until it had percolated to the very bottom; and that spirit was, "They've got to be big to beat an orphan!"

My first baseball game at Scotland made me proud that I was an orphan. Whom we were playing I've forgotten, and what the score was, too. But I remember that we came into the ninth inning tie, and "Tony" Jordan, our pitcher, struck out in succession the invader's three best sluggers to let us beat them in the closing half. And then five hundred young throats, among which mine was one, burst forth with the victory yell:



When rubber slips Weed Chains *Grip*

Only one thing is worse than getting stuck in the mud—and that's getting stalled in the snow. It takes tough *steel* WEED Chain cross links to make safe traction at such times. No substitute for steel, no variation of the Weed Tire Chain principle can grip as well as WEEDS. Remember "There can be no compromise with safety." So always keep WEEDS handy in your car until you need them —then put them on for *dependable* traction.

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc. in business for your safety

WEED CHAINS

for sure traction in snow, mud or on ice

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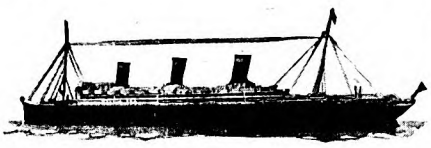
See the World FREE!

Taste Romance and Adventure In the Far Lands of the Earth

How often **you've longed to see for yourself** the awe of Egypt's pyramids—the beauties of the gorgeous Mediterranean sunset—the squalor of China's ancient cities!

Spend a few years, or the rest of your life, tasting high adventure on the seven seas and in all the world's great ports—roving the earth's highways and byways! You can do it FREE—all your expenses paid—and earn a good salary besides!

Only one profession will carry you around the world at will, traveling like a gentleman, but that's the most interesting and pleasant work there is—Radio Operating! Easily and quickly learned, there's no other profession like it for the man who wants the experiences and pleasures of world-travel. Radio operators are needed—all sea-going ships like the one shown here must carry from one to half a dozen or more.



Take a Look Beyond the Skyline Without a Penny's Expense

Radio operators aboard ocean liners live luxuriously—they rank as officers of the ship. Meals, a private cabin, all other living needs are furnished free, and besides the operator draws a good salary. You can learn quickly and easily at home in your spare time to be a Radio operator through our practical training methods. Take a look at the FREE BOOK which tells how—mail coupon below.

This U. S. Government-recognized school has been training successful operators since 1914. Our graduates are all over the world. We maintain an Employment Department to put you on your own ship. The world-famous NATROMETER, our own patented invention, obtainable only by students of this Institute, is recognized as the best and easiest way to learn the Radio code. A few short months, with the aid of the famous Natrometer and our quick home training, and you too can be a fully qualified Radio operator, sitting in your cabin like the one shown above, bound out for Liverpool or Nagasaki!

Read the Free Book that tells all about this fascinating profession and our practical Government-recognized methods of training you for it. Send coupon TODAY—no obligation. Special tuition offer now on, includes world-famous Natrometer free of extra cost with your course! Act at once.

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National Radio Institute,
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Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way send me your free book and information about your offer of Natrometer with course.

World-Famous Natrometer

Name.....

Address.....

Zip, Boom, Bah!
Zip, Boom, Bah!
ORPHANS, ORPHANS!
Rah, Rah, Rah!

No Yale man ever cheered for Old Eli with greater pride than we did as we ripped out yell after yell for our school. And at chapel service that evening, Colonel Bambrick spoke of the victory. He began, "We showed them to-day something of the stuff of which an orphan is made." Sunday morning I read in every Philadelphia paper, "ORPHANS WIN!"

This pride of ours in our orphanhood was a subtle thing, that grew as a river grows, by the contributions of a thousand tiny streams. A boy would be hurt in play, even to the extent of a broken bone, and yet he wouldn't whimper—an orphan didn't. The story of a swindle would appear in the newspapers, and the comment would be final with us, "They couldn't pull anything like that on an orphan!" The hero in the novel might bog down, exhausted by his hardships, but to the freckled-nosed orphan reader he no longer would be a hero unless he rose up and went on, "like an orphan would." The highest compliment one boy could pay another was to say, "You acted like a true orphan." It was a magic, reverenced word.

I WAS fifteen years old before I knew that, in the world's eyes, an orphan should be an object of pity; and when I made that discovery I was the most surprised orphan alive. I was on duty in the colonel's office and he was seated at his desk going through some mail. "Read this," he invited.

The letter was from a woman. "My heart goes out," she wrote, "to all those poor orphan children, and I would like to do something for them. Perhaps I could send you some blankets and some clothing my own children have outgrown."

"That woman is like most people," explained the colonel. "She thinks of an orphan as a puny, half-starved, ragged little urchin who goes about with tears in his eyes and who is kicked by everybody. I wonder what she would think if she saw our football squad."

I was incredulous, certain that the colonel was playing a joke on me, and when he convinced me that he was not, the joke appeared even funnier. Had I been the poorest, most miserable boy in school I wouldn't have changed places with this woman's son—no, not with any rich man's son, either. We looked down upon rich folks' children, especially their boys. They were "sissies," afraid to get their feet wet; and any good orphan could thrash a dozen of them in a bunch, was our belief.

There was real physical training at Scotland, real athletic competition, real play. We could swim, skate, run, jump, and tussle. I wasn't in school a month until I was an expert with Indian clubs, dumbbells, and could do a calisthenic drill perfectly. I knew the rifle drill and bayonet fighting. I could take a wallop from a bare fist and give one. My muscles were hard, my wind was sound, and I could do a turn on the horizontal bar and chin myself twenty times without stopping. I was far too glorified a being to wear anybody's cast-off clothing, when I could get a brand-new uniform simply by "accidentally" ripping my old coat on a nail, in a place where the mend would be conspicuous.

But we learned more than pride in this orphans' asylum. Our days were full; they were interesting. Half of each day was expended in the classroom, the other half in the shop. Every evening when the weather was nice there was a dress parade, then dinner, then chapel, then an hour of study under teachers who saw that we actually studied, and at nine-thirty, bed, with "Taps" and "Lights out" at ten. Play periods, drill periods, gymnasium periods interspersed this daily routine. Saturday was "clean-up" day and inspection; Sunday a day of ease, and church.

Every boy picked his trade himself, and if he found after a trial that he had chosen unwisely, he was permitted to change. I began at Scotland as a student of cabinet-making, and was taught the uses of woodworking machinery, how to distinguish the different kinds of woods at a glance, how to veneer and inlay, and to carve with a chisel. Much of this knowledge has been invaluable at times, though I never became a cabinet-maker.

Later I took up stenography and typewriting and joined the school literary society. We furnished material for the school's paper, which was printed in the school shops; conducted debates on every subject under heaven, learned something of oratory and how to conduct a meeting. I am a writer to-day largely as a result of work done in the literary society at Scotland.

There was an excellent library in the school and books were free to any boy or girl who wanted them. During one winter I read more than a hundred books—Scott, Mark Twain, Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare, Abbott's histories, Milton, Chaucer, Pope, Poe, and a dozen others. I was such a persistent reader that I was made librarian.

We had a school band, and as a member of it I learned music and to play a reed instrument, under Conductor Charlie Mentzer, as kindly and as lovable a bandmaster as ever waved a baton. The band occasionally played in nearby cities and marched in the great parades of the state.

I don't believe, had my parents lived, that I would have learned any music, for ours wasn't a musical family. I don't believe I would have had opportunity to visit the cities of my state, and to know the thrill of marching with thousands, and to see and hear the great orators of the day. I don't believe I would have had a wonderful library of good books at my command, or a society to interest me in literature and help me to understand its priceless works. I don't believe that either of my parents or the public schools would have taught me anything of woods, machines, and fine furniture-making, or of stenography and typewriting, all before I was sixteen years old.

AT HOME, I probably would have been taught a creed, and to be distrustful of all other creeds; at school, I was taught of God and the Bible, without creed, without narrowness, without rancor. I didn't know the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant until after I left school. At home, I might have learned to judge folks by the amount of money they had, or by the kind of house they lived in; at school, I learned to judge them only by what they did or tried to do, regardless of race, nativity, or color.

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Wire-Haired Fox Terrier

Saved his Dog from Distemper

"Of four pups, I lost three from distemper before I used Sergeant's Distemper Medicine. The fourth, the only one having this medicine, was saved, and is now perfectly healthy."

Now is the time of year to watch for this dread scourge of Dogdom. Few dogs escape it. Many beloved animals die because their masters don't know what to do for them. Use Sergeant's Distemper Medicine.

Symptoms
Cough, fever, dry nose, vomiting, loss of weight, thirst, hot skin, little desire for food, dull coat, tendency to sleep.

Would You Know?

If Distemper attacked your dog, would you know what to do? Isn't it worth while to find out, particularly if this information costs you nothing? There are effective remedies for every dog ailment, and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

DONT'S for Dog Lovers
Don't fail to keep your dog in condition.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's Famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on the breeding, feeding and rearing of dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in Polk Miller's Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex, and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, order direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1567 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Certainly I would have enjoyed no private gymnasium at home, no private instructors in physical culture and sports, no such rigid and scientific regulation of the conditions under which I lived. Only sixteen deaths occurred among the pupils at Scotland in twenty-five years, and at one time there was not a single death during a period of eleven years. Is there a public school anywhere in this land that can boast of a better record?

The orphan school taught me to fight my own battles, and to fight fairly. It taught me to make my own decisions, to live my own life, not as older folks wished me to live it but as I myself wished to live it. My mother used to say, "We'll make a doctor of him," and my father would object. "No, he will be a painter." The orphan school said, "There is the world; go into it and do what you can best do." It gave us freedom; and more—it taught us how to use it.

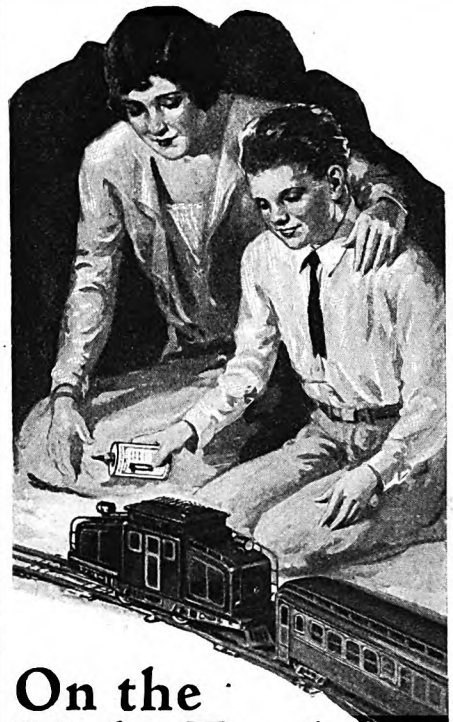
HAVE I pictured an ideal school, grinding out only ideal pupils? I did not mean to. Our school had faults, as all schools have. Our instructors were not without fault. There was little mischief in the realm of boydom into which we husky, well-fed, physically fit orphans did not get. We raided the ice cream intended for the directors' dinner, stole pies from the bake shop, played havoc in nearby melon patches, and received thrashings untold for our misdeeds. It required a strong arm to hold us in check.

No, the school wasn't ideal; but it tried to be! No school in the land had a higher aim, no teachers were more conscientious or faithful, no training course was more carefully thought out or more earnestly executed. And while every boy and girl did not go out into the world to shine, hundreds of them did. A year or two ago I made a check of a group of my orphan schoolmates, and found a near-millionaire, a college professor, a preacher, a business executive, and a banker, before I had exhausted a dozen names. Others had wives and families and jobs and homes of their own. Not one of the twelve had failed to make a go of life. Five of them were college graduates.

And a year ago, when the American Legion held its national convention in my home city of Philadelphia, I got one of the great thrills of my life. I was watching the parade as it passed down Broad Street. As various units and bands marched by, the crowds that lined the curb burst into applause. Up the street I heard what was a roar of applause rolling toward us. People craned their necks. For a time we could not see what this extra measure of enthusiasm was about.

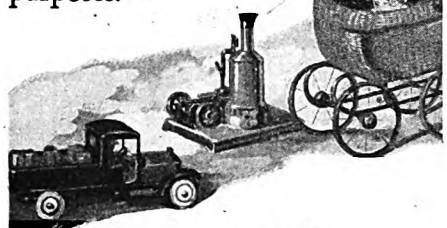
Then into view came a band—a band of boys. They wore the blue of the old army. Their heads were up; every line was true; in perfect time and harmony they blared forth "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The applause swelled around them above the music of the stirring march, but, like regulars, not one youngster looked to the right or left. Their bass drum came opposite me, and as I read its bold inscription the lump in my throat choked my cheers and my pride made me dizzy. It was my old school band! In memory, once again I heard the victory yell: "ORPHANS! ORPHANS!"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



On the Right Track

Boys and girls who are taught today that 3-in-One puts pep and go in their engines, motors, bicycles, skates, etc. and makes them last longer, will later need no prompting to use this good oil for all other oiling purposes.



3-in-One
Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

has been a real life-saver for home and office mechanisms for over a third of a century. Pure, penetrating, non-gumming—distinctly different from and better than ordinary machine oil. 3-in-One is a compound of high-quality oils.

A merchant near you sells 3-in-One in Handy Cans and Bottles. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

FREE: *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

Make a wonderful dustless dust cloth by sprinkling a little 3-in-One on a piece of soft cloth. Cheap. Effective.

KR976

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Turn Your Handicap to Your Advantage

(*Continued from page 33*)

other words, people often achieve because of the very existence of a handicap!

An old woman started a newspaper stand near the corner of the main thoroughfare. She had many competitors. In fact, each of the four corners of the street intersection also supported news-stands. She could not make a go of it.

Then, as luck would have it, she swallowed a pin which lodged in her throat. She was taken to the hospital and operated upon. Her life was saved, but her voice was affected. When she recovered her voice had a peculiar hoarse, raucous, mannish quality. She reopened her news-stand but with many misgivings. How could she make a living with a damaged voice, when she had not been able to make both ends meet before?

But this woman with the mannish voice soon attracted attention. When crying "What d'ya read?" people turned to see whence came this strange voice. They stopped. They engaged her in conversation to hear her talk. And they bought papers. Her news-stand soon was a paying proposition.

Ben Turpin is another case like this. I don't say he might not have scored in motion pictures had he not been afflicted with cross-eyes, because I know nothing of his inherent acting ability. The fact remains, nevertheless, that this physical deformity is what he features on the screen. He has become a movie star because of it.

ONE of the most fascinating cases on record is that of Clifford W. Beers. He, too, applied the principle of compensation. When a young man he became insane. He was confined to an institution for the mentally deranged. All his bright hopes for the future seemed to be shattered.

But what finally happened was this: Beers recovered. And he remembered not only the torments he, himself, had undergone, he remembered also the deplorable state of affairs he found in some of the asylums where he had been a patient. Moreover, as a patient he had been able to obtain the inner, personal viewpoint of other psychotics in a way that no physician or attendant or relative had ever obtained before. In short, he got the actual "low-down," as they say, on mental suffering.

All this he put in a book which is now famous, "A Mind That Found Itself." Thousands of copies have been sold. And then Beers started out to help the cause of insanity in a still more tangible way. He resolved to devote his life to his fellow sufferers. He organized a society, the aim of which is to study and perform researches upon every phase of the ever-increasing insanity problem. His earnestness and enthusiasm, bred of actual experience, impressed leaders of thought in the medical profession, in every other field. He interested capital in his project. Finally, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene came into existence through his efforts. Beers is still its secretary.

Beers took the handicap of insanity which ordinarily floors the average man and woman, and turned it into a national humanitarian triumph. And besides, Beers has created a reputation for himself that will be written in the annals of American medicine.

A pianist, a composer, whose songs and dance music were not taking hold at all suddenly contracted an infection of his right hand. The hand had to be amputated. In despair he concentrated all his efforts in making his left hand proficient. Again the principle of compensation came to the rescue. The left hand developed abilities that his right had never known. He wrote a folk-dance called "Bourrée" which is played with only one hand, the left. It scored instant popularity. The fact that it is played with the left hand became an advertising asset. The loss of the right hand brought the composer fame and fortune.

This brings to mind the case of Robert Schumann. It is said of him that while practicing to become a pianist, and doing so many hours of finger exercises each day to improve his technique, he permanently injured his right hand. He had to give up his ambition to appear before the public.

A compensatory reaction quickly followed, however. When the mind no longer can express itself through action it lets off steam, as it were, through intensified imagination. The more you give out nerve-energy through movement the less you use it up in thinking and feeling. That is why creative artists can easily dissipate their energy in the wrong direction by leading a muscularly active life.

At any rate, Schumann's paralysis activated his mind as never before. He became one of the world's greatest composers. His actual playing gift was not great enough to have made him immortal. But his reinforced imagination was a blessing in disguise for him as well as for the world at large.

Have you ever cultivated roses? Well, if you ever do you will have to make up your mind whether you want a large number of average roses on every bush, or whether you will be satisfied with one or two superior roses to a bush, and let quality take the place of quantity. In the former instance, allow all the buds to bloom. But if you crave an unusually long-stemmed, glorious flower, cut off all the buds but one as soon as they appear.

THE same thing holds true with human performance. If you concentrate upon one single interest you are bound to excel in that particular field.

Now then, a handicap really *forces* you to specialize. A handicap, whether it be physical or mental, of necessity narrows your field of activity. You have simply got to limit your field of interest. You cannot work or play as you might were you not handicapped. If you are wise, instead of letting this discourage you, make it rebound to your benefit.

I do not mean to claim that the all-around, healthy, robust, non-handicapped person is necessarily a mediocre individual, or that folks without a handicap should rush out and get one.

What I do claim is that handicaps are often responsible for greatness. Directly or indirectly, they have made greatness possible in countless instances. This is because they force people to concentrate, make them put forth their best efforts in a single direction. And, lastly, whether the disabled want to or not, compensatory reactions invariably develop.

If you have ever been confined to your bed for any length of time you must have noticed how your viewpoint of life begins to change and how differently you begin to think. The first day or two you fret and fume. You are restless and irritable. You want to be up and doing. Solicitous inquiries about your well-being annoy you.

And then there gradually descends upon you a feeling of calm and poise that you may never have enjoyed before. How small and trifling the ways of man really are, you think. Why all the struggle and fuss and rivalry and animosity? What is it all about? Why not get a perspective on life? Why not let reason hold the emotions in harness? Why should not everyone, you wonder, feel as calm and peaceful—yes, happy—as I do?

MANY a patient has told me of feeling that way. I have experienced it myself. There is no question but that, if your activity is restricted and your life slowed down, you change, and change for the better.

Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, had no idea of writing before he was sent to bed for several months with incipient tuberculosis. Up till then he had been unable to discover what he was best fitted for. But while restricted by illness he began really to think for the first time. He had a heart-to-heart talk with himself. He made a searching study of his fundamental, inner self. His writing genius began to make itself manifest, and it was in bed that he conceived and wrote his first play.

I have already spoken of the advantages of calm, poise, concentration, and perspective that illness brings about. It is my opinion that an additional advantage exists. It is the actual stimulation of the imagination by the disease toxins themselves.

If you study the lives of the greatest men the world has produced, you not only are struck by the large number who were handicapped by illness but you are impressed by the fact that the sickest ones possessed the strongest imaginations. A powerful imagination is undoubtedly the outstanding quality of mind one finds most frequently associated with chronic illness.

A few years ago a man consulted me about his nerves. He was a newspaper reporter. Examination revealed the fact that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and in addition there existed tuberculosis of the right lung in rather an advanced stage. I ordered him to bed.

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Teeth may shine like tinted pearls

STILL . . .

Too often, all seems so safe because teeth gleam in their natural whiteness. Then suddenly Pyorrhea swoops down on the unwary.

Clean teeth still gleam. But gums break down and Pyorrhea poison sweeps through the system leaving in its wake a trail of havoc, often causing many serious ills which destroy happiness. And beauty vanishes with lost health.

As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay Pyorrhea's high price.

***These Odds Can Be Bettered*—Easily**

For safety's sake, protect your gums as well as your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly. Have him examine your teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's easily and safely restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

In addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps to keep gums sound and healthy and so safeguards precious health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

This dentifrice is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist. It is compounded with the correct percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhetic conditions.

Don't wait for danger signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, or for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Be on the safe side and start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Never Feel Down-in-the-Mouth

More and more people are using Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant, morning and night, as an indispensable part of the correct practice of oral hygiene. This scientific triumph *cuts and neutralizes the after-taste effect of tobacco or too rich foods.* It leaves the mouth tingling with delightful freshness for hours after using. It is pleasant, refreshing, harmless and safe. For keeping breath and taste sweet and fresh use Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. There's nothing better! 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Here's something worth knowing. Gums need the same stimulating massaging that keeps a woman's face youthful and free from the wrinkles of age. Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. Forhan's for the Gums is designed to keep gums firm, sound and alive. So make this test: Before brushing teeth with Forhan's exercise your gums, following closely the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube. Do this for 10 days . . . . See how much better your gums look and feel!

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

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A good resolution

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I told him that if there was any chance of saving his life he would be compelled to remain flat on his back for at least a year.

"I'd just as leave die right now and get it over with," he said. But I persuaded him to see things in a different light. I pointed out the advantages he might gain by being sick, the very ones I have been discussing.

At first he was incredulous, but he did as he was told. For a week he had a hard time of it. Then the calm, resigned period set in. His mind began to adjust itself to the new situation, to prepare for the long siege of illness.

One day he said to me, "It's curious, Doctor, but since I've been lying here my mind works like a house afire. I used to be pretty good at the writing game, but nothing to brag about. Would you mind opening that drawer over there? I've started a novel, something I have wanted to do for years. I wish you would read it and tell me what you think."

I'm not a critic but the first few chapters impressed me most favorably. He finished the novel, taking his time, his strength not permitting him to write more than five hundred words a day. He sold it without the slightest difficulty.

Since then he has sold at least a half-dozen novels. The tuberculosis never really was arrested and he will always be compelled to live in a warm climate. But now he is a novelist, whereas before he was only a reporter.

What he told me later is interesting, too, in this connection. "I have noticed," he said, "that when I have had a flare-up of this trouble for a few days it is invariably followed by heightened and intensified imagery. If I'm stuck with my plot, or have gone stale in the writing, such a spell of illness will always help me out. I believe these bugs give off something that peps up my mind."

MY OWN experience with illness has convinced me of the same thing. Much research is necessary to prove it conclusively, of course, to correlate the facts. But this much can be said now: If you are doomed to illness, do not despair. Watch that imagination of yours light up.

And is not imagination the greatest single asset there is? Is it not responsible for all our inventions, all our art, all our civilized progress really? If you can exchange physical discomfort for a more powerful imagination can you honestly believe that you are the loser?

A roused and stimulated imagination brought on by disease is, in effect, another form of the mechanism of compensation. If the body cannot move as freely as it normally should, the mind makes up for it by manufacturing more mental pictures. Even if you must be confined in a plaster jacket your mind will automatically be enriched. Nature is very fair and just, after all.

If you suffer a handicap at the present time, or if circumstance should unexpectedly bequeath one to you, be sure you think, and think hard, about this principle of compensation.

No general rules can, to be sure, be laid down as to how your special handicap can be turned to your advantage. Every handicap differs from every other. But they are all alike in their possibilities regarding compensation.

Study it carefully, painstakingly. You will be surprised what the application of this principle of compensation will do for you. Go at it fearlessly. Whatever your handicap may be, make it work for you.

We are accustomed to think of deformity and illness as something which can only be destructive. Yet who can deny that the forward march of civilization has been accomplished largely, if not wholly, at the expense of individuals who either were forced or were willing to sacrifice health and strength for accomplishment? We should therefore have a wholesome regard for illness. We should realize how often it has been, how often it can be made, an undeniable blessing.

Even if physical perfection be an aim, as it should be, it stands to reason that thousands will never attain it. Thousands also will break under the stress and strain, under the hectic onslaught of present-day living. In the old days the weak ones, the handicapped ones, went to the wall. Nowadays they only go to the wall in order to find a resting place to turn around and fight back.

Seeing Things

(*Continued from page 27*)

always be so. Many women had come here, the same as I had. Those too weak or too fearful to "dominize" had either been quickly crushed or taken away. There was no escape.

When I found that some of the old Negroes were watching to see how I met the plantation's challenge, I couldn't disregard it. I tried to find out just what "dominizing" meant, and at last I made out that in order to "dominize," the plantation mistress must achieve enough wisdom and courage to meet any occasion with composure and grace.

I HAD always laughed at superstitions; but here, where people lived and died by them, they were hard to ignore, and an uneasiness that was close kin to fear began stirring deep down in my heart. What must I do? How could I find out what I needed to know?

Life, or Nature, or whatever it is that animates us, must somehow make us think and believe what we need to think and believe. At any rate, I resolved to keep my eyes open, to try to watch and observe and think and learn, and then to pretend to have courage even when I lacked it most.

I soon discovered that the ability to see is an acquirement. It takes skill to mark differences between things that look just alike, and to make out distinctions between forms that are very close kin. To learn how to do it requires time and patience, and not only a keen wish to know about things themselves but also to know how all things are bound together into one common whole.

Our individual worlds are made up of the things we perceive, and no two of us ever see things alike. The impressions given us by our senses may be accurate or false; they may be a record of absolute truth, or a jumbled confusion of mistakes; yet, whatever they are, the sum of them constitutes for us the only information we can ever have concerning the particular world we live in. No two of us live in the same world. We must each make our own environment and mold our individual universe, and the only material we have to use for this purpose is what our senses have gathered for us. There is no way out of it. All well-being depends on seeing things. The more things we see clearly, the more interesting is the exclusive world that we must make for ourselves.

It has taken time for me to become aware of the great tide of life that flows around me, for its stealth and silence are deceiving to the untrained. But I find that its current is filled with things that not only excite pity and terror, but that also stir devout admiration and wonder.

The plantation is somewhat removed from the beaten track of civilization, and changes take place here slowly, quietly, almost too quietly to be noticed when they come. Few things appear to happen except what the seasons bring or what the sky sends of cloud and sunshine and wind and rain. But here, the same as in the world outside, change is the only permanent thing.

Forms of life here are ceaselessly varied and shifted and interchanged. Nothing abides. Not even beauty is spared. Not a flower or fruit or sunset cloud can escape the ever-moving circle. Men, beasts, crops, trees, rise up, grow strong, then weaken, give way, and pass on into the multitude of things that have been, to be melted, changed, merged into something else, something young and new and strong.

TO THE Negroes, this bit of earth has a definite entity. It is the center of the whole universe, with Heaven, the home of the Great I-Am, in the sky, straight overhead. There on His throne, which is higher and brighter than the sun, He not only directs the clouds and stars and sun and moon as they patiently mark out the patterns He sets for them but He also listens to the plantation prayers and watches the plantation happenings.

For His children, the rain falls and the sun shines. His voice speaks to them when the thunder rolls and the wind howls and sings. Every inanimate thing is endowed with intelligence and intention. Some are kind and helpful, others malicious and envious. Things have sense, like people, and are sometimes good, sometimes evil; but all things forever keep warning men to prepare to meet the Hereafter. When the sun heat burns them and the rain drops wet them and the strong winds whip them, they are all saying, "Pray! Do try to escape Hell if you can."

Hell, the terror of all the plantation

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M. Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

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people, lies dark and deep and terrible straight down underneath the plantation woods and fields, its hot fires swarming with the poor, pitiful souls of the dead who have passed into eternity without making peace with the Great Creator.

The present must be endured patiently, no matter what hardships come; troubles are to be borne without resentment, because true life does not begin until after Death. Then the blessed join the angels in Heaven and are happy forevermore. Feet that walk along the plantation paths and roads, with soles toughened and cracked with dust and mud, will wear silver slippers and walk on golden streets. Weary bodies accustomed to patched, faded garments, will don shining white robes and wings. Tattered old hats will be replaced with golden crowns. Hands grown callous from jerking hoes in the fight with grass or with holding plows straight to the row will pluck out tunes on harps of gold.

BUT every spring, as a tide of green rises and spreads through the forest and fields, and life multiplies the birds and beasts and insects and people, it is easy to see how the trees in the graveyard raise rich bold heads above their fellows, as if they boasted that proud plantation masters and mistresses lie still, under their feet. On all sides, with no effort at concealment, youth and strength can be seen rising out of decay.

The game in the woods is carefully hued to match the autumn leaves, and wild bodies are fashioned to be nimble and swift to keep out of harm's way, yet these are ruthlessly crammed into hunters' bags, limp, blood-stained, the warmth of fur and feather chilled, in order that black pots on open hearths may steam with savory stew which may add pigment to dusky skins or light to eyes already bright.

Riddles are here to be answered, paradoxes, to confuse and perplex. Clues to answers appear, then are shrouded in mystery. Thoughts that flit through human foreheads seem to matter no more than the tunes hummed by the wind through the trees. The lagging steps of a tired man or mule seem to be of no more importance than the traipsing up and down of the beetles that creep under the bark of mighty pines and kill them. I reach conclusions, then discard them for new ones, as I learn a little more about seeing things.

If I can learn, like my black neighbors, to meet the present blithely and calmly and to face the future with faith and fortitude, I shall count that a feat; but meanwhile, simply trying to see things has become for me an absorbing game.

No sooner did I learn that Life is thick around me, everywhere, urging things onward, forward, than I began to see also that Beauty is as universal as Life, and that every living thing seems under rigid orders to become as nearly perfect as possible, to be as beautiful as lies in its nature.

The trees around the Big House are very large and fine, and almost every newcomer expresses the greatest admiration for them; but after living with them a while I had found their silence gloomy and disturbing. How miserable to stand in one place for a hundred years, casting shadows this way or that, making leaves and bending to breezes. Better to be a cricket and hop around and chant for one single summer than stay rooted to one spot forever.

Not until a storm came and wrenched and twisted and broke a number of them to pieces did I discover that no one of them ever put on a new branch carelessly, but that each new shoot was heedfully placed so as to recover the old symmetry and grace and hide the damage that had been so ruthlessly wrought. Such marvelous patience and pains! I saw those trees deliberately strive to become as faultless as they had ever been.

At last I knew what the black people meant when they said trees had sense like people, like the wisest of people too. And they changed, quick as thought, from a grove to a group of individuals that had accepted the life granted to them, and that had achieved the strength to meet misfortune and overcome affliction.

How could a human being learn to do it? The answer to this question has not been easy to find, but perhaps the first part of the answer is simply to accept one's environment, to resolve to become friends with it, for, no matter what or where it is, Life is there, working miracles. Nothing is too small or unimportant for Life to overlook or pass by, and everything exists under Life's law, we human creatures the same as the rest.

MY LONELINESS suddenly ended as soon as my interest in becoming acquainted with things began. What had seemed to be a depressing stillness, I found filled with myriads of clear, distinct sounds and voices, all with a meaning of some kind. Unsuspected colors and forms stood waiting for seeing eyes. Elusive scents were everywhere, warning or inviting.

The black people have been glad to tell me what they know, to show me what they see, and I have found out some things for myself; but the chief joy in seeing things comes through wanting, wishing to know more about them, what they are, why they are, what will they become?

But instead of my dominizing the old plantation, I find that the old place has played a trick on me: it has made me merely one of its creatures whose destiny is bound up with everything else here. Not only with the trees and beasts and men, but with this silent red earth that feeds us all, and that will some day, certainly, take back all that is mortal of us, and turn it again into its dust.

AROUND the historic figure of Abraham Lincoln numerous stories have grown up; stories maybe with a germ of truth in them, but which, with the passage of time, have been twisted out of all recognition. Next month in "Lincoln, the Most Lied-About Man," Honoré Willsie Morrow lays low many of these stories, and gives us a clear, vivid picture of the Great Emancipator, whom she rediscovered after immersing herself for eight years in the vast realm of Lincolniana. In her article the legendary Lincoln gives place to a man of flesh and blood.

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The Little Land That Gave Us the Year One

(*Continued from page 55*)

land had heard of her. They had sought her out and felt her greatness. This, in spite of the fact that women on the whole had little credit. The notion had got abroad that she was the fortunate one who was to bear the promised Messiah. I wonder if some of those shepherds, tending their flocks on the hills, whom she and Joseph had probably passed on their way up to the village, were not old friends with whom the travelers had tarried for bread and conversation. This very likely incident would illumine the part which the shepherds played in the great event of Christmas night.

As I stood in Pilate's Chamber and the Way of the Cross my thoughts went back to those closing scenes in the great drama. I never quite understood the pathetic words of counsel at the supper when He was eating and drinking with His beloved friends until, in imagination, I tried to put myself in the scene. Those men all knew that their Master's end was near. His companionship had inspired and lifted them up out of the darkness in which they had once lived. They were now strong men filled with the new Light. They had been telling Him of their love, of their sense of obligation, of their sorrow that their travels were ended. This is what I think He meant when He spoke of the bread and wine:

"I KNOW, my beloved ones that I have been as your bread and wine. Therefore, when you eat bread, may you see the face and form once familiar to you, and when you drink wine may it remind you of my blood. My spirit cannot be taken from you."

Imagination has to help us in all serious study. We should get little out of history, philosophy, art, or mathematics without the use of the imagination. Why leave it out in the study of the Scriptures?

Most of those who read these words live in a land of many schools and colleges, of innumerable hospitals and homes for the aged and infirm, all of which signalize the charity and generosity of its inhabitants; a land loving beauty and favored with every comfort and convenience; a land where the humblest may rise to power and honor, and where no honest man need suffer want.

Do we forget what is behind this great democracy, this love of progress and peace, this doctrine of charity to all and malice toward none? Is it not the spirit of the first Lover of Light, the spirit of the first great Teacher of charity and good will? Whether we admit it or not, His spirit is mainly the spirit of America. Whatever they may say or think, Jew and Gentile, atheist and scoffer, have it in common with the rest of us. It is in very truth the spirit of Christ, the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of Santa Claus, the spirit of charity, generosity, and progress which pervades and possesses our people.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

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My Worst Fault and How I Overcame It

FIRST PRIZE

My Fault Nearly Cost a Little Girl Her Life

FOR years I went along happily, putting off answering letters and invitations, putting off returning books to the library, and putting off going to the dentist and doctor. Why do a thing to-day when to-morrow will do just as well? was my philosophy.

Something which happened last summer broke me of this habit. I had put off getting the brakes of our car tightened, thinking each day that I would do it to-morrow. Then, one day I was driving down-town when suddenly a little girl about five years old ran out into the street. I blew the horn, pushed in my clutch and foot brake, grabbed the hand brake, shut my eyes and prayed. I heard a terrified scream; but the car kept on going, for the brakes wouldn't hold. Finally, the car stopped.

I opened my eyes and looked back. The little girl was lying on the pavement a few yards behind the car. My heart stopped beating. I jumped out and ran back. It took all my will power to force myself to look at that child; but when I did so, and saw she was apparently unhurt, I had to sit down on the pavement to keep from fainting.

The car had knocked her down between the wheels and thus avoided killing or hurting her. I picked her up and carried her back to the car. I drove to the doctor's. He examined her carefully, and said she had been only stunned a little by the fall. Needless to say, I got my brakes tightened that very day.

That cured me of procrastination. Since then, every time I start to put something off I think of that scream, and the way that little girl looked when I first saw her huddled on the pavement. My motto has become: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." And I honestly try to live up to it. T. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

I Was a "Worrier"

WHAT havoc worry can cause to one's happiness and peace of mind I well know. For I had so many things in my favor—youth, health, friends, happy home and business life—yet I obscured them in a cloud of petty griefs.

I don't know why such little things bothered me. My life was calm; I had no great burdens to carry. I finally realized that I must conquer foolish fears, or be forever weighted down with them. So I invented a cure.

Each day I wrote in a little notebook lists of the things that worried me. I headed them "Things to Worry About To-day," "Things I Need Not Worry About Until To-morrow." Many of these pet worries seemed so trivial when I put them on paper that my sense of humor nearly got the better of me; but I put them there just the same.

What a list I had the first day! Even I had to laugh. Then I crossed out the ones I felt I could do without, and gravely studied the "important" ones. Against each "important" worry I allowed two columns headed, "What I gained by this worry," and, "What I lost."

I followed this system faithfully for a week; then I burned the book. For I had learned several important things:

Most worries never happen.

When you look a worry squarely in the face, it usually withers away—put it on paper and try it.

A lot of worries can be put off till to-morrow, and to-morrow never comes.

And, lastly, worry won't help you anyway. I know this, because my "gain" column was always blank.

So I cut out worrying as a waste of energy, thereby saving what disposition I have, and what friends I have managed to hang on to. Mine is a great little scheme! G. H.

THIRD PRIZE

I'll Never Tell Another Lie!

I COULDN'T stick to the truth. When I tried to repeat a conversation I had heard, I usually added and subtracted so much that the original theme was entirely lost.

My cure came about in a most dramatic manner:

I visited a small resort last summer, and stopped at the leading hotel there. One day a party of us were sitting on the porch and someone inquired what I did.

I informed the crowd that I was a trained nurse, just graduated from a large institution. Though I am a bookkeeper, and the only time I was ever near a hospital was during a tonsil operation I had some time ago, I went into a lengthy discussion of my training, and the methods we used in ministering to our patients for various maladies.

I said good night and retired to my room, but I had no sooner fallen asleep than I was aroused by the ringing of my telephone. It was a summons to come to room 209, at once.

I struggled into my bathrobe, and hurried down the hall. When I entered the room, I saw a child lying on the bed writhing in agony. The mother looked at me appealingly. "Oh, Nurse," she said, "I know you can do something for my baby!"

I was petrified. But, somehow, the thought came to me of an old remedy my mother used when I had a bad case of indigestion. I grabbed the child in my arms, ran to the bathroom, and gave her a steaming hot bath and some peppermint, which the mother happened to have on hand. I put the child to bed, and in a short time it was sleeping soundly.

I suppose that mother thinks she was most fortunate to have secured my expert services for a mere "thank you." I think *I* was more fortunate that it was not smallpox instead of cramp colic.

I lost no time in checking out of that hotel the next morning. And now, whether I'm talking to strangers or to friends, I stick to the facts, and don't try to make an impression by bluffing. E. W. M.

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"Ten Dollars for a New Hat— I'll Have It Tomorrow!"

ALWAYS to know where those extra dollars are coming from—the dollars you need to carry out your plans—wouldn't it give you a pleasant feeling?

Of course it would!

I know more than ten thousand girls and women who are enjoying that pleasant feeling of security.

In this first month of 1928 their hopes are high, because they are ready to meet almost any unexpected expense that may come to them.

Very quietly in their homes, in their spare moments, they are adding extra dollars to their present incomes. Some are business girls, a good portion of them home women, the mothers of little children, who have found to their great satisfaction, that in The Pin Money Club, The American Magazine's money-making department, they can quickly earn $25, $50 or more.

You can do this, too, and you are invited to join us. Mrs. Ethel W——, Illinois, writes:

"I want to thank you for the lovely stationery you sent me. You couldn't have sent me anything I'd have appreciated more. I don't know where the money for all the fall clothes for myself and two small children, for the Christmas gifts I purchased, also, would have come from if I were not a member of our wonderful Club. "May your highest hopes come true in this New Year!"

You see what The Pin Money Club can do for a busy mother.

Miss M. A. Smith, a school teacher, tells us—

"I've been making more money this year so I've divided my 'Pin-money' dollars. A portion I have used for church—with some I bought myself a dress and next week I will pay my insurance. Perhaps I might call my dollars earned in the Club 'life savers' rather than pin money. They are mighty handy and useful."

COULD you use more money right now? Then do write to me now and I shall tell you how to make $25 or more this very month.

The Pin Money Club offers you a chance—the best chance ever—to make money in these first days of 1928.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department Q
The American Magazine
250 Park Avenue New York City

Nowhere in Particular

(*Continued from page 51*)

himself upon his shoulders with his feet high against the wall. Thus inverted he lost bolts and nuts out of his trousers pocket, and they had to be gathered up. Allen was losing his public.

"Wait a minute, can't you!" he said desperately. "I'll show you if it's the bunk."

The face of Breckinridge Jones gleamed sardonically across the footlight.

"I s'pose he had to eat oatmeal for breakfast," Breck said to his fellow critic. "And mow the lawn. My, ain't that terrible?" The last was in that hated falsetto note used to represent the feminine voice.

"Is that right, Al?" asked Click. "Is that all that is the matter of you?"

"Go on and tell it, and get it over with," said the taunting Jones boy.

The worst had now happened to Allen Lansford: his thunder had been stolen. He had meant to tell a devastating tale of an unnatural mother, who had insisted that he eat oatmeal when his very being cried out for waffles and sirup, of his refusal to eat the wholesome, disgusting food, of his father's hateful words: "Well, then, breakfast is over. When you have mowed the back yard you will probably get your appetite back." This was not a brand-new grievance; Allen had mentioned such matters before. He was now in a desperate situation, requiring desperate remedy. He found it in Breck's last word:

"HOME!" he repeated. "I haven't got any home, any more."

"Since when?" asked Breck sharply.

Click's feet came to the floor with a bang, and he sat upright.

"What do you mean, you haven't got any home?"

Allen Lansford had his public back again!

"If you would of only of give me a chance, I would of told you." A retentive memory for words aided here. "I would of told you all." Allen scratched his knee reflectively and sparred for time. His hand encountered a tender spot on his shin, incurred while romping with Zip. "I guess I better not tell you, after all. You only make wise cracks and interrup."

"Go ahead," urged Click. "I won't interrup."

Breck likewise pledged himself not to "interrup." The three heads leaned over the stage camp fire, and three black, shapeless giants looked down from the walls. Only a faint ray of daylight filtered into the room. There was a damp and cellary chill, a mingled smell of moldy sawdust and smoky kerosene, and so sepulchral a silence that one could have heard a watch tick if there had been one present.

"You guys go in and play with Zip once in a while," said Allen mournfully. "He'll be kind of sad and lonely, I s'pose."

Now that Allen had cut himself loose from drab realities, he did very well indeed. He drew upon his capacious store-

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house of recollections, things learned from books, newspapers, and moving pictures. This was the old, bitter story of starvation and brutality. Mr. and Mrs. Lansford, who posed before the Pequot public as kindly and respectable people, were, it was now revealed, fiends in human form. Allen, who was in outward-seeming a singularly well-fed boy, was practically starving.

"No wonder I couldn't stand all that talk about bakeries and ever'thing. When we looked in at Grandma Reisner's window—all those doughnuts and—" Allen put his hands over his eyes to shut out the mental picture. Between his fingers he could see an audience pop-eyed with interest. "Mebbe I could stand it a little longer if it wasn't for the beatings. Ever' little thing that goes wrong, my father grabs a club and lams me with it. Last night he lammed me on the leg." The victim carefully rolled down his stocking and gave the audience a splendid view of his bruised shin. "It's more," said Allen, "than flesh and blood can stand!"

"WHAT are you gonta do, run away?" asked Click.

"If I tell you, will you promise not to tell?" (This was too weak.) "Will you swear not to reveal it to a single living soul?"

Allen was now mentally living from hand to mouth. While his companions crossed their hearts and hoped to die if they ever revealed his secret, Allen was concocting the secret—out of a vague thought of a quarter of an hour back. It was finished just in the nick of time. He lowered his voice impressively.

"I'm going to hide. I'm going to hide in a place where they wouldn't never find me in a million years. They'll scour the country with detectives and bloodhounds, and look in all the woods and mountain caves, and in the slums of the great cities, and all the time I'll be sitting—just as comfortable and happy—"

"Yes, but where?" asked Breck.

"Nowhere in Particular!"

A flattering silence fell upon the A. B. C. Club. The great drama had made a tremendous hit. Author and audience alike were held in the grip of a thrilling idea. They were in the presence of a masterpiece.

Presently, practical details began to intrude upon this lovely dream. Breck raised a point which was never far from his thoughts:

"What are you going to eat, Al?"

"I'll eat, all right." Allen was not yet ready for the question. "Just think—no grass to mow, no problems to work, no scoldings and lammings. Nothing to do but sit around and read. Pretty catsy?"

"It wouldn't be catsy to starve to death!"

"I'll go out raiding gardens at night."

"Vegetables!" Breck's nose registered disgust.

"And break into candy stores and bakeries."

"That would be stealing."

"I could keep a count of it, couldn't I? I could write it all down in a book, couldn't I, and pay up when I get rich, couldn't I?"

The novel idea of committing burglary on a charge account had its appeal.

"There's another place where I can get

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stuff. I know how to get in, all right. My home—I mean what used to be my old home before. That wouldn't be stealing, would it?"

All parties agreed that taking things from what used to be one's old home before would not be stealing, but simple justice.

"You could bring me something your *own* self, Breck, once in a while."

Breck was silent for a moment.

"No, I couldn't do that. I got a special reason. I won't be home."

"Where *you* going?"

"No place. I'm there now. I'm gonta live right here with you. They's other people in the world besides you that gets treated brutal at home. Hard work and lammings is all *I* get."

Breck, also, uncovered a pitiful state of affairs. Perhaps his tale was too similar to Allen's to be entirely convincing. The Jones boy had always been more voracious for food than for books.

"Then," said Allen, "Click could bring us stuff. You could sneak out some pie and cake and stuff, couldn't you, Click?"

"Like fun, I could! You don't catch me hangin' around that ol' house, and goin' to school and gettin' jawed by ol' Benson and everything, while you guys are livin' catsy here. I'm comin' too!"

"All right. I'd just as leave. We could have more fun with three."

"Three is better for raids," added Breck.

"If one of us stayed at home," Allen reflected, "they would proba'ly be tortured until it was more than flesh and blood could stand, and they would break down and tell all."

"WELL," asked Click, "when'll we commence?"

"I've commenced already," Allen answered. "You don't catch me going back to that miser'ble ol' house again. You guys can go home, and get—"

"Not me," said Breck. "If I go back to that ol' house now, and no rakin' done, it'll be all my life is worth."

"It'll be a cold day," added Click, "when *I* ever go back to that ol' house."

"If we'd only laid in some grub—"

"Oh, shut up, Breck!" cried Allen. "All you think about is your stummick."

"To-night we'll bust into Grandma Reisner's bakery," said Click.

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Breck. "Bread and rolls and cookies. And doughnuts. They gener'ly always make doughnuts on Saturday. Then we'll go down to Mrs. Plank's candy store and bust in—oh, boy!" His imagination now ran riot in the little confectionery shop until the ill-fed Allen, who had not only spurned his breakfast oatmeal but also cheated on the milk, was in deep distress. He had to think of something to take the public mind off of food.

"Won't ol' Benson be sore though? Oh, boy!"

This was a highly successful ruse. Ol' Benson, so-called, was known in the Pequot public school system as Miss Eileen Benson, and she was twenty-five if she was a day. It was Miss Benson's rich privilege in life to pour daily knowledge into all three of these boys, in Room Four, Center Ward, and sometimes she did not seem to appreciate this boon as highly as she might. Only yesterday she

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had disagreed with Allen on the subject of denominate numbers, showing no tolerance for those who differed with her. Within the week, Click had been sent to the principal for constructing an infernal machine which cast death-dealing paper wads. All now gloated over the impending misery of their common enemy.

"She'll be sorry how she acted," said Breck, who had lately suffered the confiscation of a two-cent lollipop scarcely licked. "She'll worry and worry and worry!"

"Sometimes their hair turns white with grief." This was the well-read Allen's contribution. "In one night their hair turns white. Proba'ly to-morrow morning her hair'll be all turned white."

"Mebbe she'd not hear about it today," said Breck. "Mebbe she won't know about it till Monday when she calls the roll."

The calling of the roll struck Allen's lively fancy, and he gave a rendition of the impending scene, using the conventional squeaky tone.

"'Allen Lansford.' . . . No answer. 'Breckinridge Jones.' . . . No answer. 'Clinton Smedlay.' . . . No answer."

It was a glorious thought, the sole drawback being that the A. B. C.'s could not be present to enjoy their own absence.

THE revolt against adult society went on beautifully. Other citizens besides parents and teachers were now marked for reparation and revenge for past indignities: old Botely, who chased worthy people out of orchards with a heavy stick; Tony Maresi, who gave practically nothing for old iron and bottles; Daniel Kleck, who did not permit swimming in his pond. Other tyrants and killjoys, other sinners against youth, were put upon the index, and ways would be found to make them rue the day they were born.

Meanwhile, the three would be living here in a parentless, teacherless paradise, never going to bed until they felt like it, and never getting up until they were quite ready. They would not wear rubbers, wash their faces, comb their hair, or say "Please." It would be a thoroughly masculine world with no trace of petticoat government. They would never have to associate with girls, who screamed at every little thing, and were afraid of spiders, toads, and snakes.

The mention of girls led to a thought by Breck:

"I wish I hadn't slung that turnip back at Til. Mebbe it was all right inside."

"Tilly will think she is smart," said Allen quickly. "She'll be the last one that ever saw us alive. Well, I'm glad we'll never have to look at Tilly any more." Literature was again invoked. "She has went out of our life forever!"

But Breck would not be sidetracked.

"I wish it would hurry up and get night, so we could go out raiding. I'm getting kinda hungry."

"Le's play casino," Allen replied. Out of the orange-box library was produced a deck of well-worn cards; and the outlaws, lying upon their three empty stomachs, plunged into this sinister game, slapping the cards down like rough characters, and swearing great round "goshes," "hecks," and "darn yous." Breck made himself unpopular with the downtrodden masses by winning too often, and he got himself pretty thoroughly denounced for his obnoxious conduct. The culprit retaliated by talking about food.

"Oh, you make me sick," Allen snorted. "I'm not going to play casino any more. I'm going to read."

He got out a favorite book, started to read, then threw the story down in disgust. The first thing his eyes beheld were the distressing words:

"Horace Livingston quickly built a camp fire, and soon the air was filled with the welcome odor of coffee and broiling venison."

As Allen went to put the book out of his sight, his eyes fell upon the bright and toothsome picture on the end of the orange crate. All life, art, and literature were in conspiracy to make him hungry and break down his morale.

"MEBBE it's getting night now a little," he said. "Le's go up in the lookout and take a look and see how it looks."

The so-called lookout was a little cupola in the extinct livery stable. When they emerged from their hole in the ground they found it perceptibly darker, though the fact that the sky was now overcast made it impossible to tell what time of day it was. They reached the lookout, after great precautions, without seeing any search parties, police, or bloodhounds.

As the window panes in the little steeple were broken, they had a fine, clear view of the surrounding barnyards, the bakery, and several back yards. In one of these Allen now saw something that gave him acute distress, something fraught with peril to the expedition. He would not mention this sight to his weak companions; but it held his own eyes with a terrible fascination.

"Well, I don't see any search parties," said Allen. "Let's go back—ee! Look at that, would you!"

It was a fatal slip. The sharp-eyed Breck caught the direction of his glance.

"Well, what do you know?" he exclaimed. "The little fat squab!"

Tilly Rickhill had not gone out of their life forever, after all!

Only two low structures stood between their conning tower and the Rickhill estate, and current events there could be clearly observed. Tilly was eating—either yet or again. Moreover, unless this was an hallucination of starving creatures, she was giving a tea party. Those who graced her festive soap box were not living, breathing, gobbling girls, but three dolls. And Tilly was eating for the entire company, offering delicacies to her guests, and then putting them into her own interior. It was an awful thing to see a little girl indulging the lower side of her nature and making a beast of herself.

"Looks to me," said Breck huskily, "like bread and butter and jam."

"We could easy make a raid," said Click, "and take it away from her."

"No; that wouldn't be right," replied Allen, who quickly added the explanation: "because it would give us away, and spoil the whole business. We've got to wait till night. That won't be long now. So we must—"

Another command had come to an untimely end, this one in a sniff. The

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leader of the revolution tried to make his nose behave, but with no success whatever. This disease spread quickly and all sniffed the scented air. By a trick of perverse fate a vagrant, harmless little breeze starting in a summer cloud somewhere out west of town, had come into Pequot and passed light-heartedly over Grandma Reisner's bakery.

"Doughnuts!" exclaimed Click miserably.

"What did I tell you!" argued Breck. "I said they made 'em on Saturday, didn't I?"

"To-night, we'll have all we want. Oh, boy!" A sensitive ear could have detected a hollow note in Allen's enthusiasm.

"I can't wait till night," said Breck. "I'll be starved."

"You can't starve as quick as that, you dumb-bell! People floating on rafts and things can live for days and days s'long as they have water to drink. If they've got no water they die in hor'ble agony. It don't matter at all about food— Gee! that looks like cake!"

Tilly Rickhill was again in the public eye, and her little guests were eating by proxy some rich and deleterious substance.

"I'm going home," said Breck.

"Yes; and get a lam from your father for not raking the yard!"

Allen meant well by this warning, but one word was ill-chosen.

"Lamb!" said Breck. "Lamb chops is what I'll get."

"If it's all goin' to bust up," said Click, "I might as well—"

"Listen here, I got a catsy idea." This was not really a well-thought-out plan of Allen's. It came from desperation. But something had to be done.

They would now carefully approach the Rickhill domain, and by fair words lure Tilly out into the barnyard. From her they would demand something to sustain life, under threat of kidnapping. It would not be necessary to carry out this threat. Tilly was small and easily scared; she would run back, and give them the remains of the tea party. Then she would go out of their life forever again.

"Le's hurry," said Breck, "or she'll have it all et."

THE Rickhill barnyard was a secluded spot, beautifully adapted to the dark deed they were about to do. Behind it lay the outlaw country, where criminals with their loot could disappear as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The place was separated from the neat and civilized yard by a high board fence, with a gate of like architecture. Through this gate Allen cautiously poked his head. He saw no signs of adult life, only a little girl roistering with her dumb companions.

"Say, Tilly, come here a minute," he called out gently. "I want to show you something."

Allen half expected her to shriek with alarm at the sight of one given up for lost; but Tilly made no scene whatever.

In the innocence of her guileless youth the victim came trustingly, came through the barnyard, with a look of curiosity upon her countenance and the remains of a cookie disappearing within the same. Allen closed the gate behind her and put his back against it. Tilly was trapped!

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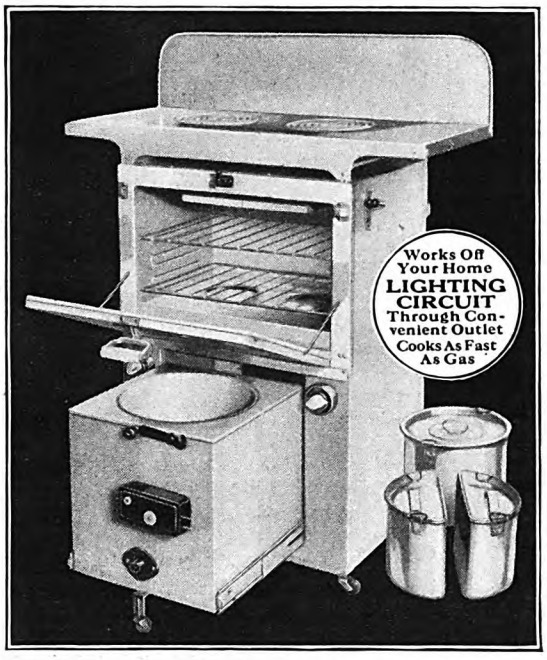

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"Get us something to eat," he demanded. "We haven't had a bite since we left home."

Tilly ostentatiously chewed and swallowed.

"There's not much left," she replied. "And I need that for my party."

"Get what you got and bring it here quick, and no nonsense. We are starving."

THREE burly ruffians glowered down upon her. Tilly was only nine, and she was no match for these big brutes.

"If you don't do it," cried Breck, maddened by the pangs of hunger, "we'll kidnap you away."

The girl had had few educational advantages.

"What's kidnap?" she asked sociably.

Allen explained: "We'll carry you off to our secret den, where nobody—where no living souls can find you. We'll hold you there until—until you listen to reason."

"You either get us some grub, or off you go!" muttered Breck, with scowls.

Click also growled to the same general effect.

One might suppose that all was now made clear; but the half-witted young lady seemed to think she was being invited to a party.

"That'll be nice. When are we going to have it?"

"Have what?"

"The kidnapping."

"If you don't bring us something to eat, we'll carry you off right now."

"I can't go now, Al; it's too near dinner time."

"Din—when do you have your dinner, anyhow?" Allen demanded.

"Half past twelve—that's when Papa comes home. We're going to have cherry pie."

As if in confirmation of Tilly's incredible words, the noon factory whistles now blew. It might even be said that they blew up the whole conspiracy. The chances of getting any nourishment from Tilly's tea party were slim, and if it was only twelve o'clock the boys would never last until night.

"Le's let 'er go, Al," Breck implored. Three sufferers now had mental pictures of hot dinners in the offing. Breck added, "What do *you* say, C.?"

The use of the cryptic initials was forbidden in the presence of rank outsiders, but Allen in the moment of defeat was not aware of this lapse.

"Well, all right," he said. "Le's give 'em one more chance. Mebbe it'll be a lesson to 'em. You can go now, Till."

Tilly looked at the three, and there was a new light of understanding in her eyes. In her slow, lethargic way she had put two and two together and reached an answer.

"I can be kidnapped this afternoon," she offered gayly.

"No; we don't want you," Allen answered.

The girl ignored this breach of etiquette.

"I'll ask Genevieve and Mildred and—"

"Oh, my goo'ness, no!" Allen exclaimed. "Girls are not allowed in our secret lair."

"It's no place for girls," added Breck.

"Girls couldn't even get there," Click declared.

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Tilly disposed of all of these objections at once:

"I've been there loads of times. My uncle Dave Wildman gave me a key to the old shop. A. B. C. Club, Nowhere Particular—I never knew who was in it before."

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

This was the very best Allen could do in the way of repartee. He was a badly deflated upriser. His elaborate conspiracy had collapsed, and now his carefully guarded secret seemed about as private as a circus parade. It was a severe blow, but he was not yet beaten. His head was bloody but unbowed.

"Well, anyway, you can't come!"

"I don't think *that's* a very nice way to talk." To the relief of the boys, Tilly now showed signs of departure. "Well, I got to go now. I've got to telephone my uncle Dave. I've got something particular to tell him."

Allen felt that introducing Old Man Wildman here was bad taste.

"Who's afraid of him!" he said unconvincingly.

Tilly resumed where she left off:

"About how people are trespassing under penalty of the law. He's my own uncle, and I've got to tell him if people are trespassing around there and burning lanterns. Well, goo'by. I don't expect I will see you very soon, because you will all be in jail."

"Hey, Till, don't do that!" This was Allen's unconditional surrender.

THE conqueror's terms were unquestionably stiff. After dinner, the three big brutes were to repair to their club with a broom and a dusting cloth. They would sweep the floor, shake out the carpet, and clean the lantern chimney. Tilly herself would provide some decent pictures of flowers to nail up on the wall. At three she would bring her girl friends and some olive sandwiches. Tilly ended with a crack of the whip:

"You must wash up and comb your hair, and not look like bums."

"You won't tell anybody where you're—where we're going?"

"No—not if you all act nice. I can get away easy. My mother is going out this afternoon. So is Mildred's mother, and so is Genevieve's mother. You know where they're going?—to the Pequot Club. It's ladies' day. Well, so now it's going to be ladies' day at the A. B. C. Club. Or else—else—" Here the fair blackmailer reverted to the subject of jails, dwelling with morbid relish upon the details.

There was a hunted look in Allen's eyes.

"Aw, well, you can come if you want to!"

"No, that's not the way, Al. You must say, 'The pleasures of your comp'ny is cordily invited'."

"The pleasures of your compn'y is cordily invited," Allen growled.

"Say it, Breck."

"Aw, go on, Till!"

"All right, if you want to go to jail—you old turnip thrower."

"The pleasures of your comp'ny is cordily invited," muttered Breck.

The pleasures of Tilly's company were also invited, under pressure, by Click.

Thus, ignominiously, the great revolt against petticoat government ended in ladies' day at the A. B. C. Club!

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You Can Work for Yourself While Working for Someone Else

(*Continued from page 43*)

get into some line of work related to finance. That, of course, was only the initial push toward a goal, but it was important, for a bent indicates a liking, and without joy in work nothing great is done.

"A specific turning point came for me when, as a young man, chance brought me into this bank to see one of the vice presidents. That was in 1898, when I was working for Mr. Peavey.

"The year 1898 is remembered in Chicago for a famous attempted corner in the wheat market. Joseph Leiter, in the autumn of 1897, began buying wheat on the Board of Trade, and continued buying so heavily that at the beginning of 1898 he was the largest individual holder of wheat in the history of the grain trade up to that time. When the corner collapsed, as it did, there was a very complicated situation to be untangled. It was necessary to sell the grain which Mr. Leiter had bought, and yet, if possible, market it in such a way as to prevent a collapse in grain prices. Two able men, Mr. P. D. Armour and Mr. Peavey, were appointed to straighten out the tangle, and to see that every creditor received his fair dues. Mr. Armour shortly withdrew, leaving Mr. Peavey to carry the burden of the situation alone; and he in turn put me in charge of the accounts.

"ONE of the creditors was the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. I knew about the bank, of course, for we had had many transactions with it; and I knew that Mr. John J. Mitchell, one of the leading bankers of the Middle West, was at its head. But I had never been inside its doors; and I thought of it with awe.

"Having determined the amount due the bank from the Leiter deals, I called to make the settlement.

"I soon came to the astonishing realization that there were some things about the situation known to me which the vice president I saw, even if he was one of the top officials of that bank, did not know. In short, he was merely another human being. Once he must have been young, as I still was; and therefore, if *he* had risen to the position he held, it was possible for me to do the same. That was a knockout thought for me, for advancement had never occurred to me in just that light before."

Stevens had been married shortly before, and his salary had been boosted to twenty-five hundred dollars a year, which was good money for his age at that time. Advancement was certain. But he concluded he would not be happy until he went into business for himself in the field that attracted him. With a total capital of a thousand dollars, which he borrowed from a friend, he did so.

"You've got a good deal of nerve, haven't you!" exclaimed Mr. Peavey, when Stevens told him his decision. Mr. Peavey was silent a moment, then said: "I'll hate to lose you. But if I were in your place I believe I'd do the very same thing!"

To take such a step under the circumstances called for self-reliance.

"Self-belief, or confidence," Mr. Stevens pointed out, "is one of the most essential traits, and can be cultivated by the habit of succeeding.

"By 'confidence' I do not mean brash over-confidence, which does not see the need of a long, thorough training, but a reasoned, quiet belief in the ability to learn how.

"Give me a young man who is confident he can learn to do the job he has in mind, and is determined he will, and I'll bet on his future every time.

"Fortunately, I found early that I could get things if I kept trying. I remember how as a boy I wanted a watch. I could not ask my mother for the money—every penny was precious to her. But I found a boy who promised to sell me his watch for two dollars. I set to work to earn that money by carrying bundles for people, and doing odd jobs in stores, taking in a penny or a nickel at a time. In three or four months I had the two dollars and bought the watch. And then it never would run!"

That, however, did not alter the fact that persistence had achieved its aim.

"You can name the biggest kind of job," Mr. Stevens went on; "I do not care what it is, if it is important you will find that persistence, determination, dogged sticking at the job until it is done, is an absolute essential of accomplishment. I find, in fact, just two kinds of ambition in men. One is a matter of vague desires, and no more; the other is a matter of will, of a made-up mind; will to go through the necessary preparation; determination to stick until the job is finished. Such ambition is the rarer kind, but the kind that wins.

"An exceedingly important thing, too, is an understanding of the difference between 'how' and 'why.'"

EARLY in his career, when Stevens was with the grain concern, he was made general auditor, with authority to go to the branch offices of the company and introduce any improvements he considered necessary. Each branch had its own system of accounting, which rendered comparisons between branches difficult, so young Stevens worked out a uniform system. At one of the offices where he installed it, the bookkeeper was an old-timer, old enough to be his grandfather, for Stevens was only twenty-five or -six. The bookkeeper, rather naturally, did not take kindly to the idea of a stripling teaching him a new way to do his work, but submitted with as good grace as possible. Two months later Stevens saw him again; he was beaming.

"Mr. Stevens," he said, "I did not suppose it was possible; but the new method saves just half my time."

Stevens asked him why he had kept on using the old way so long.

"That's the way I started," he replied.

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"And he had started forty years before," said Mr. Stevens. "For forty years he had done only as he was told, without reflecting, and for forty years half his time had been wasted."

A few years ago Mr. Stevens wrote a little paper on this subject, entitled "Is Your Mind a Warehouse or a Factory?" He told about two men he knew. One was graduated from a leading university of this country, took high honors at Heidelberg and Oxford, yet two years later was living practically on charity. The reason, Mr. Stevens pointed out, was that he had made a warehouse of his mind, storing in it facts and "hows" learned by the human race through the ages. But he had not cultivated the analytical or "why" faculty, and, in spite of his stored-up knowledge, he found it almost impossible to turn his hand to useful work.

The other man was one who, as a boy, could not pass his grammar-school examinations for some reason or other, and so never entered high school. Nevertheless, he developed the knack of figuring things out, and to-day is at the head of one of the great banks. His mind was a factory that turned out a useful product.

"I was careful to point out," said Mr. Stevens, "that this illustration was not a slur at education, but was used to show that a man who simply knows the 'how' of a subject has but begun his education; not until he is able to figure out the 'why' is he ready to accomplish things without having to be led by the hand.

"I KNOW, too," he went on, "that it is worth while to give more than passing mention to the simple virtue of accuracy."

Naturally, Stevens as a young bookkeeper made mistakes that others caught, and he was called down. He did not enjoy it, and reached this conclusion:

"I am bound to make some mistakes. If somebody else discovers them, people will lose some of the confidence in me that I want them to have. Very well; I'll check over everything, and try to catch my mistakes before somebody else does."

This double check became a habit. There is nothing spectacular in a habit. But incidents occurred almost daily because of it that helped to pave the way for promotion. One day, for example, the general auditor of a big railroad came to see Mr. Peavey about adjusting a list of disputed claims that had been hanging fire for some time. He brought his statement, and Stevens made up another from the company's books. The lists did not agree. Mr. Peavey noted the fact, and looked at Stevens sharply. The latter assured him his list was correct.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that the whole force of accountants working for this railroad is wrong, and you're right," asked Mr. Peavey.

"No, I do not say the railroad people are wrong; but I am pretty certain my figures are correct."

Taking both lists for a check, Stevens soon found an item omitted on the railroad's statement which made up the difference.

"How about it?" Mr. Peavey shot at the general auditor.

"I don't know," the latter confessed; "but I'll wire my office and find out."

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The reply admitted the error. Like every first-rate man, Mr. Peavey was inordinately fond of having everything in his office as near mistake-proof as possible, and Stevens's accuracy naturally pleased him tremendously.

"A favorable attitude of mind," Mr. Stevens went on, "is another controlling factor in accomplishment. Of course this includes and implies many things: every success thought and every failure thought is part of a man's attitude of mind. But what I particularly want to mention is worry.

"I made up my mind years ago that I would do the best I could at the time, then forget it. Indecision, I think, is one of the major afflictions; worry is its twin brother.

"Let's see what happens to the man who worries. Suppose I were to go home to-night, wondering whether I had done *this* right, or *that* right. Worry would say:

"'Maybe you ought to have done so-and-so instead. Maybe you have made a serious mistake.'

"The immediate result would be that I would lose my sleep. The next morning I would come to work unrefreshed, and in an uncertain frame of mind. My decisions would be slower, less assured, and probably less correct. Soon I would be guilty of habitual indecision, and totally unfit for my job. That is the pass to which worry can bring a man.

"Worry is an acquired habit; the refusal to worry is also an acquired habit. And there is a close relation between worry or the lack of it, and physical health.

"WHEN I dreamed years ago of occupying some position of importance by the time I was fifty, I decided I was going to be prepared physically and mentally for the burdens of such a position. And in doing so, there is one habit I have found invaluable. It dates from the days when I was a boy working at the wagon factory. I used to come home for lunch, and my mother bade me lie down after lunch for five or ten minutes. Boylike, I could see no sense in that.

"'Never mind,' she would say; 'you just lie down and relax. It will do you good.'

"I tried it. It did do me good. Within a very short time it became a habit. I found I could simply 'wipe' everything off my mind, and sometimes sleep for a few minutes, waking up refreshed and ready for more work.

"The habit of relaxing at odd times has lasted, and I have known occasions when it was of immense value to me. To this day, when there is any need to I can lean back in my chair at the office, or in the seat of a train, forget everything, and inside of a couple of minutes am sound asleep, waking refreshed.

"The subject of physical preparedness is a big one, and this touches only a small phase; but I'll leave it there.

"The price of mental preparedness is constant study.

"My studies usually took the form of observation. I was always trying to find out, for example, how the men ahead of me in the line of promotion did their work, and why they did it, so that I would be mentally prepared for their jobs if promoted. A question that I think a man ought to ask himself every so often is: *How long has it been since I last learned a new thing?*

"Ruts are in the mind. A man may go along in the same job, doing about the same work for years, apparently not making much headway, and still not really be in a rut. It all depends on whether he is learning new things and preparing himself.

"In a large organization there is bound to be a certain number of more or less dead-end jobs, usually on the lower paid kinds of work, and a man who allows himself to get in a rut in one of them is in a precarious position. Being such a humble cog in the big wheel, nobody may pay much attention to him, and he may never get the jolt or boost he needs to set him going again, unless it comes from within. In the higher-paid jobs, a man is more likely to be brought up with a rap if his mind goes napping."

AS a lad Stevens used to get to work at seven and work till six. He was supposed to be at the office an hour ahead of the others. Sometimes in winter it would be thirty and forty degrees below zero, and he had to kindle the fires, sweep the floors, empty the waste baskets, and dust—all before anybody else got there. Then he put in a full day at miscellaneous jobs, and after supper his brother and he had to turn out at the wood pile and rustle the saw and ax. After he began keeping books he used to work all day at the office, then go home and keep other sets of books for small concerns.

"Some time back I said," he went on, "there must be an inner urge and necessity to do well, a sense of dignity, of responsibility. That sense came to me rather early, chiefly, I think, because of my father's death and my mother's struggle. It was impressed also on me by particular incidents.

"For example, when Mr. Peavey appointed me the general auditor he directed me to visit all the company's branches and acquaint myself fully with their affairs. He gave me the necessary authority, then made the following remark:

"'Do not regard yourself,' he said, 'as the personal representative of F. H. Peavey. Say to yourself: "I am F. H. Peavey!"'

"It was two dozen years later that I was in Chicago on business, and a friend called at the room in the club where I was staying.

"'I'm on my way to Mr. John J. Mitchell's office,' he said. 'Put on your hat and come along.'

"'I don't know Mr. Mitchell,' I objected.

"'You know who he is, don't you?'

"'Yes, of course.'

"'Wouldn't you like to meet him?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then come.'

"The friend excused himself almost as soon as he introduced me to Mr. Mitchell. I too soon got up to go; but Mr. Mitchell waved me to keep my seat and said:

"'You didn't know, did you, that I sent for you?'

"It was then that he offered me a vice presidency in this bank. I told him I was not looking for a job.

"'No,' he said, 'I know you are not. That is one reason why I want you.'

"'But I have my own business.'

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"'I know.'

"'I'm not sure I would care to work for somebody else again.'

"Then he voiced the thought I am trying to convey.

"'I do not want you to work for somebody else,' he said; 'I want you to continue working for yourself—*but in this bank.*'

"The inner necessity to do well! I wonder if I make myself clear. It is, in brief, the difference between being driven with a whip, and advancing toward a goal desired.

"And patience. Nowadays, when we move so fast in so many directions, I think we need to speak of this quality and insist on it more than we do.

"Yet patience, I know, is a difficult lesson for youth. My son finished his college course not long ago, ready to take the world by the tail and fling it over his shoulder, and I ventured a bit of fatherly advice.

"'Gene,' I said, 'when you entered prep school, you started as a freshman. When you entered college, you again started as a freshman. Now you are through with *those* schools, and are entering business. Again you must start as a freshman, and it will be more than four years before you become a senior. When you get impatient, as you no doubt will, remember that there are men at the head of corporations who have worked for ten years and more keeping books!'

"FINALLY, there is the question of understanding that grows with sympathetic effort—the richer understanding of life and its problems, of opportunity and its many aspects, of people, of discouragement, of hope and courage, of values, of what is truly worth while and what is negligible. To me the opportunities of the present seem dazzling.

"Understanding comes with sympathetic effort. So much of life is men. So much of business is men. To know men well is to know both life and business better. There are deep loyalties in human nature. Put your trust in them. They are keys to precious things."

Thus on the day Stevens told Mr. Peavey he was going into business for himself.

"You," said the older man, "have occupied a peculiarly close and confidential position here. I hate to lose you." Suddenly he added, "Have you made your banking arrangements?"

"No."

"Then I want to make them for you. Put on your hat."

Mr. Peavey, whom nine out of ten in the office feared, took his young employee to one of the biggest Minneapolis banks, a bank where he himself was a member of the executive committee, introduced him to the president, and said:

"This young fellow has been with me for ten years. Now he's going into business for himself. He will need a lot of money. I will stake my reputation and every cent I own on his honesty and ability."

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Five Rules for Rational Living

(*Continued from page 37*)

literally and actually true that "nothing succeeds like success." The habit of succeeding rolls up like a snowball until it sweeps everything before it. When you have made your nervous system your friend instead of your enemy, it means that in every undertaking all the habits of a lifetime, all your dynamic force, all the faith, hope, and flood of your nature is behind you. You can't fail, for the literal and actual reason that your whole mind is filled with the picture of success, and failure has become *unthinkable* to you.

Now, one of the greatest elements in developing the habit of success is this: *you must have your habit maxims and habit ideals ready in your memory.* Let us see why this is so essential.

People nowadays often scoff at the old-fashioned mottoes which we used to work in cardboard and hang on our walls, such as "Dare to Do Right," "Love One Another," "God Bless Our Home." Of course, if you merely hang your mottoes on the wall they are worse than useless. But if you hang them in your mind and heart and *think* about them, if you flood them frequently with a tide of emotion, it may happen that having the right motto ready at the right moment will be your immortal salvation.

For instance, if your mind is full of right ideals—ideals of courage, determination, nobility, tolerance, generosity—when you are in a tight place they will leap instantly to your aid. A man often excuses himself for yielding to temptation by saying, "I didn't think." The reason he didn't think was because he had not prepared his memory habits in advance, so as to have the right kind of things to think about; he could not get his good resolutions and good ideals called up out of a vague memory quick enough and sent hustling to his motor centers before all the counter-temptations and considerations had had a chance to rush in and head them off. By the time his good resolutions got there they found the field already preëmpted.

YOU see here a clear picture of what is happening inside of you when you are battling against temptation or trying to reach any important decision. The battle is going to turn on just this: *Which set of considerations is going to reach your motor centers first?* For a long time, like horses getting ready for the race, different reasons and considerations prance about under the starting wire until they hear the word go. And, *at this moment*, if your habits of success, your ideals and moral maxims are in fine fettle and straining at the bridle, they will get the word first and be off, and you can be sure they will keep their lead until the race is over.

One of the best maxims that I have ever found to have at hand at such moments is a passage which you will find in Professor James's little book, "Talks to Teachers and Students," the book which, I believe, has helped me more than any book in the world outside of the Bible. This particular passage has often come to my rescue when I was in a tight place. Professor James says:

Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time." Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted, none the less. Down among the nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering, and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. As we become drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral world, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work.

I HAVE dwelt upon this first principle of rational living because it is the basis of all others. If you have not discovered how to form successful habits and principles of living, you can make all the fine resolutions in the world and be preached to by the greatest preachers and writers on earth, but it will do you no good. But if you have learned this great fundamental lesson, then the kingdom of success lies open before you. It might be that your practical plans would fail, because sometimes failure comes from causes that are beyond our control. A farmer's plans may fail because of the weather, a salesman's plans may fail because of changed conditions. But you can be sure that if *you* have learned the *habit of success* all the forces of will and personality which you possess are on your side. And, even granted that you do not make money and that your plans do fail, *you yourself have been a success.* When Palissy, the inventor of the famous French pottery which bears his name, was condemned to death for his religion and thrown into the Bastille, King Henry III went to see him in prison and told him that he pitied him very much and would like to set him free, but that he was so "constrained" by his enemies that he could not, unless he recanted his religious faith. The unconquerable old man replied, "It is I, Your Majesty, who pities you when you say, 'I am constrained!' It is not spoken like a king; all the enemies in the world can never constrain me, because I know how to die." Even in death, this old man—one of the noblest heroes that ever lived—was a gigantic success. And precisely that same *personal* success is open to the humblest man or woman alive.

I wish I could make my *second* principle of rational living as real and helpful in your life as it has been in mine. It came to me suddenly and unexpectedly.

One Sunday morning, about twenty-five years ago, I was sitting with Mrs. Wiggam, listening to a lecture by Dr. William Churchill King, president of Oberlin College. It was one of the most inspiring addresses I have ever heard. I went away in a glow of emotion—the most helpful and the most dangerous mood a man can get into. Periods of emotional exaltation are exceedingly dangerous unless you *do something about them.* They fill you with good resolutions; but unless you do something to make these resolutions effective they leave you worse, morally and physically. The man who "gets religion" at

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every revival and is a saint for a few weeks and then backslides, is a typical picture of our own lives in many directions.

For instance, I have forgotten every word of President King's address, except one line. And the reason I have remembered it is because I *acted* on it; I incorporated it into my life. It was:

"*Always try to feel the emotion that you ought to feel.*"

"But," you say at once, "how am I going to manufacture the right emotion? If I don't get excited over a picture or a poem, if I am jealous instead of happy over the achievement of some friend, if I don't feel religious in church, if I don't like my job, how am I going to get that way?"

I admit you can't yank yourself up by the nape of the neck and get that way. You can't say, "I *will* feel right and moral and excited and happy and energetic," and thus lift yourself into the seventh heaven by your moral boot straps. But you *can* attain these sentiments and feelings if you *cultivate the knowledge* necessary to attain them, and learn to perceive the beauties and realities out of which all great emotion and happiness must spring. You can like your job if you learn to see what it means to yourself and to others.

For instance, I knew a man who hated his work as an expert accountant. But he began to read up on the work of expert accountants, their importance to our commercial life, the wide influence they exert, and, as a result, his whole life and work took on a new tone and meaning.

THE difficulty is, we all have eyes that see not and ears that hear not. And this is because we have not *trained* our eyes to see nor our ears to hear the real things which bring joy and satisfaction.

The story is told of an American multimillionaire, who, after roaming aimlessly through one of the great art galleries of Paris, said to his wife, "Well, Amanda, I guess there is nothing much here for us to see." There wasn't much for *them* to see.

If you do not feel rich and potent emotions in the presence of the great works of virtue and beauty which have been approved by the judgment of time, you may be sure that they are not on trial, but that you are. All one can do is to study them, to try to see why men have turned to them for consolation and courage, why they have made them into their holy altars, and kept sacred fires burning upon them throughout the generations.

Cultivating the right emotion is the work of a lifetime. There is surely no emotion we need more than that of courage. If a man tells you he has never known fear, he acknowledges that he has no imagination. The best way I have found to conquer my fear is not to give it time to come up. If I have a fight in a committee meeting, or a disagreeable task to perform, such as writing a difficult letter or dealing with a cantankerous person, I try to plunge in before I have time to think of consequences.

In a situation of personal danger, I find that if I hesitate even the bat of an eye, I am likely to get scared and run. But if I act instantly, I literally haven't time to get frightened. If you can keep your attention fixed on courage instead of fear, you can literally walk through hell and high water.

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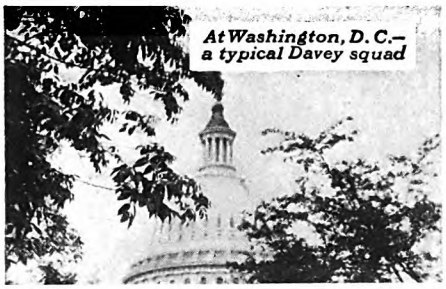

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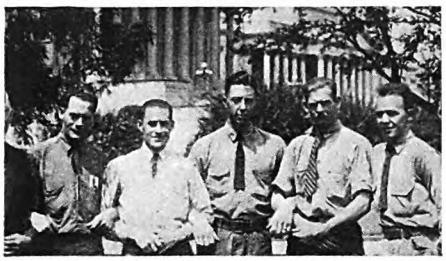

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And when it comes to creating the right emotion toward drudging work and soul-racking toil—things which very few of us entirely escape—*imagining* the right emotion helps to bring it about. A number of experiments have been tried on college students who were compelled to work at tasks which they intensely disliked. After working up an artificial enthusiasm by saying to themselves as earnestly as possible, "My, but this is lots of fun!" "Gee, but I do like this work!" or, "I know this work is going to be a great benefit to me and to others," it was found they produced almost as good work as they did when they were really enthusiastic.

Simulating an emotion you do not feel often paves the way for the right emotion. You will never attain rational living unless you see clearly this great fact, that the happiness or unhappiness you get out of *any* situation or experience depends wholly on your attitude toward it—the way you *feel* about it.

I knew a city woman whose husband took her to a small town to live. "Oh, how I hate this hole and these dull people," she said to me. "I simply can't stand it." But she began to study why the people who lived there liked it. Two years afterward she said to me, "I love this place, and the people; I hope I'll never have to leave here." The way you cultivate your feelings toward things is *all there is* to happiness.

I HAVE given you only a glimpse of the psychology of the emotions. It is an immense field, much of which is still unexplored. But beneath and behind all habits of rational and happy living, there is a great physical basis. For instance, the first thing to do in cultivating a strong will is to cultivate a strong body, at least a highly trained body. It is true, of course, that some invalids have carried out almost unbelievable achievements of will power; but they have done it at the expense of racking pain and fearfully overwrought nervous systems. And to attain a sound physical equipment, trained to leap instantly to the aid of the will, nothing is more helpful than play. To me the *third* great principle of rational living is this:

You must seriously and deliberately plan for times of play.

Just as the influenza epidemic was coming to an end, in the spring of 1918, I went into the office of Vernon Harrison, manager of the Redpath Lyceum Chautauqua System, at Columbus, Ohio. He pointed to a magnificent golf trophy above his desk, and said cheerfully, "That is what the flu epidemic did for me; it cost me twenty-five thousand dollars but I had a world of fun, winning it."

I asked him to explain, and he replied: "Well, the flu canceled nearly all of our lecture courses. Everybody around the office was in the dumps. I saw if I stayed in the office I'd get that way too. Getting the blues wouldn't stop the epidemic. So I took my clubs and went in for the Columbus trophy, and played the best golf of my life. As a result, I am now fit as a fiddle for the summer campaign and ready to win my losses back. I have had the time of my life instead of going to pieces with the blues."

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pieces is to go out and play. Even if you can't do better than call in a few friends and have a little game of cards, it may be your moral salvation. No man dares to leave play out of his life without great moral risk. All work and no play not only makes Jack a very dull boy but it also makes him a very mean boy.

THE reason that play is such a means of moral strength and spiritual renewal is because it releases us, as *nothing else* does, from the high tension under which we live. One of America's great preachers said that one of the very best things we sometimes could do was "to refuse to do good." We take on so many obligations, we undertake so many duties, we get tied up with so many enterprises, and into social and moral debt to so many people, that often our only hope of spiritual balance is to throw it all up and go out and play. That is what Professor James meant when he said that we all now and then need a "moral holiday."

I knew a man who, at the age of sixty, decided that from then on he would make play the serious business of life, and make his work secondary. To his surprise, he found that after playing he came to his work with his brain and nerve centers so thoroughly rested that he got through more work than ever before.

Of course, there are times of emergency when a man can't play. And I imagine I hear some farmer say, "How are you going to run a farm, and play?" Well, I have lived on a farm, and I know what it is to work from four o'clock in the morning until it's too dark to work, and then feed the stock by lantern light. I have worked in the mines with a pick and shovel as long as the next man; I drove a team of mules and a scraper, helping Jay Gould build a part of the Santa Fé Railroad, often in mud and water up to my knees. I suppose Mr. Gould would have got the road built without me, but I did not feel that way at the time. But with all that, I have always found some time, some way, somehow to get in a little play, if it was nothing but pinochle or dominoes, because I found it rested me far more rapidly than *simply resting*, and enabled me to do better work.

But outdoor, athletic play is by all means the best, partly because of the sunshine and air, but chiefly because it *uses the old brain paths* that men used in the primitive days. For this reason, athletic play makes a man forget for a little while the strain and rack and pull and tension of the thing we call civilization. And these "moral holidays" are just as necessary to our moral salvation as the carrying out of any other solemn duty or obligation.

The fourth principle of rational living which I have found the most useful in my own life, can be either stated briefly or expanded into a volume. That principle is this:

Never cease to believe in the man you might have been.

I remember many years ago having read a little story by that prose poet, Arthur Colton, entitled, "Mr. Smedley's Guest." Mr. Smedley was a rich man whose mind was wholly absorbed in stocks and bonds. One evening, when the family and servants were gone, Mr. Smedley dozed in his chair, but was suddenly awakened by the entrance of an unbidden guest. Mr. Smedley was incensed, but the

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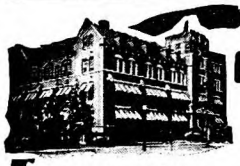

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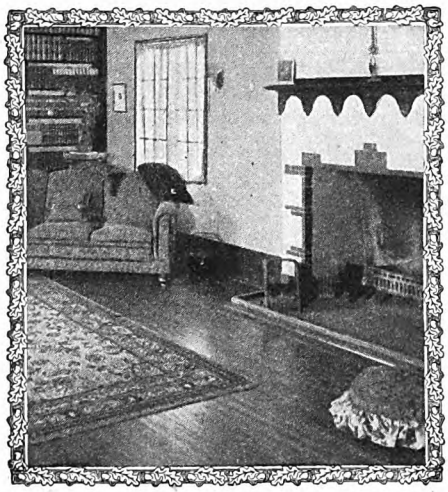

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stranger was so fine and charming in his manner that Mr. Smedley immediately became delighted with him. The guest talked brilliantly and profoundly of many things of which Mr. Smedley had once dreamed. He talked of literature and art and philosophy and music, and roused all Mr. Smedley's old imaginings of the life of the mind and spirit.

The guest spoke of Mr. Smedley's famous book, which had captivated the world with its felicity and charm. At first Mr. Smedley demurred, saying he could not recall having written any book; but the guest described it in such detail that Mr. Smedley finally remembered it in full. Presently the guest seated himself at the piano and played what he said was one of Mr. Smedley's compositions. Again Mr. Smedley had difficulty in remembering the music. But as the piece proceeded it all seemed to become familiar once more in his mind. The guest also spoke of the pictures which Mr. Smedley had painted, and those too gradually came back in his memory.

As he rose to leave, Mr. Smedley expressed his delight in his enchanting company, but faltered that he had not quite understood his name, and said, "Who are you?" The guest replied, "I am the man you might have been," and vanished.

Perhaps you don't realize it, but you are always painting a picture in your imagination of your future self—the kind of person you would like to be. And, unconsciously, that picture is not so much the person *you* would like to be as it is chiefly the picture you would like other people to have of you. This is what Everett Dean Martin, the psychologist, has aptly called your "personality picture." The substance of Martin's idea is as follows:

The small boy has one picture of himself as a nice little boy at home, studying his lessons and minding his parents. Not that he really wants to be that way, but that is the picture of himself that he would like to have stamped on his parents' minds. Then he has another picture of himself out among the boys, a swaggering, loud-talking, tough little guy. That's the kind of picture of himself that he wants to impress on the minds of the gang. The little fellow sees no inconsistency in these two pictures. He is not a hypocrite, he merely wants to make good all around.

As the boy grows older, however, he begins to realize that he must cut out some of these "personality pictures" he conjures up to suit the different groups of people he mixes with, and choose the picture of himself that he wants to hang up before the community in general.

AND right here comes the crucial point of nearly all our moral conflicts—*Which picture of yourself are you going to be true to?* I do not believe that many people are deliberate and conscious hypocrites. The old deacon who is pious on Sundays and cheats his customers through the week is not so much a conscious hypocrite as that he is childish and short-sighted. He is mentally and morally right back where that little boy was whose picture of the world and life was not big enough or logical enough to see the inconsistency between the picture of himself as a good little boy at home and the other picture as a tough member of the gang.

If you want to attain a strong personality, if you want to be known as a man of character, dependability and power, you must choose out of all the selves you might be just one big, consistent personality picture—a picture that hangs together and is harmonious from day to day, year to year, in the home, in the office, or wherever you happen to be. And when you have made your choice, cling to that picture at all costs. That's the only way to build character.

You *can't* be everything. You have got to make up your mind to that. The fellow who tries to be everything to everybody, in the end becomes nothing to anybody. As Professor James said in another famous passage, "Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well dressed and a great athlete and make a million a year; be a wit, *bon vivant*, and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher, philanthropist and statesman, warrior, an African explorer, as well as a tone poet and saint. But the thing is impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter to the saint's. The *bon vivant* and the philanthropist would trip each other up; and the philosopher and lady-killer could not keep house in the same tenement of clay."

The fifth principle of rational living we can sum up briefly. I got the idea over thirty years ago from America's greatest preacher, Phillips Brooks. It is this:

"YOU *get out of life what you put into it. But you get it back many-fold.*" In order to illustrate this great truth, Bishop Brooks drew a picture which I can only repeat out of my boyhood memory. I want you, he said in substance, to take four men into a field and watch their conduct. The first man picks up the stones, studies the plants, the birds and butterflies, and the treasures of nature. The second man examines the soil, the drainage, the water courses, and the fertility of the land. The third man studies the cliffs, the out-croppings in the rocks, and measures the power of the waterfall. The fourth man hears only the music of the wind, the singing of the birds; he feels the magic of the sunshine and the flowers, and his heart responds in wild response to the beauty of the waterfall.

Come along by that same field at the end of another year and the first man says, "Come and see my great museum;" the second man says, "Come and see my great barns;" the third man says, "See my great mines," and the fourth man says, "Hear my wonderful poems, my beautiful piece of music."

So it is with human life. Put poetry and music and joy into life, and you will get them back a hundred-fold. Put wealth into life and, while you may not gain material riches, you will gain the greater riches of the spirit. Put poverty into life and, even if you make millions, you will die in poverty. Keep a never-ending faith, hope, and belief in the man you might have been, the personality picture of that self which you have painted in your finest, clearest moments of vision and desire, and you will reap an ever-expanding power, influence, and helpfulness in this great and ever happy work of human life.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Big Matt

(*Continued from page 31*)

honeymoon of his governorship; those who expected favors were not, as yet, disappointed, and those whose interests might be affected by his official acts had thus far no cause of complaint. And then he had Matt to lean upon; Matt could go into the cloak-rooms of the House or Senate and quell uprisings and rebellions, undo conspiracies, and maintain discipline in the party.

He could never be too grateful for Matt; never thank his lucky stars enough for not having yielded weakly to the temptation to secure a spectacular and barren popularity by appointing someone else. To be sure, as he filled the offices, adopting, in most cases, Matt's suggestions, there were disappointments and resentments; but Matt was not troubled by such things.

"It's all in the game," he said, reassuring Blake. "A fellow that wants an office is a temporary friend, but a fellow that's got it is a permanent one; besides, being in office, he's got something to help you with."

Matt's political axioms were a great comfort. When Nelson, secretary of the State Board of Health, in a moment of pique offered his resignation, Matt said:

"Well, let him resign!"

"But he'll get sore."

"Well, let him get sore! Haven't you ever noticed the fate of fellows that resign offices in spite? They think that when they resign the Government will bust up; but nothing ever busts, except their influence. The only stren'th they ever had came from the job; when they throw up the job they throw away their stren'th. No, let him resign, and give the place to Doc Sloane."

"Is he a good doctor?"

"I don't know; I reckon not. But he's got Jefferson County in his vest pocket; and if you ever need a physician, why, you can call in a specialist."

THERE were, however, cases with which Matt was powerless to deal. Pedley, for instance; nobody, Matt explained, could do anything with a man like Pedley. "Remember what Lincoln said about fooling all the people all of the time? Well, you can't please 'em all the time, either. You can't please fellows like this Pedley any of the time. If you'd appointed Stibbard, Pedley would be agin you by now. You got to make some enemies; only see that you make the right ones."

Matt thought that the case of Fenshard was more important. Blake, for some time, had noticed a coldness on Fenshard's part. He never came to the Governor's chambers any more, and when Blake met him in the corridors of the State House, Fenshard either pretended not to see him or gave him a cold, casual nod, and hurried by, his head bent, his brow contracted in a scowl as though he were pondering some deep problem of the law.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," said Matt.

But Blake knew.

"It's the women, Matt," said Blake frankly.

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Matt, for an instant, looked puzzled.

"The women?"

Blake nodded soberly. "Our wives," he said, by way of identification. It seemed somehow indelicate to speak of it; but he wished Matt to know.

"Your wives—Mrs. Blake and Grant's wife?"

"You see, ah, Mrs. Blake"—the Governor had the old-fashioned habit of referring to his wife in this formal way—"didn't invite Mrs. Fenshard to receive with her at her first reception; and Mrs. F. got her back up. You don't know, Matt, what a lot of rows there are among the wives of the state officials. Why, they tell me that it's as bad as at Washington."

Matt made the brass spittoon ring loudly, then closed his wide, thin lips firmly, clapped his hands on his knees and held them there in a kind of impotent despair.

"I'M AFRAID, John," he said, finally, "that I can't help you much there. When it comes to the women—well, it gets my goat. Grant's a fool to take it up. But I'm afraid you'll have him on your hands."

Matt shook his head hopelessly, thought a while, and then presently leant forward and, fixing Blake with a gaze of intense conviction and seriousness, said:

"John, I tell you the government of the fathers will never endure as a democracy if the women ever get to running it."

Blake, however, was not just then so much concerned about the stability of the Republic as he was about the allegiance of Fenshard. As the session of the Legislature wore on, Fenshard, he perceived, was placing himself at the head of an insurgent movement, the inevitable tendency of the "purer" toward the left wing, a phenomenon incident to all political movements since the cave of Adullam.

Blake had no control over Fenshard, for the attorney general was elected by the people; he might have threatened to defeat Fenshard for renomination, but Fenshard was only at the beginning of his term of office and it was too early for that menace to bring Fenshard back into line.

And Blake saw his administration pass into the second phase, that of weakness and vague unpopularity.

And then, suddenly, from a quarter whence it never had come before, a new trouble appeared. One day, late in June, just before the Legislature adjourned, Laurence Price asked Blake to receive him, not in his chambers at the State House, where Price would have taken any official business, but at the Executive Mansion. He came at the close of a rainy day, and as Price entered the library Blake knew at once, by a certain hesitancy and shyness in Price's manner, that he had come to ask for Joyce's hand.

As Price made his proposal, Blake looked out of the open window onto the drenched lawn, its grass blue-green in the falling light; a robin was hopping across it, and at the bottom of the lawn along the boulevards the motors were rolling homeward with the close of day. A sense of loneliness settled over Blake's spirits. Lose Joyce? What should he do without her? She was all he had, the one lovely and untarnished influence in his life! And now, to give her up to Price!

And yet, there could be no possible objection to Price; even if there were, it would make no difference. Price's coming here and asking for his daughter's hand was nothing more than an empty formality, almost meaningless in these days of emancipation.

"Well, I suppose," Blake found himself stammering, "if Joyce wants it—and her mother consents."

Price smiled, rather too complacently, Blake thought, and after he had expressed his thanks, tried for a moment to speak of political affairs. But Blake wasn't interested.

"I guess you will want to see Joyce now," he said, and got up, left the library and began wearily to climb the stairs to his room.

And in the hall up-stairs he met Joyce, lovelier than ever in the blush that swept over her cheeks, gentler than ever in the pity that suddenly welled into her gray eyes at sight of her father. Words were hardly necessary between them.

"Don't, dear," was all she said, as she buried her face on his shoulder. But the tears streamed down his face as he stood there, his arms about her, awkwardly patting her shoulder.

"He's waiting for you down there," he said, "in the library."

And Joyce ran, somewhat too swiftly and eagerly, down the stairs.

IT WAS not until late in the autumn of that year that the first breath of those rumors that for weeks had been whispered in the dim corridors of the State House reached Blake's ear, and then only when he was two hundred miles from home. He had gone to the city to be the guest of the Chamber of Commerce at its annual banquet.

It had been a kind of holiday for him. Grace and Joyce and Price had gone with him, and the journey had been like a royal progress. People had come into the "parlor car" to see him, to shake his hand; perhaps more to see Joyce and her fiancé, in that romantic interest which people take in a young couple who are going to be married.

Now and then, as the train stopped at stations, small groups of curious folk would assemble, and Blake would go out on the rear platform and smile, and bow, and lean over the brass railing and shake hands with the crowd, and now and then, if the train stopped long enough, make a little speech.

Then the excitement of pulling into the long station; the noise, the clangor, the smoke, the sharp irritating smell of sulphur; the mayor, the committee, on the platform to meet him; the negro porters in red caps, grinning, seizing his luggage; the reporters; the agile photographers springing about, snapping their cameras; the movie-men, cranking their machines at him; the pleasurable sensation of being swept along on a tide of popularity, of having everything done for him; the consciousness that everyone in the restless crowds, as the word went round that the Governor was there, turned to look at him.

Then the motors, and the burly traffic policemen on motor-cycles to clear the way; and then the hotel, and the vast and sumptuous suite placed at his disposal; the enormous bouquets for his wife and Joyce; the smiles, the attention; the reporters to receive his statements.

And then, after he had shaved himself

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for the second time that day, in the white porcelain bathroom, and Joyce had tied his white tie—she was still there to do that for him—the great banquet hall, the cocktails, in the cozy, crowded ante-room, with the chief of police himself there to protect them, and the noisy excitement, and five hundred men in evening dress standing up to acclaim him at the toast of "His Excellency, the Governor," while he sat there, nervously awaiting the moment when he must rise and speak; they all sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." . . .

THEY were all on their feet again as he came to the last words of his speech, cheering wildly, again and again. He sat down and had to rise and bow again, to acknowledge their applause. He was warm, perspiring, happy; he had an exquisite sense of relief in the fact that it was over, in the consciousness that he had done well, that he had made a hit, that he was honored, admired, loved.

But he must appear to be modest, simple, and, above all, democratic, hail-fellow-well-met with them. And he mustn't let this extraordinary popularity go to his head. He took a sip of mineral water, then lighted a cigar, and settled back in his chair to listen to the other speeches.

The man sitting next to him was Bernard, the owner of "The Herald" and of "The News-Herald" newspapers. Blake knew him only slightly, but during the dinner, feeling that it was a favorable opportunity to make an impression on a man of Bernard's importance, Blake had been attentive to him, and in that friendly atmosphere they had come, on short notice, to rather cordial terms.

After the Governor had spoken, and whilst he was sitting there, smiling and listening, or seeming to listen, to the speakers who followed him, Bernard continued to talk to him, and presently Blake heard Bernard whisper:

"I've already done you one favor, Governor."

"Yes? What's that?"

"I gave orders that nothing was to be said in my papers about Matt Holt. I don't think there's anything in the story myself."

"What story's that?" Blake inquired.

He felt Bernard's large black eyes suddenly fastened upon him.

"You don't mean to say, Governor, that you haven't heard?"

The tone in which Bernard spoke struck Blake suddenly cold with apprehension.

"I don't know what you mean," said Blake. "Heard what?"

Bernard hesitated, and Blake, in a sudden agony of fear, paying no more attention to the facetiæ of the speaker at that moment addressing the diners, turned suddenly on Bernard and said, directly:

"What do you mean, man?"

Bernard blushed in confusion, but went on: "Haven't you heard? Graft in the Board of Public Utilities—the probe."

"The probe?" Blake's heart almost stood still at the word to which the writers of headlines in the newspapers had given such an ugly and sinister connotation.

"You don't mean to say, Governor, that you haven't heard that Hugh Garrett got to Matt Holt—I don't know how much, the stories differ; but that he fixed him on this traction company proposition, and that Pedley's going to introduce a resolu-

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tion first thing the Legislature meets, appointing a committee to conduct an inquiry, and calling on the attorney general to act as a kind of prosecutor?"

Blake looked at Bernard an instant, and then smiled.

"Oh that!" he said. "I didn't suppose anyone took that seriously."

He looked down at the reporters bent over their copy below the speakers' table. He looked out over the great banquet hall, at those hundreds of men in dinner jackets, sinking rather wearily now into their chairs, their shirt bosoms rumpled, a panoply of cigar smoke undulating over their heads; his eyes met others looking out of a red face, which smiled at him; another man, sitting near the red face, holding a cigar as large as a torpedo in his mouth, thrust out his hands, and clasped them, noiselessly, applauding the Governor. . . .

A scandal in his Board of Public Utilities! A probe! Matt! My God! . . . He might have known it. . . . He did know it. . . . If! Oh, if! If only he hadn't had that past, and all its associations—Matt and the rest—what a governor he should have been! These plaudits, this popularity, would have been deserved. But now! . . . Matt had been bribed! Of course! And now there would be a frightful scandal! . . . Ah, if only—and yet, if it hadn't been for that very past and those same associations, Matt and the rest, he never could have been governor at all. . . .

ALL that night as he turned and tossed on his bed in the hotel his mind, tortured by a thousand fears, would come back to Matt Holt. That Matt, after all that he had done for him, after the confidence that he had reposed in him, after he had stood by him in the face of all the opposition, braving criticism and abuse for the sake of their old friendship, should have done this thing, brought down scandal and ruin upon him—this was too much.

When he got back to the capital, he would send straightway for Matt and have it out with him, for good and all; and what he would say to Matt! But, deep in the night, something—a kind of fluttering hope—a voice—whispered to him that it might not be true; there was, of course, always that hypothesis.

After all, Matt was no fool; he might be crooked in politics of course, but still he knew what such things meant; he wouldn't take such risks. Blake listened to this soothing and reassuring voice. It couldn't be true; if it were, he should have heard of it long ago. Those super-serviceable friends who were always running to him to repeat things they had heard about him would surely not have overlooked so choice a morsel of scandal as that!

And on this comforting reassurance he would turn over and try to go to sleep; then he would think of Matt again. Matt and Hugh Garrett were together a good deal; they played poker night after night at the Stanley. (They had played once or twice, as a matter of fact, at the Executive Mansion; but nobody knew about that.)

His heart sank down, down, down, to the blackest depths of despair. No use trying to fool himself! The story had the very ring of truth! The fact was that Matt was a crooked politician, as crooked as a rail fence. Everybody knew it; he, John Wesley Blake, knew it.

What had they not done, he and Matt together, in those twenty-five years in Allen County, in the senatorial district, in the congressional district, in the legislature, and in the state? What piece of chicanery, what trick known to politicians had Matt not practiced during all those years? And by what one of them had not he, Blake, profited?

HOW happened it that he was Governor? Not because of those anonymous and applauding thousands who had voted for and acclaimed him—as those men at the banquet had applauded him that evening (the sweet and rapturous sound of it still ringing and echoing in his brain!), no, not that; but that long series of tricks, deals, bargains—that was what had made him Governor, or made it possible for him to be Governor. He couldn't come the moral superior over Matt!

And just now, on the eve of Joyce's wedding! If the thing were to come out now and throw the black, ugly shadow of a scandal over that event, it would break Joyce's heart—and his!

They were stopping over in the city for two days, precisely on Joyce's account; she wished to do some shopping for her wedding. To Blake's delight, or what would have been his delight had it not been for that worry incessantly and remorselessly gnawing at him, Joyce sent Price off with her mother, and said that only her father should go with her.

And together, through the crowded streets, they went from shop to shop. Joyce's happiness shone in her clear gray eyes, glowed in her cheeks, and was radiant all about her like an aura. Blake was immensely proud of her; everywhere they went people recognized them, and turned to gaze at Joyce in admiration, because she was so pretty, because she was the Governor's daughter, and because of her romance.

He tried to forget, if only for that day, but he couldn't; to-morrow he should have to go back and face this thing—and face Matt.

He thought that Matt looked rather queer that morning when he came into his office; on entering, Matt glanced at him with a curiously suspicious and searching eye—to see if he knew. And he was wondering how he should broach to Matt the painful and desperate subject.

But Matt spoke first. "Have a good time?" he inquired, and before Blake need answer, he went on: "I see in the papers where you made a great hit at the banquet."

Matt turned and spat into the brass spittoon. And Blake thought of that evening at the banquet—a good time indeed! Just then he hated Matt.

"Matt," he began, though not in hatred but in an overwhelming pity for himself.

"What you got on your mind this morning?" asked Matt lightly.

"Matt," the Governor went on, "that evening was the most wretched of my life."

"How's that?"

"You know Bernard?"

"Ikey?"

"Yes. Well, he sat next to me, and during the banquet we talked a lot, and he said something that floored me; he might

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as well have exploded a bomb in my plate."

"What was that?"

"He said that the story was going 'round that you and Hugh Garrett had . . . made a deal, of some kind, and that Pedley and Fenshard were going to call for a committee of investigation in the Senate."

Blake, as he said this, watched Matt's face closely, and he had never seen it more calm or inscrutable at the poker table. It was lifted there before him, in the clear, searching light of that autumn morning, a large, oval blank.

The reddish cheeks closely shaven, their skin firm and tough; the stiff, broad upper lip without a twitch or tremor; the heavy nostrils of the great beak of a nose playing in his breathing, the blue eyes under their sandy brows only imperceptibly winking; that large face, void of all expression, of all emotion or feeling, lifted itself to Blake in bland, dispassionate unconcern.

Blake looked at Matt; Matt looked at him. And presently Matt said, quite casually, as though waiting for Blake to go on:

"Well?"

"Well," said Blake, "that's all. Isn't that enough?"

"Do you mean to say, John, that you hadn't heard that story?"

"No," Blake admitted, with a slight feeling of sheepishness, as one who suddenly discovers that he is not in the know. "I hadn't heard it."

"Oh, it's been going 'round for some little time."

Matt said no more; but waited. And Blake wondered what he should say next, and felt uncomfortable and under a kind of constraint.

"Joyce have a nice time?" asked Matt, having allowed a polite interval to follow this last remark. "Do her shopping?"

"Yes."

"When's the wedding to be?"

"In December."

THEY talked a while about everything except that which was uppermost in Blake's mind and, for aught he knew, in Matt's mind, though he couldn't tell what was in Matt's mind, and then, as Matt got up to go, Blake rose and followed him to the door in a sudden agony of fear, of concern, and in a great longing for help and reassurance.

"Matt," he said, "do you think that Pedley and Fenshard contemplate any such thing?"

"How should I know?" Matt answered, in what seemed a brutal unconcern.

"But if they do, what then?"

"What then? Why, you'll have to meet 'em and fight 'em, that's all."

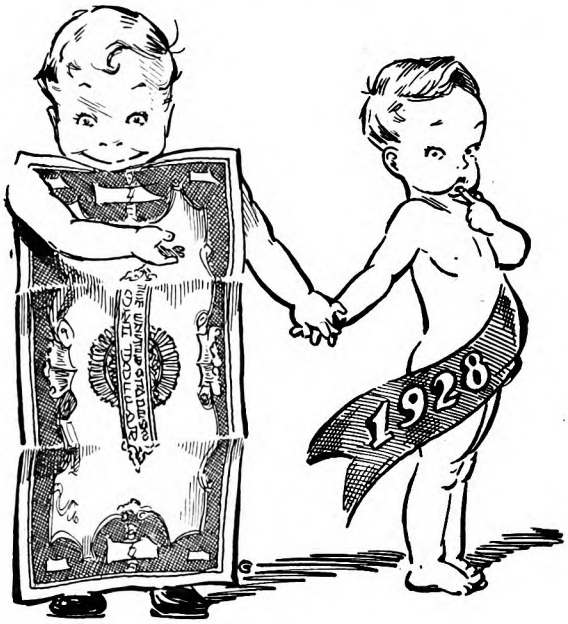
"Me!" exclaimed Blake. "Me! And what have I got to do with it?"

Matt began to speak out of the side of his mouth.

"Why, don't you know, John, it's you they're after, not me?"

"Me!" Blake's heart seemed to him to have stopped; inside his breast he felt a sudden contraction of fear. A queer little wave of sensation spread upward from the back of his neck and over his scalp. Then his heart began thumping again, so heavily that it seemed likely to rack his ribs loose.

"What's the matter with you?" Matt exclaimed. "You aren't 'fraid of the cars, are you?"



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There was, he felt, in Matt's tone, an expression, however slight, of impatience and disgust with what, to Matt, seemed to be his weakness; the old affection on which for so many years he had counted seemed to be no longer there; there was, he thought, a sneer, a hard and cynical smile on Matt's coarse, heavy face. How ugly Matt was! He had no ideals, no love of the people. Matt had not only got him into this trouble, but now he had abandoned him.

And if Matt was ready to desert him, why, two could play at that game! And so, with a significance that he trusted was not lost on Matt, he answered:

"No, Matt; they've got nothing on *me!*"

"Of course not; that's why they go after me; they know that what affects me affects you."

To be sure! He had appointed Matt; he was responsible for him, and for what he did; their association was of too long standing and too intimate for them to be separated, in the public mind at any rate.

"BUT, Matt," Blake finally yielded to the temptation to say, "isn't there anything that you can do to stop this thing?"

"Stop it?" said Matt. "Can I stop this fellow Pedley? Can you, or can anybody? You know how those lily-white reformers are. But, look here, John," it was something of the old Matt that spoke now, "you aren't looking very well. I'll step in and tell Doc Sloane to come up and look you over, and give you something. Personally, I don't think anything will come of it; I don't think Pedley's got the votes. Anyhow, wait till they start before you begin worrying."

And Matt went away, leaving him more troubled than before, and a moment later, Blake heard him laughing and joking with the reporters in the ante-room—the reporters whom he dreaded now to see, lest, as the visible reminders of that amorphous and anonymous public they seemed to embody and represent, he see in their eyes the first triumphant gleam of that happy recognition which would greet the scandal when it broke upon him.

Half an hour later, Doctor Sloane, the secretary of the State Board of Health, appeared in the doorway.

"Matt said I was to come and look you over, Governor," he said, as he entered the room.

"But I'm all right, Doc," protested Blake. What did Matt want to send Sloane up for? Matt himself had said that Sloane was no good as a doctor. Besides, he was afraid to consult doctors, unless he was sure there was nothing the matter with him, and, even then, you never could tell. For instance, those queer feelings inside him; maybe it was his stomach; but it might be his heart. Suppose that Sloane should discover some organic trouble?

"Well, it'll do no harm to look you over. Come here to the light."

The Governor obeyed, and stood in the light of the northern window.

Sloane took him by the wrist, drew out his watch, and counted his pulse.

"H'm!" said Sloane, when he had finished, snapping his watch and putting it back in his pocket. "Let's have a look at your tongue."

Blake thrust out his tongue, and stood there in the window, trusting that the people in High Street couldn't see him.

"Sit down," said Sloane, and Blake returned to his chair, whilst Sloane sat down beside him and began to ask him questions about the functions of his body, and Blake grew more and more depressed and apprehensive. Perhaps, after all . . .

"Well, sir," said Sloane, finally, "you're sound as a dollar!"

Sloane leant back in his chair and smiled complacently. And Blake had a delicious sense of relief, so intense that he felt that he should be frank with the excellent Sloane.

"I've had a queer feeling here, Doc, for some time," he said, laying his hand on the pit of his stomach, and perhaps, in order to be more precise, slightly over his heart.

But Sloane impatiently shook his head.

"Nothing at all, Governor. A little touch of indigestion, that's all. Too many banquets!" Sloane smiled humorously.

"You're a little run down, a little tired, because you overdo. Oh, I know how hard it is, and what a governor has to go through; it's one of the penalties of greatness. I'm not going to give you any medicine; I want you to eat good, plain food, and not smoke too much. And I want you to take some exercise; if it wasn't winter I'd make you play golf.

"And now, listen, for this is the most important part of my prescription: I don't want you to worry; just cut that out," and Sloane made a sweeping and definitive gesture to show how worry should be cut out. "Just take it easy; and when your term rolls 'round, we'll renominate and reëlect you by a bigger majority than ever."

"Oh, thanks, Doc," exclaimed Blake. "I don't want any more of politics. I've had enough; why, I dream of the day when I can retire and go back to my little old law office in Centreville."

But Sloane laughed at such an absurd idea. "The people won't let you, Governor; they just won't let you."

Doc Sloane was so comforting and reassuring that Blake had half a notion to ask him about the report that was the cause of his immediate worry, but he wouldn't; he feared somehow to compromise the agreeable sensation of relief that he just then felt; he wished to enjoy it before it, too, like everything else, turned out to be an illusion.

IF THERE were only someone to whom he could talk about it! Joyce was happy in preparing for her wedding, all aglow with young life and ardor, dashing about in a joyous excitement, innocent and unsuspecting; he mustn't cast a cloud over this happiest time of her life. There was nothing for it but to wait, as Matt had said; wait and hope that, at least, the blow would not fall until after Joyce's wedding.

Mrs. Blake wished to have the wedding in the Episcopal church, but Blake wouldn't hear of it. It was one of the occasions when he put his foot down.

"No, sir!" he declared, firmly. "We're Methodists! It'll be in the Methodist church!"

"But you've never gone to church since I've known you," said Mrs. Blake. "And, besides, all of Laurence's family and friends are Episcopalians."

"No matter," said Blake. "We're Methodists, I tell you, and it'll be in the Methodist church."

However, if Mrs. Blake could not have her way in this, she had it in all other respects. It was the largest and the smartest wedding the capital had known in years; the newspapers were full of it, and profuse in photographic illustrations; the romance of the Governor's daughter had struck the imagination, and Blake felt that it increased his popularity.

Indeed, he almost forgot his concern; and when he did think of it, such a thing, in a world of such happy excitement as that in which they moved until the moment when, amidst showers of rice, Joyce and Laurence boarded the Limited for the South, seemed remote and improbable.

AND then, the very next day, the scandal broke. Senator Pedley introduced a resolution calling for a committee to investigate the office of the Commissioner of Public Utilities. The news of it flew at once from the Senate chamber to the Governor's chambers, and when, a moment later, Squire appeared in the doorway, Blake, looking up from his desk and catching the expression in Squire's face, knew, without a word, what Squire had come to report.

After the instant of shock and surprise, Blake felt a kind of relief; the suspense and anxiety of the long wait were over, and this, after all, at first, was better than the agonizing fear and uncertainty; now he would be able to take action.

But what action? He hadn't the slightest idea. He sat at his desk, gazing out of the great windows into the State House grounds, across the lawn, blighted by the winter frost, down to High Street, and at those crowds that moved along there, flitting past the great iron palisades like figures in a cinema.

He had been watching those crowds for more than a year, as they streamed along High Street; they had come to stand in his imagination for that huge, amorphous thing called "the people," in whose name politicians prophesied; while always cajoling and flattering it, fawning upon it, trembling before it in terror, living in fear of it as of some terrible monster.

Sometimes Blake thought of it as a kind and loving friend, especially fond of him; again it seemed to him a cruel and savage beast ready to maul him. By long experience in politics he had developed a peculiar sense, so that, by a kind of prescience he could tell just what mood it was in. He knew, so he reflected bitterly, what its mood would be as soon as the extra editions of the newspapers were out, as they would be in a few moments.

Yes, there they were now; he could see the news "boys," athletic young giants, bearing enormous packs of papers; he could hear the booming of their voices, as in triumph they bellowed the bad news that was always good news to newspapers. Instantly, as the extra editions were eagerly bought, the crowd seemed to break out into a flutter of white wings, like a flock of pigeons suddenly disturbed.

Two of the news "boys" were already hurrying up the wide stone walk to the Capitol, and as they came nearer he could distinguish their words as they shouted in heavy, threatening accents, scanning the line as though it were tragic verse:

"Extry! Extry! All about the big State scandal!"

The horrid sound made him ill; he

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2 Selling Jobs

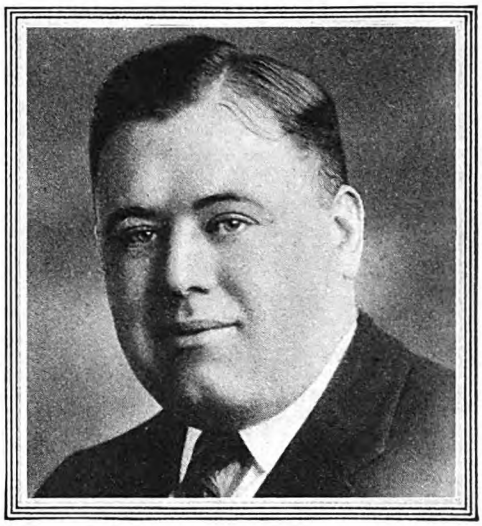
That illustrate how your firm's national advertising can be used to win orders and build business

Mr. O. A. Madsen has been with E. R. Squibb & Sons for about four years and represents the Company in the southern half of Minnesota and western Wisconsin. In addition to being a salesman he is also a registered pharmacist, having graduated from the Minnesota Institute of Pharmacy

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS have always believed in educating their salesmen on the value of the Company's national advertising. When a Squibb salesman talks to a prospect, he can prove how Squibb advertising creates local demand.

He is able to show, for example, how every Squibb advertisement in The American Magazine lives for 30 days in the home—how many local homes it reaches—how it is read by all members of the family—and what all this means to the dealer. The American Magazine's "Vest Pocket Sales Maker" helps him prove these points.

The letter below, typical of many received from Squibb men, will interest every salesman carrying a nationally advertised line. It shows one way the advertising argument was used to crash a hard prospect.



Mr. John H. Ballard has been with the Bulova Watch Company for 18 years. Every two years he makes a complete circle of the country, from New York to San Francisco. He is therefore one of the best known, as well as one of the most successful jewelry salesmen calling on the trade

How advertising helped me build a new account

By O. A. Madsen, E. R. Squibb & Sons

BY PREVIOUS knowledge I knew the customer upon whom I was calling was a banker as well as a druggist, also that at one time he had intended to sell his store.

After his abrupt, "No, I don't need anything," I asked him to spare me a few moments, to which he consented.

First, I took him through our advertising portfolio, showing him the number of magazines and newspapers carrying our advertisements into his city, and pointing out the advantages of featuring nationally advertised merchandise.

Then I compared his store with his bank this way—advertised merchandise has a definite set value, and you can class it as good assets, whereas unadvertised merchandise is a frozen asset because it represents no set value.

"Suppose you were considering selling your store," I continued, "the purchaser undoubtedly would say, 'You have a certain percentage of standard and advertised merchandise which will be taken at full value, and some unadvertised goods, classed as dead merchandise, which will perhaps be taken at only fifty cents on the dollar.'

"Your bank will not loan money on questionable collateral, so, why should you in the drug store buy questionable merchandise?"

After but a moment's hesitation he said, "How much do I have to buy?" I explained our proposition to him and wrote his order.

And here is another interesting personal experience from a salesman in the jewelry line who also uses his firm's American Magazine advertising as a sales builder.

"He saw the point—and placed a large order"

By John Ballard, Bulova Watch Company

Here is an experience I had in Chicago with a jeweler who operates a chain of 18 stores in the smaller cities of that territory.

Most retail jewelers do only about 5 per cent of their total business in July, although for strap watches July should be as good a month as December.

Knowing this, my company decided to make a strong national advertising effort in July to help build up the business of our retail accounts in their dull season. Among other things, we bought the back cover of The American Magazine.

I called on this Chicago dealer and showed him what we were doing—how we had secured the dominant advertising position in the July American Magazine, and what that meant to him locally.

Then I pointed out that strap watches offered him a big opportunity to increase his July business if he tied up with our advertising.

He saw the point right away and placed a large order for strap watches.

The Vest Pocket Sales Maker will help You get over these facts about your firm's advertising. Send for it

Please give your firm's name. Address Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York

1. The American Magazine's circulation of 2,200,000 at 25 cents a copy insures strong local coverage in every dealer's town.
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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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loathed those hulking and impudent venders of papers, gloating over his trouble and pain; he hated the editors of those papers; and he hated the reporters who would be coming down upon him now in another minute. He thought of Matt; and hated him.

And then he thought of Joyce; somewhere down in Florida Price would get off the train, buy a newspaper, and take it into the Pullman, and Joyce would come suddenly upon those ugly and portentous words.

The reporters were waiting, as he knew they would be.

"Any statement to give out, Governor?"

"Anything to say?"

"Do you propose to take any action?"

"Will you ask to be allowed to testify before the committee?"

"Have you had any conference with Commissioner Holt?"

"Is it true that you have called for the Commissioner's resignation?"

They fired the questions at him in a broadside, each one stinging him with its subtle innuendo. But he knew the power of the irresponsible and anonymous pencils poised in those itching fingers, and controlling himself he said:

"I have given the matter no consideration whatever, and I have no statement to make."

This brought forth another volley of questions.

He forced a smile, shook his head, and said:

"It's no use, boys, I'm not going to say anything now. When the time comes I shall have plenty to say."

But this last remark proved to be only one more welcome excuse for other questions:

"Do you mean that you will have startling disclosures to make concerning the men who are back of the probe?"

"Do you care to mention any names now?"

"Do you expect that the probe will develop wide ramifications and lead to important people higher up?"

And then he lost his temper, and, breaking through the cordon of journalists, said, angrily:

"I don't know anything about it; I'm going home to lunch."

HE SPENT the afternoon in conference with Lewis, the Lieutenant Governor, with Harnley, the party leader in the Senate, and with Griggs, the party leader in the House.

"The resolution went to the committee," said the Lieutenant Governor. "We can only wait until it is reported out."

"Wait!" thought Blake. Waiting just then was the most terrible of mortal agonies, and as, during those unavailing discussions and futile speculations, he realized that this trouble was not to be conjured in a day, but that he should have to be on the rack of suspense for weeks, he wondered how he was ever going to endure it.

But he must hide his fears, his anxiety, from these men; he must appear calm, collected, play the man, act the part of the leader.

How well, he wondered, was he succeeding? Was he impressing them? Those interminable speculations, those multiple hypotheses, those complicated calculations of votes, and all that!

After all, that wasn't the point; there was one subject that no one had broached, one question in the minds of all that no one had dared to ask; it seemed to be taking form, to be gathering like electricity in the heavy atmosphere of the deepening twilight in that room. It must explode before long. . . . When it was dark enough, Blake heard Griggs's voice, rather timidly saying:

"I wonder if they've really got anything on Matt?"

And then silence, heavy with a devastating suspicion; it weighed on them intolerably. Harnley, to the general relief, said:

"Oh, Matt's too smart for that."

Yes, Blake thought, Matt's too smart for that; the only resource he had now lay in Matt's smartness. But Matt hadn't come to see him; he wondered why; was his absence a sign—?

THEY could come to no conclusions. His counselors left and he was alone. Squire brought in the afternoon papers. Blake glanced at the headlines. "State Probe." "Governor in a Rage." He laid the papers down and read no further. What was the use?

At home Grace met him with a look of consternation.

"What's all this in the papers?" she demanded. "I was never so mortified in my life! If you could have seen how all those women at the Contemporary looked at me this afternoon!"

She waited a moment for him to express some opinion, some sympathy with what she had had to endure that afternoon.

"What do you propose to do about it?" she demanded.

"Do?" he shouted. "What *can* I do?"

"Well, I bet if I were Governor I'd do something; I wouldn't just sit there and take it!"

"Oh, cut it out, Grace, for God's sake!" He was half distraught, and turned to leave the room.

"I wish I *was* Governor!" She flung the invidious phrase at him in a kind of fierce and bitter reproach, and he felt its intended sting.

"Well, what would you do if you were?" He paused and looked back at her, over his shoulder, as though taking up a challenge.

"Well, the first thing I'd do would be to keep all those hateful reporters out of my office. And then I'd get rid of that old Matt Holt. I always told you he'd get you into trouble, but you wouldn't listen to me; you always had to hang on to him, never able to move without him, and now you see what he's got you into. I think it's a shame the way newspapers are allowed to blacken people's characters; the first thing I'd do would be to have a law prohibiting them from printing—"

But Blake didn't stop to hear the rest.

Happily, they couldn't discuss the subject at dinner because of Johnson's presence in the dining-room. And after dinner Mrs. Blake went to her room and Blake to the library. He sat there alone before the fire, turning over and over in his weary brain the thousand futile and fantastic expedients that came to him, turning them over hopelessly, abandoning them one after another.

And then, at ten o'clock, the butler came softly into the library and said:

"Mr. Holt, suh, hyah to see you."

And there was Matt standing in the doorway.

"Hope I don't disturb you, Governor," said Matt. He paused just outside the circle of firelight.

"Curtains all pulled down?" Matt asked, peering cautiously 'round the room. And, having reassured himself, he approached the fire, drew up a chair and sat down. "I've had a notion," he explained, "that for some days I was being shadowed. Hugh Garrett warned me some time ago that the Good Government League was likely to put detectives on my trail. That's why I didn't go to see you to-day. You understood, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Blake, and then wondered again why it was that with Matt he could never be quite himself, never say precisely the things he ought to say. Matt was studying him with interest.

"Aren't worried, are you?" Matt asked presently.

"Well, Matt," said Blake, "I'm not particularly happy over this thing. I should think you would know that!"

"Well, now, look here, John," said Matt, "worryin' isn't going to get us out of the scrape; we got to think of some better way. And, first of all, play the game; don't lose your temper—the way you did with the reporters to-day. What you want to do is to keep a stiff upper lip, and we'll figure out some way to beat this thing. Now, first of all," and Matt drew his chair closer to the Governor's, "I don't think this fellow Pedley's got the votes. Maybe we can kill it in Committee, but if we can't, we've got to kill it on the floor of the Senate. Now just take it easy and sit tight; we've got plenty of time."

Plenty of time!

"But, Matt," said Blake, "I don't want this thing to drag on. I want it settled, quick, and out of the way! My lord, man, don't you see how it troubles me? I can't endure delay!"

Matt clapped his hand to his mouth, got up, took a long stride toward the chimney, hastily chucked his quid into the fire, as though to prepare for serious discussion, wheeled his chair close to Blake's, and sat down beside him.

"JOHN," he began, leaning sidewise over the arm of his chair toward him, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth, "do you want my resignation?"

Blake caught his breath; his heart beat faster for a second. Here, once more, Matt was offering him a way out! If it was a way out!

He considered the possibilities swiftly; if he were to throw Matt to them as a sacrifice would it appease the Pedleys, the Fenshards, the reformers?

Matt, sitting beside him, one leg crossed over the other, his large foot swinging up and down in the firelight, his elbow on the arm of his chair, his large fingers rasping the stubble of beard on his face, was watching him out of the corners of his eyes.

"If you do," said Matt, "you can have it—here and now!"

(*To be continued*)

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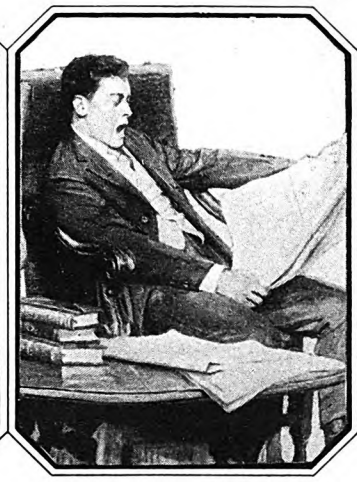

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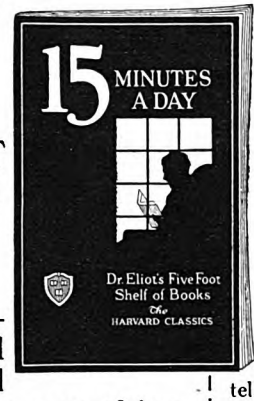

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Always Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

HOW to punish children for their various misdemeanors ought to be a serious problem in every home. As a matter of fact, most parents don't give the matter the attention it deserves, simply punishing all children the same way for everything, without considering each particular offense as a separate and individual problem.

We have four children, three boys and one girl. My wife was a school-teacher before I married her, a quiet, resourceful woman, where I am quick and inclined to sudden anger. We have always got on splendidly. Our first disagreement came with our first child, and it was a question of punishment for his disobedience.

The boy, then only a little more than two years old, had been told to put his toys away. On this particular evening, he stubbornly refused to do so. After all my entreaties and threats had failed, and my anger was thoroughly aroused, I started toward the boy with the intention of spanking him into submission. My wife, divining my intention, intervened. "No," she said, "I don't want that method to be used on our children."

Well, I had been brought up under the "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child" régime, and I didn't believe in these new-fangled ideas of bringing up children. The system that was good enough for my father to use on me was plenty good enough for me to use on my children, and so forth and so on. My wife listened patiently to this harangue. Then she asked if she might try her system first.

SHE told Bobby to put the toys away, and was met with the same refusal. So she gathered up the toys herself and stored them away on a high shelf in the closet. The surprised Bobby looked on with a victorious gleam in his eye. Soon afterward he went to bed. Bright and early the next morning, he wanted his toys, but couldn't reach them himself. He asked to have them taken down for him.

My wife explained to him, calmly and reasonably, that little boys who weren't willing to put their toys away when they were through with them couldn't take them out to play with. For three days Bobby looked up at those toys on the shelf, and remembered why he couldn't have them down. He never refused to put them away after that.

"Always fit the punishment to the crime, and never argue or fight with a tired, angry child. Wait until calm has been restored, and both you and the child can see the light of reason." This was the constant advice of my wife.

It was a firm rule in our household that the children should come in from their play at five o'clock. They had duties to perform before the evening meal—errands at the store, the table to set, wood and coal to be brought up from the basement. Johnny invariably loitered, coming in from a half-hour to an hour late.

"Johnny, you're late again," said my wife one day. "Now listen to me, my boy. We have work in this life as well as play. Whenever one person shirks his work, someone else has to do more than his share, to make up for the shirker. That isn't playing fair. Bobby has had to run your errands while you played. When you come home to-morrow, you will have to do Bobby's share of the work to even up the score." That cured him.

The boys always took turns washing the dishes after dinner. When it came to Jack's turn, we all trembled, for he broke so many. We allowed a generous margin for accident, and then my wife spoke to him about it.

"Son," she said to him, "you don't break your toys the way you do Mother's dishes. You're simply careless, and you must learn to be careful with other people's property. After this, you will have to replace out of your own allowance all dishes you break." Jack's carefulness increased in exact proportion to the number of dishes he had to replace. It wasn't long before he had learned to take time and exercise care in handling not only dishes but other things as well.

OUR children never quarrel, and here's the reason: As soon as my wife saw one of them fighting with, picking on, or teasing another, she parted them, and did not let them play together for several hours. A child's anger is very short. Usually, in half an hour, the quarrelers would want to play together again. Then my wife would explain to them some point she wanted to bring home, such as fair play, respect for the other's property, leniency to the little sister. But she insisted that they play separately the allotted time. During this remaining hour of solitude, the lesson had a good chance to sink in. When play was resumed, there was a new feeling of comradeship established.

I could tell countless stories of important lessons brought home, without striking the child, and even without anger on the part of the parent. Needless to say, I am thoroughly converted to my wife's way of thinking. You will see how simply it all works out. But why is it not universally used by parents? Is it ignorance? No, I believe not as much as it is want of thought and patience. I know it is harder to make Johnny wash the towel on which he has dried his dirty hands than it would be to slap his hands and say, "You naughty boy." But where the latter punishment may have to be repeated a dozen times, I doubt if the former will be called on a second time. H. J. S.

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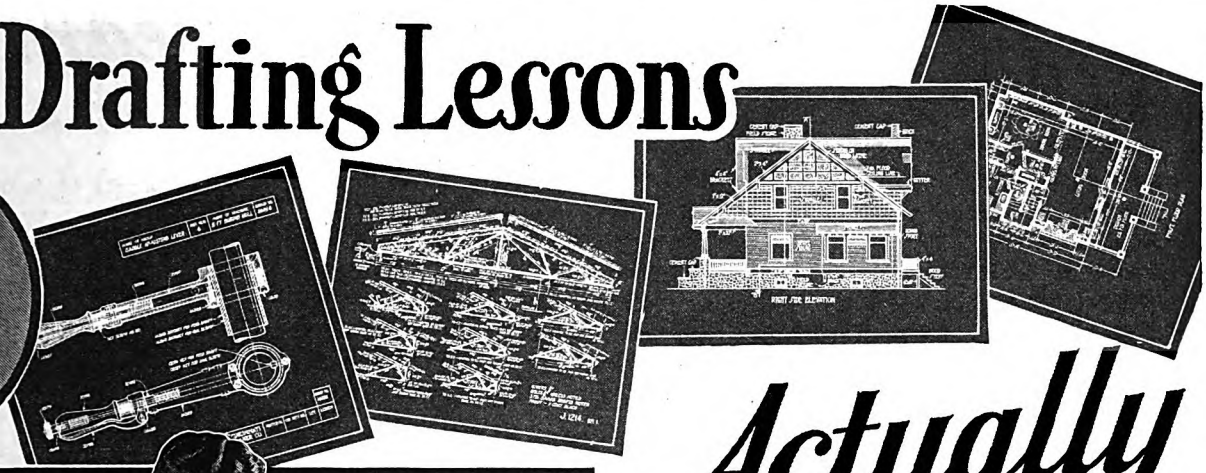
3 Drafting Lessons



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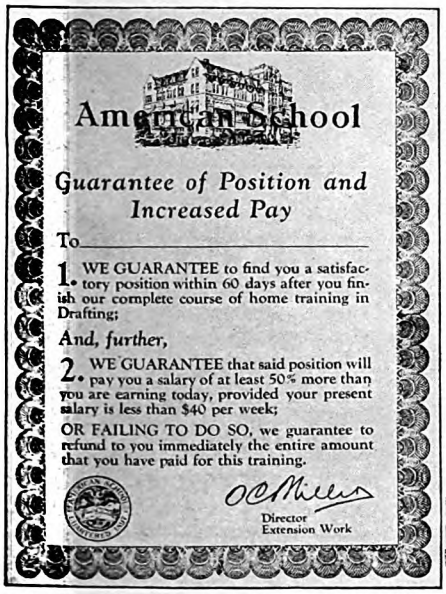

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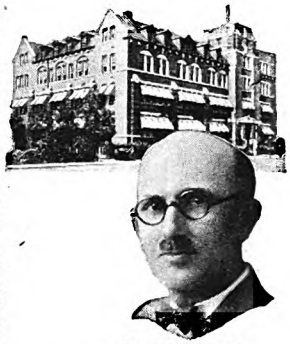

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—*If a gentleman could swear!*

Three days now, and the young chief still absent from his band out there in the lot. Three galling days listening to his little sister who refers to him (not without scorn) as "mama's little martyr." Three days of wearing a towel about the neck destined for the collar of a conqueror . . . if only a gentleman could swear!

* * *

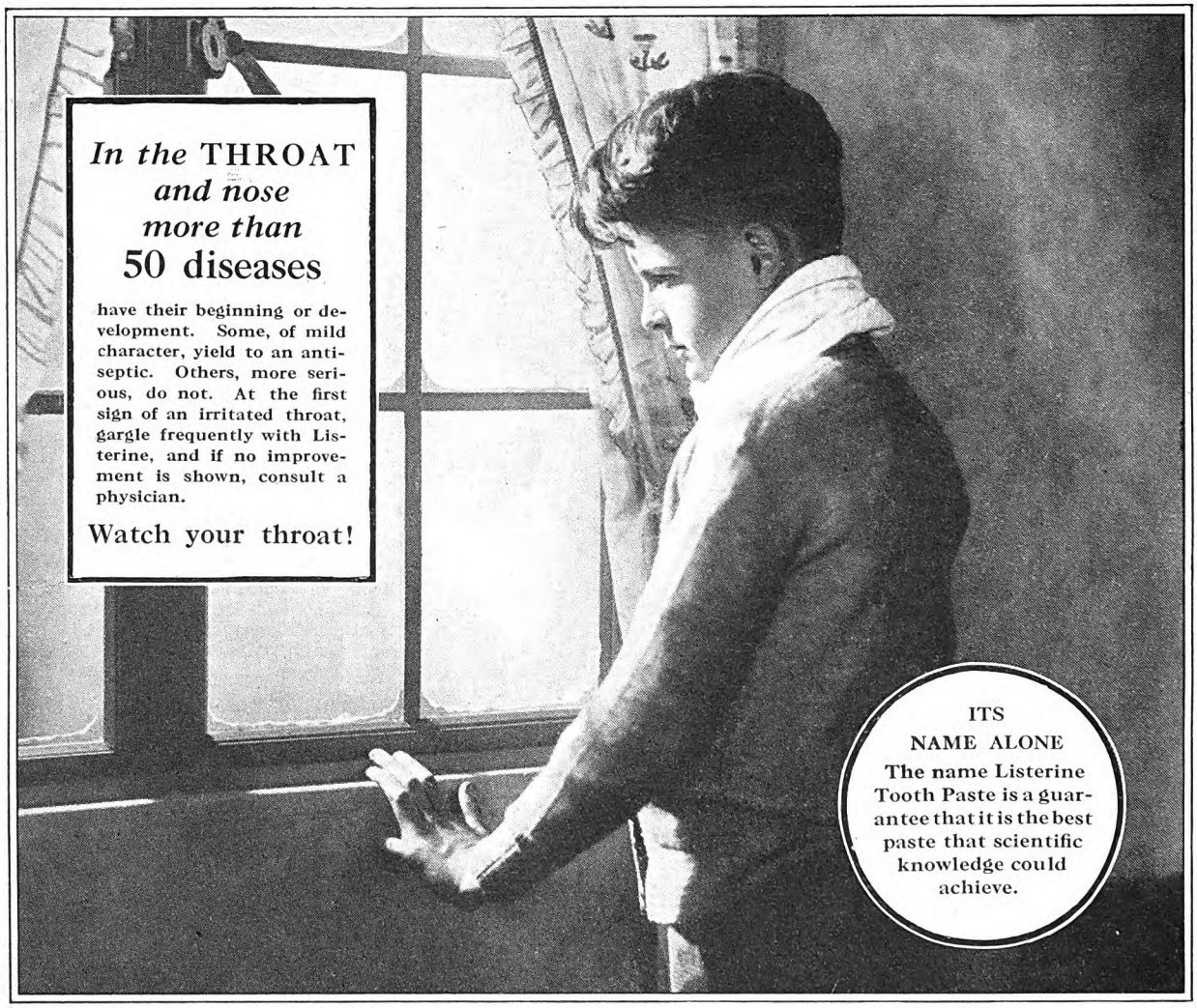
Never neglect a sore throat. Look upon it as a warning of an on-coming cold, or worse, and take definite steps to check it.

At the first sign of throat irritation, rinse the mouth and gargle with Listerine full strength. Do it several times a day. Many's the cold and sore throat that this simple precaution has nipped in the bud.

Listerine is antiseptic, and the moment it enters the mouth attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria that lodge there waiting till resistance is low to strike.

Sharp changes of temperature weaken resistance, and crowds pass bacteria along to thrive in stuffy homes and offices. So, during the winter months use Listerine every day for your own protection. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat



LISTERINE

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
February, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Lincoln—The Most Lied About Man In The World

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

HE WILL go into the President's room and he will come out: and when he comes through the door there will be a strange vision of a large foot just behind him, suggesting to any navy constructor the idea of a propeller—"

In other words, Mr. Lincoln is about to kick out of his office a notorious gambler who has tried to bribe him; not the Lincoln of legend, but the real man that his secretary, William Stoddard, set down in his diary: Lincoln, the most lied about man in the world.

No, I'm not about to attempt anything so silly as to muck-rake Abraham Lincoln. There is nothing about him to muck-rake. I'm going to reverse that process!

When, nearly eight years ago, I began to study Lincoln's life with the purpose of writing a novel about him, my mental picture of the Emancipator was the one usual with the plain American citizen. I saw him as the enormously tall, awkward, badly dressed Middle-Westerner who had been self-inspired to free the slaves. I thought of him most frequently with tears rolling down his face, as he gave a reprieve to the mother of some soldier who had deserted or had slept on sentry duty. Or, if he was not weeping, I thought of him as offending some dignitary with the pat obscenity of a story or with the crudeness of his manner. This early Lincoln of mine always was sad, even when he laughed, partly because he was unhappy with his wife and still regretted Ann Rutledge, and partly because his attitude toward life was the one expressed in that curious ode: "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

Champion rail splitter of the world, proud of it, was the Lincoln I knew eight years ago. He wore only badly fitting black frock-coat suits, wrinkled and unbrushed, and a rusty high hat. He was absolutely patient. He never lost his temper. He never swore. He had no eye for nature. He had no true religious faith. I knew in general that he had been a great statesman, because he had freed the slaves, but chiefly was I concerned with his personal oddities and perfections.

I really loved this picture of Lincoln, and so I resented violently a remark made by my father, who was still living when I began my study. I had told him the way I saw Lincoln.

Father, at the age of fourteen, had been a drummer boy at Shiloh. He had a vivid recollection of the Civil War period. He listened to my description, impatiently.

"But I remember Lincoln!" he said. "I saw him early in January, in 1865. I was in Washington with my father, who was one of a clergymen's committee that was doing some work for the Sanitary Commission. I saw him the first time standing on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, talking to a little man; Seward it was. Lincoln may have been a clodhopper when he lived in Springfield, but, let me tell you that, after four years in Washington, he was a magnificent-looking human being; emperor of the commonalty, he was, and, by God, he looked it!" Rising from his chair, his blue eyes blazing as they always did when he gave me this picture of Lincoln: "He had a big gray cape wrapped 'round him and a dark felt hat pulled low on his head. 'And petty men walked under his huge legs and peeped about to find themselves dishonorable graves.' . . . You and your Lincoln—a scarecrow built of a hoe handle and a frock coat. That's the best your generation can do!"

Popular Fallacies About Lincoln

"IN THE course of my eight-year study of the life of Abraham Lincoln," says Mrs. Morrow, "I discovered that many of our pet beliefs about him are unfounded in fact. Probably the eight commonest Lincoln fallacies are these:

That he was a great rail splitter,
That he knew but one poem,
That he had no religion,
That he had no love of nature,
That he never lost his temper,
That he was always wrinkled and shabby in dress, wearing only an ancient broadcloth frock coat,
That he told obscene stories,
That he was unhappily married."

In the accompanying article Mrs. Morrow gives you the evidence upon which she bases her conclusion that these beliefs about Lincoln are unwarranted.

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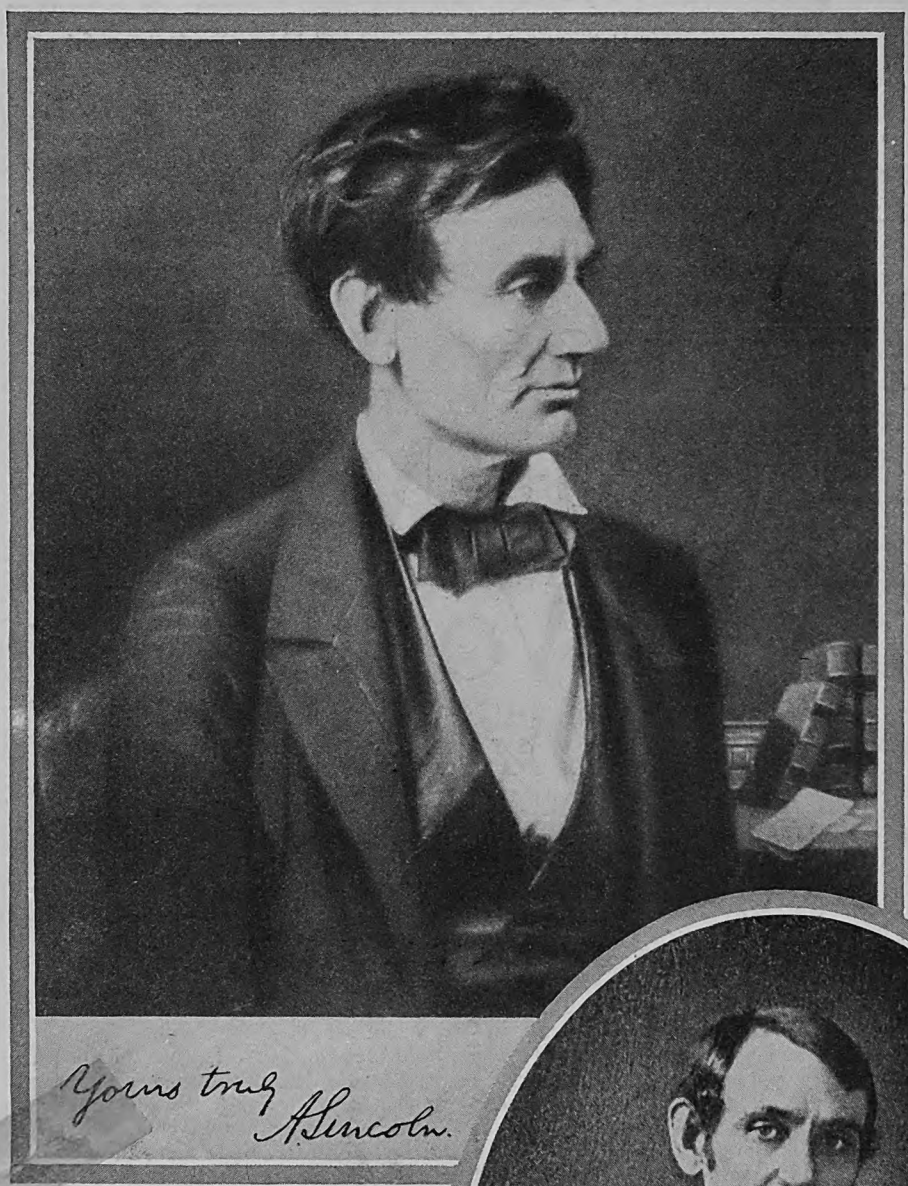

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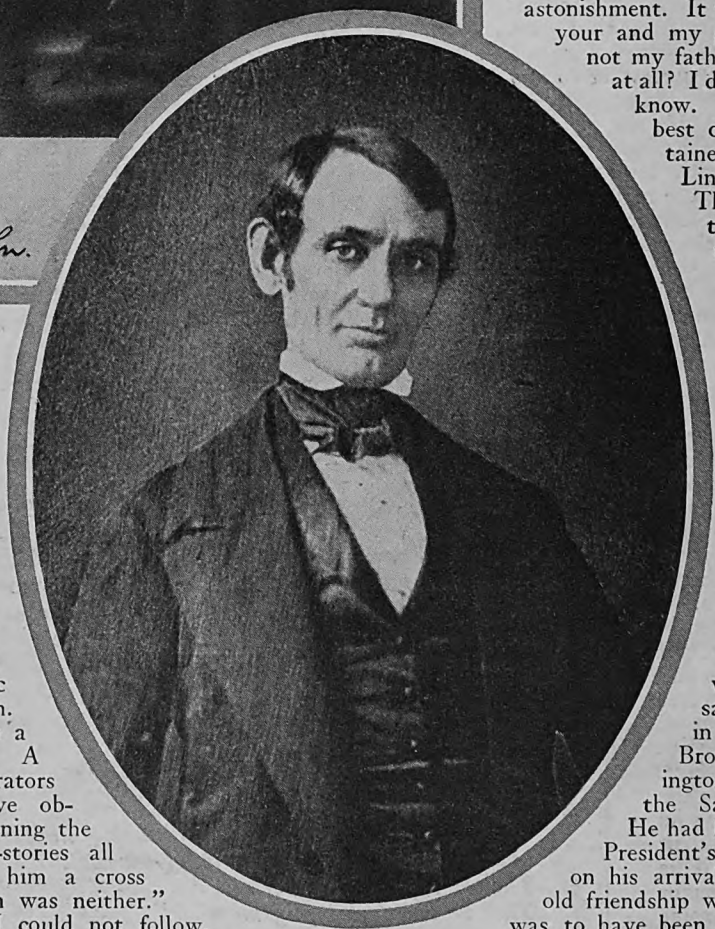

FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y.

(Above) Lincoln the lawyer of Springfield, Illinois; from a photograph made about 1857, and widely used for campaign purposes. (At right) The earliest known picture of Lincoln, probably made when he was a member of Congress. The original photograph was a daguerreotype

"Oh," I winced, "how can you say such a thing?"

"Because it's true!" declared my father stoutly. "We're short on great figures in the country, and Lincoln was chosen for apotheosis by the public prints; but not until long after his death. And this lapse of time gave the liars a chance. Your generation's Lincoln! A stuffed shirt made by county-fair orators and Sunday-school teachers. They've obscured and blighted his name by pinning the rag-tags and bob-tails of silly folk-stories all over him. You've tried to make him a cross between a clown and a god. Lincoln was neither."

He paused—his thoughts where I could not follow.

"Well, what was he?" I asked, after a wait of several minutes.

"I can't paint him," said Father gruffly, "nor can you. But at least you needn't try to cover up your incapacity with bits of trash."

There was sense in this, I admitted, although I felt chagrined over his sweeping condemnation of my "presentation of a man." But I could not reply adequately, because I suddenly realized that I was dealing only in second-hand impressions, while my blessed father had first-hand facts. He had his clean-cut memories. Ah, how I missed them—not least of the thousand poignant losses inseparable from Father's going—when I came to write the novel. He had not only the memories, but he had read more than I. This, at least, I could remedy, and I plunged into the vast realm of Lincolniana.

This article is in no sense a résumé of that reading. It is by way of being a public acknowledgment, with proof, that my father was right!

MAKING one's way through Lincolniana in search of truth is like creeping over vast rubbish heaps, picking out lost jewels—mosaics with which to make a portrait. Rubbish! Rubbish of hearsay and sentimental gush and falsehood and irrelevancies almost inextricably mingled with the dishearteningly small number of facts about Lincoln contained in statements made by intelligent people who knew Lincoln, and *wrote about him at the time they knew him.*

My mosaic portrait grew with extraordinary slowness: little by little, fact set beside fact, the picture formed itself. I did not make it. The men and women of the Civil War period outlined it, and filled it in. Infinitesimal bits of jewelry—month on month, year on year. It was finished. I looked at it with astonishment. It was not our Lincoln, your and my generation's. It was not my father's. Was it Lincoln at all? I do not know. I cannot know. But, at least, to the best of my belief, it contained none of the things Lincoln had not been. The rag-tags were not there; none of the things I recognized as trash; none of the things we have used to dwarf Lincoln in our passion to bring him within our understanding. And the catalogue of our sins in this direction is not short or unimportant.

An essential part of the popular history of Lincoln is that he was an expert at rail splitting. Yet this is what the President said to Noah Brooks, in 1863 or 1864. Noah Brooks was the Washington correspondent for the Sacramento "Union." He had known Lincoln in the President's Springfield days, and on his arrival in Washington the old friendship was renewed. Brooks was to have been John Hay's successor as a secretary to Lincoln during the second Administration. Brooks wrote diary letters home to his paper. He seems to have had an accurate and painstaking mind. Lincoln must have found him so, or he would not have booked him for a position demanding so large an amount of both qualities.

To Brooks, with whom he was riding through the Virginia

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woods, Lincoln said that "although he had undue credit for rail-splitting, he did know how to fell a tree; and he gave an entertaining disquisition on the art, illustrated by examples before us. He said that he did not remember splitting many rails in his life. In fact, rail fences were not in his line at all; but he was proud, he said, of his record as a woodsman.

"Somebody reminded him that he had authenticated some rails as of his splitting, during the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign. 'No, I didn't,' he replied. 'They brought those rails in where I was, with a great hurrah, and what I did say was that if I ever split any rails on the piece of ground that those rails came from (and I was not sure whether I had or not), I *was* sure that those were the rails.'"

BROOKS helps to destroy another much-loved fallacy about Lincoln; namely, that he had little interest in nature and natural beauty. Again, riding through the woods with Brooks, Lincoln observed a vine which wrapped a tree in its luxuriant growth. "Yes," he said, "that is very beautiful. But that vine is like certain habits of men; it decorates the ruin that it makes."

At another time, in the winter woods, just after a snowfall, Brooks found Lincoln standing on the stump of a tree looking out over the landscape. The President called attention to the various subtle features of the view, and said, among other things, that he "liked the trees best when they were not in leaf, as their anatomy could then be studied." And he bade Brooks look at the delicate yet firm outline of a leafless tree against the sky. Then, pointing to the fine network of shadows cast on the snow by the branches and twigs, he said that that was the profile of the tree.

"The very next day," said Brooks, "someone was discussing with him the difference between character and reputation, when he said—with a look as if to remind me of what he had been talking about the day before—that perhaps a man's character was like a tree, and his reputation like its shadow: the shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing."

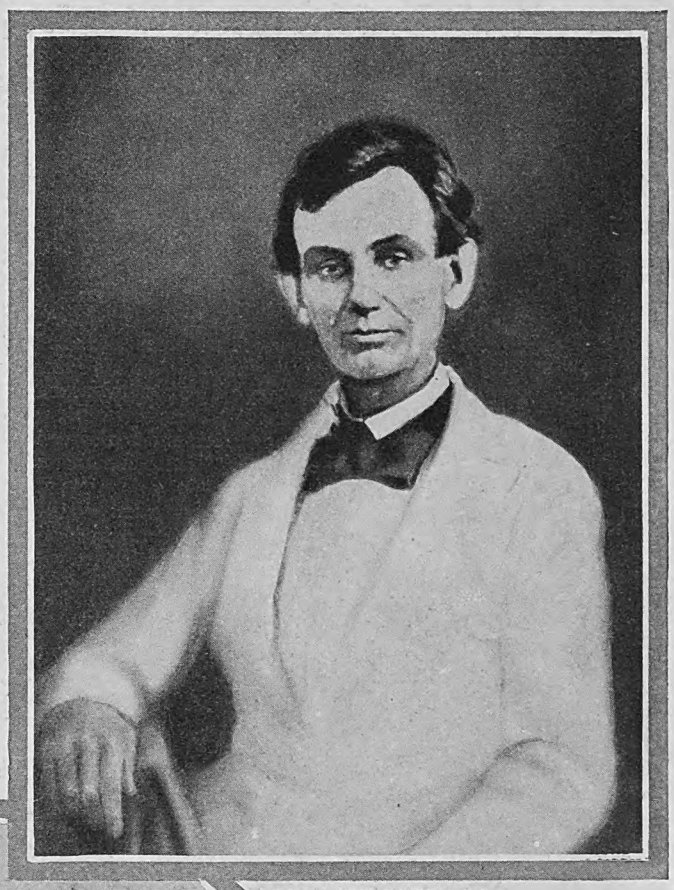
California, it seems, produces not only Native Sons but other precious bits of Lincolniana on this same theme. The following is from the San Francisco "Bulletin," which published a letter written by a California woman who visited the Lincolns at the Soldiers' Home in 1863. The Soldiers' Home, about four miles from the White House, was used for a summer residence by the President. There were many beautiful trees on the place, as there are still. Near—not too near—the cottage where the family lived, was the soldiers' cemetery, at this time filled with new-made graves. In the summer twilight, the little group of visitors stood looking at the graves, when they were joined by Lincoln. He paused, taking in the scene, then murmured:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
And women o'er their graves shall weep,
Where nameless heroes calmly sleep. . . ."

"One of the ladies, catching a bit of green from an intruding branch, said it was a cedar and another thought it was a spruce.

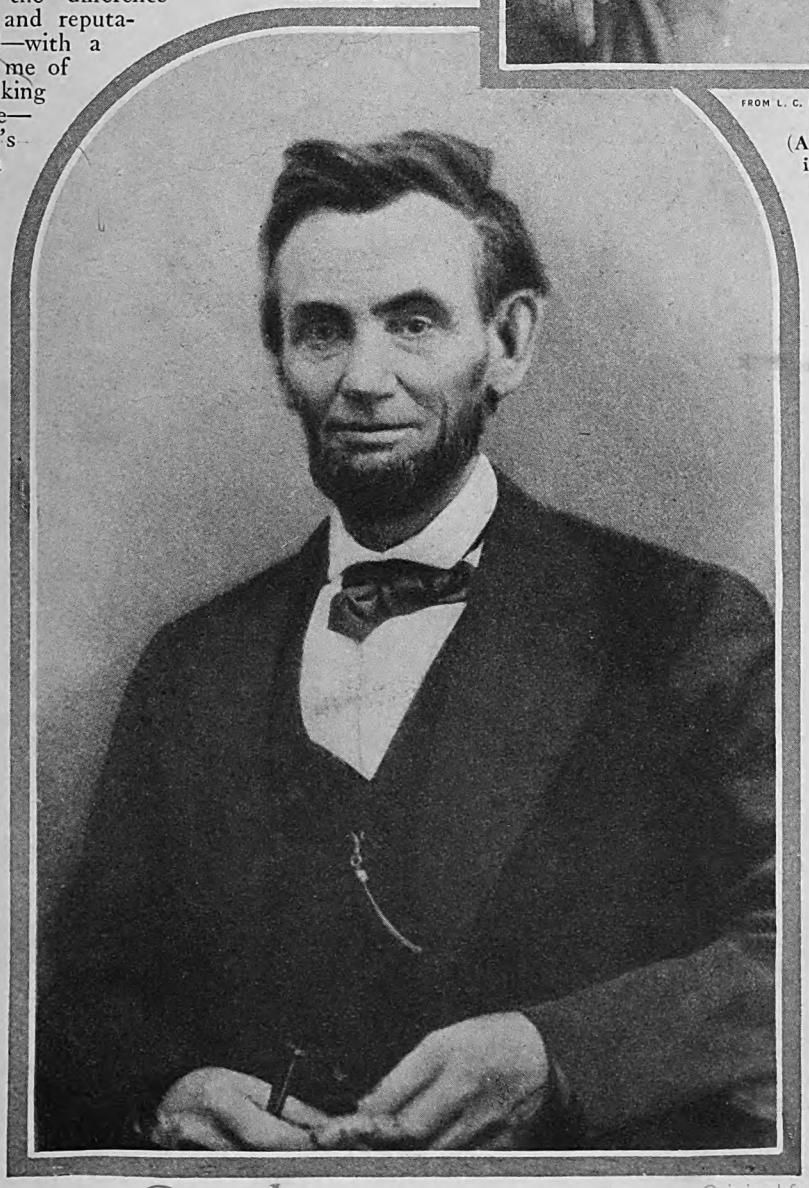
"'Let me discourse on a theme I understand," said the President. 'I know all about trees, in right of being a backwoodsman. I'll show you the difference between spruce, pine, and cedar, and this shred of

(*Continued on page 119*)



FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y.

FROM L. C. HANDY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



(Above) A faded ambrotype, showing Lincoln in a white coat, taken during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, at Beardstown, Illinois, in 1858. This reproduction was made from a copy in the Congressional Library. (At left) One of the last known photographs of Lincoln, said by some to be the very last, made within a week of his death. A crack in the negative has been painted out in this reproduction

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It was in pure despair, a blind panic, that she snatched at a two-foot splinter fallen from the paddock gate and struck blindly at the black lip grinning immediately over her

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Black Java Lily

A story

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT M. STOOPS

ALL the way from the great cream-colored stucco farmhouse to the greater red barn, Gorman Dunsberg could not escape his daughter-in-law Dazy's murmur on the east porch to Lee.

A childish voice. A sulky murmur. Past the dairy house, the huge red silo, and even the white-boarded paddock, it followed him. Even though he was out of sight of her small, pretty, doll-like red head, which rested against a cream-colored porch pillar while she and Lee quarreled in undertones.

What did the two argue over? He could take a free choice of five or six subjects. One predominated. In two years, Lee's lean, tanned, good-natured face had become strained.

Frowning, the old man got into his long black car, which a hired man had backed from the garage.

"Everything in, Jerry?"

"Just got gas and oil," declared Jerry with zest. Jerry had nursed the Dunsberg peaches ever since his old rheumatic knees had been scarcely bigger than a clingstone.

The car was a good make. The Dunsbergs could afford the best American-made cars; or the best foreign-made, too, if they cared to spend money foolishly.

The Dunsberg orchards could afford a city daughter-in-law too. They could give her a mink coat and silk-to-the-top stockings.

But the old man's frown stayed as he rode off. He was on his way to the Impleton auction, fifteen miles north. And what for?

Just to buy himself a horse to which he had taken a childish fancy. A spirited black stallion. Fourteen hundred dollars. A present to himself.

Small pleasure in buying yourself a present! He pursed his huge old lips. He would rather, to tell the truth, put the money into a fur coat for a daughter-in-law. Or even a bracelet. Or toys for grandchildren.

But Dazy and Lee had no children. And Dazy did not care much for presents. She had a cold little way of saying, "Thank you, Father." Not a word more.

Nothing but little cold words out of her little cold red mouth, since Lee brought her home from Detroit two Aprils back! She had made it very plain that she did not like farm life.

At first meeting, she had held out a prim gloved hand to her father-in-law. The old man, who had been ready with warm greeting, had taken it with a quick frown. Had it been Thyra Mosby whom Lee had brought home with a grin and a high-priced platinum wedding-ring—well, old Gorman would have lifted her clear off her feet for all her hundred and forty pounds of healthy flesh. And he would have smacked a dozen kisses on the plump cheeks and smiling lips.

Thyra was the eldest daughter of a neighbor peach raiser. Wouldn't that energetic, handsome girl have put a different hand on the management of the big stucco farmhouse? Thyra would not have curled silently for days at a time in her bedroom, while old Gorman and Lee scattered newspapers in living-room and over the porches, and old gray, waddling Lydy and her niece Ophelia ran kitchen, dairy, and even the annual attic cleaning.

It was true that the waddling Lydy had been in the Dunsberg kitchen for eighteen years, and knew its outs and ins as a cat knows its cream saucer. Lee's mother when alive and Lee's capable sister, Milly, now living with a ranching husband in Oregon, had given Lydy a pretty free hand.

But Gorman knew Lydy. She was aware of her place. In the beginning, she had gone civilly to Dazy for directions, and Dazy's childish blue eyes had blinked with distaste.

Yes—plain distaste! Old Gorman told himself that he was no fool. He knew what a look signified, even from a little baby-eyed city snip who blinked foolishly at whole tubs of cheese, and shrank at tree-toads' voices.

LEE had tried several times to frame a sort of apology for his wife. She had roomed around, and wasn't used to a big house. She didn't just know how to take hold, Lee had said, with a nervous laugh (oh, the old man knew his own boy). Just give her time—

Bah! She had had time. Two years. And she might still be a roomer, a small, taciturn, displeased roomer.

No spark of friendship had ever struck between her and her father-in-law. Her fault, the old man often muttered to himself. Why hadn't Lee chosen someone nearer home?

And it had been plain to Gorman in the beginning that Lee had a sort of queer pity for her. He had met her in a department store, where he had gone to match dress goods for Lydy. Her parents were dead. Her father had been a musician in motion picture theatres. Cello or oboe or something.

Lee had spoken proudly about her working, as if she had shown pluck. But clerking was light work in the old man's mind. Besides, it was his opinion, nursed in forty years of help-hiring for his vast orchards, that most people work at what suits their natural talents—or lack of talent. And as for Lee's further explanation, that girls with baby-blue eyes have their own sort of troubles in life, oh, well, maybe so, grunted Gorman; but what had that to do with her coaxing Lee to leave the farm and go somewhere else? Yes—that was what she was doing. He was sure of that.

The fly in Gorman's ointment had fed thick on its salvelike environment. Riding on his way this morning, between two rows of neighbors' orchards, he waved an absent great hand at men in barns or under gray-sprayed trees.

HE WAS a big man; big thighs, big gray head, powerful arms and torso. In years gone past, he could lift a barrel of apples from ground to dray as easily as some men can lift a corncob pipe. But at sixty-eight, one gives over certain former feats as disrespectful to a decent old heart that has done nearly seven decades of lusty pounding. And now, for all his size and well-filled years, a cold little fear made his heart beat as barrel-lifting had never done. Suppose this little doll-person persuaded Lee to leave stucco house and silo and orchards?

Pshaw! Maybe Impleton's black stallion would prove an antidote to an old man's morbid mood. Pretty much of a self-indulgence to pay out so much cash for a toy. That was all the horse would be. A large black toy. But when life sands are running low, and a man has plenty of cash, and nobody better than himself to buy presents for—well, he has a right to self-indulgence, mused Gorman with some bitterness, and sent his car on at a faster clip.

Ever since he fished the Impleton auction bill out of the mail box beside his driveway, he had hankered for that stallion, a four-year-old named Black Java Lily. He had admired him at his birth.

Most of his neighbors were in their orchards as he passed. It was the wrong month for a sale. But the Impletons had disregarded the season.

Careless men, the father and three middle-aged sons. Their two hundred acres were mortgaged. Well—grapes had frozen two successive years; and intermittent horse-breeding is an expensive game.

Gorman had noted that the stallion was not on the sale bill. Likely the list had been carelessly scribbled down for the printer. He had not heard that the horse had been sold.

In spite of the month, there was a fair crowd. Gorman knew everyone present.

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He had been born on his own father's government holding in that county. Coost, the auctioneer, a short, rotund man who had studied law and had a fast tongue, nodded at Gorman, not ill-pleased to see a man of large property at his sale.

Etta Impleton and her daughters were serving coffee, doughnuts, and hot beef on tables under the maple trees nearest the large brown house. Sight of Thyra Mosby with her hand on a gilt cage reminded Gorman that Lee had asked him to bid in Etta Impleton's pair of love birds, if they were put up.

Well, he could not bid against Thyra. And in his old heart he would prefer Thyra to have the birds.

COOST had summoned George Impleton, a short red-tanned man with the fretful large mouth of a man who has made no particular success in life. All the Impleton men had that mouth.

George came effusively to shake hands. "Howdy, Dunsberg. Don't know, though, what we've got here to interest you."

"I've come after that black stallion," Gorman smiled, "with the fancy name."

"Which one?"

"Black Java Lily. I didn't know you had any other."

"Say, I sent him to my cousin Charley, near Detroit, two weeks ago. Never thought anybody 'round hereabouts would want him." George Impleton was regretful.

"Pshaw," complained Gorman. "I've always had a kind of crush on that animal. Always wanted to own him. And Milly's husband out in Oregon writes me about a little black mare he'd be willing to send on. Sort of thought I'd see what the two could raise in prize ribbons."

"You'll be losing all your money yet, Dunsberg," laughed the other man. "Tell you what: I'll write Charley tonight to send him back if he ain't sold. No, I'll telegraph. I didn't figure a chance of getting real money here, and Charley took him as a favor to me till a buyer came along. Sixteen hundred is the price."

"Fourteen hundred is my offer."

"Brought you a riding horse, Mis' Dunsberg," called Al, laughing

Impleton sucked a fretful lower lip. "Got me at a disadvantage, Dunsberg," he grumbled. "That's a thoroughbred animal—"

"Disadvantage nothing. My price's fair."

"All right. This is Thursday. Next week, say, ten days, and the horse'll be at your barn door. Better give me your note now."

Gorman gave this with the reasonableness of a man whose word was known to be fully as good as his bond. A less reliable man might have taken offense at the implied distrust.

He stood around twenty minutes, watching the crowd. Mostly he watched gray-eyed Thyra. Two or three young men kept at her side, laughing and talking. Pity Lee hadn't married her. Everybody had expected the match. Even Milly, a plump, laughing girl like Thyra. Milly had said, getting on the train for Oregon, "Thyra'll be a better boss than I am, Dad. And I'll bet Lee's tickled pink he won't have two housekeepers in his house."

There had never been any question of Lee's leaving home, with or without a wife. Lee had always been his father's second self, co-owner of all the parent had accumulated.

Gorman finally left the sale to go home. He was turning in at his own wide gate before he recalled that he had not seen if Thyra bid on the birds. Pshaw!

Well, no use to drive back. The cage would be bid in by somebody before now. He could get Dazy a new pair from Detroit.

At Gorman's arrival, Lee Dunsberg came from the wide barn doors, followed by a group of men.

Lee called, "Get the—"

"He wasn't put up to-day." His father purposely assumed that the horse was meant. "But I'll have him in ten days."

LEE DUNSBERG was tall like his father, with tanned light brown hair and quick brown eyes. Now the younger eyes were intent on the black chassis.

"Thyra seemed to want the birds," said Gorman briefly.

"Oh! I see."

"Dazy can have a new pair from Detroit."

"Sure, Dad."

But Lee and the hired men shared Gorman's own enthusiasm for the day's purchase. A car is a car, any man will admit. But a horse is flesh and blood. It is half-akin to humans, and capable of affection; not painted steel, or tin, run by smelly gas. Gorman and some of the older hired men had been born too far back to be able to address a small car affectionately as, "My Lizzie," and "old girl."

During the evening, Black Java Lily was discussed to satiation. His dam and

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sire were known to the countryside. His pedigree, cousins, sisters, brothers, aunts, and uncles were named and talked over.

Dazy had nothing to say at the family dining-table in the big, comfortable, east-facing dining-room, nor later when Lee and his father joined for a while the gossipy men in the kitchen. She was, indeed, rather a childish figure at the table's head. Her habit of silence gave her no dignity, but merely ineffectiveness.

Gorman heard Lee say something to her about the birds. Lee's voice was low and solicitous. The old man tightened his lips in displeasure at her reply: "Oh, it doesn't matter, Lee. But—"

Under all displeasure of the old runs sorrow. That little flat voice of Lee's wife! It imperiled the peace of his old mind. My goodness, he wished that Lee's odd little wife would like him and let him like her in return!

DAZY was out in the yard, drying her short red hair in the morning sun and helping Lydy set out pansy plants in Lee's mother's old bed under the west windows when, ten days later, Black Java Lily was delivered by the two Impleton boys; a muzzled, almost foot-cuffed horse that reared its large handsome head in patent temper.

The twenty-year-old Impleton twins were forward young men, with a flippant word for all women.

"Brought you a riding horse, Mis' Dunsberg," called Al, laughing.

"Oh, no!" She edged back in frank alarm toward a lilac bush.

Gorman came from the porch where he had been reading his mail. His eyes lighted with pleasure at his handsome new possession. For its flawless black satin, a movie star could have worn Black Java Lily's coat. Four heels danced with a perfect natural grace. Nostrils were fiery with breeding and strength.

But the horse's eyes were red-rimmed. An ominous defect.

"Got him pretty near trussed like a chicken," Gorman said in surprise and disapproval to the two Impletons.

"Pa guessed the trip across the state and right back again must have upset him more than'd be expected," explained Joe Impleton. "Or else he don't like to leave our family. How about it, old Java boy?" He passed a hand over a handsome black flank in careless caress.

GORMAN reflected to himself that somewhere across the state and back had been a measure of bad treatment. His own great hand caressed a flank.

Lee, followed by most of the Dunsberg men, came from the orchards. A great common grin denoted enthusiastic interest.

"Oh, boy!" whistled Lee. "Welcome to our family!"

"But I won't ride him into town tonight to a movie," chuckled old Jerry Ray. "My knees are a bit rheumatic this week."

"Guess I'll ride him to see a girl Saturday night," said Olsy, giant nephew to Jerry.

"G'wan! Ride him, Olsy!" jeered the crowd of wind-tanned fruit tenders. Olsy's loud laugh good-naturedly denied his boast.

"Pa and the rest of us s'posed he was for Mis' Dunsberg's personal use," joked Al Impleton again.

The men turned in a body to grin at Mrs.

(*Cont'd on page 154*)

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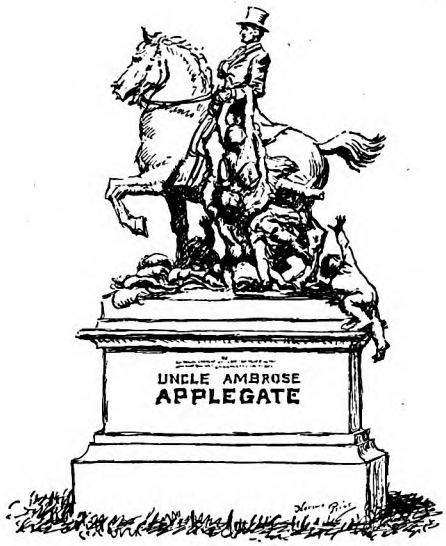

Uncle Ambrose

He was Vox Populi, Pro Bono Publico, A Taxpayer, and Indignant Citizen all in one; he viewed the present with alarm, while pointing with pride to the past

By Don Marquis

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN PRICE

UNCLE AMBROSE APPLEGATE dwelt abstractedly in the midst of a large and noisy family, who treated him with tolerant affection, and never expected him to remember whether they numbered five daughters and four sons, or five sons and four daughters.

"Kate," he would say to one of the girls, peering at her uncertainly, "I wish you'd take this communication down to 'The Daily Banner' for me."

"I'm not Kate," she would reply, like as not; "I'm Jessie, Dad!" But she would laugh and run along with the article, designed for the Letters to the Editor Column, and signed "Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico," "Indignant Taxpayer," or something of that sort. I remember that one day one of the boys and myself, who had been entrusted with one of those communications, lost it; and upon confession, later, we had the graceless impertinence to ask whether it mattered very much.

Uncle Ambrose considered us with repressed indignation for some moments, as if in despair of ever getting across to us the magnitude of our crime. And three days later the following letter appeared in "The Banner":

To the Editor of "The Banner"—SIR: To one who has stood, as I stood but a few brief years ago, among the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, reflecting upon the fall of that mighty empire, there must inevitably come the thought that humanity is but fleeting, and as he stands with bared brow and downcast eyes there must spontaneously arise to his lips the words of the poet:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Now, sir, the decay and fall of Rome were brought about by the flippant unwillingness of the younger generation to accept the wisdom and guidance of the elder statesmen, and it is with a sinking of the heart that one sees history repeating itself. Where are now the young people who formerly respected the ancient landmarks? Levity and indecorum stalk abroad; mockery is the watchword of the young. *O tempora! O mores!* It was not so in the consulship of Plancus!

CATO, JR.

Levity and indecorum certainly "stalked abroad" in the neighborhood of Uncle Ambrose Applegate; his children were about as placid as a zoo at feeding time. His house (inherited by Aunt Kate, his wife, from her father) was and still is situated on the outskirts of our flourishing small city, in the midst of flowering plants and fruit trees and shade trees; and year in and year out house and grounds and neighboring streets have shrieked and shaken with the racket of Applegate children, and their friends and acquaintances, and their circuses and mechanical inventions and pet animals of every possible and well-nigh impossible description, and their wars and festivities and accidents. A new and unexpected dog, pony, toy cannon, in-law (or even suspected outlaw) is apt to appear on any part of the premises at any moment. And in the midst of all this confusion Uncle Ambrose has sat in his study for decades, in his Prince Albert coat, writing letters to editors on the affairs of the town, the business of the state, the condition of the nation, the situation of the world, and the character and trend of the universe.

For Uncle Ambrose has always wished to share his thoughts; he is not selfish; he desires to benefit humanity, to stimulate it, to instruct, to guide, to warn, to uplift. While he does all this for the world, sometimes the old home place runs down a bit—what with the children and all, and the fact that Aunt Kate can't attend to everything. There is a large, thorny osage-orange hedge about one part of the grounds, separating them from the street, and it is usually neglected. One day Uncle Ambrose was taking one of his meditative walks abroad and a thorny branch from this riotous hedge sprawled out over the sidewalk, where it had no business to be caught and tore a sleeve of his Prince Albert coat.

Uncle Ambrose indignantly sought his study, and sat down and wrote the following letter to the editor of "The Banner":

To the Editor of "The Banner"—SIR: Greece fell, and was humbled to the dust, because demagogues usurped the mastership of affairs, and public business was neglected. Where now, I ask you, sir, where now, are

. . . The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome?

Gone, sir, gone, through the neglect of their public officials!

Now, sir, the mayor and council of this city are as derelict in their duty as any demagogue of them all! How long do they intend to permit the comfort and health of the free yeomanry of this community to be endangered by the criminal negligence of private citizens, undoubtedly partisan favorites and henchmen of the authorities, who allow thorn bushes to trench upon the public domain and endanger the eyesight and very lives of the innocent bypassers? I have myself, sir, been a

"To one who has stood, as I stood but a few brief years ago, among the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome"

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sufferer recently from this abuse. This community must be cleaned up, sir, physically and politically.

VOX POPULI

Uncle Ambrose took this epistle down to "The Banner" office himself, entirely innocent that he had been torn by his own hedge—for he was always as vague about his own grounds as he was about his own horses and the children racketing about the place. The letter was printed the next day.

A new and unexpected dog

It must really have inspired the mayor and council to look about them and clean up a bit. A week later, looking out of his study window, Uncle Ambrose saw several workmen of the street-cleaning department actually lopping off branches from the hedge and throwing them over into the garden. He watched in indignation for half an hour this official trespassing upon his property, without remembering his former letter at all. For he was the sort of person who writes passionate appeals for the voters to come out on election day, and then forgets to vote himself. He indited another communication:

To the Editor of "The Banner"—Sir: Are the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race, wrested from their tyrannical kings at Runnymede, sealed in the snows of Valley Forge, and steeped in the blood of Gettysburg, to be abrogated at the bidding of a coterie of petty official despots?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

My property, sir, and the forest growth upon it, has been invaded without warning, and partially destroyed by vandals flaunting the uniform of the city street-cleaning department. Shrubs have been wantonly ruined under which my little ones have played their merry games.

Woodman, spare that tree . . .
In youth it sheltered me!

Now, sir, are the people of this community free men or slaves? The city government will learn, sir, in no uncertain tones, on next election day! *Verbum sap!*

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

And to this day the two things have never clicked together and become one incident in Uncle Ambrose's mind.

Uncle Ambrose actually saved a family from drowning, and rowed them to safety in a skiff

UNCLE AMBROSE has never liked to trust his communications to the mails. For one thing, they are too slow. When he writes something which he considers very important indeed, he at once carries it down-town personally, and has a little chat about it with the editor. On such occasions it has been his invariable custom for the past thirty years to don his silk hat and take his gold-headed walking stick and make something of a function of the visit. His Prince Albert coat he wears always, even when he is writing—indeed, there has sometimes been malicious gossip to the effect that he wears it when he goes to bed. Nobody has ever seen him without it, in any sort of weather. In the pauses and interludes of composition, or of conversation, it is his habit to thrust his hand into the breast of his coat, which makes him look very like a steel engraving of a statesman of the Webster-Clay-Calhoun period.

After his chat with the editor, Uncle Ambrose says, as he rises to take his departure:

"Well, sir, this exchange of views has been very pleasant. Very pleasant indeed, sir, and I hope mutually profitable and informative. But now I must get back to my real work, sir, my literary work." Often he adds, with the air of a not unwilling slave to duty and to the public service: "My study, sir, awaits me!"

The editor always says something polite, for Uncle Ambrose is by way of being a prominent citizen. He sits on platforms at public meetings. He reads the Declaration of Independence at Fourth of July celebrations. And he has had various vague, brief, indeterminate connections with politics.

Once, for part of a term, many years ago, he was a member of the state legislature, and he still is referred to as "Honorable Ambrose Applegate" by many of his old friends. But he was not reëlected to office. He could never understand why. Neither could his wife. Aunt Kate worships him. She has always thought him, quite sincerely, one of the greatest men of his times. She has never ceased to be astonished that enthusiastic multitudes have not forced him into the White House. Aunt Kate has always been a great help to him, he acknowledges, in his literary work. It is she who assists him in keeping the scrapbooks in which are pasted thousands of his contributions to the papers. When one of them is printed he always buys from fifty to a hundred copies, marks them, and mails them to his friends, and Aunt Kate helps in this clerical work, also.

"KITTIE," says Uncle Ambrose, "has been a helpmate to me, and a literary inspiration." Aunt Kate is rather tall, and she is broad and stout, a great figure of a woman with handsome head and face, a generous person generously proportioned; but certainly not the type that should be called "Kittie." Uncle Ambrose is very much shorter and more slender than Aunt Kate. If it were not that his great dignity seems sometimes to enlarge his stature you would think of him definitely as a little man; the top of his silk hat comes just as high as Aunt Kate's spectacles. Aunt Kate inherited enough money from her father, the late Captain Barton Wilkinson, so that neither she nor Uncle Ambrose has ever had to worry about making a living. He started out as a lawyer, but shortly after his father-in-law's death he closed his law office and retired to his study, to devote more time to his literary career.

The late Captain Wilkinson, from what I can learn of him, must have been a go-getter in his day. He was mixed up in a dozen different kinds of business, and he was by way of being a political boss, hard-boiled and capable, and yet with a fair share of genuine public spirit. Uncle Ambrose (*Continued on page 140*)

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Drake Is One Of The Great Unknowns Of The Middle-West

He owns eight corporations, but his name does not appear in any of them, or on any stationery; he has made many inventions, but he has never taken out a patent; he has built 30,000 bridges, but he lives in a working-man's house in an unpretentious part of Omaha — all because he detests display of wealth

By William S. Dutton

IN AN unpretentious section of the city of Omaha is an old-fashioned frame house somewhat in need of paint.

Ask a passer-by who it is that resides in this house. If he knows, and not more than one man in five will, he may inform you that it is the home of "Bob" Drake.

"He builds bridges," your informer might add, should he happen to be of that neighborhood. "Folks say that he's made some money; not much though, I'd guess from the looks of his house."

Were you to tell this man that "Bob" Drake is not only one of the greatest bridge builders in this country but also one of Nebraska's richest men, the chances are that he would put you down as "touched in the head." Robert Z. Drake is one of the Great Unknowns of the Middle-West.

I am using the word "great" deliberately. It is said that you cannot drive for an hour over a road in the Mid-West without crossing a bridge which Drake has built either in part or in its entirety. More than thirty thousand of his bridges are scattered throughout that vast area, from the Dakotas southward to Arkansas, from the Mississippi River to the Rockies, and on up into the wooded expanses of the Pacific Northwest. Recently, for six consecutive months, Drake's string of eight bridge and iron and lumber companies completed a bridge for every working hour of the working day—a total of 1,800 bridges. During the past dozen years he has built an average of 1,500 bridges annually.

When you consider what roads have meant in the development of that trans-Mississippi country, and that no road is longer than the distance between its bridges, you begin to grasp some conception of the size of the tremendous job that Robert Z. Drake has done for his native Middle-West. Moreover, he has done more than merely construct: he originated many of the ideas which have made this mighty work of his a practical possibility.

Drake introduced the standardized bridge in the West, and thus brought the costs of bridge-building within the means of young and struggling settlements. He designed the first transverse joist bridge and invented the steel pile bridge, types of construction said to be employed in ninety-five per cent of the bridge structures being built in that country to-day.

There is no record in the patent offices that Drake originated these ideas, for he purposely has left them as free as the winds for all the world to use, asking no royalties and getting none. The man has the idealist's belief that he was put into this world to help, to do good, and to foster happiness within the limit of his means. The unpatented inventions, representing a discarded fortune, and the old house in which he lives, both are a part and parcel of his plan—the plan of a man with courage enough to live out his beliefs.

During a morning in Omaha, not long ago, I got my picture of this builder of bridges before I had even seen him. There was the house in which he has lived for twenty-five years, the home of a working-man, little more; surely not the home of a millionaire, to be pointed out and envied. There was his office, as plain as the house, with its work desk, its threadbare floor coverings and antiquated filing cabinets; the folks there were Jack and Bill and Grace, and they had been there for years. It was a shirt-sleeve office.

GRACE V. GREEN, who is Mr. Drake's secretary, told me with a touch of pride that she has been in her position for twenty-five years. She could put her finger on any record in the place in a moment. "Mr. Drake pays us well," she volunteered; "but he also expects us to work. He himself works fourteen and sixteen hours a day." Yet in that office there was none of the tedious atmosphere of work.

Mr. Drake was away that morning, somewhere in the state on bridge work. I had been unable to tell him in advance definitely the time of my visit, but he had promised to see me on the day I arrived. Miss Green (*Continued on page 82*)

A Half-Hour Spent in Reading This Story Will Be Time Well Invested

ROBERT Z. DRAKE is one of the most remarkable and interesting men you ever read about! They say you can't ride more than an hour in the Middle-West without crossing a bridge he has built. Yet relatively few people know him. He prefers obscurity. Money, to him, is something to be used in work, not to be spent on luxurious living. Bridge-building is one of the most intensely practical occupations in the world; but Drake, one of the greatest of bridge builders, is essentially an idealist. He has the soul of a dreamer, of a poet. Here is what he says:

"I've yet to build a bridge that has completely satisfied me. Every one I put up was the best bridge I could build at the time; but I know that not one of them is the best bridge that can be built. I am always seeking to find that 'best bridge'—and I guess I will go to my grave still seeking it. Then another will step into my shoes to continue the hunt; but the 'best bridge' will always be just a step ahead. The *best* of everything on this earth will always be undiscovered. The most we mortals can do is to find better than we have."

You need not fear you will be wasting time when you read the story of a man who talks like that!

THE EDITOR.

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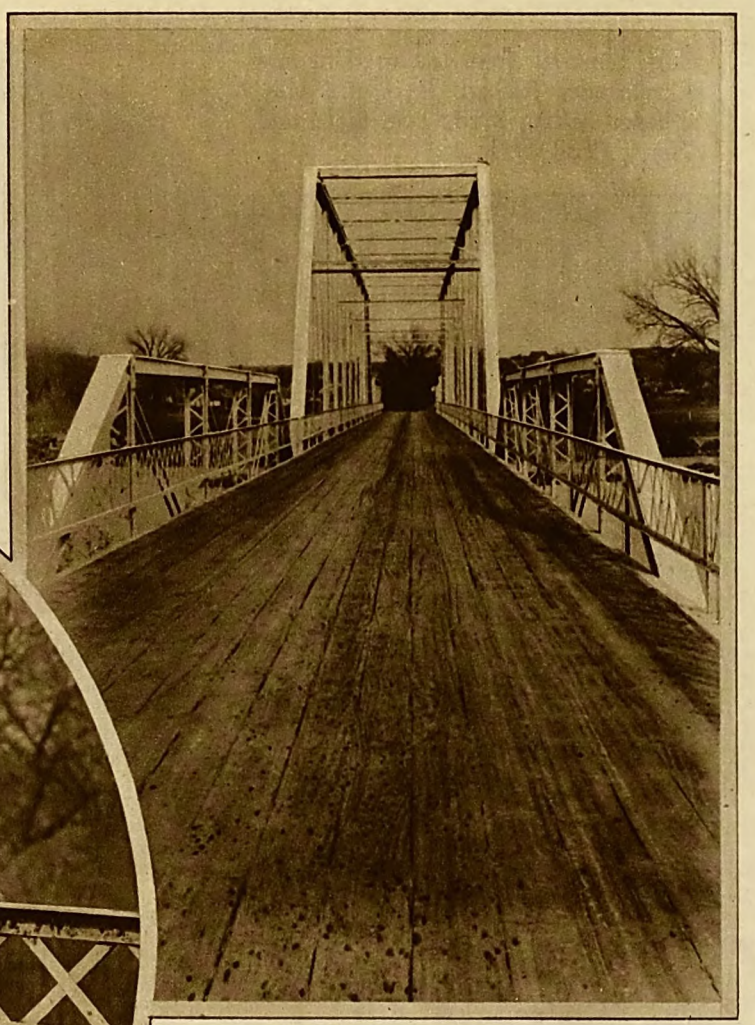
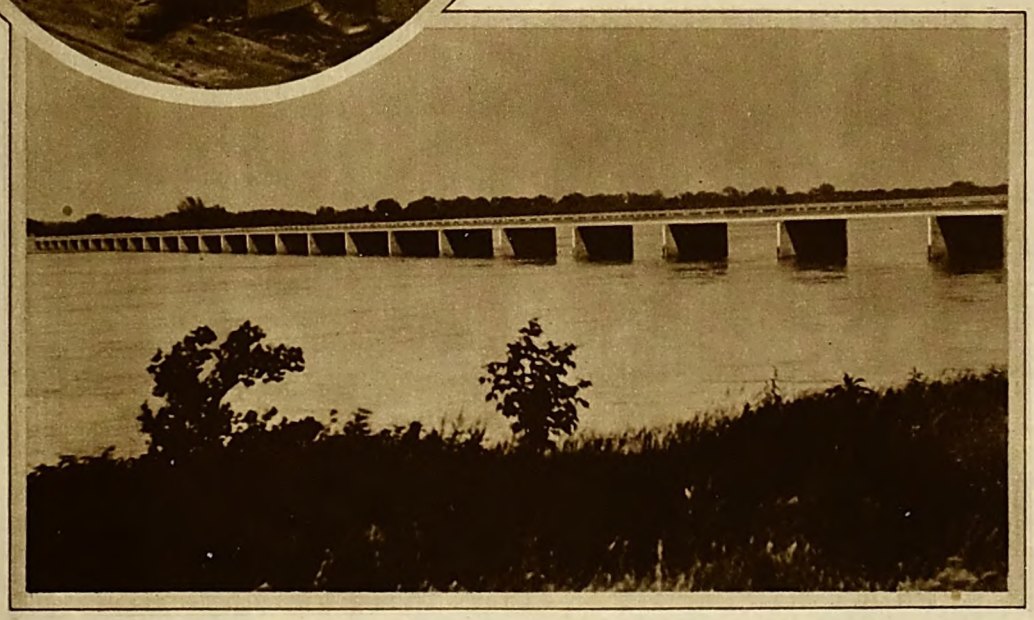
ROBERT Z. DRAKE (in oval) has built an average of fifteen hundred bridges annually for the past twelve years. From the Dakotas to Arkansas; from the Mississippi to the Rockies, and on up the wooded expanses of the Pacific Northwest, his bridges are everywhere. A great builder of bridges, a wealthy man, an inventor—and yet you probably never before heard of him! The explanation is that Mr. Drake, as this article will tell you, prefers obscurity. He was born in Jackson County, Kansas, in 1870, and now lives in Omaha.

Photograph by Dewell, Omaha



Photograph by Dewell, Omaha

TWO of Mr. Drake's bridges. The one above shows a black gum floor laid runwise, instead of crosswise, as most bridges formerly were built. Below is Drake's bridge over the La Platte River. This, with its twenty-eight spans of fifty feet each, is one of the largest he has built, and is an example of his standardized bridge, which reduces construction costs.



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Courtesy, Virginia State Chamber of Commerce

Photograph by Dementi Studio, Richmond, Va.

In the oval, from left to right, are Commander Richard E. Byrd, Mrs. Eleanor Bolling Byrd, Tom Byrd, and Harry Flood Byrd.

Mrs. Richard Evelyn Byrd and her sons

THE mother of "Tom, Dick and Harry" in her Richmond, Virginia home. Unusual home influences played a large part in the careers of her distinguished sons. Tom is a lawyer, war veteran, and extensive Virginia farmer; Dick flew over the North Pole and across the Atlantic Ocean, and has been cited for heroism or extraordinary valor no less than twenty-one times; Harry is Governor of the State of Virginia.

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The Mother Of Tom, Dick, and Harry

By Fitzhugh Green

LESS than two years ago—on the afternoon of Mother's Day, 1926, to be exact—there walked down the shady side of a broad Richmond street a slight feminine figure in black. Beside the lady strode Governor Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, her son.

The pair passed a group of idlers, who ceased all talk to turn and eye them curiously.

"That's her," said one.

"Sure it's her," from another.

The mother and her distinguished son went on, unmindful of the pantomime behind them. They did not talk. Indeed, the Governor wore an air of almost grim restraint. This air was in distinct contrast to the erect carriage and brisk pace of the white-haired lady at his elbow.

A little farther, on, Mother and son met a lady and gentleman, who bowed and paused for a word of greeting.

"And how is everything?" inquired the gentleman with a cheerfulness that was obviously assumed for the occasion.

"Fine," answered Mrs. Byrd promptly. And if her smile was forced nobody would have guessed it.

Meanwhile the gentleman's companion had by a slight maneuver drawn the Governor out of earshot. "What news?" she asked in a whisper.

Glancing at his mother to see if she had heard, Harry Byrd shook his head. "Nothing—yet."

"But isn't she frightened to death?"

Again the son nodded, this time very slowly.

At this moment, the gentleman bowed to Mrs. Byrd and, taking his companion's arm, passed on. As if obeying an irresistible impulse, the two stole a backward glance at the Governor and his mother. "How on earth does she stand the suspense?" burst out the lady.

"Heaven only knows!" replied her escort. "I could scarcely talk to her for thinking of the danger, the uncertainty—"

Meanwhile, turning in at an old Colonial mansion, the Governor and his mother called on friends. There was bright conversation, and tea from blue china, as there might have been at any friendly afternoon call. But when the call came to an end and the visitors had departed, a strange thing happened: The hostess and her remaining guests hurried to the window and peeped through the curtain at the two disappearing down the sidewalk.

"How can she be herself at such a time?" exclaimed one.

"Does she know?"

"Of course! It was in all the papers."

"And he might be dead by now!"

"Or worse!"

Commander Richard Byrd, U. S. N., second son of Eleanor Bolling Byrd, had that morning hopped off from Spitzbergen for the North Pole on one of the most hazardous flights ever attempted by man. At this very moment, he was winging his way over the trackless ice fields of the Polar Sea. A faulty motor, a fog bank, a slight miscalculation, and he with Bennett would have perished, never leaving a trace.

Did the mother know what it meant?

"Of course I knew!" she declared with some pride when I asked her later. "How could I appreciate what my boys are doing if I didn't understand."

It was true too. I found out that she was nearly as familiar as Dick with stories of the old explorers: how they starved and froze and died in the white wilderness of the Far North. She was brought up on tales of the Greeley tragedy, that had occurred when she was a girl: nineteen men starving by inches amid ice and snow and darkness.

AT HOME a little later, the Governor sneaked away to the telephone for a word with his friend Stewart Bryan of the local press. Presently he burst into the room, his round ruddy face wreathed with smiles.

"Dick's back at the ship, Mother!" he cried. "But they don't know whether he succeeded or not."

"*I* know," said Mrs. Byrd with finality.

They dined that night with old friends. As dusk fell and lightning-bugs flickered through the trees, the little party sat down to a meal that none of those present will ever forget. Because it was a sultry evening, the long windows were open upon the shadowy lawn. Soft perfume of Southern flowers drifted in. Little was said. There was little to say.

Then suddenly through the heavy silence came a distant clamor, a queer medley of cries that swelled and took staccato form as they came nearer.

"*Extry!*"

At recognition of the word, everyone looked up sharply, and involuntarily swung their gaze to the brave smiling mother in their midst.

"*Extry! Extry!*"

A telephone bell rang in the passage outside the dining-room. It seemed but an instant before the message came, literally shouted into the dining-room:

"He got there! *Dick reached the Pole.*"

The strain was broken. Everyone was excitedly on his feet, going out for papers, talking, laughing, congratulating the mother of the hero.

A few weeks later, I went down New York Bay in the mayor's yacht to meet the home-coming hero. There were roaring planes overhead and all about us spraying fireboats, sirens, and whistles; all the wondrous window dressing that only the greatest seaport in the world can provide. The yacht was packed with journalists, and "committees," and impressive "leading citizens" in high silk hats.

I wanted to congratulate the hero's mother. I found her aft, crammed in between a perspiring senator and a leading New Yorker. She looked cool and cheerful and altogether composed.

One of the journalists wormed his way through the crowd and thrust his face down close to hers. "Mrs. Byrd, I want to ask you a few questions." He had his pencil and pad all ready for the replies.

With a blithe gesture, she pushed the pad and pencil from her. "Don't be silly," she laughed. "Wait till Dick comes. He's the one you want to interview."

The reporter persisted. Others pushed in with their pads and pencils. The senator and the leading New Yorker began to be annoyed. One journalist stepped on another journalist's toes. A lady journalist threw a soprano query over the shoulders of her stronger rivals. It was all very confused and increasingly uncomfortable.

Suddenly Eleanor Bolling Byrd sat up. And when a real Virginia lady sits up, it's not unlike a colonel calling his troops to attention. Something happens.

"Now, just leave me alone, all of you!" she commanded severely. "I'm Dick's mother, and that's all. Leave me alone and talk to him when he comes aboard!"

As abruptly as it had come, the sternness left her face and a smile belied the frown that still hovered above her youthful brown eyes. "Anyway, it's too hot to talk, don't you think?" she added, with an irresistible appeal in her tone.

It was the way she said it, the way she looked, the little half-gesture that she put on at the end that smoothed the moment over; the personality of a woman that has been known for a quarter of a century as a "leading Virginia belle."

"AN EDITOR friend of mine thinks his readers would be interested in knowing something about you and your boys," I said to Mrs. Byrd one day.

With the quick directness for which she is famous, she turned on me with: "You just tell your editor friend that if he mentions my boys he ought in fairness to mention some of the people who made them what they are."

"Meaning their parents?"

"Not at all!" she flashed. "Away back beyond them."

Whereupon, in precise order she enumerated some (*Continued on page 143*)

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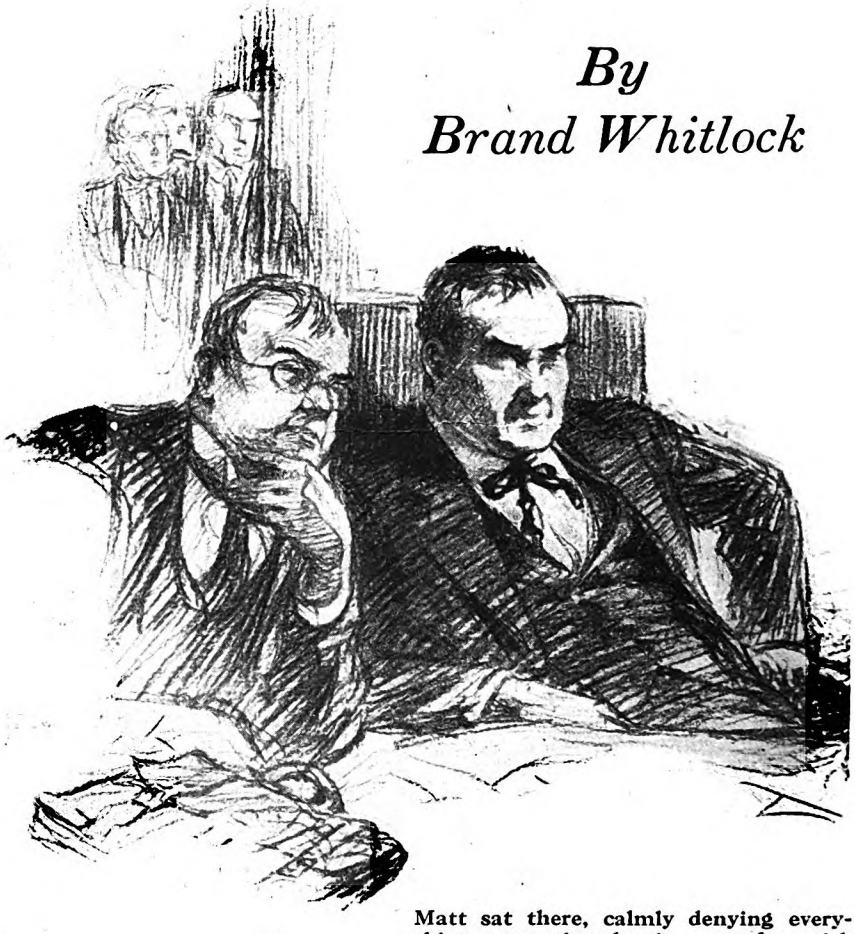
"In this country," said Matt, "there's nothing makes an official popular so quick as to prosecute someone, especially someone high up"

Big Matt

By Brand Whitlock



Matt sat there, calmly denying everything, presenting that innocent face with its baffling, almost Oriental, inscrutability

Synopsis of the Two Preceding Instalments

"THERE'S nothin' in it for me, y' understand. But listen, Guv'nor, you can't afford to have the boys, the regular fellows, think you'd throw down a friend."

It was these words of Barney McGuire, ward boss, which brought home to John Blake, newly elected Governor, the seriousness of the choice he must make.

He was a "machine politician;" but the new responsibility of his office had made a tremendous impression upon him, had made him want to show the people that he could give them as good government as anybody. And then, almost immediately, the problem of Matt Holt. Matt Holt, the Big Boss, had made him everything that he was. Matt Holt would try one day to make him President. And Matt Holt wanted to be appointed Commissioner of Public Utilities.

Attorney General Fenshard, Senator Pedley, all the reform element, fought the appointment bitterly. And in his heart the Governor knew that they were right. Matt *wasn't* fit to be Commissioner of Public Utilities—any more than he, John Blake, was fit to be Governor!

Grace, his wife, and Joyce, his lovely daughter, disliked Matt—and Joyce was engaged to young Laurence Price, one of the reform senators.

But upon the heels of Blake's decision to tell Matt he could not appoint him came Barney McGuire's words—and Matt Holt was made Commissioner of Public Utilities. Blake told him what he expected, and Matt listened with respect. Blake's fears were quieted, everything was calm, his popularity was growing—and then, upon the very day of Joyce's wedding, the scandal broke. The Good Government League had instituted a probe into Matt's activities, accusing him of graft and of being "fixed" by Hugh Garrett, of the traction company.

Blake was desperate. He sent for Matt—and when he got through talking he knew just as little as before what to think. And the probe went on. Blake refused statements to the newspapers, which only made their write-ups worse. His wife was furious because he had made the scandal possible by appointing Matt. Joyce was away on her wedding trip. There was no one to whom he could turn. And then Matt came to him at night in his library.

"John," he said, "do you want my resignation? If you do you can have it—here and now!"

BLAKE waited a moment longer; the hope that suddenly had dawned as suddenly faded; he couldn't say it, and, turning toward Matt, he remarked, instead: "I haven't said anything about your resigning, have I, Matt?"

Their eyes met. They looked at each other for a long moment.

Then, "When're Joyce and her husband coming back?" asked Matt.

"I don't know," the Governor replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing; just thinking that, if the worst comes to the worst, we might want Price's vote. I was thinking, making a little calculation in my mind, see? If we don't kill it in committee, 'course it's a close thing in the Senate. We've only got a majority of three on a party showdown; Pedley can't make any inroads on our side by himself. It depends on what this fellow Fenshard does. If he decides he can make anything for himself out of it, 'course he'll jump in."

"What has he to gain?" asked Blake.

"Why, he knows that in this country there's nothing makes an official popular so quick as to prosecute someone, especially someone high up."

At the word "prosecute" Blake winced; his heart came up into his mouth. Matt did have the most reckless way of tossing ugly and suggestive words about; they seemed to have no meaning whatever for him; he was like a man who carelessly handles a gun.

"We're a great people, John, the greatest in the world. I see in a magazine the other night where the English have fox hunts. But we have man hunts. If Fenshard thought he could ride into power that way, he wouldn't hesitate to try, party or no party; you know he never was any too regular. If I could only get something on him. I guess I'll have Hugh Garrett look him up."

The name of Hugh Garrett in this conjuncture was almost as disagreeable as those other words that Matt so recklessly used.

"I'd be careful of having much to do with Garrett just now," Blake suggested.

"OH, THUNDER!" exclaimed Matt, in disgust. "There's no danger. Besides, he's got some votes in the Senate. I don't give Pedley more'n four votes at the outside. And we can easily make those up. Barney McGuire's got three in the Senate, you know. And then I can make old Morris come on from Washington and give us a boost, if necessary. It may be a tie, and, in that case, old Lewis has the casting vote. He'll play the game. Oh," Matt concluded, in a burst of hopefulness, "I got a card or two in my hand that I can play!"

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ILLUSTRATED
BY
T. D. SKIDMORE

Chamber, the crowded galleries, the press gallery crammed with alert reporters, state officials and employees thronging the floor of the Senate, the sergeant-at-arms giving over the effort to exclude them, and, far back, near the cloak-room, against the somber paneling of the wall, the burly figure of Matt Holt, his large face, inscrutable and calm, looking out over the scene that meant so much to him.

Matt's sanguine temperament, his confident manner, inspired Blake with hope.

"But I tell you, Matt," he said, "just let me get out of this scrape and I'm done with politics for ever. I'm sick of it. I want to get out of it."

"Can't do that, John," Matt replied ruthlessly. "You've got to go on. You'll have to take another term."

"Do you think, Matt, that I could be elected again, after this?"

"Elected again!" exclaimed Matt. "You got to be elected again! You got to be vindicated."

Blake shook his head.

"I couldn't be, Matt, after this."

"Oh, thunder!" And Matt laughed. "Why, John, this'll all be forgotten long before that!"

MATT, however, did not succeed in killing the resolution in committee, and a few days later, with ominous promptness, it was voted out with a recommendation that it pass. The resolution was on the calendar, and would be reached within a week.

There was no time to lose, and by day in the cloak-room of the Senate Chamber, by night in the lobby of the Stanley, where so much of the effectual political discussion of the State was carried on, Matt was engaged in the business, so familiar to him, of canvassing for votes.

And, by the end of the week, when Matt came to see the Governor on the eve of the vote, he reported that he had sufficient promises from senators to be sure of defeating the resolution, if they all kept their word.

The scene in the Senate Chamber the following afternoon, as reconstructed later by Squire for the Governor, who waited alone in his chambers for the outcome, was one of those dramatic spectacles that Blake, from his own experience in the Legislature, could easily imagine—a full Senate

The Senate was on the order of bills on third reading, and, as though the body had tacitly decided to heighten the dramatic quality of its proceedings by leisurely delay, it proceeded slowly with its deliberations. The reading-clerk droned out, section after section, the superfluous laws they were making, or the new crimes they were creating, and senators, profiting by the presence of an unaccustomed audience, gratified themselves, if no one else, by making long speeches.

Then, at last, a sudden thrill of interest roused the chamber; the Lieutenant Governor smote his sounding-board with his gavel briskly; and in a new, more spirited manner announced:

"Reports from Special Committees."

THE moment had come. A painful, throbbing stillness fell in the chamber. Pedley moved the adoption of the resolution.

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"The senator from Jefferson moves the adoption of the resolution, and the question is: 'Shall the resolution be adopted?' The clerk will call the roll."

The clerk began:

"Allen."

"Aye."

"Anderson."

"No."

"Armstrong."

"Aye."

"Bainbridge."

"No."

It was like that, nip and tuck, down the roll-call, and before the M's were reached it was plain that the result would be very close. Eight of the regulars had broken away under Fenshard's lead—two more than Matt had counted on—and voted for the resolution, though when their votes were recorded Matt did not wink an eye.

McGuire's three senators from the city —Cavanagh, Duffleberger and Slovinski —voted against the resolution; but Matt gave no sign of pleasure. The roll-call went on; Squire had been checking up the votes, and knew now that the result would be a tie, and, as in that event the Lieutenant Governor would have the casting vote and vote "No," the resolution would be lost.

And then suddenly there was a commotion at the back of the chamber; the crowd swayed, gave way, and in an instant Price, in his overcoat, flushed and anxious, came down the wide center aisle to his seat. And through the crowd came Joyce, in a small toque and furs, her cheeks glowing from the sharp air outside, her eyes sparkling with eager interest.

The Lieutenant Governor smote the sounding-board with his gavel, and the roll-call proceeded. The count showed a tie; but Price was standing there. He had dropped his overcoat from his shoulders, and now he held out his hand and addressed the chair.

"Mr. President," he said, "I should like to inquire how I am recorded as having voted."

The Lieutenant Governor looked at the clerk; the clerk turned and said something to the Lieutenant Governor. The Lieutenant Governor said:

"The Senator is recorded as not having voted."

"Mr. President," said Price, "I vote Aye."

BLAKE was pacing to and fro in his chamber, when the door opened, and there was Squire; his white face told its bad news before he could open his mouth.

"How was the vote?" Blake demanded.

"Thirty-five to thirty-four; it was a tie, and Lewis—"

"But Lewis didn't vote *for* it, did he?"

"No; it was Senator Price."

"Price!" exclaimed Blake, incredulously. "Price! Why, he's—" And then, before he could question Squire further, the door burst open, and there was Joyce.

"Oh, Father," she said; "we got here just in time!"

Squire had tactfully withdrawn, leaving Blake and Joyce alone. Blake sank wearily into his chair, and Joyce, coming to his side, laid her gloved hand on his shoulder. He reached up and gave it a little caress.

"Poor old thing!" said Joyce. "You have had so much to worry you; I felt selfish, away off there and so happy myself. And so I came back to help you all I could. It's not much, I know."

He couldn't repress a slight exclamation, an ironic little "Humph!" and then, regretting that he had betrayed even that much of his feeling, for it was a joy and comfort to have her there beside him again, he drew her head down and kissed her cheek.

"Bless you!" he said. And then, a moment later, in a more matter-of-fact tone: "But, Joyce, delighted as I am to see you—don't you see?"

"What?"

"Don't you know that we have lost, that our enemies carried the day, that the resolution was adopted—and by Laurence's vote?"

Joyce wound her arm round her father's neck and, bending over, kissed him.

"Listen, dear," she said. "I didn't wait to hear the result. I wasn't interested in that. I was interested in you. Laurence didn't vote against you; he voted for you. And I made him."

Joyce left his side and sat down in the chair and leant forward to explain.

"Don't you see, dear, that it would never have done for you to oppose an exposure of something bad—in your administration? I watched all the papers, looking for some word, some statement from you that would dissociate you from this thing; I knew why you wouldn't give it; I knew why you were allowing yourself to be identified with it; it was all because of your feeling for Mr. Holt, for what you considered your loyalty to him.

"I saw that, sitting here day after day, talking to nobody but politicians, you had somehow lost the power to grasp the

Beginning next month

"Houdini—The Master Magician

His Life and Some of His Secrets"

HARRY HOUDINI was the world's greatest magician. No chains, no ropes, no handcuffs, no strait-jackets could restrain him. No locks could bar his entrance to or exit from buildings, vaults, or safes. He was buried under six feet of earth, and, unaided, escaped from that grave. He was manacled, nailed up in a heavy packing case and thrown overboard, and in less than a minute he swam free. The Russian secret police stripped him, searched him, and locked him in a cage used to transport prisoners to Siberia, and in forty-five minutes he walked out.

Seemingly, Houdini defied natural laws. Some students of psychic matters avowed that he could, and did, "dematerialize" himself at will, and then "rematerialize," after having oozed through impermeable substances! But Houdini himself stoutly averred that everything he did was done by dexterity, trickery, strength, and knowledge of magic.

Houdini the man was as interesting as Houdini the magician. You will see, from the story of his life, which begins in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE next month, that he was a many-sided man. This biography was written by Harold Kellock, from the recollections and documents of Mrs. Houdini and from the magician's own diary.

Mr. Kellock shows you Houdini, the crusader against fake mediums and phony spirit phenomena; Houdini, the devoted son, who never recovered from the grief caused by his mother's death; Houdini, the seeker after truth, who dug deep into mystic matters; Houdini, the romantic husband, who even after thirty-three years of married life still treated his wife as though they were just betrothed; Houdini, the eccentric, who would give five hundred dollars to a stranger, and then worry over the loss of a postage stamp; Houdini, the sentimentalist, who bought the graves of old magicians and provided for their perpetual care; Houdini, the extravagant man, whose love for children and old folks led him into the squandering of money.

A strange, inexplicable, fascinating figure is the one Mr. Kellock presents to you. Don't miss it!

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At the strange scene, with a surprised and apologetic "Oh!" Joyce shrank back into the doorway

whole situation. You didn't know what people were saying. I talked to Laurence about it. He saw it, but he said that there was nothing he could do; he said that, no matter how he voted, he would be accused of voting under your dictation or my influence, at any rate, according to your wishes and in your interest.

"And I said, 'Very well, then; if your vote is to be considered as in my father's interest, then you will go straight back and vote for the investigation; then they can't say that my father fears it, or is controlled by Matt Holt.' You see, it was not Laurence's fault, if there was any fault; he would have stayed away, but I wouldn't let him, for your sake. So, there you are."

"Yes, here I am," said Blake, smiling in a sickly manner, "with an investigation on my hands!"

"No, my dear," Joyce insisted, "not on your hands; on Mr. Holt's hands, where it belongs. People can't say that my father feared an investigation, and Mr. Holt can't say that you haven't stood by him when he got into trouble; and if, as he says, he is innocent, he has nothing to fear, either."

Blake was silent for a moment; he sat and looked at Joyce, in her trim blue traveling suit, her gloves, her small blue toque, her gray eyes shining, her cheeks flushed; she had acquired suddenly, he thought, a new authority—and she was so pretty! Her words, her assurance, her certainty, almost convinced him; perhaps she was right, after all.

But there was Squire again, slipping into the room, carefully shutting the door behind him.

"Matt Holt."

Blake looked at Joyce.

"Shall I go?" she asked. "Had you rather—"

(*Continued on page 127*)

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The Eyes Have It

A study of business achievement and the factors back of it, based on my experiences in interviewing hundreds of famous men and women

By Mary B. Mullett

DURING the past ten years I have interviewed about four hundred persons, both men and women. Some of them have been internationally famous. Most of them have been what is commonly called successful. Every one of them has been well worth knowing.

In its never-failing human interest, this job of interviewing people has an inexhaustible fascination for me. Even to the outsider there seems to be a certain glamour about it. My friends, for example, ask innumerable questions; especially about my experiences with famous people: How do I "get to" them? How am I received? How do they act? Are they gracious or grouchy? Do they really seem different from other folks? Are they truly great —or only exceptionally lucky?

I have grown accustomed, even resigned, to being what you might call "vicariously interesting." Mere casual acquaintances, who feel no particular concern about me personally, sit up and take decided notice when they know that my job has brought me into contact with scores of people whom the average person never meets.

Among these usually inaccessible people are the great business men of the country; presidents of railroads, banks, and huge manufacturing industries. Then there are the scientists, doctors, lawyers, ministers, authors, actors, famous stars of the motion pictures.

I have written also about the poor and the unknown; "common folks" who have won neither fame nor fortune; who have not achieved material success, but who, nevertheless, have gained some real victory over life's handicaps.

People are fully as *interested* in these "common folks," but they are more *curious* about the others. So I am going to answer here some of the questions oftenest asked me about the great and the near-great persons whom I have met.

As nine out of ten of the people I have interviewed have been men, it is of men that I shall write now. But I will say this: Men and women, as the interviewer sees them, are not radically different. On the whole, women are easier to approach. Often they have less vanity than men. But when they have more, they have a great deal more! Usually, however, they take themselves less seriously than men do.

They are more interested in personal experiences than men are. A man is willing to talk about the business side of his career: he will tell you material details, like the growth of capital involved, the sequence of positions he has held.

A woman senses more quickly that these are only milestones, uninteresting in themselves; that the dramatic human story lies in what has happened along the road *between* these milestones.

However, in regard to men, there is one rather queer but delightful thing which I shall tell further along in this story.

I am going to answer, first, a question which I think is the wisest one that has been asked me about my work. Incidentally, here is an interesting fact: This particular question, which has come to me in varied forms, was asked by men, not by women.

Some have put it in one form, some in another. But what it amounts to is this:

Is there any outward sign of power, or of exceptional ability, which all "big men" possess in common? Are they all alike in some one respect? If so, what is this one respect?

THESE strike me as very shrewd and interesting questions. For if there is some visible sign of a man's will to achieve, and of his power to gain his purpose, then that sign is a trademark of ability.

I admit that before I set to work on this article I had not seriously attempted to answer these questions, even to myself. When I really faced them, this is what I did:

I wrote out a list of one hundred men whom I have interviewed. Most of them are nationally known. Every one of them has achieved a high position in his calling. They are one hundred men who would be accepted as "top notchers" anywhere.

To tell the truth, I doubted whether I should find any outward sign common to all these widely different men. Yet I did find one! I am surprised that I hadn't spotted it long ago.

Don't misunderstand the word "successful" if I use it in connection with these men. It doesn't refer to their wealth or position. It means that they have "succeeded" in doing their work so well that they are recog-

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Mary B. Mullett Shares With You Her Adventures as an Interviewer

EVERY reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE knows that Mary B. Mullett is one of the most skillful interviewers in the world. But what every reader does not know is that Miss Mullett has written a great many more interviews than have appeared under her name. She has a pen name for interviews with business men, another pen name for scientific articles. "Men do not like to be interviewed by women," she explains, "and I reassure them by saying that the article will appear under a masculine *nom de plume*. This has helped me to get many a good story!"

In the accompanying article Miss Mullett takes you into her confidence, gives you an intimate look at the manner in which she works. More than that, she tells you something about big men that will be of tremendous value to you, if you care to apply it in your own life. What are they like? She tells you. How do they approach a problem? She answers that question too. Is there any outward sign of power, or of exceptional ability which all "big men" possess in common? She gives you the answer, and that answer is the most significant thing in this fascinating article of hers.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is delighted to print this article by Miss Mullett. She has made scores of others well known, but has been content to remain merely a name to you. The Editor had to urge her to step out of this rôle, and let you know something about her own experiences, as she so often has delighted you with the experiences of others. And when Miss Mullett interviewed herself, she turned the spotlight on one of the most interesting lives she has ever written about!

THE EDITOR.

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nized as leaders in their own spheres.

Outwardly they seem as different from one another as any hundred men chosen at random from all classes. They range from tall to short, from lean to fat. They may be dark or fair; have blue eyes or brown. Their hair may be thick or thin, or they may have almost no hair at all.

They may even be physically deformed. Steinmetz was one of the greatest electricians in the world. I interviewed him three times. And although his head, sunk between his tragically deformed shoulders, forced him to look up at me as we talked, there was no mistaking in him that outward sign of power which is common to all great men.

I have known other men as handicapped physically as the beggar on the streets, who are successful—even as the world counts success. Michael Dowling became the president of a Minnesota bank. Yet he had, in his boyhood, lost both feet, one hand, and most of the other.

Within a few weeks, last year, I had two interviews. One was with Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation. The other was with Sarnoff, general manager of the Radio Corporation of America. These two men differed in age, in appearance, in origin, and even in race. Gary was born in Illinois, of old New England stock. David Sarnoff is a Jew, born in Russia. He came to this country from Russia as an immigrant boy.

Yet, unlike as they are in many respects, both Gary and Sarnoff have the same outward sign which, I claim, all men of achievement possess.

IF YOU want to find this outward sign, look at a person's eyes! Not for the shape, or the color, or the way they are set; but to read there—if it *is* there—the evidence of one trait.

This trait is *concentration.* When you look for it—and find it—it will be as plain to you as the man's nose on his face.

The hundred men whose names I put down on my list are different not only in appearance, but in temperament, tastes, education, experience. But they have this one thing in common: a look in their eyes which shows intense concentration of mind.

I believe that is the great secret of their power. Other men have energy, ability, integrity, personality, and yet fail to reach the heights these men have gained.

Put half a dozen lights in a row and you get a pleasant effect.

But take a powerful lens that will focus these rays at one point and you get a dazzling light with heat enough to burn its way through an obstacle.

The chief difference between successful and unsuccessful men is this difference between concentration of mind and the lack of it. Some men seem to hammer at random. Others concentrate on one spot, and every blow counts.

The men I have interviewed, who had real achievement to their credit, had also this look which showed mental concentration. It isn't simply directness, for

all honest men look you straight in the eye. And it isn't mere intensity, for a man who knows he is on the verge of failure has a look that is piercingly intense.

It is the look of a man who knows what he wants to do and who has *focused his mind* on that one thing.

Some of the successful men I have met looked tired. A few looked terribly tired. But they had not lost this power of mental concentration.

I know men who *have* lost it. Some-

times through overwork; sometimes through "letting themselves go" in one way or another—drink, for example, or speculation, or sport, or perhaps worry.

They still have the very same equipment of talent and ability with which they began their careers. But they are incapable of *mental concentration;* and unless they can recover this power of concentration they have reached their finish.

I have been asked dozens of times whether it is hard to get famous people to "open up" and talk about themselves. That depends somewhat on the individual; but it depends less on who he is than on what he is.

Almost invariably, actors or motion picture stars welcome the interviewer. They need and want publicity. Personally, they may not care about it. Professionally, it is to them as manna from heaven.

Most of them are eager to tell their story. Yet to interview a stage star, for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is not so easy as it sounds.

You see, this magazine wants only the *truth.* But the average actor unconsciously tries to dramatize himself. Let him alone, and he certainly will tell you a wonderful story, mostly about his triumphs! Unfortunately, it may not be his true story, merely the story he wishes were true.

YOU must keep a sharp eye out for these shining bubbles of fiction. You must puncture them and try to dig up the solid, but perhaps less alluring, facts. Even then, some of these involuntary self-dramatists will get the best of you.

But the best of them will not do this. It is a joy, for example, to interview an actor like George Arliss, or an actress like Katherine Cornell. They are typical of the finest men and women in their profession.

They are clear-eyed and honest about themselves. They give you the truth. Not because you demand it, but because they must satisfy their own integrity.

They have another trait which is uncommon: They can stand aside and look at their lives from an outside point of view. They can perceive what is genuinely dramatic in their own experience.

You would be surprised to find how few people can do this. All kinds and classes of persons have said to me: "There's nothing interesting in *my* life! Nobody will want to read about *me!*"

If I tried to count on my fingers the business men who have said this I should need as many hands as a centipede has feet. One of the hardest things in the world is to convince a business man that he is "interesting" and to make him see *how* he is interesting.

The average actor wants to put into his personal story a good deal of drama which doesn't (*Continued on page 70*)

The names of the men whose eyes are shown here are at the end of this article

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Jump!

By Neil M. Clark

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

(Above) Photograph taken immediately after a parachute jumper has left the plane, showing how the "pilot" 'chute opens first, dragging the main 'chute out straight, so that it will fill with air. (In circle) A few minutes later and some hundreds of feet nearer the earth

SERGEANT ARCH ATHERTON of the United States Marine Corps stood on the wing of a speeding airplane, contemplating thoughtfully the sun-bathed earth two thousand feet below. Presently by a nod he signaled the pilot to "cut the gun," and dove calmly into space. By premeditation, he fell for *fourteen hundred* spinning feet, with the earth rushing toward him at a terrific rate, before making a move to open his parachute.

One other sunny day Sergeant Atherton stood on a high diving platform gazing into the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, just twenty-five feet below. He hesitated, shuddered, and drew back. "I can't dive," he said to himself; "I *won't*. I'm scared to!"

And he didn't. As he had done more than once before, he walked away from the diving platform.

'Tis a queer quirk in human nature that the man who bears the reputation of having made a larger number of difficult parachute jumps than any other human being, at all altitudes, from three hundred feet to a mile, and who never has been fazed by any other high place, should find it utterly impossible to nerve himself for a high dive into water. Sergeant Atherton, senior parachute mechanic of the Marine Corps, grinned at the thought.

"It *is* funny, isn't it?" he said. "I figure it's all mental. There's no reason why I should be afraid of high dives; but I am, and that's that. I suppose it's the same with most people about parachute jumping. If a fellow *thinks* he's scared, he sure enough is!"

A RARE lad is Sergeant Atherton! His given name is Arch, but naturally, to all his friends and to the host of people who know him by reputation, he is "Archie." Only twenty-three years old he is—the honors of aviation to-day are yielded to young men!—yet into his twenty-three years he has crowded thrills sufficient to satisfy a hundred ordinary men all their lives. He has made many difficult jumps from airplanes for the purpose of determining experimentally the limits of safety in parachute jumping. Sergeant Atherton has undoubtedly fallen farther by premeditation before opening his 'chute, than any other man—he has made remarkable records at spot jumping—he is the one and only man who ever made a jump into the treacherous and deadly air-currents of Yosemite Valley. These are a few of the things. He never has had an accident from which he suffered more than bruises and scratches.

Black-haired, black-eyed, black-mustached, slight of figure—he weighs only one hundred and forty—his skin deeply tanned by service in the tropics, he is a typical member of the traditionally hard-boiled service to which he belongs.

Arch Pell Atherton was born on a farm near the little town of Maquoketa, Iowa, in the year 1904. His family moved to Cedar Rapids when he was a year old, and it was in that city that he went through grammar school and on into, and through the second year of, high school. Arch was fourteen when his father invested practically all of his fortune in land located on an irrigation project in the extreme southern part of Texas, near the Rio Grande. Here the lad, seeing the activities of the Border Patrol Air Service, first found his thoughts turning seriously toward flying as a career. The Texas investment proved disastrous, and the Atherton family returned, nearly destitute, to Iowa. Arch, then eighteen, cast about for a branch of the government service in which he could take up some phase of flying, and chose the Marine Corps.

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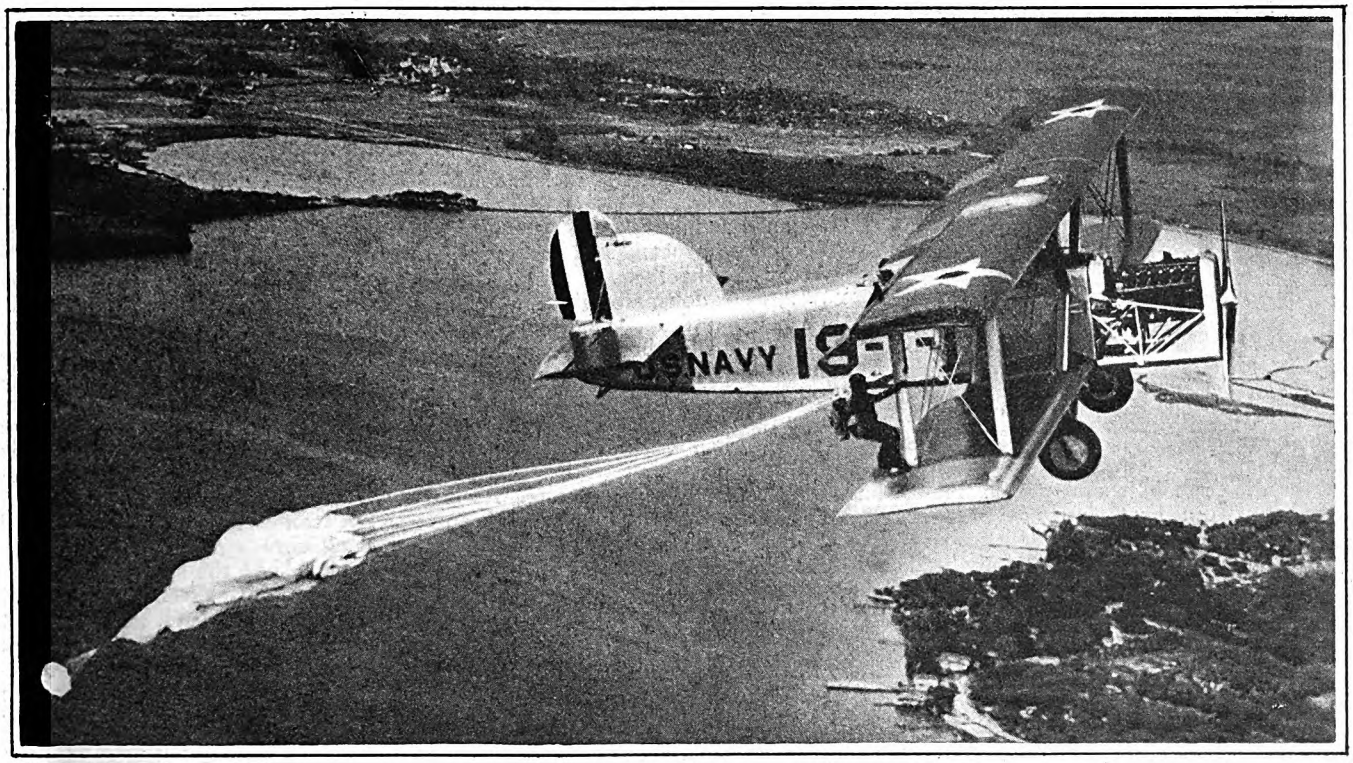

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Navy flier photographed while making a "haul-off" parachute jump over Honolulu. The jumper pulls the "rip cord" which releases the 'chute from its pack on his back, and the 'chute instantly snaps out behind, jerking him off into space as it opens

He was sent first to Mare Island, where, according to his own tale, he proved himself such a pest by asking for flying service that he was transferred a long, long ways off: he was sent to the Island of Guam, a little spit of land thousands of miles out in the Pacific, where the United States has a coaling station. Here his duties were purely clerical; to his disgust, he had to pound a typewriter!

A few months later he was transferred again, coming back with the fleet by way of the Philippines, China, and Japan. He spent a month or so at the marine base in San Diego, then was sent by way of the Panama Canal to the principal marine concentration point, at Quantico.

From here, at last he was transferred, on his own application, to the air branch of the service, and was sent to Rantoul, Illinois, to attend the six weeks' training course through which airplane mechanics are put. By taking extra work, however, he remained at the school for about six months.

It was here that he made his first parachute jumps—three in all—and became fascinated with the work. From Rantoul he was sent back to Quantico, and from Quantico, in 1924, to San Diego, where he has been ever since, with intervals out for service in Nicaragua and elsewhere. While advancing from buck private to the rank of sergeant, he has also become the senior parachute mechanic in his entire branch of the service, and has made his remarkable record as a parachute jumper.

"PARACHUTE jumping," Sergeant Atherton began, "as well as parachute work of all kinds, is done by those of us who are in the government service simply for the purpose of finding ways to reduce the hazards of aviation. Stunt jumping for the sake of giving people a thrill occupies an unimportant place in the game.

"The parachute is to aviators, and to passengers on airplanes, just what the life belt is to the crew and passengers aboard a steamer, except that it is more necessary: for in the water many people can manage to keep themselves afloat, for a while at least; but in the air, if a person has to go overboard, he'll never stop until he hits the ground. A parachute, however, will break his fall, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, will save him from serious injury, provided he knows only one or two of the most elementary things about using it.

"A lot of splendid work has been done on parachutes in recent years, and they have been perfected to the point where the best of them are practically infallible as to opening, and reasonably fool-proof, when properly folded and operated. In the government service, the wearing of a 'chute is compulsory whenever a flyer goes into the air. Eventually, no doubt, the same regulation will be universal. In premeditated jumps, the army regulations require *two* 'chutes: a big one on the back, and a smaller emergency pack strapped to the chest, to be used in case the other fails to open. I have never been caught where I had to use the emergency 'chute because of the failure of the big one to open, but I have opened it sometimes, either for test purposes, or to help make a good landing."

EVERY jump, even for a thoroughly experienced parachute man, has its special thrill.

"I remember very well indeed the first jump I made," Sergeant Atherton said. "It was at Chanute Field, near Rantoul, while I was taking the airplane mechanics' course. Making a parachute jump is one requisite for graduation, and three of us were ready for our first jumps at the same time. The day chosen was windy and bad: the wind had a ground velocity, as I remember it, of about twenty-eight miles an hour. The instructor decided to send just one of us up first, to see how bad the wind really was, and, as I was the lightest, he chose me.

"My pilot, Lieutenant Frank Schilt, must have been feeling particularly humorous that day; at any rate, he did his best to give me a cheerful send-off. Reaching a certain point, he banked steeply, pointed over the side, and looked back at me in the rear cockpit with a wide grin on his face. I looked down and saw what he meant—a graveyard! However, I grinned right back at him. He went a little farther, and again turned to grin at me; there was *another* graveyard below! I answered his grin that time with a sickly smile. Still he wasn't through; a couple of minutes later he went through exactly the same performance and showed me a third graveyard! I didn't even try to smile then: just set my teeth and, I suppose, turned yellow or green, or both.

"I meant to try landing on the airplane landing field, which was the most convenient large bit of open territory in that neck of the woods. I don't know just how long Chanute Field is, but probably it is not less than five hundred yards, and maybe more. The hangars occupy one entire side. Near one of the corners, but off the field, is a dwelling house, while cater-cornered from it, and clear across at the other end, is another dwelling house. I made up my mind to jump when we got over the second house, figuring that the wind would carry me back and that I ought to land somewhere near the middle of the field—the plane always heads into the wind on a premeditated jump.

"When we were two thousand feet up, and directly over the house I had selected, I gave Lieutenant Schilt the signal. He

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cut the gun; I climbed out of the basket, and dropped. On that jump I didn't try any monkey tricks such as I have since—if you want to call them that. I had my hand on the rip cord when I left the plane, and yanked it without loss of time when I got in the clear.

"Now, the wind had far more force than I had figured. I was carried the entire length of the field and beyond, coming down in a kitchen garden back of the first dwelling house, and wrapping a lot of potatoes and turnips around my neck. After that the instructor decided it was too windy for parachute jumping, and wouldn't let the others go up!

"As I hit the earth, something happened which never has happened to me since: I landed with my back, *not* my face, in the direction of travel, and before I could stop, turned completely over four or five times in big skitterhops, hitting dry land with nothing but the top of my head and the soles of my feet. It was pretty rough; but the curious part of it was that I felt absolutely no ill effects from it at the time. The next morning, however, I had the very curious and unpleasant sensation of being unable to lift my head off the pillow. I found I could move my arms and legs, and tried to kick myself up into a sitting posture; but it was no use. I finally had to yell for one of my buddies to come and lift my head, so I could get up and put on my shoes. My neck stayed stiff and sore for several days; but, luckily the trouble was purely muscular. I never made another such landing.

"AS IT happens," Sergeant Atherton went on, "I also have a very vivid recollection of my second jump, also at Chanute Field. I decided to do a little experimenting for my own satisfaction, without saying anything beforehand. Accordingly, I let myself fall for about eight hundred feet before pulling the rip cord and opening the 'chute. At that time, not much had been done, at least at Rantoul, in the way of long free-falls. I hit right in the middle of the landing field, and the instructor, who had been watching, came hopping across the field with a mob at his heels. I suppose he had been scared when the 'chute didn't open the first hundred feet or so; but the scare turned to mad as soon as he saw I was safe, and apparently had done it on purpose. When he reached me he had blood in his eye, and was fairly boiling.

"'Why, you—you little runt!' he sputtered.

"I grinned at him.

"'What do you mean,' said he, 'by pulling a stunt like that?'

"'Well, I got down all right, didn't I?'

"'Turn around!'

"I wondered why; but it was an order, so I turned around. Without ceremony, he planted a good swift kick square on the seat of my pants!

"Luckily, I had loosened the snaps and was free from my 'chute; otherwise, I'd have ended that day pretty sore. As it was, I had to leg it for the hangar to keep everybody else on the field from enjoying a free kicking bee at my expense!"

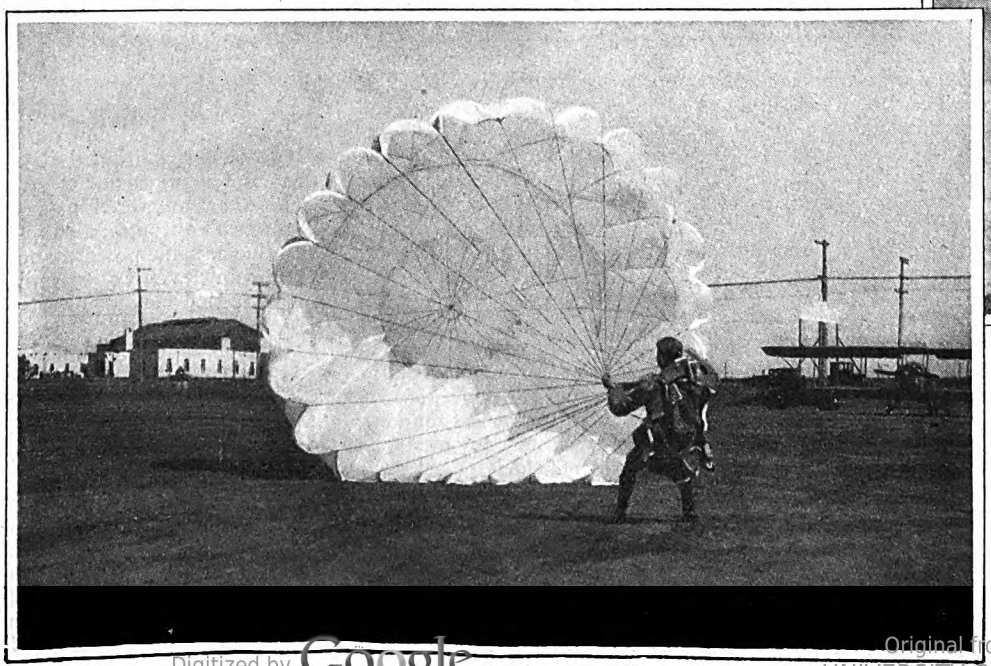
THERE are two ways of making a premeditated jump from a plane, known respectively as the haul-off (in the army, they call it a "pull-off") and the free-fall. In the haul-off, the jumper pulls the rip cord while he is still on the plane, and allows the 'chute to fill and pull him off; in the free-fall, he steps, dives, jumps, or gets off any way he pleases, and pulls the rip cord in mid-air.

"For a novice," said Sergeant Atherton, "either way is apt to be somewhat terrifying; but, as with my own dislike of a high diving board, I think the fear is wholly mental. I'm not afraid when I jump, and never have been, and that is not meant to be boastful. I know the 'chutes I am working with, and I am always extremely careful to see in advance that everything is in proper order. Every man who works with me has to make at least one jump; I don't want him unless he has confidence enough in the things he is working with to use them himself.

"I've taken a lot of these fellows up for their first jumps, and often jump with them to give them confidence, and I know pretty well how they act. There seldom is a fellow who isn't fairly nervous and teetery the first time. I had one young fellow who, I thought, sure was going to faint: he was making a haul-off jump, and his hands slipped lower and lower on the strut he had hold of, and he was just about to fall.

"I ought to explain that in the haul-off, the jumper usually stands on the lower wing with his back against one of the struts until he is ready to jump. Then he shifts around behind the strut, with the seat of his trousers over space and holding onto the strut by one hand; it takes some little muscle to do that, with the rush of wind against him. With his other hand he pulls the rip cord of the 'chute. Very quickly the 'chute fills and pulls him off the plane: unless the craft is a big one, the pilot kicks the tail around just as he leaves, to avoid a tangle.

"The strongest man in the world could not hang onto a strut after the 'chute opens. But, just the same, nearly every jumper tries it. I've seen men *hug* it as if it were their best friend, and as a result come to the ground with bloody forearms and their jackets in tatters from the elbows down. The minute a man pulls his rip cord, he's going to leave the plane; that's all! (*Continued on page 96*)



(Above) Sergeant Atherton with a Russell valve parachute in a pack on his back. This is one of the latest and fastest-opening 'chutes. The sergeant's hand is on the "rip cord" which opens the 'chute. (Left) Atherton with a Russell 'chute held open on the ground to show its construction and size. The pack is shown hanging open on his back

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More Letters To Louise

By Robert Quillen

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some months ago, this magazine printed several "Letters to Louise," written by Robert Quillen to his thirteen-year-old daughter. Recently he has written others, giving her his opinion on various phases of life as she must meet it. Four of his latest letters are printed below.

MY DEAR LOUISE: This will be a hard letter to write, for I must choose the words and phrases that will make clear to you a tremendous idea that millions of intelligent people have failed to understand.

It is said by many people that a child's character is formed by the time it is nine years old. If that is true, your foundation is complete. You will get knowledge from the schools and wisdom from life, but in a very large sense you are now what you always will be.

At my age, time passes quickly; but from thirteen to twenty-one is a long, long journey, and I wish to give you, as equipment for the journey, this age-old idea that has been at once the despair and the guiding star of the human race.

Before I tell you about the idea, I must explain some of the processes of Nature.

The seed, you know, as a seed dies; out of its heart a great plant grows. The smaller thing loses itself to produce the greater thing. That is the plan of the universe. That is Nature's way, and you cannot combat Nature's way without getting into trouble.

The word "nature" doesn't mean the trees and the grass and the wild creatures —and these only. It includes you and me —our appetites and the way our minds function; and the laws of Nature govern our bodies and our minds just as much as they govern the grass seed.

And the law of Nature—the plan of Nature for man's welfare—is that he shall be lost and incorporated into something bigger.

I know that isn't clear yet, but wait. I'll go back to the big idea I just told you about, and tell you something about the great teachers who gave it to the world.

About five hundred years before the beginning of our Christian era there lived in China a man named Confucius, a man who had no desire for wealth or power, but desired only to serve his fellows.

He served by teaching, and the idea he taught was this: The way to happiness is to forget self. He taught many other things that men needed to know, and need to know still, but the golden thread that wound through all his teachings was a plea for unselfishness.

At almost the same time there lived in India a man whose name was Gautama. He hungered for wisdom and understanding, and these came to him, and brought him peace.

He taught also, and his teaching was that man should overcome self, should overcome the selfish desire for things to gratify the senses, the desire for wealth and power, even the desire for immortality, and thus, by overcoming self, and thinking only of others, he would find peace and happiness.

Five hundred years later appeared Jesus of Nazareth, whom you know, and He taught unselfishness. As a warning against selfishness, He said: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it."

These three now have millions of followers. The unselfishness taught by them in the beginning is preached to-day much more than it is practiced, but the great truth remains true, no matter how much men may neglect it, and that truth is this: The way to happiness is to lose yourself in something greater than yourself.

THE man who loses himself in his work is happy, and the man whose mind dwells on the hard necessity that requires him to work is miserable.

The man who devotes his life to any good work finds happiness, and those whose only concern is to amuse themselves are for the most part bored.

No life is free of anxieties and troubles. To think of these is to court unhappiness. But to forget yourself—to "lose" yourself, to keep your mind off yourself and to think always of your work, of those who depend on you, of those you can serve—is to find the truest happiness you ever can know.

If you would save your life, my dear, you must lose it. Happiness isn't to be found by searching for it, for to search is a form of selfishness. Happiness comes only to those who take no thought of happiness.

If you run after birds, they fly away from you, but if you sit quietly in the woods they draw near and become your friends.

I want you to be happy, dear; and I can promise you, on the word of many great teachers, that you will be happy throughout the whole of your journey, if you will keep your mind off Louise and think about something of more importance.

As a general thing, unhappiness is just a case of selfishness feeling sorry for itself. And there's a yellow streak somewhere in the vicinity. Love,

OLD DAD.

Letter Number 2

MY DEAR LOUISE: As you grow older, a fence appears to keep us apart; and the fence is not of my building, nor of yours. It is one of Nature's little tricks. She must wean children from their parents, else all the people of the earth would huddle in one community, and there starve to death.

You don't notice the fence, of course. You live for the most part in a world of your own, and your mind is occupied with your studies and your friends.

I seem very old to you; but I am not too old to remember my own boyhood, and I remember that I was very busy from morning until night, and seldom had time to think about my parents. The world of grown-ups did not interest me, and parents were people to be obeyed, or circumvented. They did not understand the value of a piece of string, nor could they understand why the lumberyard afforded more romance and adventure than one's own back yard.

The fence that keeps us apart becomes more and more apparent, and I dread and hate it.

A few years ago, before I began to understand these things, I thought I could hold you forever by giving and giving and giving. But hearts are not to be won or held that way.

One day—I confess it humbly and ask forgiveness of the gods—I wanted you to be with me, and you wished to leave and play with your little friends. I was jealous of them, and because I was impotent I reproved you and charged you with ingratitude.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child!" True enough; but why expect a child to be grateful? One cannot be grateful unless one is conscious of having received a favor; and children take the bounty of parents for granted, as they take for granted the air they breathe and the sunshine that makes their days happy.

I am wiser now, and ashamed because I mentioned gratitude. I don't want your affection as the payment of a debt. I want it as a gift. And I want it more than I want anything else in this world.

You have no idea how many parents are heart-hungry. They do all they can for their children, and depend on their children for happiness. And when the children find their own happiness among strangers, and come to regard home as no more than a place to eat and sleep, their parents literally hunger for a return of the love they give in such boundless measure.

WHEN I was sixteen years old, I knew how to make a living as a printer, and I thought I knew everything else. There didn't seem to be room in one small newspaper office for both Dad and myself, for he had old-fashioned ideas whose only virtue was their reasonableness, and I had bright new ideas that were blissfully idiotic.

I left home and tramped weary miles until my feet bled, and I learned how uncomfortable a stomach can feel when it has been empty for two days. I suffered for my sins; but Dad and Mother suffered more, and I never would have forgiven myself if kind fortune had not given me the privilege of caring for them in their old age.

Children aren't heartless. They just don't understand.

This morning Frank Welborn called Nona, who is your (*Continued on page 176*)

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Scattergood Causes A Snake To Bite

A story

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

SCATTERGOOD BAINES stopped and regarded the young man who approached him. "Martin," he said, "I been kind of eying' you for three-four days."

"Have you, Mr. Baines?"

"Uh-huh. You got a look about you, Martin, seems as though. Kind of doleful-like. I dunno when I see a young feller carryin' around sich a downcast face. And you goin' to git married and all!"

"Hain't goin' to git married," said Martin Roth.

"Lucy hain't give you the mitten? She hain't picked her another feller?"

"Tain't Lucy."

"You hain't been and busted it off yourself?"

"It's Pa," said Martin.

"Oh, it's Pa, eh? And what's Pa been a-doin'. Eh? What's your pa been up to?"

"I can't seem to make out," said Martin. "But I calc'late he's had him some bad luck or other. Pa, he don't say much."

"No. Your pa, he's got a close mouth. Dunno's I ever see a closter. But what's his bad luck got to do with your marryin' a wife?"

"I allus worked for Pa," said Martin.

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

"And Pa, he allus promised me a farm. When I got to be twenty-five, or got married; and he was goin' to give me a farm of land. Eighty acre."

"Calc'late I heard that before."

"And now," said Martin, "he can't make out to do it. He hain't got no money to buy no farms."

"And you hain't got no money to support no wife."

"No, sir."

"Um. . . . Now what you think of that! Your pa short of money! Got any idee what his bad luck was? I hain't heard no word of it."

"He's been all-fired touchy fer quite a spell over suthin'," said Martin, "but he hain't said what."

"Calc'late I'll have to have me a talk with him," said Scattergood. "When was you calc'latin' on marryin'?"

"The day was all set jest a month off."

"Kind of disapp'intin'," said Scattergood. "Young folks is mostly disapp'inted when their weddin's is postponed, and married folks sometimes is disapp'inted because they wa'n't postponed longer. . . . G'-by, Martin. G'-by."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines."

Scattergood proceeded at his leisurely amble until he reached the door of the bank. Here he turned in and walked around behind the cashier's cage, where Ovid Nixon was deep in financial matters.

"Mornin', Ovid," said Scattergood.

"Mornin', Mr. Baines."

"Jest see Martin Roth. Seen much of his pa lately?"

"Off and on."

"Puttin' in or takin' out?"

"Takin' out."

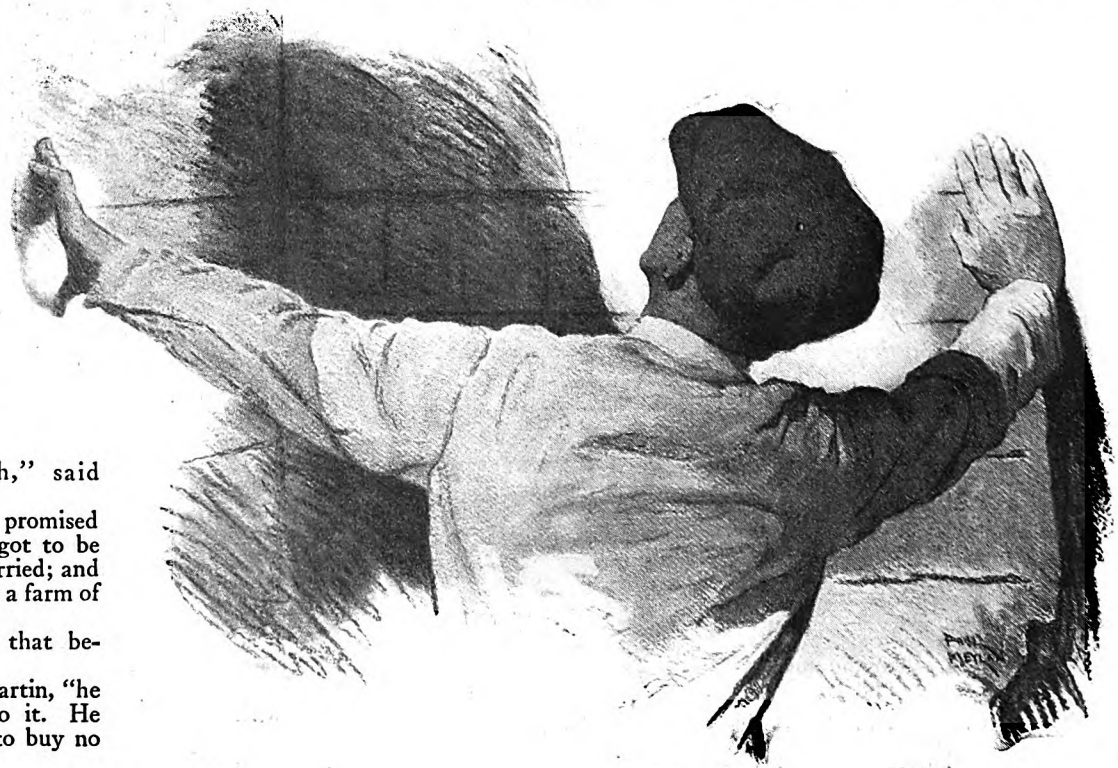
"Um. . . . Much?"

"Consid'able. I call to mind a thousand dollars a couple of times."

"Cash?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any report he's been speculatin'?"



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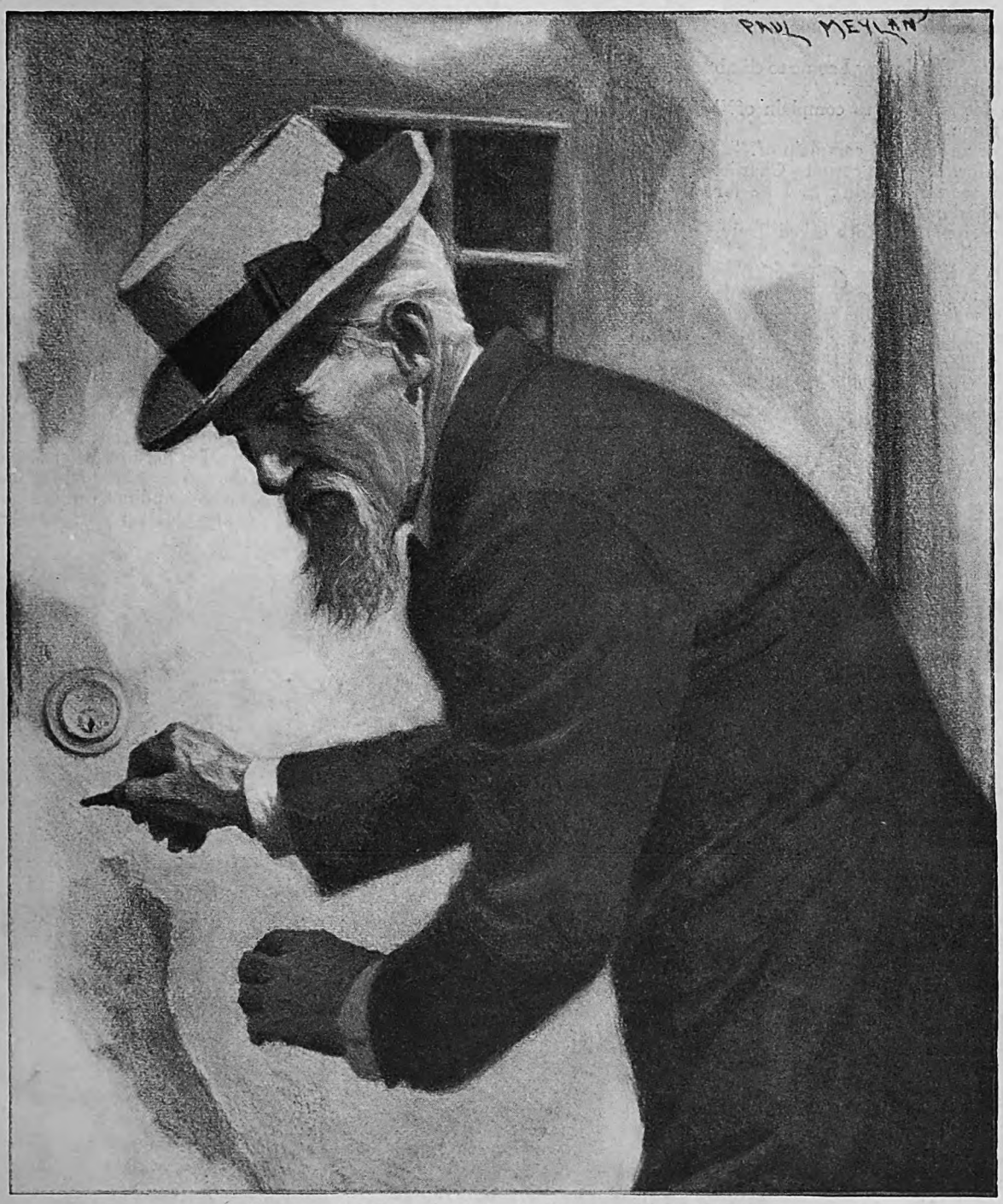

He paused before the door, hesitating even at the last minute, ready to draw back at the least warning of danger

"No, sir."

"Say what he wanted of this here money?"

"Didn't say nothin' a-tall."

"Ovid, I want you should go to the ledger and give me a report of Roth's deposits and drawin's for a year back."

"Yes, sir," said Ovid. And presently he returned with a slip of paper in his hand which showed that Charles Roth's balance a year before had been something over twelve thousand dollars, but to-day was less than twelve hundred dollars. It had been withdrawn at fairly regular intervals of about a month, in sums of a thousand.

"Allus in cash," said Ovid.

"Don't sound like Roth," said Scattergood. "I've knowed him twenty years and better, and he wasn't a man to be usin' up money careless. Now, I declare if I don't wonder what he done with it?"

"That lawyer over to Higgins Bridge might know," said Ovid. "I call to mind he was in here with Roth twice."

"Um. . . . That tall, ganglin' feller with the straggly whiskers?"

"Him," said Ovid.

Scattergood puffed out his cheeks and shut one eye thoughtfully. "Ovid," he said, with the air of one making a tremendous decision, "I calc'late I'll be gittin' along! G'-by."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines."

SCATTERGOOD stood on the corner for a moment, peering up and down the street; then he turned to the right and walked half way up the hill, mopping his forehead from time to time with the huge blue handkerchief with white polka dots which he kept in his hip pocket. He stopped before the gate of a white picket fence and peered inside. A spare elderly man was working in the garden.

"How be ye, Charlie?" asked Scattergood.

"Mis'able," Mr. Roth admitted.

"Don't interfere with your workin' none, seems as though."

"Meal times keep a-comin' around."

"A man as well fixed as you be ought to commence takin' a rest."

"I calc'late the only rest I'll ever git'll be in the grave!"

Scattergood cleared his throat and thrust his thumbs inside his suspenders. "'Tain't often a body meets up with anybody as cheerful as you be," he said. "I jest come up from the bank."

"Prosperin', hain't it?"

"Middlin'. . . . Um. . . . Charlie, I jest kind of happened to take a look at your account."

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"Did ye?" asked Mr. Roth noncommittally.

"I done *so*. That's how I come to climb this here hill on a hot day."

"Bank got anythin' to complain of?"

"Nary thing."

"You got anythin' to complain of?"

"Not so fur. I'm jest curious, Charlie. You never see sich a feller as I be for wantin' to find out."

"Allus do it?" Mr. Roth asked dryly.

"Gen'ally."

"But the's times when you don't."

"Some. . . . I'm hopin' this here hain't one of them times. Charlie, for a year you been drawin' out. Along about once a month you been gittin' a thousand dollars in cash—till the' hain't much left."

"Hain't no use denyin' it."

"Been investin', Charlie? Buyin' stocks or suthin'?"

"No."

"Hain't lost it playin' cribbage, have ye?"

"I never gamble none."

"Didn't think so. And ye didn't spend it for new suits of clothes, neither, did ye?"

"No."

"Or endorse anybody's notes?"

"I hain't that big a fool."

"Didn't figger ye was. . . . Um. . . . Jest see Martin, Charles."

"My Martin?"

"Him. He wasn't lookin' happy. I asked him what was gnawin' on him, and he let on he wasn't goin' to marry like he planned."

"He hain't."

"Because," said Scattergood, "you couldn't make out to buy him no farm like you agreed. He wa'n't complainin', Charlie, and the' wa'n't no suggestion of hard feelin's to'ard you. He was jest sorry."

"Martin's a good boy, Scattergood."

"It would be a pressin' need, Charlie, that would make a man use up money so's he couldn't keep his word to his son."

"Seems as though, Scattergood."

"Um. . . . Know Lawyer Downs, over to Higgins Bridge?"

"Some."

"Admire him, Charlie? He's the sort of a feller you'd be eager and willin' to do business with?"

"He's the sort of feller I'd like to ketch sight of through the sights of a rifle," said Mr. Roth in a voice which lost for an instant its restraint.

"Um. . . . Me—I never could stummick the way his whiskers kind of straggles all over his chin. But I hain't never ketched him in no meanness—*yit*."

"Folks hain't apt to," said Mr. Roth.

"G'-by, Charlie," Scattergood said abruptly.

"Wa'n't the' suthin' you wanted to know, Scattergood?"

"Calc'late I lost my appetite for it. G'-by."

Scattergood returned with deliberate steps to the piazza of his hardware store, where he dropped puffing into his specially reinforced chair and fanned himself heartily with a palm-leaf fan. Presently, desiring to exercise freely his mental faculties—and to enjoy to the full what breeze blew down the valley—he might have been seen sitting shoeless, with pudgy toes wriggling in the shade.

He sat so for half an hour, motionless except for the rhythmic swaying of the fan. At the end of that time he had sorted and arranged his meager facts, chief among which was his lifelong knowledge of the characters of the persons involved, and a keen judgment of how each would act in given circumstances. These facts he set to one side in a neat row, and deduced from them certain conclusions:

First, and most important, Charles Roth would like to see Lawyer Downs through the sights of his rifle.

Second, Downs had been with Roth more than once when he had drawn money.

Third, Roth had been worried by Scattergood's questioning, and Roth was not a man to be worried easily. If he had told Scattergood to mind his own affairs, the old hardware merchant would have been easier in his mind.

These were the salient facts. The conclusions were that Downs was involved; that Roth had reason to hate Downs; that Roth had something to conceal.

And, again, from this set of conclusions Scattergood evolved a sort of apex to the pyramid, which was that Downs was practicing some sort of extortion which was approaching the point of bringing Roth to desperation. The situation was ominous, and Scattergood did not like ominous situations involving old friends in Coldriver.

He would have liked it less if, that night, he could have seen Charles Roth, in the secrecy of his bedroom, oiling and cleaning his rifle.

SCATTERGOOD, always an early riser, was in his store when most of Coldriver was still at breakfast. He piddled about the front of the store waiting for Martin Roth to pass on his way to his father's farm, for he knew that any information to be had from that family must come from the boy, and not from his father.

Presently Martin trudged along with his dinner pail, and Scattergood accosted him.

"Mornin', Martin."

"Mornin', Mr. Baines."

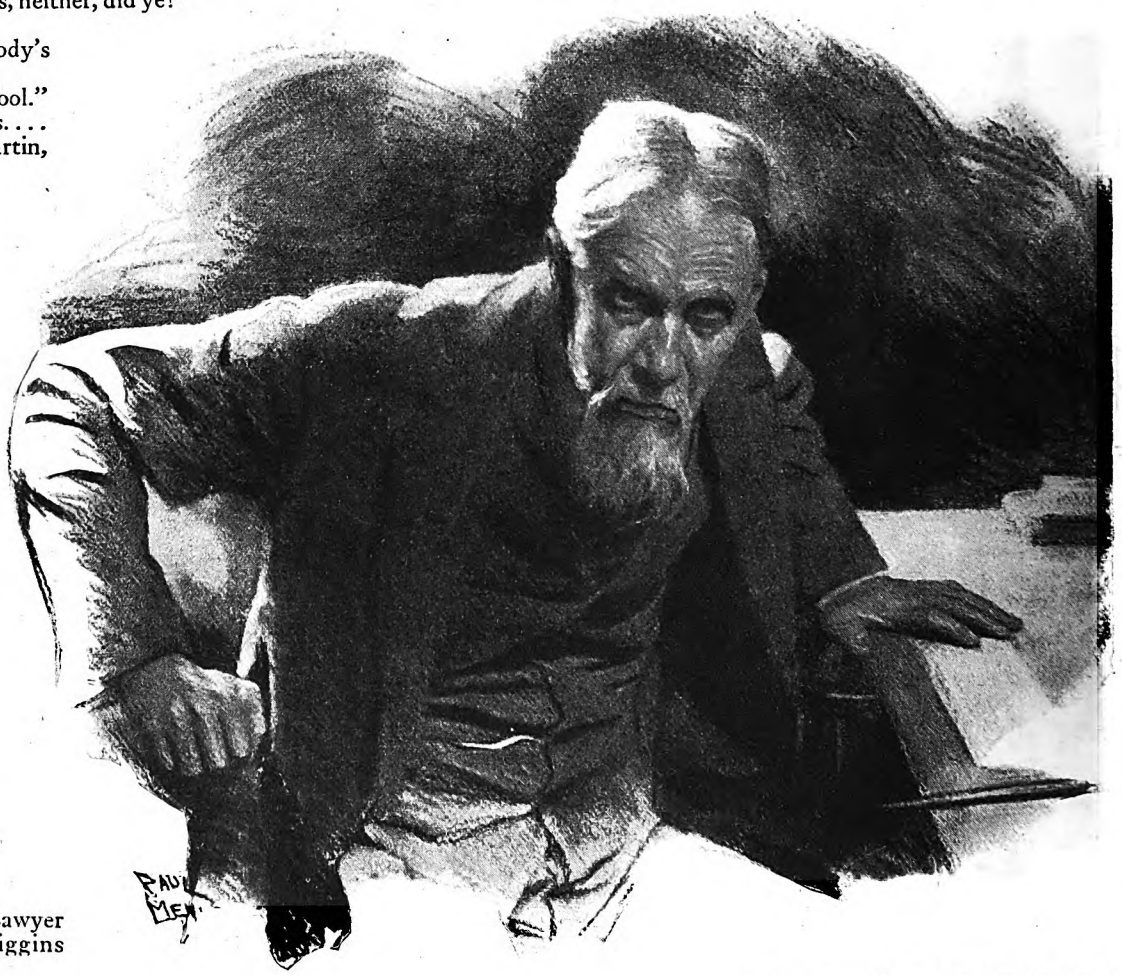
"Had a talk with your pa yestiddy, Martin. Had quite a talk."

"He didn't mention it."

"He wouldn't, seems as though. Your pa's worried, Martin."

"I seen that."

"Martin, I've knowed ye since ye was a baby, and near's I kin make out, you been



Mr. Downs looked uneasily at the He was in the enemy's hands—

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a perty dependable boy. But you never can tell by the color of a frog which way he calc'lates to jump.. Been a-jumpin' anywheres you hadn't ought to of, Martin? Eh? Into any muddy water, like you might say?"

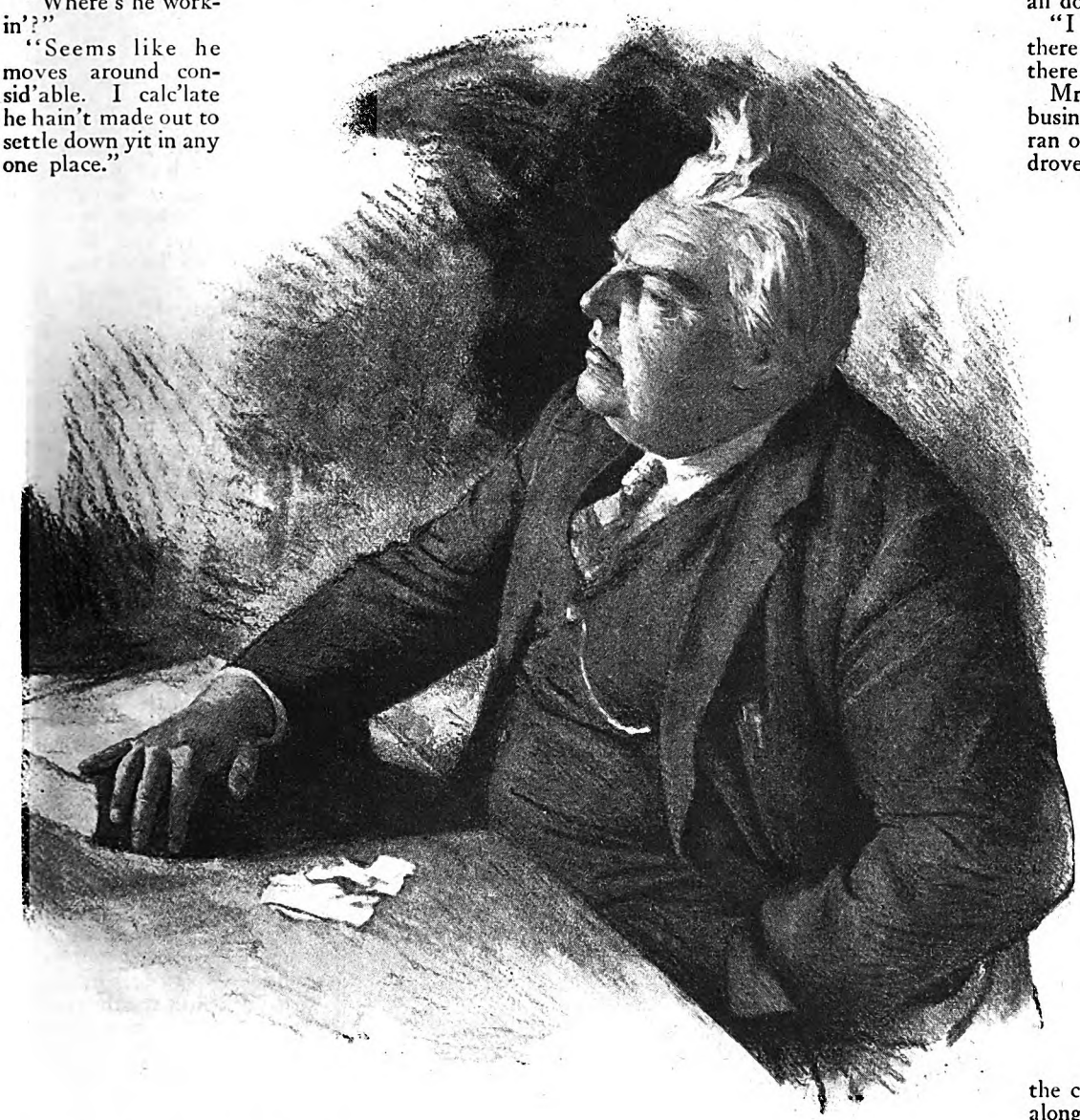
"Hain't had no time, even if I had the inclination," said Martin, and Scattergood was satisfied, for the boy's eyes were clear and his expression one of surprise. If there had been signs of guilt, Scattergood would have seen them.

"Um. . . . Dew tell! Glad to hear it, Martin. Uh-huh. Hear from your brother James lately?"

Martin frowned. "Jim, he don't write reg'lar."

"Where's he workin'?"

"Seems like he moves around consid'able. I calc'late he hain't made out to settle down yit in any one place."



window. It was black outside. and guilt was on his conscience

"Lemme see, when was it he went off?"

"Jest over a year ago."

"What was his plans then?"

"He jest went," said Martin. "He didn't tell no plans to me. It come up sudden-like. I dunno what got into Jim. He jest up and off."

"And," said Scattergood, drawing a conclusion, "you and your pa, you hain't heard nothin' a-tall from him since then?"

"No," admitted Martin.

Scattergood cleared his throat, seemed on the point of asking another question, and then dismissed the young man with characteristic abruptness. "G'-by, Martin."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines."

It was clear to Scattergood now. James Roth had been guilty of some foolishness or some wickedness—or, better still, had been tricked into some damaging conduct—and had run away.

And Charles Roth had brought himself to the brink of ruin for the sake of his son, and to keep unspotted the name of Roth.

"Um. . . ." said Scattergood. "Um."

YOUNG Ovid Nixon, cashier of the Coldriver Savings Bank, was conducting himself in an inexplicable manner. His conduct, to put upon it the most charitable interpretation, was sly. He was telephoning; but he had driven no less than five miles from town to reach an instrument over which he could talk in safety and without danger of his call being discovered. . . . And he was talking to Lawyer Downs, of Higgins Bridge.

"Mr. Downs?" he asked.

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"Nixon, of the Coldriver Bank."

"Go ahead, Nixon."

"A man's got to protect himself, hain't he?" Ovid asked.

"Why, offhand, I'd say that was a safe course."

"Wal, that there's why I'm callin' you. I dassn't trust any Coldriver lawyers. But you hain't tied up to nobody in this town, be ye?"

"No."

"Then I want to see ye, quick. And I don't want nobody to know I seen you."

"Where are you now?"

"I'm callin' from my uncle's farm, and nobody's to home. They're all down to Bostin."

"I know the place. Stay there and I'll drive over. Be there in less than an hour."

Mr. Downs, scenting some business after his own heart, ran out his automobile and drove with pleasant thoughts to the place of rendezvous. Nixon awaited him in the dooryard and led him into the unlighted house, where, after carefully drawing the shades, he touched a match to the wick of a lamp and faced the lawyer over a table.

"If anything goes wrong in a bank," he said, "it's gen'ally always the cashier gits blamed."

Downs's small eyes gleamed. "You may state that as the rule," he said, and waited.

"W-al, the's suthin' queer to our place. I can't make out jest what it is; but I seen things from time to time, and I noticed changes into the books that I never made, and it looks to me like the' was manip'lation. I wouldn't say exactly 'thout goin' over the books and all for a month, but jest estimatin' and figgerin', I come to the conclusion mebbe the's along between fifty and a hundred thousand that needs accountin' fer."

"Suspect anybody?"

"A feller's got to save his own skin, hain't he?"

"It's his first duty."

"Dog-gone, I kind of hate to do it. He hain't never done nothin' to me, and the's things he's done *fer* me. But I dassn't take no chance of bein' sent to jail for what another feller done."

"I should say not!"

"And the' hain't nobody else got the opportunity he's got, neither. I know it hain't me done it, so it must be him."

"You mean?" (*Continued on page 174*)

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Dead Broke

By Albert Payson Terhune

I WAS sitting on a bench in Gramercy Park, in New York City. It was a stiflingly hot summer morning in 1896. The day was Sunday. I was in my early twenties. I had a handkerchief-sized, semi-attic room at the top of the Gramercy Apartments. That is how I happened to be sitting in Gramercy Park.

All dwellers in the Square, in those days, had private keys to the enclosed park. This to the more or less open envy of passers-by from less favored districts. I had a grave financial problem to solve as I sat there, that Sabbath morning. In my pocket reposed fifteen cents. All my friends, at that torrid season, were out of town. There was nobody from whom I could borrow enough cash for a square meal.

My problem was to make fifteen cents last me until the following day, when the "Evening World" office, where I worked, should be open once more. I could get then the few dollars I needed to tide me over to the next pay day. I had helped out office mates in the same predicament; and I knew they would help me.

But, for the next twenty-four hours, fifteen cents was my sole earthly capital. It must serve me for Sunday and Monday breakfasts and for Sunday lunch and dinner; besides paying my car fare to the office next day.

I could eke it out to three five-cent meals, over at a horrible joint on Avenue A, where a thick hunk of bread and a pint of some liquid, wittily nicknamed coffee, could be bought for five cents. Or I could go to the creamery on the corner of Third Avenue and Twentieth Street and squander the entire sum on a filling if uninspiring "dairy lunch."

In either case, there must be from one meal to three meals skipped; and, Monday, I must walk, empty, all the way to the office.

To while away the time and to postpone my decision, I looked over my mail, which had been handed me as I left the house. The first envelope held a circular letter from an investment firm that had picked my name at random from the City Directory. It began: "Will you not give us the privilege of glancing over your list of securities that we may advise you which to sell and which to keep?"

Then, looking up from this ironic perusal, I saw a ragged old woman staring at me through the bars of the park fence. She was a loathly crone, better fitted in dress and aspect to play the hag in a Bowery melodrama than to take a part in real life. I suppose she had come thither from the river-edge slums, a few blocks to eastward.

"Kind gentleman," she whined, "I ain't ate nothin' at all since yest-day."

"Neither have I," I answered cheerfully, and I think with more truth than she had employed.

My reply infuriated the old dame. Apparently, she thought I was guying her; I, who sat at ease in the shade, there in that closed-to-the-public parklet. For she gripped the iron fence rails and shook them savagely, as she screeched at me:

"The time's comin' when you dirty millionaire swells will be just as poor as the likes of me!"

Seldom is a prophecy fulfilled so swiftly. Ten seconds later, this particular "dirty millionaire swell" was precisely fifteen cents poorer than "the likes of her." For her raging diatribe all at once made me feel so rich that my jingling fifteen cents didn't seem worth keeping. So I gave them to her. I was a "millionaire swell." Someone on earth envied me my seeming wealth. That glorious sensation was cheap at fifteen cents. It gave me a queer little glow for the remainder of the foodless hours.

Of course, at the time of this anecdote, I was not "dead broke" in the most complete sense of the word. For I had a room, such as it was, to sleep in. I had a job of sorts—even though at that time the bulk of its tiny salary went to the paying of debts. Nobody was dependent on me. If I had chosen to follow the unsportsmanlike example of the Prodigal Son, I could have gone to my parents for any reasonable help.

So I was infinitely better off than was many a man with whom my impecuniosity brought me into contact. Yet, that very impecuniosity gave me a chance to study at first hand the phase of life I call "dead-brokeness;" and to learn much, thereby, which has remained with me throughout the years.

I LEARNED strange life lessons in those long ago cashless days. They are lessons whose mighty value I should like to pass along to others.

Dead-brokeness, I think, is the supreme acid test of human character. It makes or breaks; and it reveals much which otherwise would remain forever hidden. Almost I would recommend a brief experience in it to every youth starting out in life, as part of his truest education. But I would recommend it with reservation.

Old-time fathers taught their children to swim by throwing them into deep water. Most of the youngsters emerged with a practical knowledge of swimming. But there were a few who never emerged at all.

Dead-brokeness is the deepest of deep water. Not all who are plunged therein emerge. And some crawl out with the mud and slime of the river bed sticking forever to them. Yet I think the big majority swim ashore cleaner and stronger and wiser—and certainly more comprehending—for their struggle.

When I speak of those to whom the bottom-mud adheres, I don't mean only those who cannot (*Continued on page 109*)

Hunger

By Arthur Guiterman

NEARER and dearer than brother to brother,
Closer and closer we cleave to each other,
We that were partnered in trouble and sorrow,
Need of the instant and dread of to-morrow,
We that were caught in our fever and yearning,
Grist for those millstones relentlessly turning—
Earth is the upper and Hell is the nether—
Friend of my soul, we were hungry together!

Grim was the world, and unflinching we dared it;
Hope was our all, but it grew as we shared it;
Cold was the winter, the city was colder;
Stoutly we challenged it, shoulder to shoulder,
Rich in our strength though our purses were meager,
Gallant adventurers, weary but eager,
Pounding the pavement and wasting shoe leather.
Friend of my youth, we were hungry together!

Love is to us no mere matter for prattle!
Comrades were we in the stress of the battle,
Comrades if Fortune were servant or master,
Comrades in victory, doubt, and disaster.
Life, from the sweet and the bitter behind us,
Wove a firm bond to unite us and bind us;
Nothing can loosen or weaken the tether.
Friend of my heart, we were hungry together!

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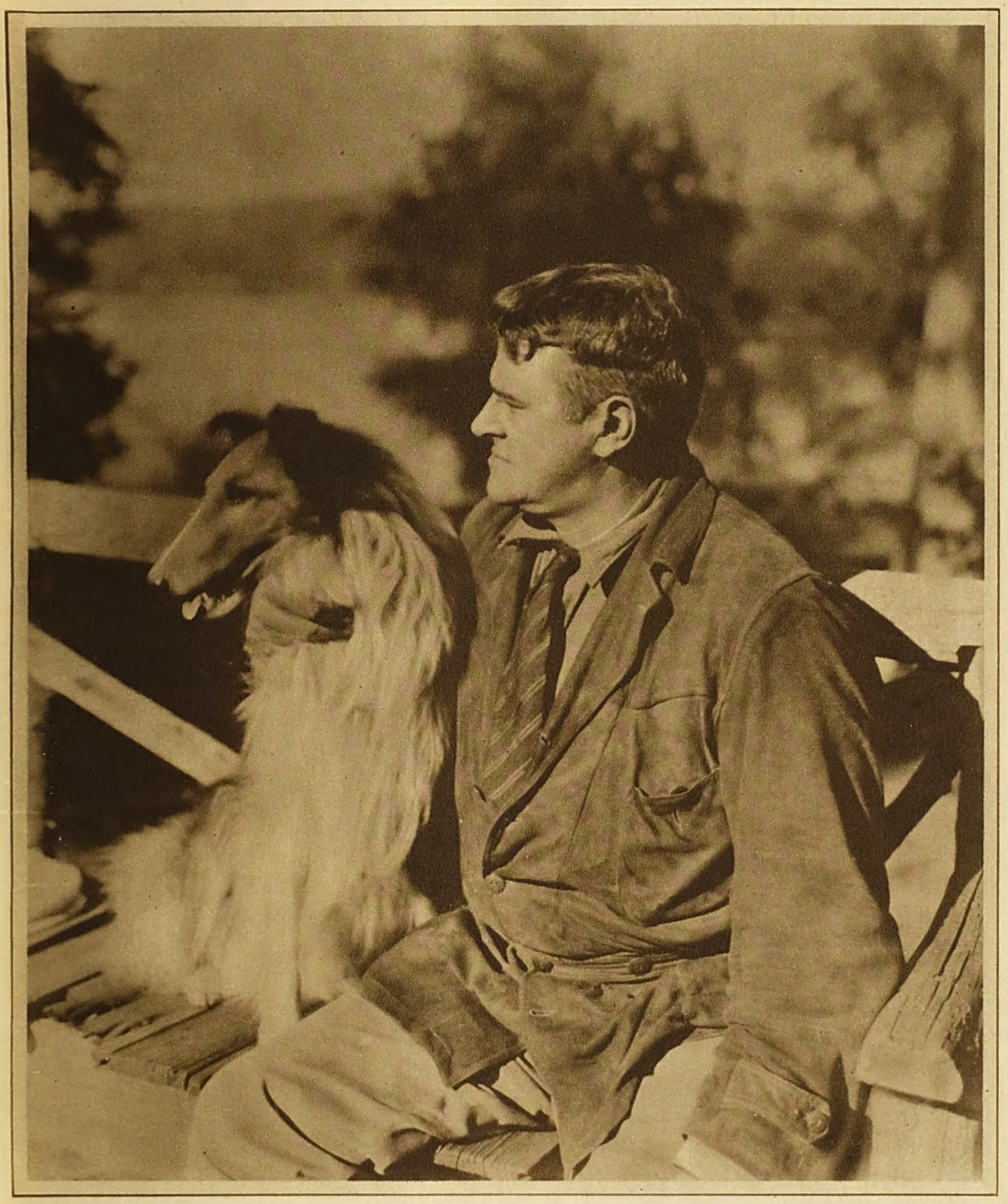

Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

Albert Payson Terhune

MR. TERHUNE has had an extraordinary chance to observe the human race, and he has made the most of it. For years he was a newspaper man in New York City; he has traveled and lived abroad; he has studied in many fields of knowledge. Out of such a rich experience he wrote the article which begins on the opposite page. Mr. Terhune is one of the most popular authors of the day, his dog stories and other works being widely read. This picture shows him with one of his famous Sunnybank collies, at his home, Pompton Plains, New Jersey.

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Photograph by Versluis & Pancoast

OLE EVINRUDE designed the first widely used outboard motor, and is now one of the largest manufacturers of these devices. The idea for the portable motor came to him one hot day when he rowed several miles for some ice cream. "Why doesn't somebody invent something to propel a rowboat?" he asked himself, and after long experimentation and hard times he answered his own question by making an outboard motor. Mr. Evinrude was born in Norway, and now lives in Milwaukee. He and his wife are partners in business as well as in life. (Left) Mr. Evinrude's son racing in an outboard motor-boat.

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He Invented A "Fool Novelty" That Founded A New Industry

By Sherman Gwinn

"I'M supposed to be a business man, but I'm not," said Ole Evinrude; "I'm the kind of man who needs a partner, and who found a good one." A solid mountain of a man, he sat in the office chair opposite me, a man of fifty with a boyishly round face, infinitely earnest and shy blue eyes, and big, restless hands. His brow, in a head frankly bald, was seamed under the ordeal of discussing himself.

"Alone, I don't believe I'd ever have amounted to much," he struggled on, with blunt honesty. "I've no head for business details, can't seem to set my mind to 'em. Give me a pencil and a drawing board, or shut me up with a workbench and tools, and I'm happy; but I can't sell, I can't talk. I'm no business man at all."

Across from him sat his partner—small beside his bulk, bright, eager, and alive, keenly confident. Ole Evinrude looked at his partner and his eyes lighted. The partner was a woman, and his wife.

Enthusiasm came into Ole Evinrude's voice. "Alone, I failed; but together, Bess and I, we've done things. We've built a home and raised a son there, and we've made something big out of this business. What I've lacked, and it's been a-plenty, Bess has supplied."

"And what I have lacked, Ollie has supplied," Bess Evinrude added eagerly. "I know the office, but he knows the shop. I can sell only what he makes. He has been the power back of me."

I had come to hear the story of a remarkable man; but while the rain pounded away that autumn day I stayed to hear a tale far more entrancing: the story of a perfect partnership.

If you have ever fished, or hunted where streams are the only roads, or been about the water at all, the name of Evinrude will have a familiar ring to you. For seventeen years it has been linked with the outboard motor, that little gasolene power device which, when attached to the stern of a rowboat, does away with the necessity of using oars. Ole Evinrude invented and built the first successful motor of this type. These motors have been used on thousands of rivers and lakes throughout the world, by explorers into remote fastnesses, by men of the fishing fleets, by trappers and adventurers, sportsmen and pleasure-seekers, and by rescue parties in times of danger and disaster, such as the Mississippi floods—and won for the inventor a fortune.

Presently I will tell you the romance of the conception of the outboard motor, on a sizzling-hot August day, while Ole Evinrude sweated and puffed during a five-mile row for a quart of ice cream; and of how Bess Evinrude launched the first Evinrude outboard motor venture, in her kitchen, while she cared for a baby and fought sickness and need. But big Ole's story begins before that, on a Wisconsin farm where a lumbering farm boy struggled to build a sailboat, only to have it chopped up for firewood by his father; and yet before that, by a blue lake in Norway where a child played, floating little paper boats.

Ole was born at a farm called Evinrude, not far from the city of Christiania, Norway, and from the farm comes his family name. His father was a sternly practical man, faced unendingly with the problem of finding a living for his household; his mother was of stock whose menfolks for generations had been expert machinists—a gentle, quiet-voiced woman, self-effacing and something of a dreamer. Ole was the son of his mother.

"What I remember first in my life is the lake near by," Ole Evinrude told me. "My memory begins there, playing on its shores and watching the boats. Next, I remember the boat on which we came to America, of how my mother and grandmother were constantly fishing me out of the engine-room, only to have me dash back again. I couldn't stay away from the engines."

Ole was five then, the oldest boy. There were to be eleven children in all. They located on a farm at Cambridge, Wisconsin, near to Lake Ripley. The succeeding years, like those which had gone before, were a mighty struggle to live, a gray routine of work that demanded, and got, the labor of every hand; but here again, out of the grayness, ships are what stand out in Ole Evinrude's memory. Ask him of his boyhood, and he talks of ships.

"I remember an uncle who was a sailor, and who had been to all parts of the world," he went on. "Between voyages he would visit us and tell of his adventures. At times he would whittle toy ships from blocks of wood. 'That is a frigate, Ollie,' he would say, 'This one is a brig.' So he taught me to distinguish the kinds of ships, and my thought was, 'Some day I'll build such ships, only big ones.'"

THE boy read about ships. From what books he could get he studied about them—a boy who was all arms and legs, growing too fast to be strong, and with the dreamy, impractical eyes of his mother. Summers, as he became old enough, he helped his father in the fields, blasting stumps, clearing woodland, digging drainage ditches. During the winters he worked as a sorter in the tobacco warehouses. Out of the money thus earned, he smuggled enough to subscribe for a mechanical-science magazine.

"Trash!" exploded his father. "You need shoes, not books to waste time on."

"Let him be," implored the mother; and Ole, whose thoughts were not on shoes, imparted to her a secret: Out in the woodshed he was building a sailboat; many of the parts were already made, hidden away from his father.

"The boat," he whispered, "is going to be *eighteen feet long*. Father wouldn't like it if he knew I had used so much lumber. Besides, I had to spend some of my money on it."

THAT boat was never finished, for one day the father discovered it. His quick eyes saw that money had been spent, time wasted—money that should have gone for clothing, time that belonged to undone work. It was Ole's way, pottering about with a dream, when he needed an overcoat. The next time the boy saw those precious parts for his boat they were crackling away in the kitchen fire. "They'll be of some use there," said his father. The mother cried.

But presently, by devious stealth, another boat was under way in the woodshed. Each part, as it took shape, Ole hid away by itself, one piece here and another there until every nook and cranny about was stuffed with them. A few of the parts were discovered, but the father thought they were overlooked parts of the first boat. And one day, after a short absence, he returned home to find a trim craft with snowy sails moored at the landing in the lake. A dozen different kinds of wood had gone into its making, but it was a handsome little craft nevertheless.

"It's mine," confessed Ollie.

Something in the boy's eyes made his father pause, and the older man did a strange thing for him. He placed a work-gnarled hand on his son's shoulder. "I'd hoped to make a farmer of you," he said, "but I guess you're cut out for something better, son. You've built a right nice boat."

That summer a new passenger boat plied back and forth on Lake Ripley, carrying folks for twenty-five cents a ride. Its captain, pilot, crew, and builder were combined in a single shy-eyed youth, who was so engrossed with his task that he sometimes forgot all about collecting his fares. The boat was popular; on Sundays and holidays it netted as much as five dollars.

"That was big money," smiled Ole Evinrude. "I felt like a millionaire."

Ole was now sixteen. That autumn, with his father's consent and his mother's blessing, he went to Madison, Wisconsin, to become an apprentice machinist in the Fuller and Johnson farm machinery shop. His pay was fifty cents a day; his board and room cost (*Continued on page 148*)

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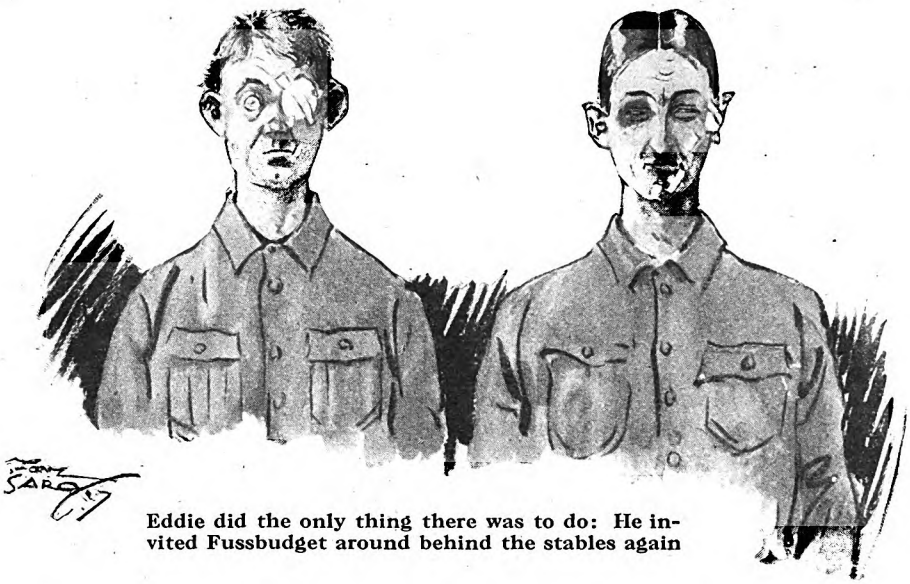

Eddie did the only thing there was to do: He invited Fussbudget around behind the stables again

A story of the Big War—and of a little private war that had to be settled first

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Fussbudget!

By DELOS W. LOVELACE

NEAT? Neat doesn't tell the half of it! Neat is only a starter. That bird was a fussbudget, that's what he was. Absolute! He wanted things neat twice over and wrapped around. You knew that after you took one look at the tight cut of the just-so mouth that went with his bony face and rangy, stiff legs.

The last bozo in the world, of course, to join the army. But what're you going to do when a war comes around, and a draft board calls out numbers? He hadn't been at Camp Dodge a month before A Company thought less of him than of a hike with full packs.

And that was too bad. Because he meant well. His trouble, though, was that he didn't know how to be human. He proved that almost the same minute he blew in with the second draft, and before the old hands, who'd been learning squads right since September, had had a chance to size him up.

He proved it on Eddie Loomis. Ed ambled into the squad-room—he was second draft, too—lugging his new uniform and his new pillow and his new sheets and his new blankets, and asking the sergeant did they think he had canal boats for feet that they passed him out a pair of shoes like that? He was as tickled as a flapper with her first lip-stick. He was dead sure he was going to have a r'arin' good time at this war they'd dragged him into. He was the kind of a guy who'd have a good time on a cake of ice, if you'd let him pick his partner.

"Hello, Buddy!" he said. "I'm Ed Loomis. What's your name?"

"My name," said Fussbudget, "is Charles Spencer."

Not Charlie, understand, but Charles. The way he said it ought to have warned Ed that here was no guy to buddy up to. And there was more warning in the way "My-name-is-Charles" was orienting himself. That bird certainly had taken pains. Brand-new puttees wrapped on neater'n a medico's bandage on a general. Suit case with the cast-off civvies under the right rear of the bunk and field shoes opposite, exactly like the diagram on the squad-room door. And blankets smoother'n a chambermaid at the Ritz could have done them.

Everything about that bird spelled p-e-r-n-i-c-k-e-t-y. Ed, though, was too chipper to take notice. "Call me Ed," he said. "And, say, Charlie! How about you and me going together to pay our official call on the captain, and let him extend the hand of fellowship to us heroes who've come to share this bloody strife with him? Or maybe," he said, "it'd be better just to go buy ourselves a chocolate bar. And, in the meantime," he said, taking a comfortable flop down on the blankets Fussbudget had just finished smoothing, "have you got a cigarette?"

FUSSBUDGET looked at that mussed-up bunk. When his ma put him into pants she certainly spoiled a swell old maid. His big nose jerked. His mouth tightened. "Yes," he said, "I have a cigarette." And to prove it he took one out. And he lit it, putting the burned match back in the box as neat as anything. "And now," he said, "get off this bunk! Do you think I made it up for you to loll on? Get off before I throw you off."

Eddie started a grin. "What!" he said. But when it came to him that this wasn't any joke, he raised his eyebrows and "Oh'ed" his mouth and whistled. And when he saw that he and Fussbudget were about the same height and reach, and that Fussbudget wasn't more than ten, fifteen pounds heavier, he said, "Suppose you try to throw me off . . . Little Friendship."

Well, nobody can say Fussbudget waited for a second invitation. They had a regular bar-room wrestle until a riot call brought two sergeants pulling for all they were worth, and a lieutenant looking stern on the side lines.

"It's as plain to me as the horn on a flivver," said Eddie, squinting out of a black eye, "that I've got to make a human being out of you!"

"It is my opinion," said Fussbudget, doing the neatest job you ever saw with a bloody nose, "that you'll never learn anything. But it won't be because I don't try to teach you!"

And another war was on.

Right there at the start A Company was inclined to give Fussbudget an even break. Of course almost everybody felt he'd been darned snooty. But, on the other hand, they admitted a man had a right to keep his own bunk under glass if he wanted to. And there were some guys, bozos who'd been burned at inspection, who even thought Ed had maybe been a little wrong to flop on it the way he did.

THOSE guys changed their tune, though, and so did everybody else, when Fussbudget really began to be himself. That bird certainly knew how to make trouble. It wasn't forty-eight hours before he'd taken charge of his corner of the squad-room. "Pick up that paper," he'd say to this guy. And, "Who dropped this match?" he'd say to that guy. And, "Act as if you didn't come from a pigpen!"

He was such a big stiff that few guys in the outfit wanted to try trimming him single-handed. But he'd probably have been ganged except for one thing: That was that, even when he had you as sore as a cut thumb, you knew he couldn't help doing what he did. It was as natural for him to be a fussbudget as it is for a general to wriggle a finger instead of snapping back a second lieutenant's salute.

Another thing that kept the outfit off his neck was that everybody felt he couldn't last long.

"Wait!" Eddie said. "Just let the officers get wise to this bird, and he'll be pushing a pencil. He doesn't belong in a machine-gun company. He was born to be a sergeant-major's clerk."

"Eddie's right," said an old-timer, one of the September draft. "We'll go out for gun drill, and the lieutenant'll say, 'On this line! *Mount gun!*' and Fussbudget'll take eighty-four minutes looking for the line. And then, good night!"

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So everybody waited. And got the shock of their lives. Because it wasn't "Good night!" It was, "Welcome!" Absolute! Fussbudget's finickiness was money in the bank when he started drill. He was so keen to get everything exactly just-so that he practiced by himself for hours when the rest of the outfit were doing bunk fatigue, or shooting for shoes for baby. When most of the second draft were still making an "About! *Face!*" on the wrong heel Fussbudget was drilling like a veteran.

Also, he was getting more and more pernickety. Because he'd learned his stuff a little faster than anybody else, he thought he had a right to say just when everybody should do which. He got so snooty he razzed the non-coms. "You a corporal," he'd say, "and letting your squad's quarters go dirtier than a back alley!" And, "You a sergeant," he'd say, "and going around with your blouse unbuttoned!"

WELL, after he'd pulled a few like that, the gang quit making allowances. Three, four guys tried to tear him limb from limb and scatter his dismembered fragments up and down the camp. But it turned out that, besides being a fussbudget, he had a kick in either fist like an automatic's recoil.

The one guy in the outfit who didn't seem to mind that recoil was Eddie. And it was just about this time that they had their second set-to. The pair of them being the same size, had been put in the same squad. There came along one of the regular Saturday inspections, and Eddie got caught. His condiment can was where his mess kit should have been. Or maybe his extra underpants were folded wrong. Or maybe a tent pin was broken. Or he didn't have a tooth brush. But from the way Fussbudget hollered you'd have thought Eddie'd got the whole company confined over the week-end.

"A fine reputation you'll give us!" said Fussbudget. "If you don't care for yourself, you might have a little consideration for your squad."

"Aw, squad your eye!" said Eddie. And they tangled again. It took four corporals to tear them apart, with a lieutenant standing in the doorway snapping, "What's this? What's this?" As if anybody couldn't see!

"Listen, Fussbudget!" Eddie said; and that was where My-name-is-Charles got his label. "I'm going to make you human if it takes till the end of the war. I'll see you out behind the stables as soon as it's convenient."

"Collect the eighteen strong men you'll need to help you," said Fussbudget. "I'll be glad to teach you the value of a little orderliness."

So they went back of the stables after retreat and battled all four ways and across the middle. But Eddie didn't make Fussbudget human; and Fussbudget found one strong man, instead of nineteen, was plenty. It was an absolutely even break.

They quit just where they had started, except for the way the two of them looked.

"It's plain to me," said the captain, when he saw the results of that interview, "that I'm not being taken seriously

It was the way they looked that got them in Dutch next morning. The captain didn't like the way they looked at all. "If you think," said the captain, "that I'll stand for having raw meat served up at formations, you're due to think again. You, Loomis, and you, Spencer, take those maps into the kitchen for the next few days, and if the cook mistakes them for sirloins, he can fry, and welcome."

EDDIE went on K. P. with a grin. "I saw the look in the captain's eye," he said. "He knows who's in the right. I'll bet a dollar against the hole in any doughnut that it won't be a week before this bird, Fussbudget, is skidded into the depot brigade."

Well, nobody took the bet, which put Eddie one smacker to the good. Because Fussbudget wasn't transferred. After a week he was still shining at drill. And in the squad-room he was worse than cosmoline in a gun.

Eddie did the only thing there was to do. He invited Fussbudget around behind the stables again.

"It's plain to me," said the captain, when he saw the results of that interview, "that I'm not being taken seriously. I don't care how much you two battle, but I'll eat my hat," he said, "before I drill birds who look like you do. Loomis, that eye and that nose win you the job of spreading cinders on the path to battalion headquarters. And that ear, Spencer, and that mouth win you the honor of helping him. What's more," he said, "if you show up again with faces like these, I'll think of something really hard."

Well, spreading cinders was hard enough. Because by now it was well into winter. Eddie and Fussbudget were so darned cold before they finished that they decided they'd better try to stand each other.

And they did stand each other. For about six weeks. But it didn't do any good. Because when they went behind the stables they made up for all the while they'd waited, and a little bit more.

"I'M disappointed," said the captain next morning. "Honestly, I am. With St. Valentine's Day just around the corner I thought you two would be exchanging hearts." He shook his head. "I've explained to the major for the last time why I can't keep men in my company from brawling all over the camp," he said. "If one of you would kill the other, I'd keep the survivor and no questions asked. But I can't stand the two of you. Your days in this outfit are numbered."

He talked as if he was kidding. But he wasn't. The night before an order had come down from Division Headquarters for the company to furnish so many men for transfer.

"Put Loomis and Spencer at the top of the list," said the captain to the first sergeant. "I hate to lose them. They're good men. But they'll get to battling out in front of the general's quarters some bright afternoon, and then I'll have to explain by indorsement hereon."

So, inside of a couple of hours, Eddie and Fussbudget had to roll their packs. They were so sore they went around on their tiptoes. And of course each one put all the blame on the other.

"I'll get somebody for this," said Eddie, giving away all the junk he couldn't take along, "if it's the last thing I do. Just as soon as we're clear of this camp. If I don't sling him under the train—it'll be because I've thought up something worse. I've fooled along all I'm going to. This is in earnest."

"A fine deal!" said Fussbudget, wrapping all his extra things into a neat bundle to send home. "A man does his best, and gets thrown out because he tries to keep a slovenly buck private in order. I'll—"

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"Say!" said Eddie. "Who're you calling slovenly?"

"You'll find out," said Fussbudget, "before this trip is over."

But Eddie didn't. Because a sergeant from the old Regular Army was in charge of their detail. And, like all the Regular Army sergeants, he had no more use for guys of the National Army than any professional has for any amateurs.

"Listen!" he said. "I know all about you two. And I'm standing for no tricks. If either of you makes a false move I'll crack that baby over the conk with this gun. Don't give me any dirty looks. I will! You're not going to earn me a razzing from the ninety-day wonder in the next coach. I'll bust you good and plenty. And if you so much as raise a finger back I'll see you get life in Leavenworth. At least."

He meant it, too. He was hard-boiled. He kept the length of the car between Eddie and Fussbudget all the way from Camp Dodge to Camp Dix.

Naturally, the two of them were wild to get at each other then. I'll see you back of the wash-house after retreat," said Fussbudget while they were checking in at Dix.

But he didn't. Two hours before retreat, Eddie was on his way to Hoboken. The next morning he was out among the U-boats.

THERE were twelve transports in that convoy. And all the way over Eddie kept looking at the other eleven and wondering was Fussbudget aboard, or was he waiting back of the wash-house at Camp Dix? He didn't know whether it tickled him more to think of Fussbudget frothing at the mouth behind the wash-house at Dix, or taking a sock on the nose in France.

What he really wanted, of course, was to meet Fussbudget in France. That came to him, standing in a mess line at Brest, when he saw Fussbudget march past in a column just coming up from the transports. He let out a yell and started over. But a sergeant hollered, "Hey! Get back in that line!" And by the time Eddie'd explained he was just wanting to get in touch with his pal, the column was gone. He hunted all his spare time.

But Brest was some big camp, and Fussbudget was still missing two mornings later when Eddie was told to fall in with about forty other guys from his barracks who said they were machine gunners, too.

A sergeant marched them out of camp to a railroad siding, where there was a long string of those "Quarante-Hommes-Huit-Chevaux box cars. "Pile in," he said.

"What's the idea?" said Eddie, piling in. "What's up? Tell a guy, can't you?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said the sergeant. "And then you'll be glad I didn't spoil your appetite any sooner'n necessary."

Eddie squinted out. He could see non-coms marching guys down and piling them into the other cars.

All of a sudden it came to him. Absolute! What a dummy he'd been not to get the idea before! The Front! He was going up to the Front as a replacement. That was what was up.

And then it came to him that he was leaving Fussbudget behind without ever giving him that sock on the nose. That made him sore. Because of course he would get into an outfit a million miles away from Fussbudget, and they'd never meet. He got more sore.

Eddie ambled into the squad-room . . . asking the sergeant did they think he had canal boats for feet

He wanted to sock Fussbudget so much that he decided he'd slide out of the car and cut back to the camp. And he did get a leg onto the ground. But a non-com hollered, "Get back into that car, Dummy! Do you want to lose a leg?"

AND then the train started. It jiggled along all day. And all night The next morning a guy threw in some corned willie and some bread, and once there was a stop long enough for the guys to fill their canteens.

They traveled all that day. And all night. "All out!" the non-coms hollered the second morning. And the whole trainload formed in line along a block and a half of cobblestones in a little town that wasn't much of anything but cobblestones, and forty or fifty combination barn houses with mademoiselles in wooden shoes standing in front of every one.

"Ouch!" said the guy beside Eddie. "Give a look."

He pointed. Eddie looked at the mademoiselle, but it was the house the guy meant. It was busted high, wide, and handsome by a German calling card. Eddie got so he passed by shelled houses as if they'd been so many flivvers. But this was his first, and he looked long and loud. "What-d'yuhknowabout-that!" he said.

A truck rolled up. A lieutenant with an M. G. on his collar hopped off and began reading names off a list. "Edward Loomis!" He read about sixty more, and then he said, "Charles Spencer!"

"Here, sir!" And Eddie jumped. Because he knew that voice. He looked down the line. Way at the far end was Fussbudget, two paces forward, shaved and as spick and span as if he'd made that two-day trip in a Pullman.

"Fall in according to height. Snap into it!" said the lieutenant. "Count! *Off!* Corporals fill in the front rank number fours. Make it snappy! Count! *Off!*" So they counted off again, into squads. One. Two. Three. Four.

"One!" said Eddie. And then he said, "I don't believe it." It was hard to believe, at that. For there he was, back in a squad with Fussbudget.

All of a sudden he wasn't sore any more. He grinned at Fussbudget, and when the lieutenant gave, "At *Rest!*" he said, "Listen, Buddy! Just as soon as we get where we're going, I want to see you, out back of a barn."

"No more than half as much as I want to see you," said Fussbudget. And Eddie knew from that that Fussbudget had been as sore as he had been.

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"Aw, squad your eye!" said Eddie. And they tangled again

More trucks rolled up. "Pile in!" said the lieutenant. "What's the idea?" Eddie said to a sergeant.

And the sergeant was good enough guy to tell him. The truckloads were replacements for a machine-gun company. The company had been cracked up pretty badly, and needed replacements. "It's due to be cracked again, too," said the sergeant. "There's a big push on around Soissons. They ain't going to let us stay away long. We've been out six days now."

FUSSBUDGET was in Eddie's truck. "You're just lucky enough," Eddie said to him, "to have the company ordered up to where a bullet can put you in a hospital before I fix you so you'll need burying."

"And you're hoping that we will," said Fussbudget. "You know what you'll get if we aren't."

They were itching to land on each other. The big war didn't mean a thing to either until their little one had been squared away.

The trucks rambled on for about thirty kilometers. They came to a little burg that looked like the leavings of a tornado, and stopped. Some chow was ready. Before Eddie'd finished his, the sergeant he'd talked to came up and said, "Hey! Loomis!"

"A guy certainly is a sap ever to go around getting acquainted," said Eddie. But he had to answer. They went in a truck after goldfish and bacon and bread, and they didn't get back until midnight.

Eddie had more than half a notion to wake Fussbudget up and have it out right then, because he had a hunch that there wasn't going to be much more time to have it out in. But he was dog-tired, and he knew no tired guy ought to tangle with Fussbudget. So he hit the hay.

The next morning he drilled. "I'll see you right after retreat!" he said to Fussbudget. And he pretty near started action without waiting for retreat when Fussbudget said, "I'll see you don't run out on me this time!"

About four o'clock that afternoon, just as they came in from the second round of drill, a string of trucks rolled into the village, and a guy on a motorcycle handed a paper to the captain, and the captain began to swear like forty French taxi-drivers.

"The lousy bums!" said the sergeant Eddie'd talked to. "I knew they'd never give us a chance to get organized."

They hadn't, either. The paper was an order to go up. The company was on its way inside of an hour. About nine o'clock that night the trucks stopped, and the outfit piled out and hiked. About one, they finally relieved a company of French machine gunners.

"So this," said Eddie, "is the Front! Who'dathunkit?"

All the ideas he'd got from the newspapers, of rows of trenches, and rows of barbed wire, and sets of artillery, they all went phooey! He couldn't see a thing but the road under his feet, and on either side of him a stretch of ground that looked like a city dump would look at night.

The platoon Eddie and Fussbudget were in went to help some fatheaded infantry keep the Germans out of a town the infantry had taken the day before. A swell town, nit! Pieces of houses, and nothing else. Eddie wondered why they didn't put a "Welcome!" sign out, and let the Kaiser have it.

The platoon lieutenant talked a while with the infantry captain. "Here, you!" he said, and jerked a thumb at Fussbudget.

"See that field?" And he pointed out between the last two houses of the town that the platoon was taking cover behind. It was a field maybe four hundred yards across, and covering the whole front of the town, and on the far side of it were some woods. There was just enough moon and starlight to make it all about as clear as the first minute in a motion picture show.

"See that field?" said the lieutenant. "Well, take your gun and get out there. Sooner or later, the Germans'll come out of those woods. And when they do, you start shooting. Traversing fire. A nice, simple job, so I know you can do it. Pick any number two you want."

"Does the Lieutenant mean," said Fussbudget, "that I'm to take a gun out into that open field?"

"What?" said the lieutenant.

"I MEAN," said Fussbudget, "hasn't the Lieutenant made a mistake? There is no cover in that field."

"Well, I'll be——" said the lieutenant.

"The British machine-gun instructors we had back in the States," said Fussbudget, "told us never to take up such a position."

"I hope I never see my grandmother again!" said the lieutenant, "if you aren't the richest thing I've heard since Elsie Janis." He started to laugh. And he looked at the infantry captain and laughed again. "Listen!" he said. "Since you put so much store by British machine-gun instructors, maybe you'll feel better when I tell you that a British machine-gun instructor I had said that a gun in exactly such a position once stopped a whole German division. Also," he said, "there's plenty of cover. That field is full of shellholes." He quit laughing. "Now, hop out there."

"Very well, sir!" said Fussbudget. He picked a big (*Continued on page 164*)

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You are different from all other people, so, why not

Cut Loose, And Give Your Personality A Chance?

By French Strother

ALL my life I have been interested in that mysterious human quality that is called personality. Of any two people that I knew, why should one seem so much more alive and real and memorable than the other? As a small boy, old Mr. Bunbury, whom I saw rarely, was much more vividly present in my mind than my school-teacher, whom I saw every day, and whose face or name I cannot now remember. As I grew older, other people that I knew stood out from the rest, and I began to try to figure out the reason.

My interest in the subject has grown with the years. My work as a writer has thrown me into contact with many men and women of public reputation. Some of them are as commonplace as my first school-teacher. Others are very striking characters. What makes the difference? What is personality? I have studied the people that have a great deal of it, and I have formed some pretty definite ideas on the subject. I am going to put these up to you, to see if they check up with your own experience.

First of all, I have come to the conclusion that there is no great mystery about "personality." It consists simply in being a person—and the only person you can possibly be, which is yourself. If you feel you haven't got personality, it is because you are nobody, or it is because you have not disclosed the unique and interesting person that lives in your body.

Fortunately, you are somebody. And fortunately, too, you are not exactly like anybody else in the world. You have the charm and interest that always attach to things that are different. Nobody else has had exactly the same events happen to them as you; nobody else has seen exactly the same things, or thought exactly the same thoughts. Your very differentness gives you a personality.

But have you disclosed it to others?

Madame de Staël was an outstanding personality of the Napoleonic era. She was not beautiful, but she was the most popular woman, socially, of her time. She was a sociable person, in the best sense of the word—she loved the society of other people. But she did not stop at loving their society. She let them know she loved it. She said, in her old age, that her social success rested upon two phrases: Whenever a caller entered her drawing-room, she exclaimed, "At last!" When a caller departed, she exclaimed, "So soon?" No wonder people called!

Most of us love the company of our fellows. Most of us like to have people call, and are sorry when they go. But other people will not know it unless we do or say something to show it. Madame de Staël's way of saying it was beautiful. And her way was one of the things that helped give her rich personality.

The point I am trying to make is that personality consists in bringing the inside of ourselves to the outside.

The degree to which people lack personality is largely the degree to which they imitate the clam. If they don't let out to the world around them what is inside them, the world naturally concludes that there isn't anything inside.

Of course, there always *is* something inside of everybody who is blessed with enough brains to be able, for example, to read a newspaper. A story, not exactly new, illustrates the idea. A woman found herself at a large formal dinner, seated next to a man she had never met. He was courteous, but so diffident that she found it hard to keep up a conversation. She tried several subjects, which soon languished and died. At last the man smiled and said, "I realize I'm not very good at general conversation, and you've been very kind to take so much trouble. But I don't know much outside of my business."

The woman had wit and tact. So she smiled back and inquired, "What is your business?"

"Leather," the man replied.

"All right!" she exclaimed. "Then tell me about leather!"

Thereupon the man launched into a discussion of the leather business that provided one of the most interesting evenings the woman had ever spent. He knew the romance of leather as well as its practical side, and his conversation took them to Australian wilds, to old Venetian craftsmen's shops, and across the Seven Seas.

EVEN a leather merchant had something interesting inside. It took a tactful woman to get it expressed—to make him realize that what seemed everyday and commonplace to him could be absorbingly interesting to others.

Our own inner spirit is like that. To us, our hopes and feelings, our joys and sorrows, seem trivial or dull, and we do not set them out before our friends, for fear we may bore them. But these things do not bore them. Quite the contrary; they interest them immensely. Of course there are things too intimate to disclose promiscuously. Good taste keeps them inside. But we have within us all the time scores of perfectly presentable ideas and human emotions that would not shame us if let out, which, nevertheless, we keep bottled up within. As long as we do so, we keep inside ourselves something which, if expressed to others by word or act, would add to their knowledge of the real "us" and so build up our "personality" in their minds.

We would not go far wrong if we thought of "personality" as an abbreviation of the phrase, "the outgivings of personality." That word "outgivings" goes to the heart of the matter. It is whatever of ourselves

"If You Like a Person—Say So"

"THE first injunction to anybody who wants to express more outward personality is very short—it is simply, 'Cut loose!'" says Mr. Strother. "Yield to your impulse to do things that you really want to do. Yield to the impulse to say things you really want to say. Be impulsive—so long as your impulses are grounded in good will. If you like a person, act as if you did. If you see an admirable thing done by someone else, and have a generous impulse to say that you think it is admirable, go ahead and say so! It will do you good, and it will do the other fellow good. And it will enrich your personality—it will enlarge the inner gift of generous feeling in yourself, and it will outwardly express that gift to others."

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that we give out to others which makes personality. The more rich and varied we are within, and the more freely we give outward expression to our inner selves, the more personality we have in the eyes of others.

I know that most people who feel that they lack personality also feel that they lack this inward richness. They fear that they have little to give. But anybody with intelligence enough to have that fear has plenty of inner personality. His real trouble is that he doesn't let it get out.

THOUSANDS of people know Fred, the head waiter at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. He was head waiter at the old Shoreham during the war. They remember his tall figure and iron-gray pompadour. That pompadour is part of Fred's personality—its crestlike sweep expresses something of the dash and originality inside him But the real reason so many folks never forget Fred is that Fred never forgets them. Many a time a man has come up behind him whom he had not seen for six months or a year, and, when he turned around, I have heard him instantly call the man by name. "Good morning, Mr. Smith! You haven't been with us for a long time. We've missed you!" Now, I ask you, who can resist such a flattering reception? To be remembered—instantly—and accurately, and welcomed back—what could more indelibly impress another human being's personality upon you than his ability to do this?

Why is this ability to remember names and faces so powerful an element of personality? First of all, because, in the language of the Prayer Book, it reveals a very definite "inner and spiritual grace." The power of remembering names and faces is not a gift. It is an arduous exercise. To remember them requires that you *want* to remember them, and this wish is evidence of a friendliness of spirit and of a desire to please. And the arduous exercise of training the mind to remember them is further evidence of a still deeper friendliness, which is willing to take so much trouble, and of a strength of character which supports the effort necessary to do it.

These things are inner attributes of personality. And they become outward evidences of personality when Fred says, "Why, good morning, Mr. Smith!" so agreeably and so unexpectedly. If Fred remembered the name but did not use it when he met you, he would still have the inner qualities, but he would lack "personality" in your eyes.

I know business men of considerable importance who have less personality than Fred. No doubt they have more ideas, and more valuable ideas, than he has. But Fred proves that even the capacities of a head waiter offer scope for the development of qualities of personality that may well be envied by people with much more important work to do in the world. Instead of being just a waiter, Fred's personality has made him a head waiter. And instead of being just an ordinary business man, personality makes men who have it much more effective and outstanding and successful business men. It distinguishes them from the commonplace run of people who do not care or do not take the trouble to show an especial interest in those with whom they do business.

The simplest things express personality, provided you let them show on the outside. President McKinley loved white carnations, and frequently wore one in his buttonhole. Most men do not care especially for white carnations, and very few of those who do wear them daily. President McKinley's habit of doing so put him in a special class in other people's eyes—gave him that touch of individuality that goes to create personality. The ability to fall off a horse—or with a horse—is part of the Prince of Wales's personality. His persistence in dangerous riding in spite of his bad luck is an outward manifestation of admirable inner qualities. Will Rogers's chewing gum is an element of personality. So is Senator Borah's black felt hat. In every case, something inside the man gets expressed outside the man.

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

French Strother, writer and editor, with his little son on the lawn of his home in Garden City, Long Island

Being different for the sake of being different is not what we are talking about. Being different by honestly letting one's own natural inner self show on the outside is the real secret of personality. "Be yourself" is the first commandment of it; and "act yourself" is the "whole law" of it. "Let 'er go!" as the Westerner says.

THE commonest impediment to the expression of personality is diffidence. The wittiest man I know—quite the most entertaining man in any group he enters—suffered for years from self-consciousness so badly that he was practically tongue-tied in the presence of more than one other person. He would make a clever remark and all eyes would be turned on him. Then he would blush to the roots of his hair—completely upset by the attention he had drawn to himself by his wit. He felt conspicuous and a fool, whereas in reality he was the brightest person in the room, and was only getting the applause that was due him. His diffidence was not only causing him agonies of self-consciousness, but was also actually holding him back from exerting the influence in his business that his ability entitled him to exercise.

Then an older friend gave him a lecture that helped him "find himself." This friend pointed out to him that a certain healthy amount of self-assertive egotism is an essential part of character. The work of the world is not done by people who are forever apologizing for doing it. People who have brains and integrity are under a moral (*Continued on page 168*)

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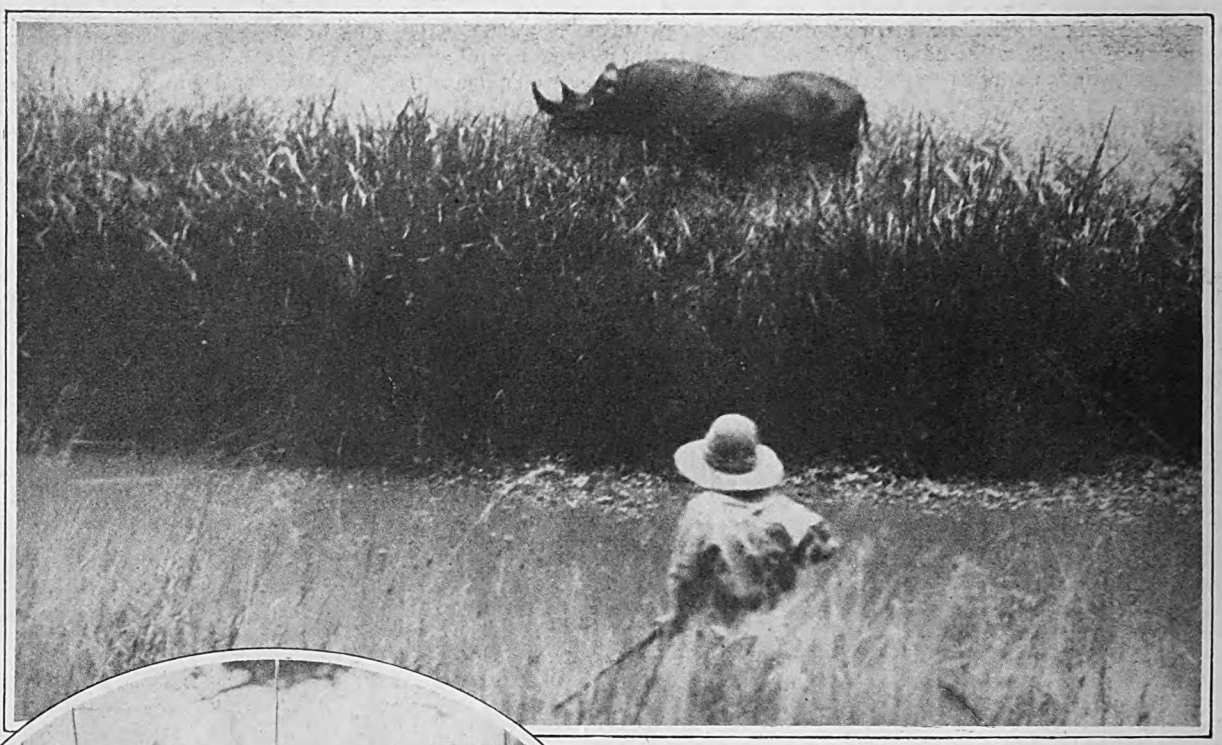


(At top of page) Mrs. Johnson, ready to fire if the rhinoceros gets too much interested in having his picture taken. (In oval) Mrs. Johnson being congratulated by Lumbwa spearmen just after she shot a charging lion

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN JOHNSON

"My Wife Holds The Gun . . ."

By Martin Johnson

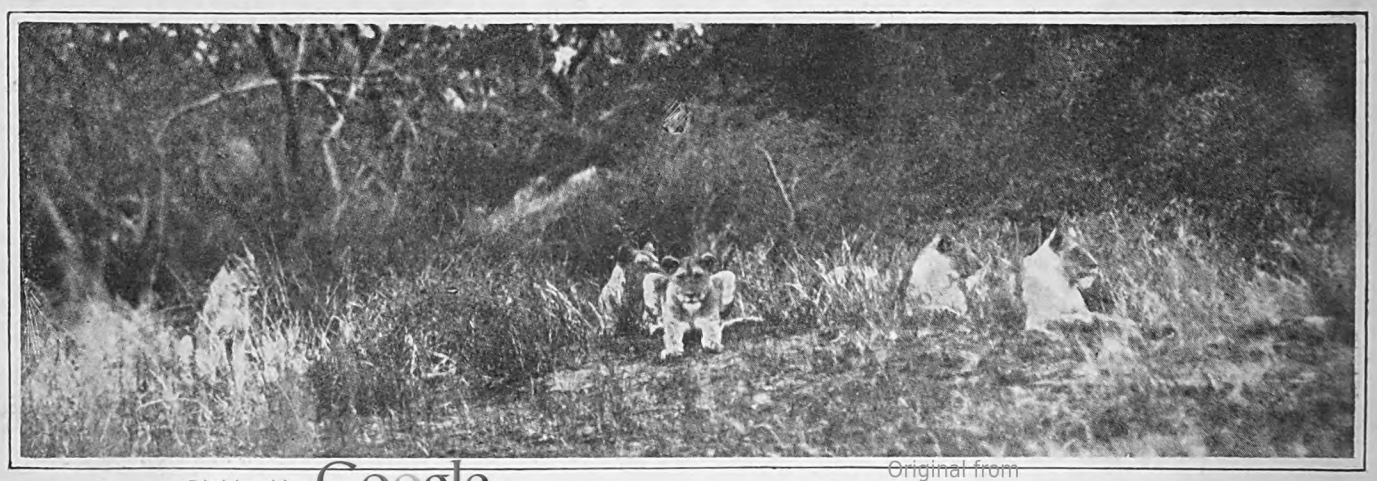
I USED to think it would be fun to look ahead and see what the future held. But I have changed my mind. I don't believe the average person could stand the strain. I know Osa, my wife, couldn't have, even though she is about the strongest and healthiest little woman in the world.

It certainly would have been very disturbing seventeen years ago for us to have glimpsed ahead.. We were settled down to a comfortable routine existence and saw no possibility of a change. Just imagine our peering into a crystal ball and seeing what was going to befall us from that year onward.

We should have seen waving palms and cannibals; South Sea tempests; naked savages armed with spears, and the shores of far distant lands. We should have seen lions, elephants, hyenas, and rhinos wandering about our camps in Africa; big snakes, black natives, and camels.

Life is like that. You settle down and think you are fixed for good. Then some devastating idea or event comes along and wrecks every plan.

I was born with the travel bug in me. I ran away with a circus as a lad and ended up with a trip on a cattle boat to Europe. After knocking about there for a while, I fell in with Jack London, and joined him on his famous cruise to the South



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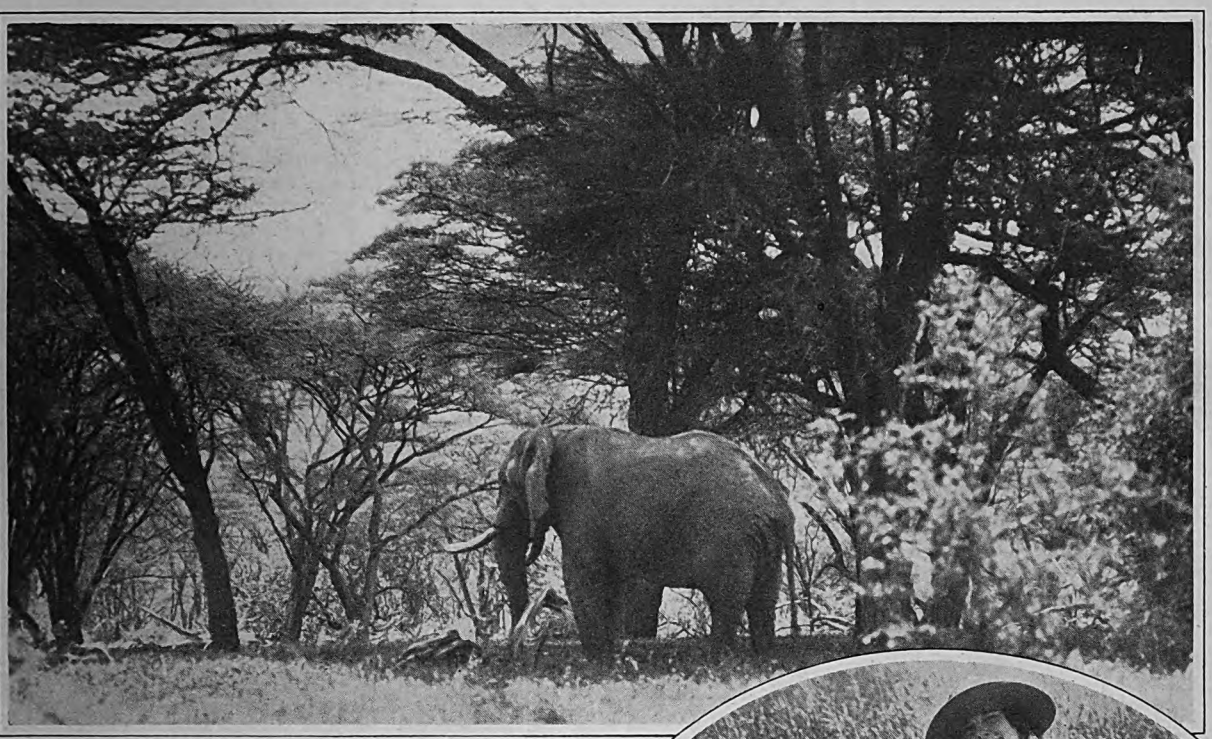


(At top of page) Elephant in Lake Paradise region. (In oval) Mrs. Johnson with the makings of enough fine ostrich omelets to serve twelve dozen people. They're good, too, she says

Sea Islands in the little "Snark." By the time I got back to my home in Independence, Kansas, I thought I'd satisfied my wanderlust. I settled down in earnest.

I built a playhouse there along the lines of the "Snark." Those were the days before the motion picture had come into its own. Vaudeville was still more important than the pictures.

My chief business rival ran a theatre on the other side of town. I figured his success came from having a wife who could sing. Nothing would do but I meet this competition by securing a singer.

I HEARD of a young girl in Chanute, Kansas, named Osa Leighty, who was said to have a good voice. I hopped a train and went down to see her. She was all for the adventure. But her mother was outraged at the idea of my taking away her beautiful young daughter, who was still nothing but a child.

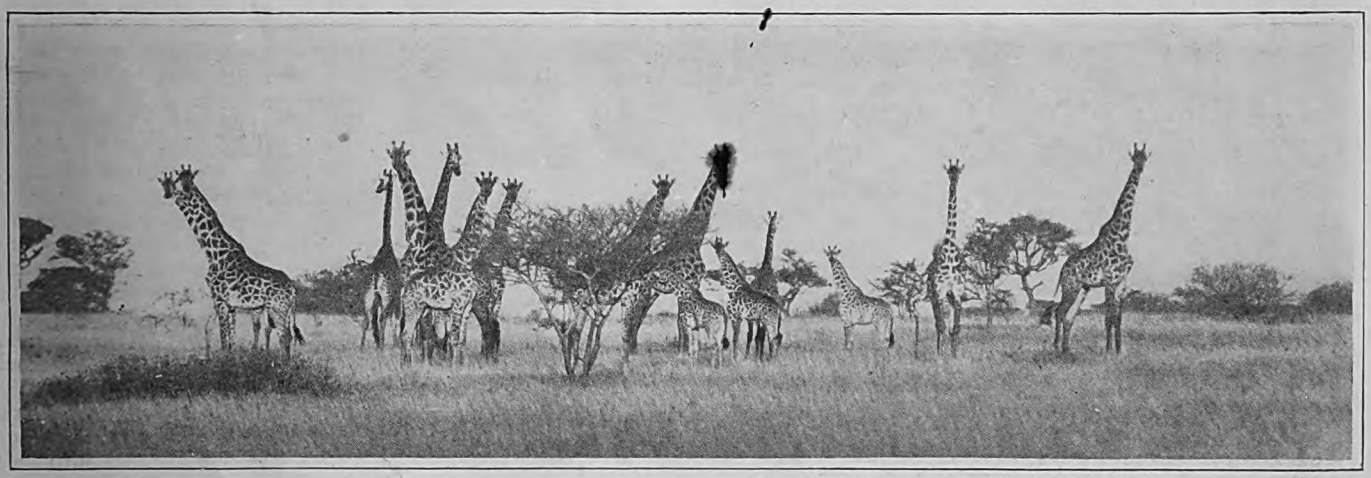
That was Friday. For two days Osa and I talked things over pretty seriously. I got a glimpse of her character and I guess she got a taste of my stubbornness. At any rate we solved our problem. On Sunday we were married.

At that time Osa had never been over thirty miles from home. To-day I believe she is the most widely traveled woman in the world.

I soon found married life wasn't all a bed of roses. Naturally, Osa got a little homesick at first. And her mother missed her a lot. So she had to go home every now and then. These visits often stretched out into days and weeks. Like every other young husband I felt torn between my business and my wife. Also, I was dismayed to find that my wanderlust was coming back full force.

One day I put it right up to Osa: "I'm going to sell the business. We can go to the west coast and take a boat to the South Sea Islands. If we get some good film it will be worth all the trouble."

Again Osa looked hard facts in the face. She knew that my plan meant choosing between her mother and myself. She loved



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both of us and she was a truly domestic girl. She had never wanted to gad about or to leave the part of the country in which she was brought up. She hesitated.

"It will be a tough trip," I told her.

I remember she stood up and looked me in the eye. A regular writer would say she met the crisis like a real man. But, knowing her, I can say that a real woman acts just the same way as a real man does.

"I'll go with you, Martin," she said quietly. I don't think any man could love a woman more than I loved her at that moment. I knew how much courage her decision took.

Don't think we were well off. True, we sold the playhouse before we left; but that didn't do much more than stake us to the trip.

ON OUR way to the coast a new trait showed up in my wife. Manlike, I mixed with other business men on our way West. I heard a good deal to discourage me in my film plan. Moreover, I received tempting opportunities to break off and go into other lines of business. Several times I wavered.

One night I explained a particularly attractive offer to Osa in our hotel. "You know we might be barking up the wrong tree," I reminded her. "Perhaps it would be better to stop here and look this proposition over."

She hopped off the edge of the bed as if she had sat on a tack.

"Look here, Martin Johnson," she exclaimed; "you are the one who started us on this South Sea Islands business. I agreed to go there with you. And that's where I'm going. So don't be flirting around with these other things until we've got this first job done!"

Well, there was no use arguing when she felt like that. Many a time since then she's kept me on a straight course. I think a man's wife can be keel and rudder to him at times.

Osa's tenacious enthusiasm, as much as anything else, inspired me to do something big. I planned a five-reel feature showing life in the South Seas. That wouldn't mean much these days. But at that time no one had attempted anything of the sort longer than one reel. I chose the title "Cannibals of the South Seas." Osa confessed afterward that the very word "cannibal" made her shudder. But she never winced at the time. Nor did she wince when, a little later, she was captured by the savage man-eaters we were out to film.

We sailed to the islands in a small ship. To my joy, Osa didn't have a single hour of seasickness. And to this day she has never known what that scourge of the sea traveler is like, despite the tiny craft and terrible storms we have gone through in our many wanderings.

"She's got a strong stomach," said an older woman scornfully when I mentioned it in a spirit of pride.

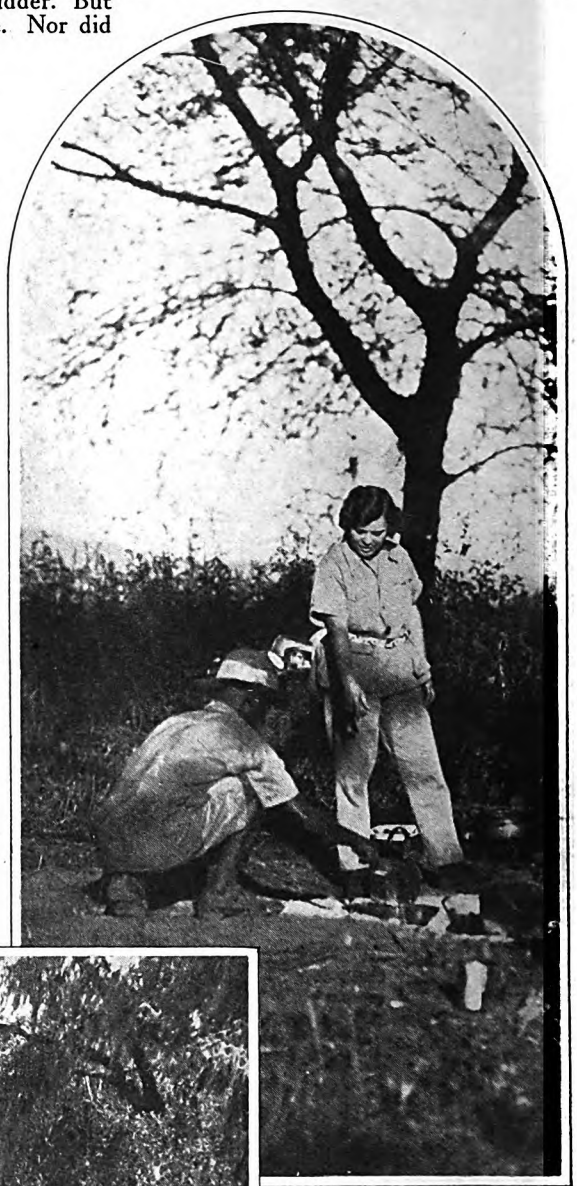
But I don't believe this is the whole truth. I think Osa's profound delight in our work and the thrill with which she looks forward to our next adventure adds enormously to her bodily resistance to ills that overwhelm the diffident tourist. To my mind, she is an excellent example of mental state governing health.

We got into trouble with the cannibals through my own rashness. Our destination at the time was the island of Malekula in the New Hebrides. Government officials warned me against the natives. "They are our subjects on the map," explained one officer; "but a cannibal doesn't know a map from a kangaroo."

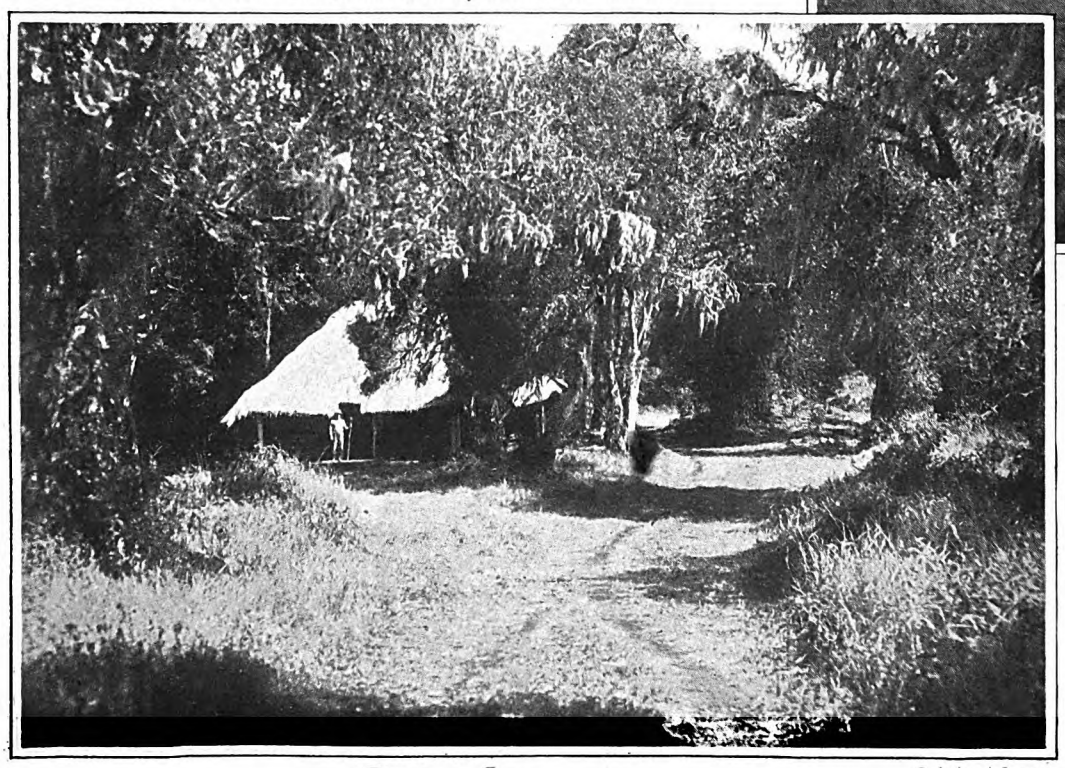
About all the effect this advice had on me was to swell the mental picture I had of my film's future earnings.

I won't go into details. It isn't a pleasant story. But Osa and I landed on Malekula full of confidence. It was all jungle surrounded by a coral beach. We foolishly went right in among the black savages and began to film them. We got separated and were taken prisoners. Osa was led to a village and I was headed for the pot. Luckily, the commanding officer of a British man-of-war who had heard of our projected visit to the island got worried and came after us. He effected our rescue just in time.

Naturally, I felt a little conscious-stricken for having got Osa into such



(At Right) Directions to the cook from an expert. (Below) One of the Johnsons' grass-thatched huts at Lake Paradise. The pathway is an old elephant trail



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a mess. "Had enough of this?" I asked her soon afterward.

"Have you got the film you came after?" she retorted.

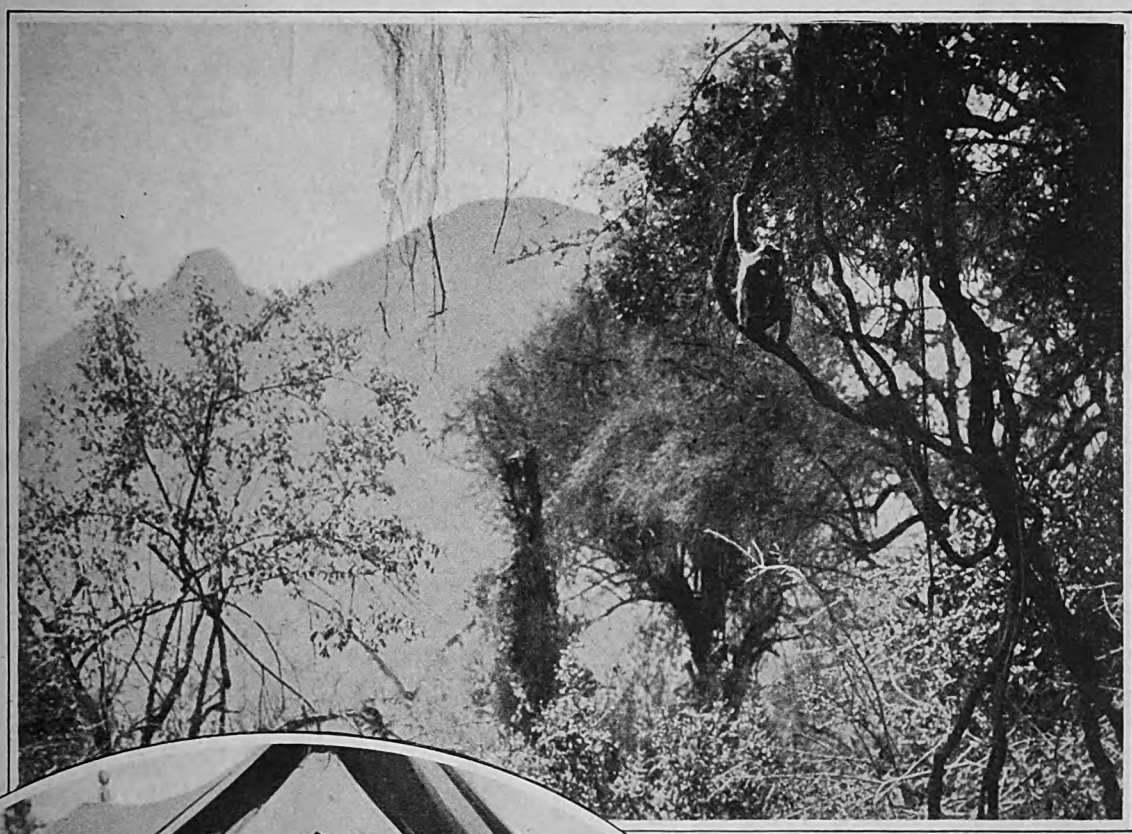
I confessed I hadn't.

"Then let's get it," said she firmly.

How could a man fail with a wife like that?

NOW that we were both broken in and knew our coconuts, so to speak, we chartered a little yawl and went down among the Solomon Islands. On the "Snark" Jack London had shown me the most interesting spots of this group.

Osa had her troubles from the outset. I had hired a black boy to cook for us and the crew. The second day out he developed an infected hand. As a result, our single lady passenger had to work throughout the voyage in a two-by-four galley preparing meals for a dozen ravenous men.



(Above) A typical scene near the Johnson home at Lake Paradise. The ape is a gibbon. (In oval) Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in camp

In all, we cruised over six hundred miles clear down to the southernmost of the Solomons, Owa-raha Island. Osa helped me with the photographic work when she had finished with her pots and pans. We both slept on the teak deck. Our camp equipment was so limited that while ashore we bunked in native huts. Had it not been for her courageous example I am not sure I could have stood the dirty grass houses and odoriferous natives.

"I've smelt worse in civilization," she laughingly told me.

While we were in the Solomon Islands, we were fortunate enough to be invited by a government exploring party to make the trip afoot across the Island of Malaita. No white people had ever been across before, and it promised to give us priceless views for the film we were slowly building.

It was a rough trip, all right. Every moment of it we were in danger from the wild tribes that haunted the jungle through which we plodded. Our army of black boys were just as frightened as we were; more so, in fact, for they knew what it meant to be tortured by the cannibals.

Here it was that Osa first began to develop her natural talent for rifle shooting. I call it a talent, because she had never done any shooting as a girl. Yet with a few days' practice she began to bring in pigeons, deer, and fish as a result of her marksmanship.

Another trait she brought forward unexpectedly was her quick mastery of native lore. In no time she picked up a smattering of local dialects, and spent long hours over our camp fires listening to tales of hunting and superstitions. As the years have gone on she has developed this hobby until she speaks Malay and Swahili fluently, and has endeared herself to natives of many tribes by her sympathetic interest in their lives and beliefs.

Just about the time we began to feel at home among the Solomon Islands we had an experience that nearly ended our adventuring forever. We had landed on one of the smaller islands. We didn't know it at the time, but several white people had been killed there by the natives shortly before. The little vessel on which we were cruising had to go back to one of the larger islands to get more supplies and to pick up the British commissioner. Osa agreed to stay with me ashore while I went ahead with my photographic work.

AS WE disembarked in the dark, the natives didn't know we were there. Next morning, they were holding some kind of fiesta. With fine innocence we decided it was a good chance for pictures and boldly entered the crowd. The first thing we knew a perfect bedlam broke loose. Women screamed, and about two thousand wild and wholly naked men came dashing up to (*Continued on page 160*)

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One Misty Night

A story of love and faith

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

SHE knew he would be waiting for her. And all through that last half-hour, while she hurried to finish her work, she was thinking of that.

She sat at the typewriter, her eyes narrowed with fatigue, her fingers stumbling a little on the keys. Then she brought the last of the letters to the manager for his signature, stood beside his desk, her fair head bent.

"That won't do. You'll have to type that over, Miss Consadine."

She took the letter from him, with an apologetic smile; so well aware, she was, that her work was not good. Not ever good. Before she had come here—while her father was living and she had been at home with him—she had not known how stupid she could be. Or how tired; always tired; tired when she first opened her eyes in the morning, so weary that she no longer felt young. Twenty-six years in the world; that was a long time, she thought.

She boarded with her brother and his wife in their little flat up-town. They meant to be kind to her, only they were absorbed in each other, almost cruel in their happiness. They were forever borrowing from her. Of course they could not realize how things were with her. They were careless and happy; they could not know how troubled she was, or how tired.

She sat down at the typewriter again and rewrote the letter. And all the time, like a song in the distance, was the thought that he would be waiting for her.

Her work was done at last. She put on her old coat with the rusty fur collar, and her cheap little hat, and took up that umbrella that was always collapsing. It was so wonderful to know that he would not care. Let her be pale and shabby and tired, she would be only the dearer to him.

All the world was going home now; the arcade of the great office building was filled with a hurrying crowd. She went through the revolving door, and the raw, chill air blew in her face, and she shivered a little. Her shoes were thin for walking in this weather.

"But it's just as bad for him!" she thought.

A panic fear assailed her. If he should take cold! If he should be ill! Often she waked in the night and thought of that, thought of him lying ill in his room, all alone.

"Oh, no!" she cried in her heart. "It's not right! I couldn't even go to him. O God, oh, please, dear God, let him get that new job—so that we can be together."

A cold November fog lay over the city; no use putting up the capricious umbrella for that, nothing could keep it out. She hastened along the street, still in the river of home-going traffic; then she turned a corner into a side street that was dark and quiet. And there, leaning against the wall of a building, she saw him, hands in the pockets of his worn overcoat, hat pulled low on his forehead, a tall, lean figure, so alone.

He saw her, and came toward her. By the light of the street lamp she could see his face, thin and dark, with a look of nonchalant indifference. Some people thought him hard, because of that look, because they could not read what she had known at once—that he was shy and sensitive and terribly proud.

But perhaps no one else in the world had ever seen him like this, with this smile.

"Well!" she said, laughing up at him. "Good evening, Mr. Crawford."

That was the way he would have it. They must be Miss Consadine and Mr. Crawford. If that look was in his face, if his hand when he touched her arm trembled a little, if his voice was sometimes unsteady, he could not help that. He had not spoken. He had been unalterably resolved to spare her, not to trouble her poor young heart with an echo of his own anxiety and pain. And he thanked God now for that silence.

"I hope your feet aren't wet?" he asked, with a frown.

"Oh, not a bit!" she assured him. But really she did not even know. They were here together; nothing else mattered.

"My girl . . . my wonderful girl!" he was thinking. "You little tired thing. . . . No one to look after you."

She saw then that there was something amiss.

"What's the matter, Mr. Crawford?" she asked. "You look—upset."

She tried to speak lightly, and he tried to answer her so.

"Bit tired, maybe," he said. "I'm getting old, you know."

HE SMILED when he said it; but in his heart there was chill despair. It was true; thirty-five, he was, so much older than she. And not able to take care of her; not able even to speak, to tell her how dear beyond all measure she was to him. Thirty-five, and a failure; good-for-nothing, a poor derelict of a fellow with a bad knee, and not wit enough to earn a good living.

He had never cared before. He had come out of a Canadian university and drifted about the world; he had picked fruit in California; he had worked on a farm; he had gone to sea. A steady job in an office was like prison to him; why should he do it? He had wanted to see the world, to be free.

If he could have his chance again! No work in the world he wouldn't do now, doggedly and grimly, if it would bring him just enough. . . .

He had gone back to Canada and enlisted at the very beginning of the war; he had been wounded three times, and the last time had given him two years in hospital. And he had come out of that very little changed: older, and with that knee that would be stiff and awkward all his life, but with the same careless, untroubled spirit. He had drifted to New York, for no particular reason; he could always get some sort of job, enough to keep himself in tobacco and clean linen.

And then he had met his girl, when it was too late.

"If I'd never come," he thought. "Better for her, better for her if I'd got mine over in France."

But not better for him. For, no matter what happened, he would have her to remember—her dear smile, the things she had said to comfort him.

SHE would have said more, he knew that; but he had given her no opportunity. He had been sternly candid with her; had told her what a miserable little job he had, clerk in an insurance office. And that he had wasted all his chances and his youth.

"But you're still young!" she had cried. "You'll have more chances."

He had not dared to look at her, the day he had told her that; but from the tremor in her voice he had thought there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm going to try," he had said.

It had seemed to him only right and fair that he should not see her any more until he was doing better. But she would not have it so.

"I'd—I'd miss you," she had said. "We've had such nice talks; why shouldn't we meet, now and then?"

Only it hadn't been "now and then." When he left his office, he would think:

"No; I won't see her to-day. Not again to-day."

And then he would think of her, turning that corner, looking for him in vain, going on alone, in the dark; and he would set off in a sort of panic haste, for fear he should not be there, waiting, when she came.

Half an hour or so, that was all they ever had. They would walk together to the Spring Street Station, and then she would go down to her train, and he would walk home to his furnished room. At first they had walked in the soft dusk of May, then in the jaded heat of summer; sometimes they went through the rain, he holding the capricious umbrella so carefully over her beloved head.

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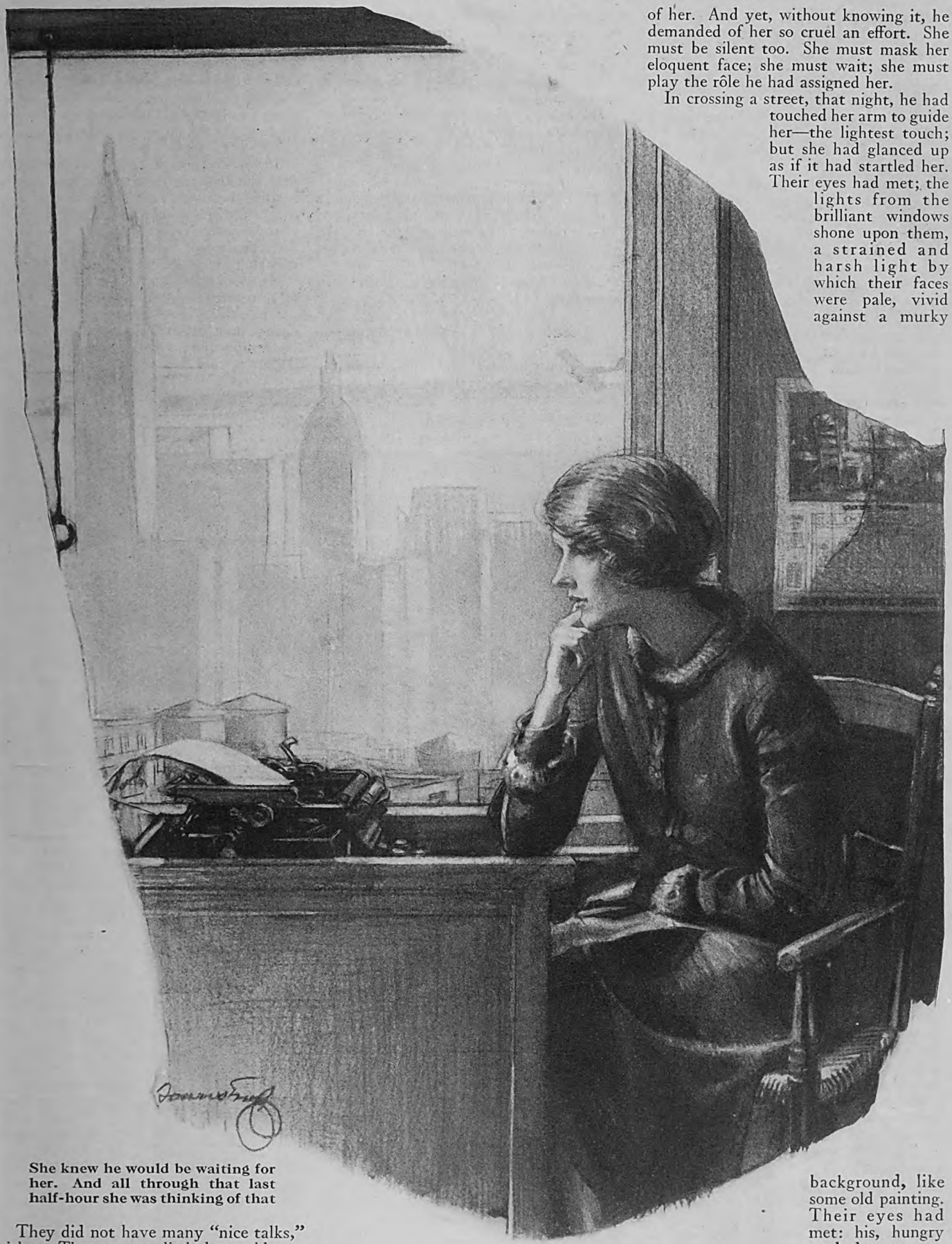

She knew he would be waiting for her. And all through that last half-hour she was thinking of that

They did not have many "nice talks," either. There was so little he could say. Only, a month ago, he had had something to tell her.

"I think," he had said, with a very poor attempt at casualness, "that there's a chance of a raise for me in November. One of the fellows is leaving, and the manager says I'm in line for his job."

There had been a moment's silence.

"Oh, that would be nice, wouldn't it?" she had said, politely.

Because she knew that was the way he wanted her to speak. In the humility of his love, he was determined to ask nothing of her. And yet, without knowing it, he demanded of her so cruel an effort. She must be silent too. She must mask her eloquent face; she must wait; she must play the rôle he had assigned her.

In crossing a street, that night, he had touched her arm to guide her—the lightest touch; but she had glanced up as if it had startled her. Their eyes had met; the lights from the brilliant windows shone upon them, a strained and harsh light by which their faces were pale, vivid against a murky background, like some old painting. Their eyes had met: his, hungry and desperate; hers, brimming with tears, but so clear, so faithful.

"If I get it—!" he had said, very low.

But he had said nothing more, so that she had only the memory of his face, of his ardent and unhappy glance.

And sometimes, in the long days, she

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felt a terrible doubt; she thought that perhaps he had not really looked at her—like that.

She watched his face to-night, by every passing light, to see if there was that look upon it. But it was not there.

"He's different to-night," she thought. "He's changed. What can it be?"

The fog was cold; she felt the chill of it strike to her heart.

"You shouldn't wait for me in weather like this, Mr. Crawford," she said.

He did not answer her, not a word. They were near the station now, where she always left him; their time together was almost done.

"Mr. Crawford," she said, "I—I do hope you won't take cold!"

"Why should I?" he demanded, so vehemently that she started. "I'm healthy enough, at least. This lame knee—that's nothing much. I'm not an invalid, you know."

"You shouldn't say that," she cried. "You ought to know I didn't mean that! You ought to know—"

They went on in silence until they reached the station. Then he stopped.

"Well—" he said. "Good night, Miss Consadine!"

"Good night!" she answered. And then, suddenly, "That was—unfair!"

He had taken off his hat in bidding her good night; he stood bareheaded in the fog, not looking at her.

"Put on your hat!" she said, with a sort of anger. "I—I just want to walk—by myself—a little way. Good-by."

As she turned up-town, he kept by her side.

"But, look here!" he said. "You'll be late. Your people will worry."

"Oh, no, they won't! Nobody would worry much if I were late—if I never came home at all."

He was very much taken aback.

"Well—you're wrong," he said stiffly.

This time it was she who said nothing. She went on so quickly it seemed as if she were flying. Little damp strands of her hair blew back; one caught against the rough felt of her hat brim and clung there, glittering like gold when the light touched it. Her face, in profile, looked cold and curiously intent.

"Where are you going?" he asked, in wonder and alarm.

But she had done with answering questions from him, who never answered hers.

"Look here!"

But she would not look.

HE THOUGHT he must tell her before she hurried away from him forever. "I—it's this—" he said, and he thought the words would choke him. "I'd meant—not to see you again."

"Oh, I knew!" she cried. "I saw it in your face!"

"You couldn't."

"I did! I did! Then—why don't you go?"

"Because I can't," he said, unsteadily. "I've got to tell you now. You see, I thought that if I got that job— But I haven't. Somebody's nephew, cousin, something of the sort, got it. I just found out to-day."

"Oh, did you?" she said, in that polite, casual tone he had required of her. Only he did not want that now. This was the last time, and he wanted—just something to remember. But he must not ask for even a word. It wouldn't be fair to her.

"So—you see—" he said.

She looked at him then, and he smiled. And she thought that to the last day of her life she would never be able to forget that smile on his strained, desperate face, a smile so tender, so forlorn.

"I don't see!" she cried. "I don't see why that means—never to see you again."

He was as gentle with her as if she were an unreasonable, unhappy child.

"The thing is—" he said. "There's no chance now for getting a raise for—I don't know how long. And I get only thirty dollars a week."

"What of it?" she said.

He had not imagined that she could be so difficult. She had always understood so well, always been so kind to him. Yet, in her gentleness, never so dear to him as now in her unreasonable vehemence.

"What of it?" she repeated. "Do you think I care?"

"I care," he said.

He would not look at her; he glanced down, and he saw her poor little muddy shoes, going on so valiantly.

"I—can't stand this!" he cried. "I've only thirty dollars a week—and I'm not a boy. I've wasted, thrown away all my chances. . . . I'm so much older than you. . . . Don't you *see* that I've got to stop—meeting you? I've got nothing to offer you but thirty dollars a week."

"Well," she said, "certainly that's not much to offer anyone!"

He was so horribly hurt that he could not speak for a moment.

"It's all I have," he said.

"It's not enough," she said. "It's nothing."

She was right, he thought. Of course she hadn't realized before quite what a failure he was. She was disappointed,

(*Cont'd on page 116*)

She watched his face to-night, by every passing light. "He's different," she thought. "He's changed"

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No Man Ever Went to War In Defense Of A Boarding-House

But any man will face death to preserve his home—That's why I place home high on my list of worth-while things

By Charles A. David

THERE are so many things worth while that when I attempt to single out a few which seem to me the most important, others come tumbling over each other like sheep jumping a fence, all clamoring for recognition and begging for a place in the picture. I feel like the man who has consented to act as judge at a baby show. With twenty babies in the ring, and only one blue ribbon to be awarded, he knows that one mother will think he is the finest man in the world while the other nineteen will think he is a fool.

So it is in picking the winners from among the worth-while things. I do not presume to think my choice will be endorsed by everyone, I am only pointing out those that mean the most to *me* and that have left the deepest impress on my life.

To my way of thinking, those that I have selected all loom head and shoulders above the rest, and for the life of me I do not see how I could get along without a single one of them. The true value of most things can be pretty accurately gauged by the emptiness their absence would cause.

When I think of worth-while things, children push and scrouge until they stand at the very head of the list, and nothing that I can do changes the arrangement. Most people, whether they are parents or not, will, I believe, agree that children would be out of place anywhere except at the head of the list.

Ever since I quit being a child myself I have had a mighty tender spot in my heart for little folks; their innocence and outspokenness take me by storm, so I never lose a chance of making friends with them. And they seem to like me, too. We get along fine together, and can understand each other without resorting to any silly baby-talk. It is like an adventure in a brand-new world to watch the unfolding of a young mind, free from earthly taint and fresh from the hand of its Maker; and it is something that I enjoy more than the greatest play that was ever staged.

In the main, my life has been a happy one, with the usual mingling of temptation, disappointment, and sorrow. Sometimes I have thought that maybe I have had more than my share of happiness. But it was not until I had stood three times outside a closed door, with fear and apprehension, and three times had some doctor or nurse whisper through the crack, "It's a boy!" or, "It's a girl!" that I knew what perfect happiness meant. From the time our children could walk, I have tried to be one of them, and most of my leisure hours were spent in getting acquainted with them, and making them feel that I was not only a father but also a friend who would untangle and straighten out their little cares and troubles.

When they were old enough for short walks, we would explore the front yard and the big vegetable garden; and wonderful times we had hunting four-leaf clovers, making book marks of larkspurs, garlands of morning glories, shooing bumblebees out of the hollyhocks, calling doodle-bugs in the sand, feeding the little naked robins in the grape arbor, and trying to get the big green caterpillars to wear the paper hats we made for them.

As legs got longer, our walks got longer, gradually taking in the nearby woods and fields. There we learned to know, as intimately as they would let us, the ground squirrels, the gray squirrels, the rabbits, and the moles. One red-letter day we met an old 'possum face to face, shambling along a very narrow path, so, to escape what was evidently an unwelcome encounter, he lay down, shut his eyes, opened his mouth and, as far as we could see, actually quit breathing, and, to all appearances, died.

His skinny tail, wind-blown hair, black, shriveled-up ears, and jaws drawn tightly back from what seemed like a peck of teeth, all made him look as if he had been dead a month. But he was only playing dead, in the hope that we would pass him by. The children were sure he was dead, and the youngest one began to cry. To show them that he was alive and unhurt, I picked him up by the tail and dropped him in a little pool of water, where he instantly "came to life," swam out, and then curled up on the bank all dripping wet, and promptly "died" again.

Right there the children had their first object lesson in "playing 'possum," a lesson I am sure they have never forgotten.

ONE hot summer afternoon we suddenly came upon a good-sized blacksnake lunching on a toad that was twice as big around as the snake. The snake was doing its level best to swallow the toad whole, and the toad was doing its level best to keep from being swallowed. The head and shoulders had already disappeared, but the hind legs were kicking vigorously.

Embarrassed by being caught with its meal half swallowed, the snake got rattled and tried to disgorge, but its incurved teeth held so firmly it could not let go. Always willing to help those in trouble, I put one foot on the snake's tail and, grabbing the hind legs of the toad, gave a mighty jerk, and soon had them separated.

Cheated out of its meal, the snake left in such a hurry that all I saw was a farewell wave of its tail as it vanished in the weeds. The toad sat for a moment as if dazed, and then, slowly blinking one eye at a time, puffed out its body to see if it was all there, and hopped away.

I could not begin to tell of half the interesting things we saw, and all the time we were learning things that we never could have found out from books.

Among the many things we learned on those Sunday-afternoon rambles, was to tell from the looks of the soil where Indian arrowheads, pieces of pottery, and the like, were probably to be found. We learned to name the oaks from the different acorns; we also learned to tell the age of young pines by counting the whorls of branches; and that not all the leaves on a sassafras tree were the same shape, and that lichen grew thicker on the north side of trees, and that certain colors attracted certain insects, and that a bee would not sting you if you held it in the hand without squeezing.

Sometimes in the fall we walked five miles to a neighboring mountain, not for the view but for the chestnuts that grew there; and we would wind up the feast with a dessert of long, fat honey locust beans.

THOSE wonderful Sunday afternoons spent in the woods with the children were about the happiest of my life, and I know we learned a great deal about God. We felt His presence in the breeze that set the pines to singing; we saw Him in the cloud shadows on distant hills; we heard His voice in the rumble of thunder; and the changing glories of the sunset seemed to bring Him right where we were standing. And when we saw the crimson and gold of autumn woods we knew that the Great Artist had been at work all around us, and that the colors on the brush were still damp. Though His name might not have been often on our lips, the thought of Him was ever in our hearts, and we felt near enough to have touched Him.

I had rather take a walk with a wide-awake child than with the wisest man that ever lived, for the questions a child asks bring out things that an older person would never think of. These delightful rambles were kept up until the youngest boy left for college; but none of us has forgotten them. Maybe you can realize what children (*Continued on page 74*)

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Does Your Mind Hit On All Its Cylinders?

An interview with Frederick B. Robinson, Ph. D., president of the College of the City of New York

Reported by M. K. Wisehart

AMONG the highly educated men that I know, one of the most interesting, and potentially one of the ablest, is the assistant telegraph editor of a certain metropolitan newspaper. A man of forty-five, with graying hair, he wears a green eye shade, and, in his shirt-sleeves, works under a powerful electric lamp at a desk in the city room.

Surrounded by newspapers and reference books, paste pot, shears, and heaps of those yellow sheets known as "flimsy," on which incoming press messages are typed, he is busy "pasting up." Perhaps he consults the atlas to ascertain the population of some small Mid-Western town whence a story has come; or he may go to the encyclopedia to discover the main agricultural crop in the vicinity of far-off Irkutsk in order to insert this information in a cablegram from Russia. That shapeless, almost meaningless jargon known as "cable-ese" in which foreign correspondents send messages to save telegraph tolls, he decodes and expands into the clean-cut English of the well-edited newspaper. With his heavy blue pencil he is continuously dressing up the brain product of some other man—never his own.

In all this he is excellent—quick, intelligent, accurate. He is master of his particular job in that ensemble of brains required to get out a daily newspaper. There are other ways in which he is exceedingly versatile. He is a linguist, having command of German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He is widely informed in European and domestic politics. If you want to know the reasons for the fluctuating value of the franc, the essence of the Einstein theory, or the basis of Bertrand Russell's philosophy, the assistant telegraph editor can accommodate you. He has a scholar's grasp of comparative religion; he will describe the debt of Christianity to the religions of the East in a way to fascinate you. In other fields the range of his information is astonishing. He has an encyclopædic mind.

Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, has been associated with that institution for more than twenty years. A great deal of his time has been devoted to lecturing and writing on economics, business education, and vocational training—subjects to which he has given special study

SUPPOSE you were to inquire among this man's associates as to whether or not he is truly educated. Some would readily answer in the affirmative. Others might hesitate. They would speak of the wide range of his information, of his university degrees, of his charm. But all the while they would have a vague mental reservation. "After all," they would be thinking, "what has he *done* with all he knows?" They would have in mind the fact that he is an able writer who does not write, a philosopher who contributes nothing to philosophy. He is lashed to a job that doesn't call forth a quarter of his capacity for service.

The question I raise in connection with this man is: If he isn't truly educated, wherein does he lack? In what sense *is* he educated? In what sense is he *not?*

A graduate of an American university, a Rhodes scholar and a graduate of Oxford, he went into newspaper work years ago with the ambition to become a "publicist." Owing to the scope of his information he was very soon found available for the telegraph desk. From there he planned to launch out into what is sometimes called the higher journalism. He wrote some literary criticism, some political essays, an article or two, and translated a book from the French.

But no particular recognition came of this, and he was easily discouraged. He had in mind two American historical characters whose biographies he was going to write; but one day a publisher told him that biography was just then a drug on the market. This dampened his enthusiasm. He began to talk as though there were something about the practical requirements of the higher journalism that "cramped his style." Gradually, his efforts ceased. He relaxed into a job that was a kind of easy street for him, and the years have slipped by.

That is his story. He is no nearer being a publicist than on the day he took up newspaper work. He still has that capacious mind; he is as witty as ever, as penetrating in his repartee. But he has the uncomfortable, dissatisfied feelings of a man who senses the fact that his job is too small for him.

He says that his career has been "short-circuited," and he seems to think that it is due to circumstances beyond his control. But I don't agree with him in this.

Somewhere, during his early education, whether in the home, or in the school, he was not trained to persist in objectives near the top of his capacity. He learned quickly and retained easily; but he was not forced to apply himself to original problems just within his full power to achieve. He was not sufficiently required

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to *complete* difficult jobs; his victories were too easy and his dreams were his joy.

In his case the fault lay not in the world or its works. There was no conspiracy against assistant telegraph editors. The fault was in his own character. He lacked will, perseverance, courage.

His case is sad, but not nearly so sad as that of a man of low mental capacity who has not developed the power to live up to the small potential that he has. Such men are our tramps and loafers. Properly trained, they could discharge simple duties and lead relatively useful and happy lives. It is no crime to self or society to be a man of small capacity, but it *is* a grave fault to slacken and fall far below that capacity, no matter what it may be.

NOW, the truly educated man is never a quitter; he performs consistently, and he never stops improving his capacity to perform.

Here on my desk is a memorandum pad five by three inches in size. On it are the names of six Americans: Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Thomas Edison, Michael Pupin. In my opinion, they are representatives of the truly educated men of all ages. Franklin is perhaps the *ideal* type. The first three that I mention were statesmen, the next a captain of industry, the fifth an inventor, and the last a scientist who *became* a great inventor, and who is now broadening out in the field of philosophy. Differing in their pursuits and achievements and in the time in which they lived, in what respects do they resemble one another? What characteristics have they in common?

It seems to me that I can detect at least *three* ways in which these men resemble one another. I think that the three traits they all had are so fundamental that any man to be classed as *truly educated* should possess them up to the limit of his own capacity.

1. It is characteristic of the truly educated man that he persists in training his practical abilities and technical skill, until they are on a level with the requirements of the vocation to which he aspires.

2. He has a thorough knowledge of a considerable number of inter-related subjects and a certain point of view that is characteristic of broad cultivation.

3. He is actively interested in performing to the best of his ability each task he undertakes, and of making his own best contribution to the good of mankind.

It is in the light of the first and third characteristics that I regard the assistant telegraph editor as an inadequately educated man. The essential thing about him is that he quit before he had really begun to acquire the abilities necessary for successful performance in the vocation that would have satisfied his ambitions.

At this moment you may be thinking, "But perhaps he didn't have the capacity for the higher calling. Franklin, Lincoln, Edison—they were men of extraordinary capacity!"

My answer to that is: All of the six men I have mentioned were born with high capacities. But they worked, and kept on working as though they had great handicaps to overcome. No one can say how commonplace their achievements might have been had they not persisted in training themselves for what they wanted to do.

In regard to our education in a practical sense, each of us must try to decide for himself what his capacity really is. To reach our greatest heights, we must seek the right books, tasks and men to teach us to perform at our best, and we must not quit. It is my observation that few men fail in their true aims for want of natural abilities; but many fail for want of persistence in developing them. Some quit when they find themselves in easy berths, and others when the going gets rough. In either case, the result is the same: *The quitter never wins, because he has already lost.*

Presently I shall have something to say about the methods that are most likely to be of use to anyone seeking to complete his education. But first I want to speak of what I have named as the second great characteristic of the truly educated man. This has to do with what he knows, but more particularly with his point of view, which is the result of the breadth of his knowledge. In this second respect our newspaper man should be marked high.

It is true that the very nature of newspaper work is broadening. In the daily routine the whole gamut of human life and thought is touched. Items of history, of travel, of science, of letters, of arts and of politics, past and present, present themselves. But men in other callings often find their occupations narrowing rather than broadening.

I HAVE in mind the images of two men: one is letting himself down from a ladder on the side of a building. He is a sign painter and he has just completed a picture of an attractive young woman looking through an automobile tire. He walks across the street to look at the "ad" from a proper distance. The job is reasonably good and he is satisfied.

On questioning him I learn that he is supplied with a card on which appears a small picture of the great display. It is laid out in squares by someone in the big office, and he is required to reproduce the picture on a larger scale, using the proper colors as indicated on the model. He knows very little about the colors or why they were selected. He uses what is issued to him and, having (*Continued on page 67*)

If You Ask Me:

A straight line is still the shortest distance between two points

I HAVE never shot birds on the wing. But many of my friends have. And some of them are marksmen of no mean repute. One and all, they assure me that you will never fill your game bag by firing broadside into a flock. "You must always pick out one bird and 'pickle' it," declared my dentist, a noted Nimrod, as he did things last week to a menacing molar of mine.

I thought of that remark this morning as I read these words in President Robinson's wise article that begins on the opposite page: "Do not scatter. We do not become educated by *gambling* in knowledge. There is no sense in reading widely on the *chance* that this information may be useful to you some day, or that it may possibly shape up in coherent form."

"We do not become educated by gambling in knowledge." A pithy and pointed sentence. It should be printed in gold on a silver background and nailed to the footboard of his bed by every human being who reads purposelessly, thinks purposelessly, lives purposelessly. To-day, as always, the plums of life are being picked by men who know exactly what they want and have charted the straightest and shortest way to get it. Watch them and you will see that they seldom allow the Highway Department of Life to post "detour" signs on their roads. And they leave no footprints on by-paths.

"The trouble with many folks," a famous industrial engineer once said to me, "is that they spend too much time 'packing trunks' they can't take with them—and that would contain few useful things if they did."

After all, isn't that the explanation of the triumph of concentration over diffusion?

Merle Crowell

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Life On Mars Is Almost Certain!

Conditions there are similar to those on the earth, says Professor William H. Pickering, a distinguished astronomer; vegetable life is fairly assured, and there is good evidence of intelligent animal life—Astronomers know a lot about Mars, and they have seen some mighty curious things through their telescopes

By George W. Gray

MORE than two hundred years ago, Jonathan Swift published "Gulliver's Travels." In this book he described an imaginary land where the traveler found in use telescopes of extraordinary power. So powerful were these instruments, wrote Swift, that they revealed two moons revolving around the mysterious planet Mars, one in twenty-one and a half hours and the other in only ten hours.

There were many patronizing chuckles at Swift's extravagant fiction, for Mars was known to have no satellites. Was it not called "the moonless Mars"? Moreover, it takes our moon twenty-nine days to complete its journey around the earth. For Swift to imagine a Martian moon traveling its orbit in ten hours was simply to advertise his ignorance.

This was in 1726. On the night of August 11th, 1877, an American astronomer, Professor Asaph Hall, turned the great telescope of the Naval Observatory in Washington on the red planet. He saw a small, faint object near Mars. The next few nights were cloudy, but on the sixteenth the sky was clear, and there again was the small, faint object. It was traveling along with Mars, and there could no longer be any doubt that it was a moon. The astronomer continued his search, and on the following night discovered a second moon.

Thus the science of 1877 verified the fiction of 1726.

The astronomer not only proved the existence of the two Martian moons, but he showed that their periods of revolution were not far from those imagined by the author of "Gulliver's Travels." He computed their orbits, and found that the outer satellite revolved in thirty hours and eighteen minutes, the inner one in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes—periods that are amazingly near Swift's guess.

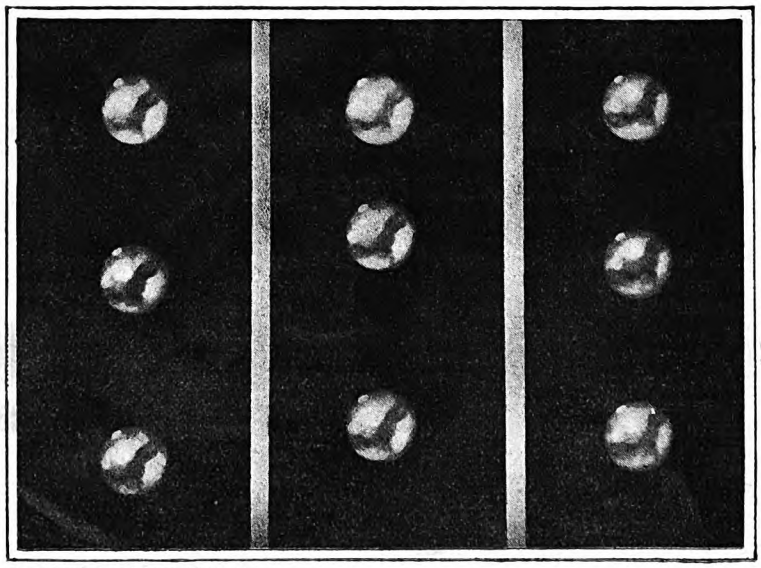
I mention this bit of history as a caution against cocksure skepticism. Perhaps no subject in astronomy has been the focus of more guesses, theories, criticism, ridicule, and controversy among the learned, than this small red planet which the ancients named in honor of their war god, Mars.

AND why? Why should Mars attract so much attention and inspire so much discussion? It is not our nearest planetary neighbor—Venus comes closer to the earth by several million miles. It is not one of the large bodies of the solar system. On the contrary, Mars has little more than one half the diameter of the earth, and is—next to Mercury—the smallest planet. To the mighty Jupiter, or the almost as massive Saturn, Mars would be but a dependent moon.

But there is this to say for Mars—it is the only planet accommodating enough to give us a good look at itself. The others are wrapped in clouds, or they are in a molten state, or so near the sun or so far from it that their surface features are lost. Mars alone we can see in detail, and, so far as we have been able to find out, it is the planet whose conditions *seem* most like those existing on our earth.

Does this mean—life on Mars?—people on Mars?—cities and homes and industries?—civilization? Does it mean that our earth is not unique among the stars; but that here on this neighboring globe is another living world?

Perhaps no question is asked astronomers by the public so often as the query: Is Mars inhabited by intelligent beings? Every twenty-six months, on the average, Mars approaches the earth in its circuit of the sun, and at each one of these "oppositions," newspapers and other periodicals reflect popular interest by publishing articles on the subject. The competition for news of Mars is so great, and the twists which reporters have given to the speculations of astronomers are so fantastic, that many scientific men have become inclined to shy at all questions regarding Mars.



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM YERKES OBSERVATORY

This picture combines three groups of photographs of Mars taken at intervals of a few seconds; but the vertical group in the middle was taken one hour after the group on the right, and twenty-two minutes before the group on the left. Careful examination will show the rotation of the planet during the time consumed. As the images are inverted, the south polar cap, probably of snow, is visible near the top of each image. A magnifying lens was placed in front of the photographic plate

AT THE opposition of 1926, the director of an American observatory received a request from the editor of a metropolitan newspaper asking for an article discussing the probability of Mars being inhabited. Three hundred words were permitted. The astronomer answered: "Three hundred words unnecessary. Three are enough: No one knows."

H. G. Wells, in "The War of the Worlds," his imaginative account of an invasion of our earth by inhabitants from Mars, describes a Martian as a perfected brain-man—mostly head, with sensitive hands and highly acute organs of sense. George du Maurier, in his novel, "The Martian," imag-

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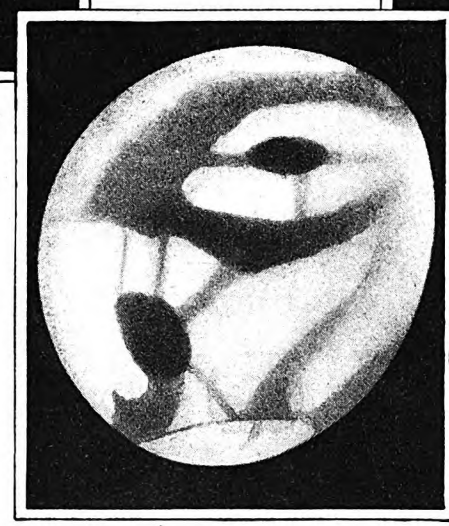
(Above) A drawing of Mars showing, to the left and just above the center, the pear-shaped desert Thaumasia with its "eye" (the dark spot in the center of the desert). The planet is shown upside down, as it would appear in a telescope. Most of the dark areas, which are believed to denote vegetation, are in the southern (upper) half of the picture. The northern (lower) hemisphere is supposed to be bleak desert plateaus

(Below) Another drawing of Mars, showing Solis Lacus, the "Eye of Mars," at the center of the pear-shaped desert, Thaumasia, in the upper part of the picture. The dark oval in the lower left side of the picture is Lunæ, presumably another area of vegetation. Two hours before this picture was made there was only one canal extending upward from Lunæ. The doubling is believed to be the result of wind-blown showers



DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR PICKERING

(Above) The curved path on the left in this drawing of Mars is the "canal" Hellespontis. Professor Pickering believes it to be the track of a great rainstorm, coursing across deserts and fertile lands for thousands of miles. The dark strip in which it ends is Sabæus, supposed to be a rich region of Martian vegetation. Drawings are used because photographs of Mars are too small to enlarge without serious loss of detail

ines inhabitants of our neighbor planet as endowed with extraordinary psychical powers, through which they are able to influence and even direct the activities of people on the earth. It is not impossible—who can say?—that some scientist a hundred years from now may do for Wells or du Maurier what Asaph Hall did for Jonathan Swift—verify his guess.

Meanwhile, Mars continues to swing along its path around the sun; it continues to show us periodically its melting polar snow caps, its revolving globe with curious markings of light and shade, and those mysterious straight lines called "canals," which suggest artificial construction, and so, by implication, the existence of intelligent Martians.

THE statement made by the observatory director is strictly true: no one knows whether Mars is inhabited or not. But the whole surface of Mars has been mapped, and every visible feature charted and named. No other planet has been the object of so much study. One large American observatory, the Lowell Observatory, in Arizona, was built with Mars as its primary interest, and richly endowed by its founder, a brother of the president of Harvard University, to keep up this study in perpetuity.

Hundreds of trained observers in all parts of the world have studied Mars since that fruitful year, 1877, when the two moons were discovered and the "canals" mapped. What have these observers learned?

"They have learned a great deal," answered Professor William H. Pickering, the American astronomer who has devoted a lifetime of study to the Martian riddle. Professor Pickering's private observatory at Mandeville, on the island of Jamaica in the Caribbean Sea, is headquarters for the Associated Observers of Mars, an international organization of professional and amateur astronomers.

At each opposition these observers make drawings and notes of what they see, and forward their reports to Professor Pickering. He compares their observations with all other available reports, tabulates the results, and carefully summarizes the data in a series of periodical reports, which are published in the astronomical journal, "Popular Astronomy."

When I visited Professor Pickering in Mandeville, he was just completing his fortieth report on Mars. The opposition in 1928 will make the ninth consecutive approach of the planet which Pickering has personally observed and reported, and with this opposition he will have studied the entire cycle of the Martian year.

"Yes, observers have gradually accumulated a great many specific facts about Mars," said Professor Pickering. "And some of the most important discoveries have come within the past four years, at the oppositions of 1924 and 1926, when sensitive instruments were used to measure the Martian temperature and to photograph the planet.

"Mars travels an orbit or path around the sun which is outside the earth's orbit. The two planets are like two celestial racehorses racing around a gigantic course, with the sun near the approximate center, Mars being the outside horse and the earth the inside one. Both travel in the same direction; but as Mars's path is longer than ours—nearly twice the distance—the earth is continually overtaking and passing Mars. The date when we pass and are exactly abreast is called the 'opposition,' because then Mars is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun, and the three bodies are approximately in a straight line. During opposition, Mars rises just as the sun sets, is visible all night, like the full moon, and sets in the west at daybreak.

"Not only is the orbit of Mars larger than that of the earth, but it is more eccentric, or oval. The result of these differences is that the times and positions of opposition vary. When an opposition occurs in February we are about 62,000,000 miles from Mars, but when it occurs in August we approach within 35,000,000 miles and sometimes nearer. The next opposition, which will be in 1928, falls in December, when the earth will be within 50,000,000 miles of Mars."

IN GENERAL, a near, or August, opposition occurs about every fifteen years. It has been computed mathematically that the nearest approach of Mars and the earth occurred 47,000 years ago, when they were only 33,883,000 miles apart, and that this will occur again in the year 278,224, A. D.

"The nearest opposition within the past hundred years was in August, 1924," said Professor Pickering, "when Mars and the earth were 34,637,000 miles apart. In October, 1926, we were not so near—the distance was 43,000,000 miles—but the position of Mars in the sky was more favorable for seeing in the northern hemisphere, where the majority of observatories are located. Perhaps more astronomers (*Continued on page 78*)

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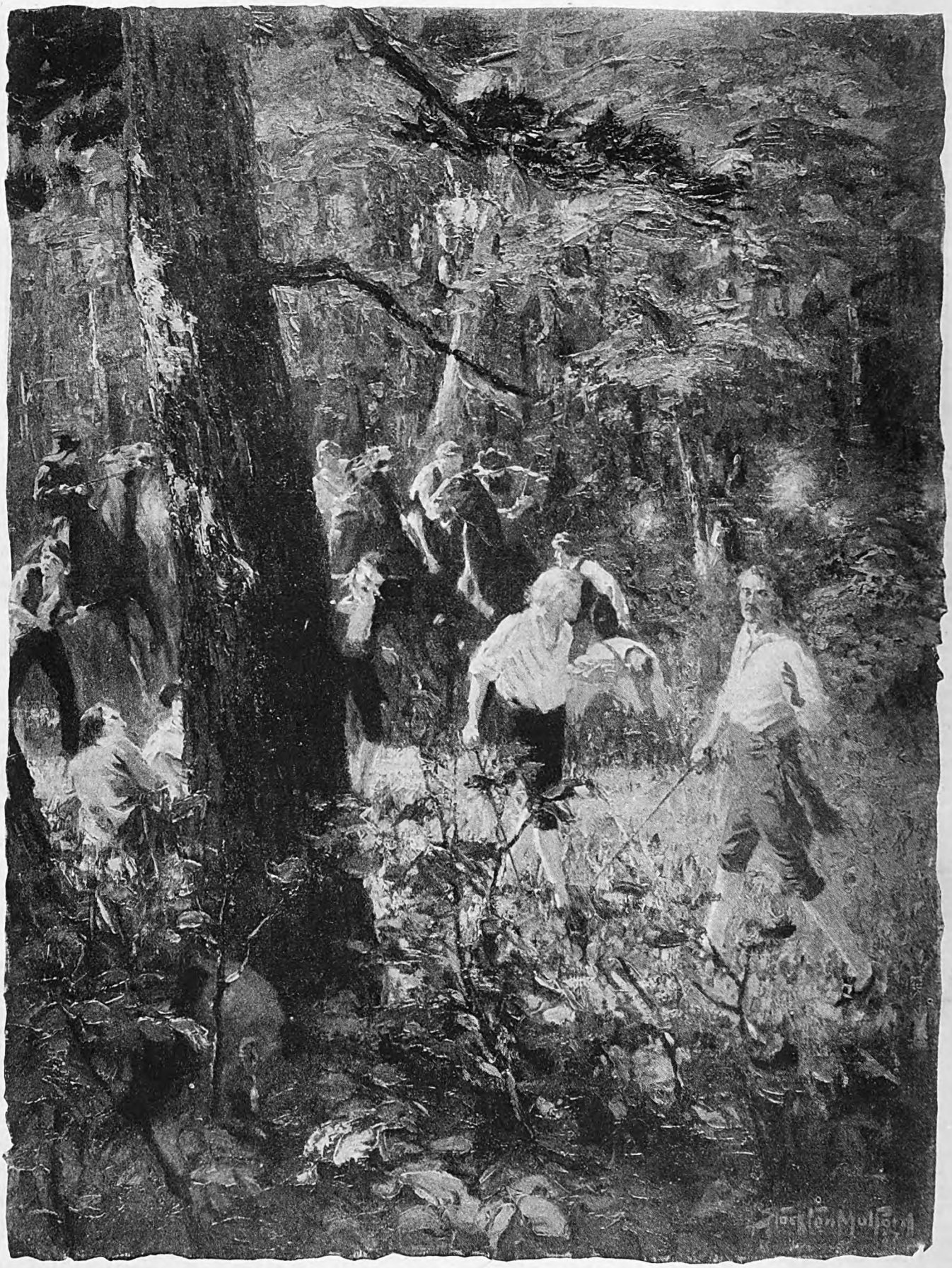

It was as though the forest itself had gone suddenly mad, for, though jets of flame and puffs of smoke were visible amid the trees, no foeman showed himself

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War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

Synopsis of the Four Preceding Instalments

To find her lover, Gilbert Barradell, the lovely Jolie Stanwicke left her mother's people in England and journeyed to her father's house in Old Charles Town. She found in this New World not her lover, who had vanished into the wilderness, but such dangers and intrigues and romance as she had not dreamed existed. Her father, Lord Stanwicke, was in the power of Captain Lance Falcon—villain, pirate, and ally of the Spaniards against the English. And Falcon demanded Jolie's hand. In her distress, Jolie turned to Almayne, a wise old hunter and fighter, for help in her search for Barradell. But it was not Almayne who helped her. Young Lachlan McDonald—Indian, Scotchman, Frenchman, Prince of the Muskogee Empire and Chief of the Family of the Wind—saw Jolie in Lord Stanwicke's garden and vowed not to go back to his father's kingdom until he had found her lover for her.

At risk of his life he uncovered Falcon's schemes, learned that Barradell was alive, prisoner in "Chief Concha's town." This news he carried to Jolie—and in the midst of telling her, was kidnapped by Falcon's men, carried off on his brig, the "Good Fortune," and shipwrecked. He and Falcon were rescued, and Lachlan returned to Charles Town, to find from Almayne that Jolie's father had carried her off, virtually a prisoner, to his country estate. They followed, found Jolie in the midst of a scene with her father, who was threatening her with violence, gagged and bound Lord Stanwicke, and took Jolie off on horseback to join a pack train headed for Lachlan's home. This train was led by Jock and Meg Pearson, and with it traveled Lachlan's old tutor, Francis O'Sullivan, and Lachlan's warriors, Striking Hawk and Little Mink.

It was a strange world to Jolie; but Meg took charge of her, dressed her in buckskin, and they pushed ahead.

And then came the signal of danger from the path behind them. Lachlan turned to Jolie:

"Mam'selle," he said, "we will go now—you and Almayne and I. It was the signal agreed upon with Striking Hawk. It means that pursuers from Charles Town are coming. Ready, Mam'selle? Then—ride!"

MR. FRANCIS O'SULLIVAN lounged upon his mule and chirped a foolish song. When his mind was serene, he loved the stately stanzas of the austere Greeks. In moments of anxiety, his tongue, without direction from his brain, warbled of lighter themes. Care bestrode him now—for he sang of love:

"Oh, a Princess walked in the hawthorne lane;
Bright was her hair as the Mogul's gold.
And he saw it shine like the sun through rain,
And he could not know that her eyes were cold.

"So he said to his sword: 'There is none so fair
From the Uttermost Snows to the Happy Isles;'
And he swore: 'By God, I will kiss her hair!'
And he prayed: 'Lord, blind me not when she smiles.'"

Jock Pearson, riding on the little man's right, scowled as though he found the tune distasteful; and Meg Pearson, riding just behind him, a long-stemmed black pipe clenched in her teeth, suddenly ripped out a most emphatic exclamation.

"What ails you, Ugly Meg?" he inquired mildly. "Do you swear at my singing? For my part, I swear *by* it."

"A plague on your singin'!" Meg answered harshly. "They're comin'. I hear their hoof beats."

Mr. O'Sullivan's smile lost something of its good humor.

"I'm disappointed," he said; "I had begun to hope that our fears were unfounded, after all. Well, our friends have a good start. Hast any plans, Jock?"

The big trader shook his head. "Only to help Almayne all we can without runnin' ourselves into hot water," he answered gruffly.

"H'm," said Mr. O'Sullivan thoughtfully. "And suppose you let me do the talking, Jock of the bear's voice. I've a good lying tongue in my head, and the less you say the less likely you'll get in trouble."

Jock grumbled something in the depths of his beard, but Meg said quickly, "Talk if you want to, Mr. O'Sullivan. When somethin's goin' to happen, I gets a little narvous and forgets my breedin'."

"I'm a little nervous myself, Mistress Pearson," O'Sullivan said coolly, and went back to humming his tune. Ugly Meg glanced at him sharply, threw back her head, and laughed.

"Well, what now, my lovely Bird of Paradise?" asked O'Sullivan testily.

"I was only thinkin'," she said, her corrugated sun-tanned face a little redder than usual, "what a comical sight you are, a-settin' on that-ar mule with that-ar sword a-danglin' by your side."

Mr. O'Sullivan seemed not to hear her. He appeared to be deep in thought, but in reality he was listening—listening to the hoof beats, which he too now heard. Yet he would not turn his head. He sat very erect upon his jogging mule, his uncovered white hair gleaming in the sun, his small bright-blue eyes very blue in his round, smooth, pink countenance. As always, he wore a white shirt, open at the neck, and black knee trousers with silver buckles. One hand, in which he carried a light hickory switch, lay upon the pommel of his saddle; the other rested on the hilt of his slender rapier.

Suddenly he seemed to waken from his absorption.

"My sword, eh," he muttered absently. "What's comical about my sword? Why—"

A shout interrupted him. A packhorse driver was pointing behind him with his whip.

Around a bend of the Path behind the pack train, a group of riders was approaching at a gallop. There were five men in all, a tall man on a big black horse leading them.

O'Sullivan sat on his mule, watching them keenly.

"The tall, wide one's Lance Falcon," he said quietly. "Jock, d'ye know the others?"

Pearson shook his head. "Can't tell yit," he answered. "Except the tall one, they ride like sailors."

Mr. O'Sullivan grinned.

"That's what they are," he muttered. "Falcon's brought his own men with him. Probably the Governor was too slow in moving, and he's taken matters into his own hands. Well, well, luck's with us. Come!"

He clucked to his mule and, followed by Jock and Mistress Pearson, rode to the rear of the pack train.

"We'll meet 'em here," he said. "Mind now, I do the parleying."

LANCE FALCON, booted and spurred, the long red feather in his hat matching his broad red sash, reined in before the group, his men close behind him.

"Give you good day, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "It grieves me to see that those who were with you are no longer of your company."

Mr. O'Sullivan blinked for a moment, uncomprehendingly. Then he turned to Jock Pearson.

"This man," he said distinctly, in his bird-like treble, jerking his thumb toward Falcon, "is evidently very drunk!"

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Falcon started violently, stared at O'Sullivan, then smiled.

"Your pardon, sir," he said. "I am very sober, and I am in haste."

O'Sullivan calmly returned the stare, then spoke again to Jock.

"If he is not drunk," he chirped, "then he is a boor. He has not the courtesy to uncover before a lady."

Falcon's hand, resting on his sword hilt, tightened; but his smile was broader than before. His eyes darted quickly from one to another of the three, and with a flourish he swept off his wide hat with its red feather.

"A thousand apologies!" he cried, bowing low to Meg. "In my haste I took the lady to be a man. I pray you overlook the error."

His smile vanished suddenly.

"You are Jock Pearson?" he asked, addressing the trader.

Jock nodded.

"It will be well for you, then, to answer my questions truthfully. I come with the Governor's authority. A young lady, Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, together with Mr. Lachlan McDonald and a hunter named Almayne, joined your party one day's march from Charles Town. Where are they now?"

"May I ask," said Mr. O'Sullivan meekly, "to see the Governor's warrant?"

Falcon whirled on him fiercely.

"And may I ask you, sir," he thundered, "to hold your tongue?"

The small blue eyes in Mr. O'Sullivan's pink face blinked rapidly. He stroked the point of his chin with a chubby white hand.

"I think, sir," he said cheerfully, "that by using my tongue I may save Your Honor considerable fruitless effort. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that up to half an hour ago Mistress Jolie Stanwicke and her two companions were riding in our company. Let us suppose that they learned of your approach and decided to give you the slip. Let us suppose, finally, that they left us forthwith, not even pausing to say good-by.

"A few miles ahead of us, I am informed, are the great swamps and canebrakes of the Santee. By now, if all I have supposed is true, Mistress Jolie Stanwicke and her companions are in the Santee canebrakes. And by now I think it has dawned upon you, my black-browed, evil-eyed fellow, that you have played the part of a most lamentable ass!"

Falcon's full-blooded, sun-tanned face had turned a purple-red; under his mustache his white teeth gleamed; there was murder in his eyes. But O'Sullivan continued, unabashed.

"Gentle and courteous sir," he said, in tones of utmost humility, "by your gracious leave, I will put the case before you: The Governor was a little slow to act, so, with your own men, you galloped out of Charles Town to run Mistress Jolie Stanwicke down.

"There was a thing or two that you forgot, I'm thinking. You and your men are seamen, and seamen are grand upon the sea. But what I don't understand, Your Honor, and what you don't understand, Your Honor, is this: How are your seamen going to track Mistress Jolie Stanwicke in the canebrakes of the Santee, and she in charge of James Almayne, the best woodsman in Carolina?"

Mr. O'Sullivan smiled a beatific smile, the smile of a pink-cheeked, snowy-haired cherub.

"Faith, most superfluous sir," he said, "we were worried a while ago, thinking that surely you had with you some man of the woods who could follow a wilderness trail, and maybe match wits with Almayne. Yes, my thick-skulled captain, you gave me a scare, for I had understood that you had a brain. But my mind's easy now, and there's a singing in my heart. Good day, sir, and may the snakes of the Santee canebrakes sharpen their fangs on your hide"

FOR some moments Captain Falcon sat his horse in silence. He sat frowning, his arms folded, his head sunk forward a little, his eyes fixed upon Mr. O'Sullivan. The veins bulged in his forehead, yet his voice was calm.

"I take it," he said, "that you are Mr. Francis O'Sullivan, the pedagogue."

Mr. O'Sullivan bowed. "The same, sir," he replied sweetly. "And you are Captain Lance Falcon, the pirate who will some day be hanged."

A slow smile replaced Falcon's frown. "Mr. O'Sullivan," said he, "you have given me much pleasure."

Again the little man on the mule inclined his head. "Sure, and 'twould be discourteous," he replied, "not to return the compliment. It has been a real joy to me to learn that mine enemy is a fool."

Falcon's smile broadened. "Most of what you have said," he remarked quietly, "is true. Most true of all is it that I proved myself foolish when I lost patience with the Governor and set out on this quest without a woodsman to guide me. I had hoped to overtake my quarry on the road, and bag the bird before it could escape into the woods. Yet I am not quite the simpleton that you have supposed me, Mr. O'Sullivan. The Governor's men are but an hour or two behind me, and when they come up, we shall try to match wits with your friend Almayne."

Mr. O'Sullivan

He got himself on the horse's back, and by some miracle no missile touched him as the pony raced away up the Path

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leaned forward on his mule. His right hand moved with amazing swiftness, and the hickory switch that he held in it thrashed across Falcon's cheek.

"You lie, Lance Falcon!" he said distinctly, in his high, thin voice of a bird.

It was a stinging blow. It left a white welt on the dark tan of Falcon's face. Yet the man did not move an inch, did not even lift his hand.

The hickory switch that O'Sullivan held thrashed across Falcon's cheek. "You lie, Lance Falcon!" he said

"Eh, well!" he cried. He turned to his men behind him and to the pack drivers standing near by.

"You are all witnesses?" he asked. "You saw the blow?"

A dozen heads nodded. Falcon turned again to the little man on the mule.

"Of course, Mr. O'Sullivan," he said, "your design has been entirely plain from the beginning. You wished to make a quarrel. I have understood that you have some reputation with the sword; in fact, that you make a pittance by teaching not only Greek and Latin but rapier play also. Well, I am not unwilling to have a lesson from so eminent a teacher, and perhaps in my clumsy way I may be able to instruct the pedagogue. 'Twill help pass the time until the Governor's men arrive."

With a tiger's litheness, which belied his bulk, he leaped from his horse. In an instant, O'Sullivan too was on his feet.

"The ground is firm here," Falcon continued coolly, "and the trees do not hedge us in too closely. There is room for some pretty play, do you not think?"

"And the road is open behind you," replied O'Sullivan; "so that when the fear of God comes upon you, your long legs may beat a rub-a-dub-dub back to town!"

Again Falcon's white teeth gleamed under his mustache.

"Tut, tut, my little pepper-pot," he chided, "you are overdoing it now. I see that I can instruct the pedagogue in gentlemanly courtesy."

Deliberately he removed his coat, handed it to one of his men, rolled back the sleeve of his white shirt, exposing his powerful forearm, dark brown with the suns of many seas.

He drew his sword with a flourish and, lowering the point, turned to Meg Pearson.

"Permit me, Madam," he said, bowing, "to reassure the timorous heart which must needs dwell with so fair a face. I shall not kill our little pedagogue. To do so might put me to some bother in Charles Town. I shall make a hole in his right arm above the elbow, and I think that within the next quarter of an hour he will lose a part of his left ear."

"Ugly Meg," chirped Mr. O'Sullivan, "if you don't want to see this long-winded, most cursed pirate sent to hell, you can just ride up the road a little piece and smoke your pipe!"

ON THE white sleeve of Mr. O'Sullivan's shirt above the elbow there was a spot of red no bigger than the end of a man's thumb. Meg Pearson, sitting bolt upright on her horse, her pipe clenched between her teeth, watched that spot with wide, staring eyes. It grew no larger, and presently Meg knew that O'Sullivan's right arm had been pricked, but that Falcon's sword point had not yet made the hole which he had promised to make in that arm.

Her gaze shifted to another spot of red. This spot, too, was small; the tip of her finger would have covered it. It was on the front of Falcon's shirt above the right lung. Another pin prick, Meg knew; but O'Sullivan's promise, also, had come close to fulfillment.

There were times when Meg could not see the swords, so swiftly did they move. They were like the tongues of snakes, and sometimes, as they slid along each other, they gave forth a sound like the hissing of serpents.

There was no sound except the sound of the swords, which was sometimes that hissing of angry snakes, and sometimes a deadly rasping which was like no other sound in the world. Around the two swordsmen, Jock Pearson's pack-horse drivers and Lance Falcon's followers formed (*Continued on page 102*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

Mrs. Major's Stock Company Plays to "Children Only"

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD STEIN, FOTO TOPICS, N. Y.

CLARE TREE MAJOR is the founder and director of the Children's Saturday Morning Theatre, the only stock company in the world which plays exclusively to juvenile audiences. For the past four years, she and her troupe of seventeen members have played to regular engagements in New York and nearby suburban towns.

"Children are at once the most responsive and the most exacting of audiences," said Mrs. Major when I talked to her in the New York studio where her productions are rehearsed and costumed. "They are responsive because they are spilling over with the spirit of play, which makes it natural for them to enter heartily into a performance.

"Adults often come to the theatre with a sort of I-dare-you-to-entertain-me attitude. Youngsters never do. In imagination at least, they are on the stage, taking part in what is going on. Sometimes they forget entirely that they are spectators, and actually take a hand in the show by calling out excited suggestions to a favorite character who is in a tight place.

"I said that children are exacting. This is because no actor who gives a half-hearted performance can get by with them. And the amusing part of it is, children are much less likely than adults to get the illusion of reality from what happens on the stage. To little folks, what takes place beyond the footlights is indeed a play—a gorgeous game in which everybody must do his share with whole-souled enthusiasm. For example, when I take the part of a witch, the children don't want to be convinced that I am really a witch. They simply want to feel that I'm *playing* for all I'm worth at being a witch.

"Another way in which children are an exacting audience is this: If an actress plays the part of a princess at the beginning of the season, she must act that rôle in every play in which there is a princess. The children will not stand for a substitute. I don't know why this is; but it is a fact which we have to respect.

MISHKIN STUDIO, N. Y.

"People are often surprised when they learn that our company is composed almost entirely of adults," Mrs. Major went on. "I have to remind them that nearly all fairy tales and stories for children have only adult characters—the handsome Prince, the beautiful Princess, the cruel Stepmother, the wicked Magician, and so on. When children play among themselves, nobody wants to be a little boy or a little girl. Instead, everybody wants to play at being grown up.

"Children have the finest sense of justice in the world. They demand that truth and goodness triumph. And although they are generous with pity where it is deserved, they are inexorable when it comes to meting out punishment to the wicked."

Mrs. Major was born to the theatre. She is descended from the famous Tree family, for many generations conspicuous in the annals of the English stage. One of her great-aunts was Mrs. Charles Keane, a noted star of Queen Victoria's day.

Clare Tree Major grew up in her native England. She had acted on the London stage for several years before she came to America in 1914 to put on a big municipal pageant in Houston, Texas. Her chore in Texas done, she returned to New York. While waiting for a Broadway engagement, she became interested in founding a school of the theatre. Several of Mrs. Major's students are now starring in New York.

About five years ago, she conceived the idea of starting a children's theatre. She at once set

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD STEIN, FOTO TOPICS, N. Y.

Clare Tree Major (in oval) heads the Children's Saturday Morning Theatre, which is busy from November to May playing engagements in New York and nearby suburban towns. The two scenes are from "Cinderella," a general favorite with children of all ages

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about putting her idea into practice. She struck her first snag when she discovered that acting for children requires a special technique. Her next step was to train a group of promising young actors according to certain theories which she thoroughly tested as she went along. The result was the present able company which she has been using in her productions for the past four years.

"We have never had very much money," she told me. "In fact, there have been times when all of us went without a pay envelope for several weeks on end and did most of our eating when we were invited out. I have never seen in any organization a more wonderful spirit.

"As you know, an actor is a highly specialized type of worker, but in my company, the leading man is handy with a hammer, and he can set up scenery so fast that it would make you dizzy. One of my boys, a young fellow who plays the prince, drives the truck in which we cart our costumes and special scenery from town to town. Our mistress of the wardrobe is not above mending wigs and making over costumes.

"From the first of November to the first of May, we give a performance in New York every Saturday morning. Our afternoon performances are divided among the suburban towns of New Jersey and Westchester County, New York. By December, when the season is in full swing, we are booked up for practically every afternoon except Sundays.

"Most of our plays are adapted from the classics. Anticipation does not spoil the play for children. In fact, they usually prefer to see something they are familiar with. We give six plays a season, and many of our patrons buy season tickets." MILDRED HARRINGTON

This Doctor Has Spent Half a Million Dollars for Butterflies

BUTTERFLIES have been the leading interest in the life of Dr. William Barnes, a broad-shouldered, athletic man despite his years. He has stored away in his own private museum, in Decatur, Illinois, one of the greatest collections of North American moths and butterflies in the world.

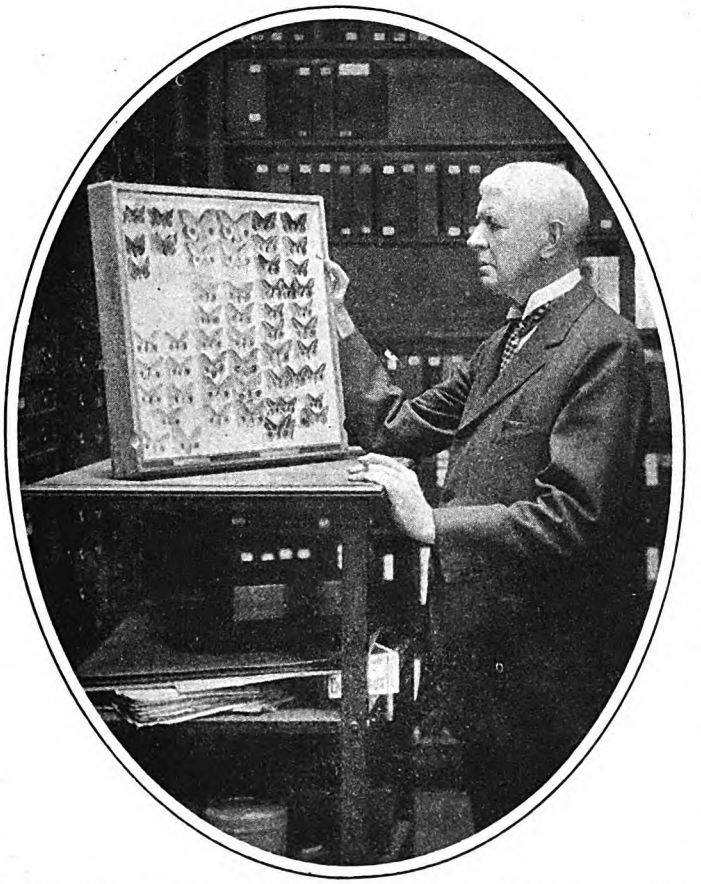
Doctor Barnes, who has also found time to become one of the leading surgeons of Central Illinois, has spent no small portion of the past fifty years of his life in gathering the specimens that fill his fireproof, stormproof museum from floor to ceiling. There is not a state in the country nor a province of Canada or Mexico that is unrepresented.

And while Doctor Barnes has gathered many of his specimens himself, he has also had numerous collectors working for him at one time and another. Nor can he place any definite figure on what his butterflies have cost him. It is somewhere between a half million and a million dollars.

Doctor Barnes formerly spent his vacations in search of butterflies in the Rockies. With a team of bronchos and guide, he spent whole weeks in the mountains, hoping for one day of wind and sun to dispel the cloud mists and reveal the rare trophies he sought. The work of a butterfly collector, according to him, is rather like that of a detective. The species is known, its markings, its habits, and the places where it is most likely to be found. With these clues, the chase takes on the character of a man-hunt.

Probably the earliest collectors who contributed to Doctor Barnes's museum were English explorers who pushed into the Northwest country and from thence into the Arctic wastes, in 1829. They were seeking a Northwest passage to India. Failing to find a short route to India's wealth, they brought back specimens of the insects, birds, and animals encountered.

The insects became a part of the collection of a French scientist, Oberthur. Doctor Barnes chanced to be in Europe at the time that the Oberthur collection was offered for sale. He hurried to the little French town in which Oberthur's heirs were auctioning off the collection and succeeded in acquiring for ten thousand dollars all the North American specimens. The Arctic specimens, a faint, iridescent green merging to pink, are among the dullest specimens in Doctor Barnes's collection.



For the past fifty years, Dr. William Barnes, a surgeon of Decatur, Illinois, has devoted his spare time to collecting butterflies and buying up the collections of others. He is shown in his fireproof butterfly museum, which contains nearly ten thousand specimens

There are other butterflies in the Barnes collection that have histories nearly as long.

There are three or four specimens—the only ones in the world—of a butterfly species that is now extinct. These specimens were caught in a swamp where now the city of San Francisco stands. When the swamp was drained in order that the city might be built, the butterflies disappeared.

But there are all kinds in the collection, nearly ten thousand different species, of which Doctor Barnes and his curators have named and identified for the first time nearly one thousand. Mounted and labeled, they are filed away in tightly sealed drawers, tier upon tier. There are even many brilliant tropical specimens, which he acquired through the purchase of whole collections.

At times Doctor Barnes has had from four to five collectors in the field working for him throughout the year. Expeditions have gone to Baffin's Bay and Labrador, up peaks two miles high, and into fever-infested swamps. Doctor Barnes has paid out to these collectors from $10,000 to $20,000 a year. They send their prizes back in cigar boxes, and in the museum the delicate process of mounting and preservation is begun. At times there have been as many as fifty collectors—specialists—contributing to the Barnes collection on a commission basis.

Once the Government became interested in the purchase of the Barnes collection for scientific purposes. A bill was introduced in Congress appropriating $310,000 for its purchase, and although it was defeated, a wealthy scientific foundation is working to the end that the collection will not be sold out of the country.

Butterflies have not been Doctor Barnes's only hobby. And in the interest that has come almost to usurp their place in his regard is seen the reason why he is willing to dispose of his collection.

This interest is the Decatur and Macon County Hospital which Doctor Barnes helped to establish. More money is needed

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for the hospital and he has promised the first hundred thousand dollars from the sale of his collection, to supplement his numerous other gifts.

Baseball is another of Doctor Barnes's interests. He was largely responsible for the building recently of a $50,000 stadium on Decatur's baseball field. Golf is still another hobby.

In between hobbies he has found time to practice his profession, raise a family, entertain distinguished visitors who have come to see his collection, and play an important part in the life of his city and state. Looking back, he remembers some of the leading men of his day at Harvard—Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Agassiz among others, the latter being the one who first fired him with a zeal to make a genuine contribution to the natural sciences.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

Frank Hallman Runs His Whole Town After Ten O'clock at Night

GAS? And a place to eat? Why, just drive down to the garage, next block, and ask for Mike; he's the cop. He'll fix you up."

Anybody who happens to stop in the old-fashioned village of Sellersville, Pennsylvania, after ten o'clock at night will get that answer to practically any inquiry or request he may make. Mike, whose right name is Frank Hallman, is chief of police and, because he is the only one, the "police force" in Sellersville.

Something more than a year ago, Sellersville, one of those quaint little Quaker towns which lie to the north of Philadelphia, decided it needed a police force. Especially did it want one at night. True, it was a long way from the roar of the big city—forty miles to Philadelphia—but it was on the heavily traveled Bethlehem Pike, a broad sheet of concrete along which hundreds of motor cars sped daily. The pike forms the Main Street of the village.

Now the quiet descendants of the early Quakers who settled here like nothing better than nocturnal silence. They close the shutters, put out the cat, wind up the clock, turn off the radio at ten P. M. and go to bed. Wrapped in the silence of a small town, they used to fall asleep very quickly.

But, alas, all this was now changing. The constant and ever-increasing stream of motorists smote upon the peaceful hours until it grew unbearable. Not only was there the constant rush and whirr of machines, but there were those intrepid drivers who, stopping and finding garage, restaurant and hotel closed, instead of passing on, honked their automobile horns and hammered at the doors to awaken the proprietor and obtain what they wanted. Slumber time in Sellersville became anything but a Quaker quiet. The councilors met, and decided to do something about it.

"What we need," said one, "is a constable to keep these people quiet."

But the mayor went still further. "The way to keep people quiet," he said, "is to give them what they want. We need a uniformed policeman, but one who is competent to sell the passers-by what they want to buy."

Citizens of Sellersville, Pennsylvania, couldn't sleep nights because of auto tourists clamoring for service. So they appointed Frank Hallman constable, giving him keys to the buildings and the job of supplying whatever is wanted, from a room to a gallon of gasolene

The mayor's idea was made law, and Frank Hallman got the job. He was duly sworn in as "chief," although the only person he commands is himself. A motorcycle was provided, he was equipped with a snappy uniform like those of the State Troopers—a heavy revolver and holster went with it—and, most unusual of all, he got a list of duties.

Thus, Hallman became night nurse to Sellersville. He was given keys to nearly every business establishment in the village, including the undertaker's parlor.

His brother, also known as "Mike," and who looks enough like Frank to be his twin, runs the village garage. Brother Frank has the keys to the place. Therefore—

"Ten gallons and some oil? Fix you up in a minute; just drive down to that next filling pump." And the village policeman lays down his night stick, unlocks the pump, fills the tank, takes the money, waves a genial good night to his customer, and continues patrolling the street.

The same goes for the two restaurants in Sellersville, the hotel, the grocery store, hardware, and bakery.

"I like to accommodate folks, and the townspeople like the trade," says Frank. "Besides, it breaks up the monotony of the night watch. Sure, and why shouldn't I take care of things? A few things I shy off—one guy asked me to take him to the dentist's one night. I told him I'd fill his gas tank and put him to bed, but I'd be darned if I'd pull his teeth at that hour. I did show him around to the doctor, though.

"One night a man and his family drove in. First, he just wanted a bite to eat; they had intended to make Philadelphia but he was too hungry and tired to drive farther, he said. When I fixed them all up with egg sandwiches and made a cup of tea, they decided they'd just stay here for the night. So I took them over to Bill's, opened up, had them register, showed them to their rooms, and took the money. Dad Fargo didn't know until the next morning he had four extra guests in the house."

Hallman weighs two hundred pounds, is forty-five years old, married, and has one daughter. Next to policing, he likes to work in the garden back of his home. He has plenty of time for this too, for he does not go on duty until late in the afternoon and is free again at six A. M.

Possessed of abundant good humor, he always has a ready "wise crack" for the gay visitor who stops to joke with him. But woe to the speeder who attempts to wreck the staid calm of Main Street after the curfew hour strikes; Hallman has proved several times that he rides a "mean" motorcycle. He is also an excellent shot.

As a rule, Hallman's beat is in the hotel-and-garage block, and there it is that everyone locates him. Although Sellersville has more than two thousand population, all know "Mike."

"Say, they wanted to run me for mayor one spring. Can you beat that?" he asked, looking up from filling a radiator. "There are enough nuts would have voted for me too, I guess," he added. "But, shucks, I meet lots more folks on this job. I'm going to stick to it."

CY PETERMAN

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Wallick Has a Truck Farm on Top of a Hotel

ONE morning, about three years ago, early pedestrians in the down-town section of Providence were startled to hear the shrill "cock-a-doodle-do" of a rooster, many times repeated.

Investigation revealed the noise-maker as a much disgruntled, disheveled, and highly indignant white rooster of the common barnyard variety. He was perched atop the four-story municipal building. How he got there was a puzzle until L. Duane Wallick, manager of the Providence-Biltmore Hotel, hearing of the strange escapade, went over to the city hall and claimed the bird.

Thus it was that Providence first learned of a project that has developed into what is perhaps the only aërial farm in the world. It was then less than a year-old experiment. Now, two years later, it is a venture that pays its own way and bids fair to be further enlarged in scope.

Hens, nearly one thousand of them; prize ducks, rabbits, monkeys, small fruits, and truck garden vegetables, not to mention an almost endless variety of flowers, are raised sixteen floors above the center of the business section in the second largest city in New England.

The hennery and, later, the garden, started as a fad, has developed into such a business that one man is always kept busy tending to it, and sometimes, in the summer, more than one man is so employed.

It all began when Carroll E. Tebbetts, chief engineer of the Biltmore, and Mr. Wallick got into the habit of going up to the roof to throw a medicine ball around. One day Mr. Tebbetts suggested raising chickens up there. Mr. Wallick told him to go ahead. Tebbetts got six hens and a rooster and started in to be a poultryman. The poultry thrived. He kept them well sheltered during the winter and the flock still prospered. In the spring, the number of chickens was increased and modern houses were installed. It was about this time that the rooster escaped.

The only way that incident has been explained by Mr. Wallick is that probably two roosters got to fighting, and when one of them rose in the air, flapping his wings, a gust of wind caught him, and lifted him over the protecting wall. Eventually the wind carried him across the street and down, to the roof of City Hall, twelve stories below.

The only other serious drawback to the venture was discovered about a year ago, when thirty prize Muscovy ducks, the pride of the aërial farm, flew away. One of the drakes discovered that he could use his wings and, within a minute after he had set a course for the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, the whole flock took wing after him. They were not recovered; but others took their places, and now the duck runs, like the hen runways, are covered.

Fresh eggs, not an hour old? Mr. Wallick is never afraid now to guarantee them at his table. Carrots, beets, onions, lettuce, radishes in season? He never hesitates to give his word that they will come right off the aërial farm, not five minutes from the kitchens. Fresh cut flowers? He raises enough on the roof to more than supply the needs of his hotel.

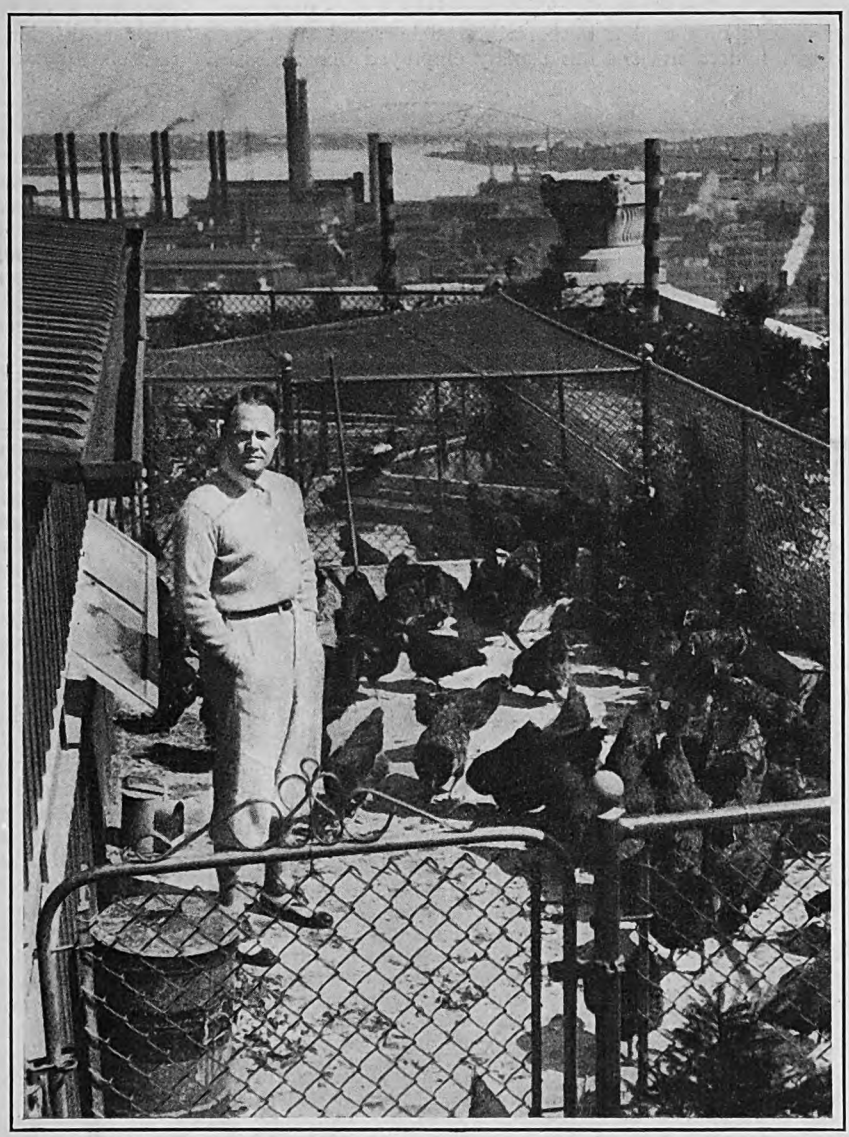
"Not a chicken on the place has ever set foot on the ground," says Mr. Wallick, pointing with evident pride to his flock, which now is housed in modern coops, and provided with covered cement runways.

"It has been said that hens won't thrive on cement," observes the owner, "but ours do. We give them plenty of scratch material and they are happy. Last winter my flock averaged more than eight dozen eggs a day."

"Up to three years ago," said Mr. Wallick, "the roof space went to waste, except for a couple of chow dogs, who used it for their airing."

The poultry, he explains, provide more than eggs; broilers often have been supplied for the tables down-stairs.

"As the experiment proved a paying proposition," the owner of the aërial farm explains, "we decided to enlarge on the idea. We now plan setting out grapevines and berry bushes. We did have some grapes, but the hens got most of them. We won't put the hens and the grapes too near together this time."



L. D. Wallick, manager of the Providence-Biltmore Hotel, of Providence, Rhode Island, supplies his guests with new-laid eggs, fresh vegetables, and cut flowers from his truck and poultry farm on the roof of the sixteen-story building in which he lives and works. Started three years ago as an interesting diversion, Mr. Wallick's project is now a paying proposition

Tucked in among the chicken runways, the truck garden, and the flower beds is a little pool, with goldfish, and there is another and larger pool for the ducks. Indeed, these creatures have all the comforts of home. The goldfish, however, share their pool with the turtles. Some day there will be a special turtle soup on the menu, fresh from the roof farm; but this is not promised for some time. Mr. Wallick wants to give the turtles time to grow.

The monkeys proved the biggest problem, in some ways. It is necessary for the little fellows to be kept quite warm in winter and on cold, wet days in summer. To insure this, a glass-covered runway has been provided, so constructed that the monkeys can remain under glass or find their way into the uncovered runway, as they please, during the cold weather. They, like the goldfish, were added to the "farm" for color and adornment.

"Everybody laughed when the idea of making a roof farm pay was suggested," says Mr. Wallick. "It may seem a little

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harder than getting a profit out of some of the stony hillsides of New England, but it isn't. All you need, really, to go at it on any flat roof, is persistence, a little ingenuity, the necessary equipment, and then follow the fundamental rules of farming and poultry raising, as they have been followed for centuries on the ground. Certainly there is no better place than a roof for sun and rain. Whatever there is, you get it.

Of course, space being limited in an area that covers only three thousand four hundred square feet, everything has to be condensed as much as possible. You have to give hens considerable space for running, and a truck garden covers quite an area if you intend to raise enough to make it pay. So every available square foot of space on the roof is utilized.

So well has the aërial farm venture paid, that it long ago passed from a purely recreational diversion to a commercial proposition. Mr. Wallick devotes a great deal of spare time to his farm, high above the downtown roof-tops, and takes a keen delight in the supervision and direction of it; but of course most of the actual labor of caring for the live stock and truck garden, as well as the flowers, has been turned over to an experienced gardener and poultryman.

Nevertheless, several times a day, except when business prevents, Mr. Wallick may be found up on the roof farm, where he also has a one-story bungalow, comfortably furnished, and suitable for both summer and winter.

Here he does some entertaining, and sleeps, on hot summer nights, surrounded by his hens and ducks and growing things. He has all the advantages of a country farm right in the middle of the city.

In spite of the efficient way his thirty-four hundred square feet of roof-top has been plotted out, Mr. Wallick is still working on the problem of how to condense the space still further, so as to be able to raise more products. He even considered the advisability of adding a couple of cows to his collection of live stock. The idea of being able to supply the hotel guests with plenty of rich milk and cream attracted him strongly. But he finally gave up the idea. "Though," he says, "with a little more room it would be perfectly feasible."

Mr. Wallick was an aviator in the World War, which perhaps accounts for his hankering for farm life in the upper air. Despite the fact that the venture pays, it is conducted chiefly as a hobby.

RALPH E. BAILEY

A Janitress Who Gave Her Church a $12,000 Organ

EARLY in December of each year, the First Baptist Church of Everett, Washington, is filled to its capacity with an audience gathered to hear a recital on the twelve-thousand-dollar organ housed in the building. The program announces that the recital is given in honor of Mrs. Mathea Severson, donor of the organ. In the audience, wearing the same fur coat and black silk hat that she has worn to church for many years, sits Mrs. Severson herself. Fifty-four years old, her face is deeply lined and seamed, and her hands are rough and hardened with the toil of many years.

Mrs. Severson is a janitress. For nearly thirty years she has cared for business offices in Everett. During this time, she has accumulated a competency of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, an amount far greater than the sum total of her earnings. She has demonstrated what thrift, coupled with the ability to save, will accomplish.

Mrs. Severson lives in a small room among the offices over the Citizens' Bank. She is a hard woman to find, for she goes to work at four in the morning, and usually does not return before midnight. I finally located her, mop in hand, in a down-town office. She explained that she was busy, but that she would talk to me during her lunch hour.

Born on a farm near Christiania, Norway, Mrs. Severson married a carpenter, and emigrated with him to the United States in 1900.

"We had just enough money to pay our passage," she told me. "My husband had heart disease and serious stomach trouble, which prevented his working at his trade. So I earned our living. When I came to Everett, I got fifteen cents an hour for my work. I earned in all from thirty to thirty-five dollars a month."

Mrs. Severson is not a big woman. She may weigh one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty pounds. Yet at one time, without assistance, she cared for sixteen Everett business places. Until his death, which occurred a few years ago, her husband helped her, and since then she has usually employed one assistant.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULEEN STUDIO, EVERETT, WASH.

For nearly thirty years, Mrs. Mathea Severson has scrubbed office floors in Everett, Washington. During that time, her savings, invested on the advice of her banker friends, have grown to $100,000. Fifteen years ago, she gave her church a $12,000 organ. Mrs. Severson, who is now fifty-four years old, plans to retire soon to her five-acre farm, on which she expects to grow holly trees

"The largest amount I ever earned in one month was one hundred and thirty-five dollars during the war period," she said. "As soon as I had saved enough to make loans, I began letting money out at interest. This helped me a great deal."

Mrs. Severson owes her present prosperity entirely to her saving propensities, plus the advice of her banker friends, who have guided her wisely in the investment of her savings. Some time ago, she bought two lots, for which she paid $33,000. The property is on the outskirts of Everett's business district. Mrs. Severson recently refused $45,000 for it, claiming steadfastly that it is worth $50,000 to-day.

Fifteen years ago, when the First Baptist Church was built, Mrs. Severson gave a twelve-thousand-dollar organ. Nor is this her only gift to the church. Her contributions have been a big factor in the development of the institution.

Mrs. Severson recently purchased a five-acre tract of land, with house and outbuildings, five miles out of Everett on the Mukilteo road. The site is well elevated, with a beautiful panoramic view over Puget Sound, suggestive, Mrs. Severson says, of the coast of Norway where her girlhood was spent. She paid five thousand dollars for the property. She plans to go into the nursery business when she retires.

"In a year or two," she explained, "I am going to give up my present work, and live on my Mukilteo place. There is money to be made in holly trees, and I have ordered a hundred that I shall plant. Gradually I will increase the number. I expect to end my days in comfort, among much the same surroundings that I knew as a child. And when my time is spent and my days are done, I will leave what I have saved to establish a home for destitute men and women in Everett.

Mrs. Severson's name is a password to every business place in Everett. Bankers, brokers, business, and professional men alike feel safe when they entrust their keys to this sturdy daughter of Norway. Her life has been one of unremitting, humble service to the community in which she lives. In her work and in her giving, she has proved again that cleanliness is often very close to godliness.

ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS

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The soup your appetite remembers!

Your sense of taste likes to remember such a lively and delightful flavor as it enjoys in Campbell's Tomato Soup. No other soup in the world is demanded so often or served so frequently. Once the appetite learns how good this soup is, the desire to "repeat" the experience is certain—and frequent.

Just the tonic juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a smooth puree, enriched with golden butter and seasoned deftly and delicately. Serve this famous soup also as Cream of Tomato. See the simple directions on the label. 12 cents a can.

"Dick-Dead-Eye" is my fame,
I never miss my aim.
To soup I owe
My health and glow
And Campbell's is its name!

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

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Decay

at The Danger Line

—the enemy of glowing health . . . of beauty . . . and of charm

THAT fragile line where the healthy pink of gums meets the pearly white of teeth—that is The Danger Line.

It is called The Danger Line because it is the place where decay strikes its most treacherous blow. In the tiny V-shaped crevice formed around each tooth, food particles collect and ferment. Acids are formed that cause decay and often, too, Pyorrhea or dangerous gum irritations.

Not only this. But from decayed teeth poisons are generated which can cause serious illness. Women who suffer from the slow poisoning of decaying teeth or infected gums may not necessarily be ill. But they may find the charm of glowing health waning. For lack of vitality makes faces old. Pain, as well as worry, causes wrinkles.

Guard The Danger Line

Take care of your teeth. Your health often depends on them. And it is so simple to protect them. Dentists agree overwhelmingly that acids at The Danger Line are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and gum irritations. It follows, therefore, that to safeguard teeth and gums you must combat the attack of these acids.

There is one dentifrice today that gives you the necessary protection. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. For Milk of Magnesia is recommended by dentists everywhere as a perfect means of neutralizing the acids in the mouth.

Squibb's gives lasting protection

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It reaches all those tiny pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, fighting the peril of Pyorrhea, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system.

Make your teeth and gums safe at The Danger Line. Use Squibb's Dental Cream night and morning. It contains no grit. It heals the gums and soothes sensitive teeth. See your dentist twice a year. You will be safeguarded from decay and its threat of disease and attendant misery. At all druggists—only 40 cents for a large tube.

Read what the dentists say

In almost any drug store you will find dozens of dentifrices. In every publication you find many conflicting theories on mouth hygiene. Which is right? What dentifrice shall you use?

That the question might be answered by highest authorities, E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a world-famous research institution to make an investigation that would include the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions relating to mouth hygiene. Here is summary of their replies:

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Surely, in the face of such overwhelming evidence there can be no doubt that Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, will really bring protection.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia helps to keep you fit

The strength and energy we use up every day must be renewed if we are to remain at our best. And this renewal depends on alimentation.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its two-fold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food.

At druggists, only 25c and 50c.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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Does Your Mind Hit on All Its Cylinders?

(*Continued from page 53*)

finished the job, he goes to the next blank wall that waits for his contribution to the beauty and business mechanism of the city.

The other man is an artist in his studio, chatting with the sitter as he proceeds, step by step, to make a portrait. He explains why he selected a canvas of a certain weave and material. Not all fabrics have the same absorption qualities. He tells of the technique of canvas preparation that will insure a good picture which will last for ages. He understands textiles, and explains the advantages and disadvantages connected with different fabrics. Then he marks out his preliminary drawing, being careful to arrange his sitter so as to get what he calls a pleasing composition. As he works, he chats about the principles of composition, how to balance mass and line, how to plan color harmonies and contrasts. He opens up a whole world of knowledge handed down by artists of all ages.

As he mixes his colors on his palette he discusses the chemical sources of the pigments. He knows which will turn dark with age and which will not.

As he begins his under-painting, he discusses anatomy, pointing out the bony structure of the skull of his sitter and the way this or that muscle affects the expression of the face. Now and then, as the sitter becomes tired of the pose, he entertains him with stories of Velasquez, the master portrait-maker of the Spanish School and contrasts his methods with those of Rembrandt and Franz Hals. He knows great artists as men living in the surroundings of their day, as technicians. In the light of all this he knows his own work, its excellence and its weakness. Here we have the cultivated artist in contrast with the artisan who paints ads by rule of thumb.

But even the sign painter has an attractive, cultural vista before him if only he would look. If he would take each thread of knowledge that he possesses and trace it back, what new thoughts would come to delight him, and how soon he too would be able to weave a fabric of joy that would delight him and make him better able to discharge each task with greater sympathy and skill!

Suppose our artist should also be interested in poetry, politics, and philosophy. That would widen his range. The broader it becomes the greater he grows.

HERE, we have, I think, the basis of the educated man's point of view. He sees things in their historical perspective. The events of the day, and everything that happens to him, he interprets in the light of human experience in this age and in ages past. He reads between the lines of his newspaper. His wide range of information, his habit of independent thought, enable him to sift evidence for himself and to form his own opinions and to discharge well his own tasks.

I have been interested to observe how frequently it happens that when a young man starts out to widen his knowledge, in order to increase his efficiency in his business or profession, he continues his studies until he is so broadly educated that scholarship for its own sake makes its appeal. I have in mind a man who was once a young lawyer in the office of the corporation counsel of New York. He had passed the high-school grades but had not attended college before he entered law school. In law school he had had no instruction in constitutional law, and the lack of it he found was a handicap in his work.

To make up for this shortcoming, he arranged to attend the evening sessions at the College of the City of New York. I remember distinctly the emphasis he put on the fact that he had only time to take one course in the subject that would be of use to him. It was all, he thought, his other engagements would permit.

Months went by, and one day he came to my office to discuss the possibility of taking another course. He had found that he could not understand constitutional law thoroughly because he didn't know enough history. I smiled. This young man's education was just beginning. The symptom of much significance was that he was beginning to see the inter-relation of one subject with another. After taking courses in history, politics, and government, he decided that the thing to do was to complete the college curriculum leading to a degree. In due time he was graduated an A. B.

THIS is the education process in its truest sense. One subject leads to another until we have a complete view of many related fields of knowledge.

We begin to see causes behind effects. Things that were once complicated and mysterious, because we viewed them singly, we now recognize as the reasonable results of the outworking of a familiar principle. In short, we have acquired a *point of view*. It is the point of view of the intellectually free, the man who sees and understands the thoughts, deeds, and aspirations of all men in all ages in a perspective that is appropriate to the times in which he lives.

Frequently, as director of the evening sessions of the College of the City of New York, I used to be brought into contact with both young and mature students who earnestly desired to proceed with their education. "Where shall I begin? What books shall I read?" These are the questions most often asked. My response often was in the form of a series of questions, accompanied by certain additional suggestions. You will find similar questions printed in connection with this article, together with my comments.

At this point, I would like to say that any subject properly mastered is truly educational. A young man is likely to go furthest in his studies if he starts with some subject of intense interest to him, something connected with his present occupation or with the position for which he desires to fit himself. If I were he, beginning with such subjects, I would keep on the lookout for new ideas, for references to other books and other subjects related to the one occupying me at the moment.

I do not wish to imply that the carefully thought out courses of study in our elementary schools, high schools and colleges are useless or undesirable. On the contrary, I believe firmly in careful, compact, and disciplinary curricula for our formal education. But when a person has left school and taken up the practical duties of life, he can best find an entrance into the field of broad culture right in the shop in which he works, and in the pursuit of a complete understanding of those things of most immediate interest to him.

SOME earnest seekers after self-education begin their quest with much indiscriminate reading. From the point of view of direct results, this is often a waste of time. The great difference between being educated and uneducated does not always consist in the *amount* of reading and study accomplished, but in the amount of *intelligent, well-directed* reading and study that is done.

Do not scatter! We do not become educated by *gambling* in knowledge. There's no sense in reading as widely as you can on the *chance* that this information may be useful to you some day, or that it may possibly shape up in coherent form. I strongly urge you, therefore, to begin with those subjects that have a close relation to your present purpose in life, or some hobby of intense interest, and then follow the subjects that branch out from this. The fifteen questions in Groups I and II of the questionnaire accompanying this interview might well serve as the basis of a plan for a young man's self-education in both its practical and its cultural phases.

Once a young man has progressed in his reading to the point where one book leads to another and one subject suggests another, his real, self-directed education has begun. If it occurs to him that to master some special phase of his business or profession, he ought to take a course in some correspondence school, attend night school or the extension courses of a university, that in itself is an indication that he is on the right track. It is then a question of following through.

No man ever possessed himself of a thorough education without hitting rough places. It is a long, slow, deliberate process, full of surprises, rewards and happiness. In every walk of life we see men sacrificing rest, ease, sleep, and leisure to complete their education and convert it into *practical* terms.

To produce his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Gibbon was twenty years educating himself on his subject. Noah Webster was thirty-six years in collecting and defining words. Stephenson educated himself for fifteen years, and his education expressed itself in the form of a perfected locomotive.

It is the education which we get when working for a purpose that is most apt to yield happiness to us and to be of value to the world.

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If you will study the lives of the six representative educated men I have mentioned, you will see that the three points of resemblance between them would provide an adequate scheme for the biography of each. It would be the complete story of their lives told from the point of view of their education.

Take Franklin, for instance, a kind of orphan, a castaway. At an early age we find him astonishing his fellow Philadelphians with his diligence in business and his genius for thriving on very little. We see him pushing through the streets of the city a wheelbarrow loaded with supplies for his printing shop. First and above all, he is at this time loyal to his tasks as a printer. But he is animated with a keen desire to be intelligent. He takes the trouble to *think* about the problems of the day. That he may think to better advantage, he seeks information wherever he can find it. He is pursuing a course of work and study that occupies him from five A. M. to nine P. M.

At twenty-one he has organized the famous Junto, the debating society which had as its object the intellectual improvement of its members. At twenty-three he writes and publishes a pamphlet on a complicated currency question which has an important influence on the Colonial legislatures. His business prospers, and his knowledge widens at one and the same time. He buys the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which he manages and edits and to which he is the wisest and most humorous contributor.

He aspires to be a public servant, besides being a man of substance and learning. He gets the streets of his city paved, cleaned, and lighted. He reforms the police and founds the first fire department. He establishes the academy which became the University of Pennsylvania. He improves the methods of treating the soil for agriculture. His invention, the Franklin stove, is such an improvement over the old fireplace that it becomes the marvel of the age.

At forty-two he retired from business with a comfortable fortune—to do good and to continue his education as a man of science. He is known far and wide for his honesty and truth, his tolerance and benevolence. Again and again he is called upon to serve the Colonies in one way or another. He emerges as the great Citizen, the foremost man of his time, celebrated in science, our country's first diplomat.

MEN of this kind we find in all ages. You will find that in the final analysis they are distinguished by the *scope of their loyalties*. They are loyal to their own immediate tasks and obligations, their vocations, their business associates, their friends, their families, and at the climax of their powers they work not only for the good of all these but for mankind. As a man of this type I have named Lincoln. Compress his career into the briefest possible compass and it might be stated thus:

1. He was ambitious to be a lawyer, and he persisted in this until he qualified himself admirably.

2. He broadened his mind by wide investigations and reading. As the need arose, he qualified himself as politician and statesman.

3. He dedicated himself to humanity in the highest sense of the term.

The same is true of Theodore Roosevelt, Carnegie, Edison, and Pupin. Early in life they mastered the tools of their trade. They tried to understand life from the point of view of the age in which they found themselves. Each was concerned to make his best possible contribution to the good of all.

In a very real sense the story of our education is the story of our lives. The important thing is not *where* we start but that we *do* start, and then keep going. In school we were judged by the ability and perseverance with which we pursued certain courses laid down for us by others. In after life, we are judged by the goal we choose for ourselves and the ability and perseverance with which we strive for it. Sooner or later each of us must determine the capacity of his own ship, set a course for it, and *navigate!*

Questionnaire

IN THE foregoing article Doctor Robinson discusses the three great characteristics of the truly educated man, and names six men as representative of this class. Each of us, he says, should examine the progress of his own education in the light of these three important aspects. Where do you think *you* stand?

Doctor Robinson has divided the following series of questions into three groups. The questions in each group bear directly upon *one* of the three important phases of your education: first, your vocational skill; second, your education in the broad sense, what you are doing to increase your knowledge; third, the loyalty you owe to yourself and to all with whom you come in contact.

In commenting on these questions, Doctor Robinson says:

"Answering them will *not* tell you exactly how you measure up in each of the three important phases of your education. The questions are compass points. Answering them *will* tell you a good deal about how you are steering now, and how you *ought* to steer. If you can answer them readily and definitely, it shows that you have already done some real thinking with reference to your education. It would indicate to my mind that you already have possession of an excellent *method*, that should carry your education to a high plane. Any man who cannot answer these questions specifically needs to keep them in mind and to refer to them frequently, for he is not yet master of the tools of his trade nor is he the captain of his own ship.

"However, your answers to these questions are not the important thing. The ultimate result depends upon the course of action which your answers inspire you to take."

The course of action Doctor Robinson refers to is discussed in the foregoing interview. Here are the questions:

GROUP I. (These questions have to do with your vocational skill and the vocation for which you think you are fitted by your capacity.)

1. Are you as good as the best man in your craft? (Your trade, business or profession?)

2. If not, what are the qualities of the best man, which you lack?

3. Is there any reason why you should not, by study and practice, develop these qualities further in yourself?

4. What methods should you follow to acquire these qualities? (a) What men should you consult? (b) What books should you read? (c) What practices or exercises should you follow?

5. If you are master of your craft, is there, nevertheless, some calling a step higher for which you could prepare yourself?

6. What men, books, and exercises should you take up to prepare yourself for this higher calling?

7. Is there some calling totally different from the one you have been following in which you think you would be happier and make a greater success?

8. What are the steps necessary to prepare yourself for such a change?

9. What immediate losses would you expect to suffer if you attempted to make such a change?

10. What would the gains be from such a change, in the long run?

GROUP II. (These questions have to do with your education in the broad sense—your progress in information and knowledge.)

1. How far did you go in formal schooling?

2. Did you make the most of the schooling you received? (a) If not, was it due to lack of attention? (b) Was it due to the fact that you were not prepared for some of the work? (c) Was it due to the fact that you did not realize the importance of education?

3. What have you done since to add to your general education as distinguished from your efforts to improve your skill in your calling? (a) How many books have you read in the past year? (b) How many of these books were chosen with the idea of increasing your understanding of what is going on in the world?

4. What arts, sciences, and literature are most closely connected with your vocation? (a) Are you well informed in these several fields? (b) If not, how do you account for it?

5. What wide fields of study, branching out from your regular daily work, have been suggested to you by the books you have read, by men you know, or by experience you have gained in your calling?

GROUP III. (These questions have to do with conduct in certain relationships toward which the educated man accepts moral responsibility.)

1. What are the tasks you had to perform to-day?

2. Did you slacken in any one of them? (a) Was this slacking of a kind that involved disloyalty to the firm? (b) Was it loyal to yourself as a craftsman? (c) If it becomes habitual, will it affect your standards of dependability? (d) Will you not also lose in effectiveness?

3. Did you go out of your way at all to-day to do more than was absolutely required of you? (a) If not, is this course apt to make people value you more or less? (b) Is it likely to increase your own self-respect?

4. Are you considerate and helpful to members of your own family? (a) Do you naturally incline to serve them and be kind? (b) Irritable? Selfish? Unkind? (c) What habitual relationship is better for them and for you?

5. Have you kept faith with everyone who put trust in you? (a) If you violated that faith was it justified? (b) Is such a violation ever justified?

6. Have you interested yourself in any activities that give you no material advantages but that will make the world a better place for all men. If not, why not?

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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That what we claim for this unique shaving cream is based on scientific fact

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Mail the Coupon

GENTLEMEN:

We like to make a booster of men with "the world's toughest beards" by proving that Palmolive Shaving Cream is quick, luxurious, and leaves the face feeling "like a million dollars."

For it isn't the ads that sell Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It's our policy of *giving* the first ten shaves free, to PROVE its supremacy.

And second, the word-of-mouth advertising for it, as one man tells another—in clubs, in Pullmans, on the links.

Hundreds of thousands have made this free test

We say *"Don't buy . . . yet"*—first let us *prove* our case. For we know the majority of men who make our test, thereafter stick to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Sixty years of soap study stand behind it. Years were spent in our laboratories trying one formula after another, discarding them one by one. Success finally came after our 129th test.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1438, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

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The Eyes Have It

(*Continued from page 25*)

belong there. But the average business man doesn't see his own real drama until you make him see it.

You remember that I mentioned "a queer but delightful thing" in regard to interviewing men. Well, this is the place for me to tell it.

I will take one man as an illustration. He is about fifty years old, and is the president of an important bank in Boston. Our interview took place in his office.

In this connection there is a personal question, which people often ask me. I'll answer it here, because I think the answer is rather interesting.

The question is: "Do men, especially business men, object to being interviewed by a woman?"

And the answer is: "Yes, they do!"

UNFLATTERING as it is to my own sex, I think men expect that a woman interviewer is going to be more or less a silly fool. For this reason, I always dread the first five minutes of such an interview. I know I shall have to overcome a certain antagonism.

I use three weapons—if you want to call them that—to overcome this barrier. Two of them are quite simple. First, I tell the man that when the interview is written I shall show him the manuscript. The article will not be printed without his approval.

When I see the relief with which he hears this announcement, I know I have won part of the battle. My promise gives him confidence. It shows him that I have confidence in myself.

Next, I tell him that the interview will be signed, not with my own name, but with another: a *masculine* "pen name" which I use for nearly all business interviews. It is perhaps curious, it certainly is true, that this is what we call "good psychology" on my part. He can't help his traditional prejudices. And when it comes to a printed interview, he instinctively prefers to have it appear as man-to-man talk.

He does not admit this to me. He is too courteous. I might add that I never have been treated with *dis*courtesy by any man I have interviewed. This is a tribute which I am very glad to pay. The courtesy of American men to any decently well-bred woman seems inexhaustible.

These first two attacks on the barrier between us have helped to break it down. But the third one is not so simple, for it amounts to this: I must convince the man that I have discretion, common sense, and at least a fair degree of intelligence.

Young journalists often write to me and ask what "formula" I employ in getting interviews. They want a list of the questions I use.

That's all nonsense! There is no such thing as a formula for dealing with so many different types of human beings.

But there are two things on which I think the success of any interview depends. Before going to a man: I know definitely what I want and shall *try* to get. I have direct questions to ask on certain specific points. And if these points are technical, or peculiar to a man's business or profession, I take care to be sufficiently informed on the subject to make my questions intelligent ones.

Judging from my own experience, the person who can ask intelligent questions must be very rare. I have received many letters of thanks from distinguished men whom I have interviewed. A surprising number of them have referred, in particular, to this one thing. They said I had asked "intelligent questions."

This is interesting because of the light it throws on the men themselves. A really "big" man does not respond to flattery. At least, not in any business or semi-business contact. It makes him impatient and suspicious.

What he does respond to is *interest!* If your interest is intelligent as well as sincere, it will be an unfailing passport to his attention.

That's another question people ask me: "Aren't you terribly scared when you have to interview a famous man?"

No; I long ago ceased to be afraid of famous folk. I have a deep respect for most of them, but no fear. I have found that they are not much different from the rest of us. Very few of them have any dazzling brilliance of talent. The great difference between them and these lesser men is in the *concentration* of mind which I have already mentioned.

To go back to my interview with the Boston man who had just been made president of a bank. We talked, as I said before, in his private office. This may seen unimportant; but I can assure you that it is not.

Many of the interviews you read in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE are unique, for they are the stories of human lives from childhood up. It is not easy, *believe me*, to get such a story from a business man in his business office: In that environment, he unconsciously thinks business and wants to talk business.

The Boston man, for example, wanted to talk about the bank. I wanted him to talk about himself! Not as a banker, but as a human being. Not about the directors who had made him president, but about the directing influences which had made his character.

THE "queer but delightful thing" about men is this: In one sense, they never grow up! In every man's heart there lingers something of the boy he once was.

Give him a sympathetic interest and, half shyly, half proudly, he will tell you about this boy; what he liked and what he hated; what he hoped, what he feared, and what he dreamed.

This has been the most wonderful thing in all my experience as an interviewer. Perhaps it is one reason why I have no fear of great men. I have so often seen them as the boys they once were.

My talk with the Boston banker was a mere tangle of figures and dry facts, until I managed to open the door behind which lay the memories of his boyhood.

He brought them out one at a time. Reluctantly, at first; he really thought they were trivial and of no significance. Then, as these first chapters began to explain himself *to* himself, his eyes lighted with interest and the *real* story started.

The point is that every life is interesting, if you look at it *with* interest. You may think your own life has been deadly dull. But you will change your mind if you go back through the years and try to find out how and why you have become the human being you are now.

Here is another question which is often asked me: "Are famous people vain and conceited?"

My answer is: "Mighty seldom!"

They are far more likely to be ill at ease; afraid you are going to paint a too flattering portrait of them.

"Don't make out that I've done anything extraordinary!" they often say. "I'm no genius! I've worked hard and been lucky. That's all."

Of course, that *isn't* all. And if I am telling a man's story it is not only my right but my duty to tell the truth as I see it.

"I shall try to report accurately the things which *you* say," I tell him. "If I make any mistakes, you may correct them. But what I say *about* you is the expression of my own opinion and judgment. It is not your affair, but mine."

He admits that this is reasonable, and we proceed on that basis. This is a trait which most important men possess. They are willing to see all sides of a question.

It is the "little" man that is narrow and stubborn. He is pompous because he tries to look bigger than he really is.

A MAN who is not sure of himself often shows another interesting state of mind. He is cautious and afraid! I have found that the man in a small town, with a purely local reputation, is more timid about being interviewed than a city man who is nationally famous.

The small-town man *wants* the honor more than the big man wants it. But in the back of his mind he is wondering *what his neighbors are going to say.*

As a rule, the bigger the man the less seriously he takes the matter of personal publicity. He is so accustomed to it that he has lost his fear of it.

Occasionally, however, a really important man does balk at telling his personal story. He may give some reason for refusing; but it is pretty certain not to be the true reason.

Almost invariably, his reluctance is because there is something in his career which he wants to hide! Make searching inquiries about him and you will find out why he shrinks from the spotlight.

Often it is a case of *cherchez la femme*—look for the woman! But wait a minute. The woman is the man's wife; or perhaps his daughter! He has made his way up from poverty and obscurity. He himself is proud of this. But he knows, or fears, that the *women* of his family will not relish having the story of his humble origin made public.

Sometimes the skeleton in a man's

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Chocolates in an assortment trying for the high mark of perfection!

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For variety, there are both milk chocolate and vanilla chocolate coatings on fudge, nuts, creams, caramels, marshmallows, nougat, fruits; and solid milk chocolates. Some of the milk chocolate coatings are mixed with ground almonds.

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Whitman's Chocolates

PINK OF PERFECTION

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closet is no skeleton at all, when you succeed in getting it out into the open.

A few years ago, I had an appointment with a successful and distinguished business man. I thought everything was set for the interview. But to my surprise we talked for fifteen minutes without getting anywhere.

I never had met the man before and I knew nothing about his personal history aside from his business career. He was very cordial, but there was a curious hesitation when it came to talking about himself. Finally, I decided on a direct and pretty blunt attack.

"Mr. Blank," I said to him, "this is all very pleasant and entertaining, but you are too busy a man to spend time simply in agreeable conversation with me. You are not giving me what I came here to get. What is the matter? Let's be frank. If you will trust my discretion, you will tell me the reason for your evident hesitation."

He looked a bit surprised, then smiled rather sheepishly.

"All right!" he said. "I *will* be frank. Here are the facts: Thirty years ago, when I was quite a young man, I began drinking. I kept it up for ten years. I went on periodical sprees. Between times, I would work hard and make good. Then I'd have another spree, and lose all the ground I had regained. Finally, I made up my mind I was going to stop! I took the Keeley cure. That helped. I fought the thing to a finish, and I won out.

"But what bothers me is this: If I don't tell that part of my story, men who know about it will say I didn't tell the truth. And if I do tell it, what about the hundreds of young men who will read it? I don't want them to know that I was once a hard drinker."

"Why not?" I asked.

He was too surprised to make any reply.

"That victory was the hardest you have ever won, wasn't it?" I went on.

"You're right, it was!" he declared.

"Well, young men to-day face the same danger, without realizing how great a peril it is," I said. "You can help them to see it and to avoid it. You can give courage to men who are in its grip and who despair of making their escape. They will believe you; because you have been there yourself and you did escape.

"From my point of view, you should be more proud of that one victory than of anything else. Let's tell the whole story. I see that you have a capacious waste basket. If you don't like the article after it is written, you can put it in that basket. But that is the place it *ought* to go, if we leave out one of the most vital parts of it."

He agreed to this—and the story went into the magazine, not into the waste basket. He wrote me that, as a result of its publication, he received hundreds of letters of appreciation. The ghost which had troubled him was effectually laid.

Famous people, as I said before, are seldom pompous or conceited. In manner, their commonest characteristic is directness, almost brusqueness, of speech.

IF THERE is one trait which, more than any other, irritates a man of ability and achievement, it is incompetence! He has small patience with a person who is vague and fumbling.

Men have often begun an interview with the abrupt question: "Just what is it you want?"

They have a perfect right to ask what I want. They have a right to expect that I *know* what I want and that I have at least a reasonable amount of skill in getting it. In other words, they expect me to know my job! A man who is being interviewed wants to be sure of three things: your discretion, your integrity, and your ability to do your job. Once convinced on these points, he is surprisingly free and open in his talk.

I have heard a great many "big men" talk with their business associates and subordinates. I believe I can tell pretty accurately, from the manner of their chief, the degree of competence which any one of these men possesses.

If a man who does not know his job comes into the office, he may be treated courteously, but there is a vibration of discouraged impatience in the quick, sharp questions which are shot at him.

When a *competent* worker comes in, the man behind the desk involuntarily relaxes. Even his voice is keyed to a lower pitch. His questions may be just as quick and pointed; but their purpose is very different.

From the competent man he is *seeking* information. But the questions he asks of the incompetent man are intended to uncover that man's *lack* of the knowledge he ought to have but does not possess.

PEOPLE often ask me how one manages to get an interview with an important man.

There is no one answer which applies in all cases. Sometimes the matter is arranged by correspondence, sometimes by telephone, sometimes by a personal visit to the man's offices. In practically all cases, it is arranged through his secretary.

Occasionally this is a troublesome complication. I have a great deal of respect for private secretaries, as a class. Most of them are highly capable and intelligent. Even if I were inclined—which I am not—to resent them as a medium of approach, experience would have taught me to appreciate their importance.

If you are "snippy" with a man's private secretary, it certainly won't help you to "get to" that man! I know people who show resentment when a secretary asks: "What did you want to see Mr. Blank about?"

As it is part of a secretary's job to ask that question, why should anyone resent it? Why not try to gain his coöperation instead of his antagonism?

To be sure, it means that you must "sell" yourself, and your errand, to two persons instead of to one. But I have found that this effort pays.

For example, the details of an interview are not ended when you have had your first talk with a man. There may be certain facts and figures which are to be verified and sent to you. Photographs must be forwarded to the magazine. Perhaps new ones must be taken. An appointment must be made—and kept—with the photographer. A copy of the story must be sent to the man for his approval. Someone—and the "someone" is his secretary—must see that he reads and returns it promptly.

Sometimes I have used letters of introduction in getting an interview, but not very often. At most, such letters can accomplish nothing more than a chance to see the man. This does not amount to very much. In fact, it may be a disadvantage. Letters of introduction are generally preliminaries to requests for favors! Consequently, they are likely to create a subtle antagonism in a man's attitude. It may take time and more or less diplomacy to get his ideas readjusted.

The best method is to have the interview arranged by the editor of the magazine. The man then knows that the writer is officially delegated by the powers that be.

Perhaps you do not realize how important this is. It is a fact that a few free-lance writers—and more of the would-be writers—attempt to get interviews with prominent persons by claiming that they are representing some well-known newspaper or magazine. Naturally, these prominent persons have become cautious. They want to be sure that they are dealing with an accredited person.

At the beginning of a recent interview, a man said to me: "When this article is printed—if it even *is* printed—"

For a moment I didn't grasp the significance of the remark. Then I realized that he must have encountered one or more of these aspiring but unauthorized writers. Of course that matter had to be cleared up immediately. Without his confidence and respect, such an interview as I wanted would have been impossible.

In the course of my work, I occasionally meet men who have been imposed on in still another way: Someone has obtained an interview with them—and later they have received a bill for the "write-up"! Naturally, this makes them gun-shy with other interviewers. They don't intend to be caught a second time, so they ask *what it is going to cost them.*

I have even been approached by people who wanted to be written up, as they call it, and who offered me a good round sum "to get them into THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE."

Whether a man is afraid he will have to pay, or is eager and willing to pay, he receives the same answer: "There isn't enough money in the world to buy your way into the pages of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. And if a writer for the magazine accepted money, from an outside source, his article would not be printed and he would never write another one for us! Not if the Editor knew of the circumstances."

THERE are certain apparently trivial details in regard to "successful" men which I have come to regard as very significant. For example, they are almost always well dressed. If their work involves contact with outsiders, they invariably show this carefulness about their appearance.

The few exceptions are the men who work more or less alone; scientists, for example, whose days are spent in study and research. Apparently the man who deals with other men realizes that he must, in himself, typify the competence and orderliness with which he conducts his business or his profession. But the man who deals with ideas or with inanimate things feels no such necessity.

Another detail which I find interesting

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27th in 1924
18th in 1925
9th in 1926
4th in 1927

Chrysler *now* 3rd

NATIONAL Automobile Chamber of Commerce sales records place Chrysler third for 1928.

In 42 months Chrysler, due to public endorsement, has come from 27th to 3rd place.

All but two makes, far longer established, have been outsold by Chrysler.

The order of precedence at the National Automobile Shows is determined by the dollar volume of sales in the year ended July 1st. In these 12 months, Chrysler sold 193,750 motor cars—a volume of $275,000,000 paid by the public.

No other make of car has ever recorded such phenomenally rapid progress.

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There can be no more impressive public endorsement of Chrysler performance, Chrysler long life, Chrysler quality, Chrysler value.

All Chrysler models are exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th.

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is a man's desk. As a rule, the desk of a successful business man is a Sahara of emptiness! The explanation is perfectly apparent. He keeps ahead of his work!

In the course of my experience, I have failed to *put through* only three out of the hundreds of interviews which I have obtained. One of these three was with a famous newspaper publisher; but that failure was a very illuminating experience.

After the story was written, I sent it to him for his approval. He promptly acknowledged its receipt, praised the article, and said that he would return it after making a few slight changes.

When several weeks had passed without bringing back the manuscript, I wrote to him about it. The reply came less promptly this time, but it was quite as pleasant as before. He had been trying, he said, to get around to the matter, but had been overwhelmed with work. He would attend to it right away.

To make a long story short, months went by. Almost two years passed. In the meantime, I wrote to him occasionally about it. So did my editor-in-chief. His replies were always of the same tenor: press of business—lack of time—going to attend to it immediately! But at the end of two years he died.

But here is something interesting: I saw this man, both at his office and in the library of his house. In each of these places he had one of the largest desks I have ever seen. And I *never* have beheld desks that were so crowded! Every square inch was piled with stacks of letters, sheets of memoranda, baskets of manuscripts! It was the desk of a man who had let himself become hopelessly smothered by an accumulation of things which he was "going to attend to" as soon as he could "get around to it."

Not to be unjust, it was also the desk of a man of brilliant mind and great ability. He had hundreds of ideas, too many of them for immediate use; but he couldn't bear to skim their cream and throw the rest away. And he couldn't bear to give responsibility to men less able than he was to handle it. He clung to this mass of detail work, which no one human being could manage alone.

I don't know what was given officially as the cause of his death. But I haven't a doubt that the real, if indirect, cause was prolonged and acute *indigestion of details*. If you find your own desk piling up, it is a symptom that you are becoming a victim of this dangerous malady.

AS I said before, I am often asked whether famous people, when one actually meets them, seem really and truly "great." I have to admit that they do not. They are very much like other people—except in two respects: they have a more intensive knowledge of some specific thing, and they use their knowledge with more confidence and power. In other words, they simply have practiced concentration of mind and of energy.

They themselves are perfectly aware of the fact that they are not supermen. Their nearest approach to vanity is a sort of boyish pride in their accomplishment, especially if the odds have been against them. I never have met a man—a successful man—who regretted having had to *fight* for his success. Dozens of men have told me that *hard* luck was the *best* luck they ever had.

Almost without exception, the big men whom I have met are "playing the game" for the game's sake, not for its rewards. Offhand, I can recall only one man who was different. He is one of our so-called financiers. He was not born poor; a fact of which he was careful to inform me! And this little detail was very significant—for that man really did love money! He had "concentration of mind and of energy," all right enough; but it was focused on the glitter of gold.

However, in all my experience, that man is absolutely unique. He is the only person I have met who has achieved a purely machine-made success. Whenever I think of him, I have a curious mental picture of a man sitting in a black room, crunching dried husks, and slowly starving to death. He is the only one of my "interviewees" whom I hope never to meet again.

The "Eyes" on Page 25 Belong to—

(Upper left) Charles F. Noyes, president of the Charles F. Noyes National Realty Corporation.
(Upper right) Walter S. Gifford, president American Telephone and Telegraph Company.
(Upper center) Lawrence A. Downs, president Illinois Central Railroad.
(Lower center) Roscoe Pound, dean of Law School of Harvard University.
(Lower left) Matthew Scott Sloan, president Brooklyn Edison Company.
(Lower right) David Sarnoff, general manager Radio Corporation of America.

No Man Ever Went to War in Defense of a Boarding-House

(*Continued from page 51*)

have meant to me, and why I have put them first among the worth-while things of life.

Another really worth-while thing to me is a *home*. And when I say a home, I do not mean just a place where one eats and sleeps but a place that is lived in and loved, a place full of the laughter and fun of happy children, a place of bright pictures and pleasant memories, a place of music and cheerful conversation—the kind of place that in after years the mind will turn to as a green oasis in our lives.

Now for a little preaching: If you would make your home what it should be, leave all business cares and worries on the door mat. If things have gone wrong, and you are discouraged and blue, make yourself smile when you go home; it will not only make the others happier but it will make you feel better.

I know a home where everything is orderly and in the best of taste; the parents are cultured, estimable people, and the children so well behaved that it is positively painful to be with them—an air of suppression seems to hover over the home. If the children make the least noise it is at once stopped; the slightest levity is frowned down, and a hearty laugh is looked upon as a misdemeanor.

Edgar Guest said it all in one short sentence when he wrote the line, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home!" Yes, it must not only be lived in but it must be laughed in and cried in, until your very heartstrings somehow manage to get themselves all wrapped around and tangled up with everything in it.

I may be a bit cranky when I get on the subject of a home, and I have a right to be, as for sixty years I lived in the same one—and would probably be there now if those who made it home were there too. The place that I still think of as home was one of those rambling old buildings, with big, square rooms, wide halls, and ceilings high enough for a church.

Every room held its memories; we could see pictures on the walls that were not in frames, and faces smiled upon us from every doorway. That house had been lived in!

The furniture had been in that house so long that it had developed a personality of its own; the very door-knobs had a familiar feel that I could recognize in the dark, and if the plank at the foot of the stairs had failed to creak when I put my foot on it I would have gone out in the yard and looked to make sure I was in the right house.

Live in your house, make it such a home that when you think of moving something hurts inside of you. And then, if another war comes, you will have something tangible to fight for. I have never yet heard of a man shouldering a gun in defense of a boarding-house.

It seems to me that comedy, that heaven-sent faculty of seeing the funny side of life, must have a place, and a prominent place, too, in my list of worth-while things. I am sorry for the man who has no sense of humor, for his must be a drab sort of existence. A saving sense of humor is a divine gift; it is the salt that keeps things sweet and pure, and staves off stagnation and decay.

The man who can laugh in the face of disaster is greater than he who can take a city, and he who can smile when a frown would seem to be in order is richer than Crœsus.

I know a woman, and she is a good woman too, whose face looks as if it might have been carved out of frozen vinegar; if she ever smiles she puts her hand up to hide it, and I have never heard her give a real laugh since I have known her. Her hair is prematurely gray, her skin is a mass of wrinkles; she is drying up as fast as she can, and she is not so old, either. Her next-door neighbor is about the same age, as I happen to know, and her face is

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil
Arctic

When quick starts beckon to wear!

A timely warning on too-light oil

A SINGLE short purr from your self-starter. Your engine has started. But—

Those easy starts, if made possible by *extra-thin* lubricating oil, may go hand-in-hand with greatly increased engine wear.

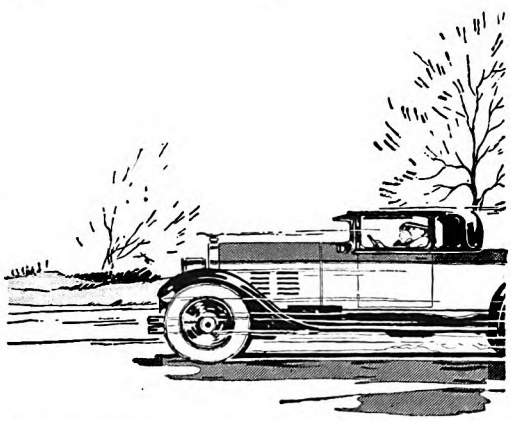
Too-thin oils—commonly sold as "winter oils"—have increased dangerously since added winter driving was brought in by the closed car. Closed cars now make up 72% of all automobiles built.

These too-thin oils give you a quick start on a frigid morning. But after that—what?

Instead of coating cylinder walls, piston rings, and pistons with a rich oily film, they may break down and fail to seal the piston clearances. In starting, you use the choke and flood the combustion chambers with raw gasoline. Not all of this raw fuel can turn into vapor. Some of it breaks through the too-thin piston seal. Gasoline blows by and further dilutes the oil.

In only 200 miles of driving, you may mix a full quart of gasoline with your lubricating oil!

Then comes danger. Friction has free play. Expensive surfaces are exposed direct to WEAR.



SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked*.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

AN ideal oil to meet winter conditions in most cars must be (1) fluid enough to permit easy starting*—*but* (2) rich enough in body to give adequate protection against dangerous gasoline dilution.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic *is* such an oil.

Mobiloil Arctic is made from especially selected crudes. Its full rich body and lubricating character give you the necessary margin of safety for protection against the many dangers of oil dilution.

Freezing weather is at hand. One week of incorrect lubrication may cost you more than a year's supply of Mobiloil. So it will pay you to drain your crankcase *now* and refill it with the correct grade of Mobiloil—which is probably Mobiloil *Arctic*.

Consult the Mobiloil Chart shown at the left to make sure. This Chart is the lubricating guide which is approved by 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers.

***Warning:** No oil will permit easy starting unless the battery is fully charged and the spark plugs and distributor are clean and properly adjusted.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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always wreathed in smiles, her laughter is like a silver bell, her skin is fresh and pink, and you would not take her to be more than half as old as she is.

It has been one of the regrets of my life that I never learned to laugh the way I would have liked to. As a joy-spreader, my laugh is a failure, and no one cares to hear it a second time. It just will not gush or ripple, and there is nothing gladsome about it. Maybe you have heard a donkey lift up its voice and broadcast its sorrow to a listening world; if so, I need say nothing more—you will understand.

But I enjoy going through the motions of laughing, and it has been a safety valve that has saved my life many times. My sense of humor has got me in many a scrape, as my risibles are set on hair triggers, and are likely to go off half-cocked, regardless of time or place. One Sunday I made a mess of a whole church service. The day was hot, the bench hard, the sermon long, and the flies would not let me go to sleep. So I was pretty miserable, and there was nothing to do but fidget around and hope for the doxology.

I was sitting by an open window that looked out on a vacant lot on which grew an ancient apple tree. On the tip of the tallest limb hung one lone apple, and a small negro boy was intent on getting it. He wore a shirt and nothing else. Finally, he got up in the tree, but the apple was out of his reach, whereupon he lay down and "cooned" the limb. But just as he made a grab for the apple, the limb broke with a report like a pistol shot. The boy beat the limb to the ground, lighting squarely on his head, where he seemed to stick up for an instant in the soft earth before toppling over.

An old sow heard the apple fall, and beat the boy to it before he got the dirt out of his eyes. I forgot I was in church and that the day was Sunday, and laughed out loud, finishing with a regular Comanche whoop. Of course my family was scandalized, the congregation shocked, and the preacher took it as a personal insult.

TO ME, Nature in her many phases is another of the worth-while things of life. In fact, it is almost life itself, as we cannot think of life without it. Imagine a world that never knew the white beauty of a moonlight night, or thrilled to the grandeur of a summer storm!

Think of a world without blue skies, laughing waters, the songs of birds, the patter of raindrops, the green of grass, the gold of ripening grain, the sheen on the breast of a dove, the blush on the petals of a rose, the dewdrop on a spider web, and thousands of other things just as enchanting.

Suppose some summer the flowers forgot to bloom, the birds lost their music, the brooks fell over the rocks without a tinkle, and rainbows failed to follow summer showers—what a flat, colorless place the outdoors would be!

The sheer waste of beauty in the world seems to me to be something tremendous; seven sunsets a week, and how few get a passing glance! Consider the dawns and dusks that come and go so silently, and all unnoticed; the flowers that bloom under our feet that we never see. If nature staged her sunsets at intervals of a year, the art galleries would be emptied for the occasion, and standing-room on the hill tops would bring the price of opera chairs.

The more I see of Nature, the more am I convinced that she does not deal in common things. A rotting log by the roadside, when etched with lichen, takes on uncommon loveliness; and a bare rock on a mountainside under the softening touch of twilight becomes a pastel of surpassing beauty. Between dusty corn rows, in briar patches, in fence corners, under stones, in the crevices of the bark, in the most unlikely places, you can find things new and wonderful, and things you are seeing for the first time.

If you would enjoy to the fullest God's big outdoors, you should learn to loiter as a lazy brook loiters, pausing now and then to flirt with the flowers on the bank, and not hesitating to come to a standstill at every obstruction that gives the least excuse for stopping.

When I embark on one of these voyages of discovery, I keep going until I get clear out of hearing of people and towns. I forget there are such things as traffic cops and "Keep off the grass" signs; and I find a place where I can swap the smell of gas and scorching rubber for the fragrance of flowers, and the grinding of brakes for the evening song of some sleepy bird.

There is something so cleansing and purifying in the wind-swept hills, in the fields and forests, that strife and greed are forgotten; petty rivalries are shoved aside, and the pomps and shams of life become as unreal as the things that dreams are made of. Even a half-day in the country gives me something different to think about. The viewpoint of yesterday shifts around, and the things that seemed so important then fade into nothingness as I drink in the beauties of a world fresh from the hand of its Maker.

There is a magnolia in the yard of my old home that I chummed with ever since I put on long trousers; in fact, we practically grew up together, as it came to live with us when it was a baby plant in a little pot; and now it is twenty-five or thirty feet high.

It is still the best tree friend I have, and I can hardly pass it without laying my hand on its smooth gray bark, just as I would on the head of a favorite dog. It is beautiful at all seasons; after a summer shower the dark green leaves reflect the sunlight like burnished steel; and the great white blooms, like giant water lilies, lift themselves candelabra-fashion from the tips of the branches. In winter, the bright red seed pods transform it into an outdoor Christmas tree, with all its candles lighted.

My affection for that tree is very real, and I would miss it dreadfully if it were not there—it was like one of the family.

OUR friends must certainly be included in the roster of things worth while. There has been a lot said and written as to the importance of selecting the right kind of friends, and it all has a very plausible sound; but, as a matter of fact, there is precious little selecting done—somehow they just come, or they stay away, and that is about all there is to it. The first thing we know, a new friendship has begun; but how it came about we cannot tell to save our lives.

But, no matter how we get our friends, one thing is certain: we could not get along without them, and that shows how worth while they are. If you would have friends, you must be one yourself, as there is no such thing as a one-sided friendship. Between friends who know and understand each other, conversation is of secondary importance, and I enjoy some of my friends most when we just sit and say nothing.

When things are bright and prosperous, when no shadow falls across our path, we enjoy our friends and like to have them with us; but it is when adversity and trouble come that they mean more to us than anything else. Volumes may be spoken by the clasp of a hand; by the tear that trembles in the eye; by the quiver of a lip at those times when words seem so futile and out of place.

Last on my list of worth-while things is some kind of outdoor recreation. That is a fine word, "recreation;" it carries its meaning so clearly; it re-creates us, makes us over anew. I believe that every normal human being should have some particular kind of outdoor sport that he can fall back on to help clear the mind of the brain ash and cobwebs that are sure to gather.

I suppose I should be ashamed to admit it, but I have never been able to work myself up to a frenzy over either football, or baseball. Somehow, I do not seem to get the hang of what they are trying to do; and I only make myself conspicuous by yelling at the wrong place.

NOW with fishing it is different. You are not expected to yell yourself hoarse every time the cork goes under, or shout until you are black in the face when you put on fresh bait. Maybe that is one reason I like it. When you go fishing, all you have to do is to find a nice, quiet, shady spot, sit on a root that fits your curves—and just sit there, and fish. Some people say fishing is the sport of those too lazy to do anything else. As a matter of fact, some of the hardest work I have ever done was digging bait, and some of the roughest walking was to find a "hole" that looked just right.

But fishing is not all there is to fishing, there is a lot more to it than just catching a fish. The sport takes you right into nature's "holy of holies," where mellow-bugs stage their dizzy dance in the still water under the bank; where dragonflies stare you out of countenance from the tip of your rod; where kingfishers rattle, where red-wings flute their u-ka-lees; where muscadines drop with a musical plunk in the water; where an occasional duck whizzes its way up-stream with the speed of a feathered bullet, and where all is peace and quiet. At such times I seem to get so near to nature that I have heard the voice of a boy frog changing from tenor to bass, and I have even heard the faint squeaking of baby muskrats in their tunnel under the bank.

There is an unexplainable something about silent, slow-moving water that "seems just suited for mortal's dreams," something to which our souls respond, and which puts us in harmony with the infinite. In plain English, we get nearer to God than we ever do in the haunts of men. There is nothing I know that leads as surely to a kind of stocktaking of ourselves as fishing.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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A letter from Miss Adela T. Jones of Olympia, Washington

Dear Sirs:

Since I have been using PEBECO Tooth Paste, my teeth have become whiter than when I used other brands. I am so delighted! My teeth were not in such good condition last year. They were taking on a yellow look, which will mar any woman's appearance. The use of PEBECO has enhanced them a hundred per cent.

The constant use of PEBECO will make the dingiest looking teeth turn white, and make it possible to converse with friends without offending them.

Truly,

(signed) Adela Terry Jones

For thirty years PEBECO *has gained each year new thousands of users. Constantly the mails bring letters of praise.*

Thousands are grateful for its salty tang

Shining teeth a fresh sweet mouth

WHAT a joy it is to know that all day long your mouth is sweet and fresh. Your teeth white and charming.

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found that the most common cause of trouble was a slowing up of the mouth fluids which keep the mouth safe from acids.

So he developed the formula of Pebeco with its special salt to keep the fluids healthily active.

At the first touch of Pebeco in the morning, a cool invigorating tang summons the mouth fluids. For hours they bathe the surfaces of the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. The bedtime brushing renews their activity for the night. No wonder your breath stays fresh and sweet, your teeth and gums sound.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.

Keeps the mouth young . . .

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Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-35, Bloomfield, N. J.
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(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER FEBRUARY, 1929)

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Life on Mars is Almost Certain!

(*Continued from page 55*)

were able to observe Mars favorably than ever before in history.

"As a result of this, and because of the aid of extra-sensitive instruments, remarkable advances have recently been made in our knowledge of the planet. After many years of cautious weighing of the facts that we do know, I am frank to admit that the case for the existence of intelligent beings on Mars is by no means improbable.

"Right at once, it ought to be clearly understood, however, that we cannot see any Martian beings. I have had people ask if it would be possible to see elephants or flocks of animals or moving railroad trains, assuming that such exist on Mars. The answer is, 'No.' If New York or London were cities of Mars, we could see them only as minute specks on the darker or lighter background of the surrounding surface. Buildings, streets, moving vehicles and other individual details would be indistinguishable.

"When you remember that Mars at its nearest is still more than 33,000,000 miles from the earth, and that with our best telescopes it cannot be seen much more distinctly than the moon is seen with the naked eye, you can understand that an object must be many miles in size, and of a sharply contrasting color or shade, to be clearly visible."

"WHAT evidence is there, then," I asked, "to justify any belief in the existence of Martian life?"

"There are three kinds of evidence," answered the astronomer: "first, the presence on Mars of conditions which support life. It is reasonable to suppose that where life-favoring conditions exist, life also exists.

"The second kind of evidence is the existence of changeable dark markings of vast extent on the planet's surface. These markings cannot reasonably be accounted for by any other explanation than that they are fields of vegetation. Some of the areas are vivid green in the spring, and turn darker as the year advances to winter. On our earth, the presence of plant life in profusion is always associated with the presence of animal life. If this is true of the earth, why not also of Mars?

"The third kind of evidence is the appearance of surface markings which cannot be accounted for as accidental occurrences of nature. Some are so straight and regular that we can explain them only as the result of intelligent design. Some of them appear to be permanent features of the Martian landscape, and the belief that they are caused by the flow of canals constructed to aid the distribution of water over the planet is the most reasonable explanation that we have. On the earth such constructions could be laid out only with the aid of surveying instruments, and indeed would require considerable mathematical computation.

"Other seemingly artificial features of the Martian surface are more temporary, but none the less remarkable for size and geometrical regularity. At several near approaches of Mars, observers have seen symmetrical designs on the planet's surface so striking that some persons have suggested that they may be signals."

SIGNALS from Mars? Imagine the newspaper headline!

"What were these designs?" I asked.

"At the opposition of 1879, the Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, saw a cross centered in a dark circle The circle—which is one of the permanent features of the Martian map, and which we call by the name 'Hellas'—is nine hundred miles across. At the next opposition the cross had disappeared from Hellas, and of late years it has been replaced by an irregular curved design.

"The next very near approach of the planet occurred in 1892. I was at the observatory in Arequipa, Peru, at this time, and I saw a pentagon with central radiating canals. The five sides of the figure were remarkably uniform—and appeared all the more striking because five-sided figures are rare on Mars.

"In 1907 the two planets were again close together, and Professor A. E. Douglas was observing Mars from Mt. Lowe, California. He saw the dark outline of a five-pointed star in about the same longitude as the pentagon of 1892, but farther south. In sending me his drawing of this view, Professor Douglas wrote: 'I thought at the time it looked more like "intention" than anything I have ever seen.' The diameter of this star was about eleven hundred miles.

"Then, when Mars drew nearest in 1924, another five-pointed star was seen, as though etched across the center of the disk. This star measured about sixteen hundred miles in diameter. A remarkable circumstance is that, if seen from any other position than that occupied by the earth during the 1924 opposition, this figure would not appear at all like a star. Engineering skill could not have placed it better for our observation. It would involve considerable knowledge of trigonometry to lay out a figure of such size on a spherical surface so that it would appear to watchers in a certain position in space as a symmetrical star.

"It seems strange that these appearances should be timed to the very near oppositions, and should be missing at the far oppositions. They are of such size that they would be noticeable, though faintly, even at the farthest oppositions. Judging by the past, we should not expect another one before 1939, when Mars will again approach us within 35,000,000 miles."

"But what is the nature of these markings?" I asked.

"THEY are, seemingly, strips of vegetation. Or, to give them their Martian name," added the astronomer, "they are 'canals' arranged in symmetrical patterns.

"The use of the word 'canal' in connection with Mars has undoubtedly caused misunderstanding," went on Professor Pickering. "When we speak of a canal on the earth, we think of such works as the Panama Canal, the Suez Canal, the Erie Canal—narrow water channels artificially made. But the 'canals' on Mars are from twenty to two hundred miles wide, and some of them thousands of miles long. To suggest that such enormous ditches exist, either naturally or artificially, on a globe the size of Mars, is to suggest the very improbable—if not the impossible.

"Look at Mars through a good telescope and you will see a small globe, its surface mottled with areas of light and dark. The early observers recognized the two white spots at the poles of the planet as snow caps. They supposed the dark areas to be bodies of water, so they named them 'seas.' The remaining light areas they supposed to be continents. Some of these early observers saw dark strips joining the 'seas,' and supposed them to be straits. At the very near approach of Mars, in 1877, Schiaparelli discovered many new straits, and, adopting a name which had been used by an earlier astronomer, he called them '*canali*.' This was translated into English as 'canals,' and the name has stuck.

"When the name 'canal' was given to these appearances, it was generally believed that there were extensive oceans on the surface of Mars, and it seemed reasonable to explain the dark strips as 'canals of communication.' But when astronomers saw seasonable changes in the color of the 'seas' they began to doubt whether the dark areas could be bodies of water.

"In 1892 I was observing with Professor A. E. Douglas at Arequipa, and in that clear, steady air we were able to see that in many cases the 'canal' not only extended from 'sea' to 'sea,' but continued across the 'seas' as a darker strip through these dark areas. Plainly, there must be something wrong with the theory.

"TO-DAY we are certain that there is no sea nor lake on the surface of Mars, except for the temporary body of water which skirts the melting polar cap for a few weeks in spring. Mars is a globe of land—all land. The light areas which give the reddish color to the planet are indeed land, as the earlier astronomers believed, but not continents bounded by oceans. They are vast deserts. Two thirds of the surface of Mars is desert.

"The remaining one third, which we see as the dark and shaded areas, is, we believe, fertile soil. If there are any living creatures on Mars they are absolutely dependent upon the productiveness of this limited fertile area.

"The fertile area is dependent, in turn, on water supply. Any land will become barren unless it is watered either by rains or by irrigation. That has happened in many parts of the earth, and it is well known that the deserts are gradually encroaching upon the fertile areas of our land. If rain fails, only irrigation will keep the desert back.

"And here is where canals enter into the scheme of Martian conditions. They are not the outlines of gigantic channels of water, but are strips of watered land which show darker by the contrast of their

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"Nuthin' I Like!"

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HUNGRILY and expectantly he had gone to dinner. "Nuthin'" he liked—just things which "were good for him". String beans—he wouldn't eat them. Time had come for discipline. When told that he was to have none of a favorite dessert, he gave in. Smiling thro' his tears after the first few mouthfuls, he said, "I didn't know it, but I was liking string beans all the time."

PERHAPS in your own home there is a small child who is finicky about his food. But you insist upon his having plenty of milk, cereals, vegetables and the other foods he requires, for you know that the growth of his body and his health depend upon the "building" foods he eats.

But how about yourself? Have you dropped into the habit of ordering what you like without regard to the foods you need to build and repair your body and to keep it in the best possible condition of health? And do you know how much food you require, or how little?

After hard physical labor or vigorous exercise a man needs more food to meet his energy requirements. The man who uses his muscles but little and works with his brain needs less food, or "fuel", for his human engine.

Diet is literally a separate problem for each individual. The "overweight" is usually too fond of starchy, sugary and fatty foods and disinclined to eat vegetables and fruits, while the "underweight" often neglects the fattening foods he needs. Appetite is not always a reliable guide to correct eating, neither is the price of the food.

If you are blessed with good health and good digestion, take time to find out what constitutes a properly balanced day to day diet for a person of your age—how much meat, fish, cheese and milk you require, how many sweet foods, and most important of all—how many vegetables. Don't forget the string beans or the tomato, King of the Vitamins. Raw salads, fruit, butter, cream and nuts are important parts of the regular food supply when taken in correct amounts. And six to eight glasses of water daily, please—mainly between meals.

It is worth remembering that, through a well-balanced ration, you can keep in good condition every part of your body—muscles, bones, vital organs, nerves, eyes, teeth and even hair.

Incorrect diet is responsible for a vast number of ailments and lack of strength and vigor. It is estimated that three calls out of ten in doctors' offices are caused by faulty diet—errors that may be easily corrected. If you wish to have better health and probably longer life, apply the new knowledge of food and nutrition, gained for you through the chemical research of recent years. It is really amazingly interesting to discover what each particular food contributes to the body—to know just what to eat if you wish to reduce your weight, or increase your weight, or keep it normal—to know what your body needs when you feel that your energy is low.

For more enjoyment in eating and for better health from eating, begin today to learn what to eat.

Because our daily food needs are little understood by most persons, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet, "The Family Food Supply", which tells what to buy and how, and includes diet and marketing helps for the housewife.

The best food is not always the most expensive, and the most expensive is oftentimes far from the best. The least costly foods can often be prepared in such a way as to give more nourishment and more taste-satisfaction than those which are extravagant in price.

By means of this booklet, the modern housekeeper can easily find out which foods her family requires. She will learn which foods are needed by a man who does heavy physical labor, which are necessary for the office-worker, which for herself and which for the growing child.

"The Family Food Supply" tells how to buy economically and should be used in connection with the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A copy of either, or both, will be mailed, free, upon your request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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vegetation with the surrounding country."

"But how can these strips of land be watered if there are no bodies of water on Mars?" I interrupted.

"There is the water from the melting polar caps," answered Professor Pickering, "which we estimate to be about equivalent in volume to the water of our Great Lakes. But it has been a problem to explain satisfactorily how the water is carried from the poles to the equator.

"For thirty years, I have been studying the problem at every favorable opposition, and I have carefully considered, also, the many new facts which other astronomers have discovered. My conclusion is this: The Martian 'canals' are so varied that no one explanation will account for them all. Some canals shift their positions by as much as one hundred miles. If they were watered by irrigating ditches, that would not occur.

"Most of the 'canals' are curved, and it was this that suggested a possible natural cause. How is water distributed to the agricultural fields of the earth? Mainly by wind-blown clouds which travel curved paths and deposit in the form of rain, snow, or hail. Why should Martians build extensive conduits and pumping plants if they can depend on the atmosphere to carry the moisture to their fields?

"So I began to study clouds on Mars. I saw them forming over the polar caps, originating, no doubt, in the great swamps which surround the melting poles. I studied the behavior of these clouds, and found that there was an apparent connection between them and the formation of certain curved dark streaks which were down on the map as 'canals.' Following the formation of cloud banks, I have seen a canal develop within a few hours, and in the course of a few days the canal would widen and lengthen and, in some instances, it would double. This cannot be explained by the flow of water through a ditch. It can be explained as the result of a fast-moving rainstorm.

"My belief is that the great majority of Martian canals are simply the paths of rainstorms which course from the poles toward the equator, in accordance with meteorological law. Weather on Mars seems to be simpler and more uniform than that of the earth. This is largely because of the lack of oceans on Mars, I think. The winds which blow the rain travel fairly definite courses.

"The Martians, if there be Martians, would naturally plant their crops in areas which are in the paths of the rainstorms.

"Not all of the canals can be explained as rainstorm tracks, however.

"A VERY striking example of a canal that is really a water channel is the dark strip known as Bathys, which crosses Thaumasia.

"Bathys is about 1,600 miles in extent. Mr. G. H. Hamilton and I both observed it independently, in 1924, and could see distinctly a narrow, very dark line prolonging it and threading through it. This was the nearest approach of Mars that has occurred in a century, and it was possible to see details which cannot be seen at an ordinary opposition. We are convinced that we saw the irrigation ditch of Bathys, an actual water channel about five miles wide, with vegetation growing along its sides.

"Of course we could see only the main water course. Invisible side ditches must serve for irrigation. The straightness of this canal between the bends is remarkable. If Bathys is an artificial construction throughout, it is a gigantic achievement:

"To account for the flow of water through these irrigating canals does not require us to imagine a pumping system, such as would be necessary for the entire planetary circulation. The force of gravity is sufficient to carry the water through the limited number of irrigating ditches if they are wide enough and slightly inclined.

"WE SEE still a third kind of canal on Mars," continued Professor Pickering. "These are mostly in the northern hemisphere, which is predominantly desert. These canals are long, fairly wide, faint markings, of a temporary nature. Their existence cannot be explained by the gravitational flow of water, for the deserts are elevated plateaus. They are not permanent enough for us to assume that the water is pumped up into the deserts. These faint canals do not seem to irrigate anything in particular except themselves.

"The explanation that appears most reasonable is that these markings represent desert crops, planted to catch all the moisture possible as it travels during the semi-annual rainy seasons through clouds from pole to pole."

"If these desert crops are 'planted' you assume that there are 'planters'?" I asked.

"Yes, this explanation implies intelligent Martians. My belief is that the crops are intentionally planted where they will be most accessible or otherwise useful to their owners. The only alternative is to explain the markings as shower tracks existing independently of the general planetary circulation of winds. But the straight markings are too long to be explained that way, and I see no reason why an explanation involving intelligent life should be handicapped against those that do not. That explanation which involves the least and fewest improbabilities should be accepted, regardless of all other consideration. On the earth, life exists under the most diverse conditions, and on a planet where the surface conditions are so similar to our own, the presence of intelligent life involves no improbability whatever."

"But," I asked Professor Pickering, "are the surface conditions of Mars so similar to our own? Water is scarce, deserts cover most of the surface, and I have never read a textbook which did not describe the atmosphere as so scant that no human being could live there."

"Water is scarce," answered the astronomer, "in contrast with the water supply of our earth. But there certainly is the water of the Martian polar caps. Of this we are sure, and it is reasonable to suppose that there are springs and other underground sources of water, as on the earth. Indeed, we believe that some of the dark areas of Mars are great swamps.

"It is also admitted that most of the surface of Mars is desert, but the remaining one third of the planet's surface is in vegetation. Only one fourth of the earth's surface is land, and some of this is desert, so that the proportion of productive land surface is greater on Mars than on the earth.

"As regards the Martian atmosphere—that is a field in which revolutionary discoveries have lately been made. It was long believed that Mars had a thin atmosphere. Scientists reasoned that, because of the small mass of the planet, the force of gravity would not be strong enough to retain many gases.

"Since the atmosphere was thin, it was argued that the temperature on Mars must be subject to wide and rapid variations. At day the sun would beat down and heat up everything to an unendurable degree. At night, with no such blanketing atmosphere as we have, the heat would quickly radiate into space, and so the night surface of Mars would sink to below-freezing temperatures.

"Recent discoveries overturn this idea entirely, and we have strong evidence now that the density of the Martian atmosphere exceeds that of the earth's atmosphere. Much of this evidence was obtained at the near oppositions in 1922 and 1924. The height of limb clouds over the southern polar cap was measured. When compared with the height of clouds over the earth it indicated an atmospheric density at the surface of Mars six times that at the surface of the earth.

"At the Lick Observatory, Mars was photographed through color filters. When photographed in blue, its image showed a radius one hundred and twenty miles greater than when photographed in infrared. Professor Wright, who took the pictures, considers that the atmosphere was invisible in the red light, so the image in that photograph is of the planet's surface, whereas the blue image is of the Martian atmosphere.

"A third item of evidence is that obtained by measurements of the Martian temperature with the delicate electrical thermopile. These measurements indicated an equatorial temperature for Mars which is about one hundred degrees higher than we should expect it to be, based on the equatorial temperature of the earth. So great a difference indicates that Mars retains the sun's heat better than the earth—and this means a denser atmosphere.

"IT IS these new discoveries that have put an entirely different complexion on our conclusions with regard to the neighboring planet. They lead us to look on Mars as much more similar to the earth than we had previously believed was possible. Heretofore, most planetary astronomers have felt that animal life, as well as vegetable life, was possible on Mars. Some would go further and admit that intelligent life was not impossible. Now, however, we may say more than that. I think we are justified in saying that, with the evidence so strong for conditions similar to those found on the earth, and with vegetable life fairly assured, animal life is almost certain. Furthermore, if intelligent life exists there—as the straight and narrow canals seem to imply—then it seems probable that Mars is a world much more like the earth than we have heretofore been led to surmise. I am now inclined to consider it possible that even human life, if transported to Mars, might exist and perhaps flourish there."

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18 *Years* LATER

and her teeth in *marvelous condition*

Today Miss Helen Mack's teeth flash as brightly as they ever did

Shortly after this picture was taken Miss Mack began brushing her teeth with Colgate's.

All 18, *she has used one* dentifrice . *a cleansing* dentifrice.. *and look at her* TEETH TODAY!

WHEREVER she goes, that smile wins for her. It is so confident . . . so sparkling. No wonder she has a host of friends. No wonder men and women pay her so many attentions. *Nobody* can resist her smile.

And yet . . . what would that smile be like without those flashing, lustrous teeth? They are the very essence of its charm. Cloud them and the fascination of her smile is gone.

Since 1909, Miss Mack has been protecting her teeth with Colgate's. Today, like so many others who have used that dentifrice steadily, her teeth are in marvelous condition.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file. Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them —sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. They did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentist for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

CLEAN!

Dental authorities say that the only thing a dentifrice can do is CLEAN. Colgate's is scientifically made to clean teeth superlatively well.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201-B
595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE

Please send me a sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, the cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

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Let us assume that a human being has made the journey through thirty-five million miles of space, and finds himself on Mars. What would be his probable impression of that world?

First of all, perhaps, he would notice a curious feeling of physical lightness. The force of gravity on Mars is two fifths that of the earth. If our man weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, he would weigh only sixty pounds on Mars. He could lift loads and jump to heights and distances far beyond his power on the earth, and a walk of many miles would seem an easy stroll.

"AS HE traveled over the planet," explained Professor Pickering, "he would notice the absence of mountains and oceans. He would find that the northern half of the globe is mainly desert—bleak, elevated, almost barren, tablelands. The more habitable part of the planet is the southern hemisphere, where most of the vegetation grows, and where, apparently, Martian life flourishes.

"Approaching the melting polar cap, our explorer would find it surrounded by marshes, which would gradually deepen as the snow melted, and finally present the appearance of a lake of water. With the approach of summer, the lake would gradually disappear, as the water evaporated or flowed off. Eventually, he would see an occurrence that never happens on our earth—the polar snow would entirely disappear.

"He would find, I believe, that the climate of Mars is more equable and comfortable, on the whole, than that of the earth. The winters are less severe, for the snow does not extend as far from the poles as it does on our earth. If New York and Chicago were cities on Mars, situated in relatively the same latitude as on the earth they would rarely, if ever, see snow."

While our visitor would not notice any difference in the duration of the day on Mars—it is only forty minutes longer than our day—he would notice a considerable difference in the length of the year. It takes Mars six hundred and sixty-eight days to make its journey around the sun—or more than twenty-two months. In consequence, the Martian spring, summer, fall, and winter are nearly twice as long as the corresponding seasons on earth.

The two moons in the Martian sky would perhaps astonish the man from the earth, and what would startle him even more would be the sight of one of the moons rising in the west, moving rapidly across the sky, eclipsing the other moon, and setting in the east.

Actually, both moons move in the same direction in which Mars turns in its daily rotation. But whereas Mars takes 24 hours and 40 minutes to perform a revolution, the inner moon, Phobos, takes only 7 hours and 39 minutes to complete its journey around the planet. The combination of these two motions makes the moon appear to rise in the west, and it rises and sets twice daily. The outer moon, Deimos, is more leisurely. It requires 30 hours and 18 minutes to make its circuit around the planet, and the combination of its motion with the rotation of Mars causes Deimos to rise every five and a half days.

These two Martian moons are no larger in surface areas than a good-sized Texas ranch. Phobos measures nearly eight miles in diameter, and Deimos a little over six miles.

JUPITER is the most brilliant object in the Martian night sky—a magnificent orb, appearing half as large again as it seems to us. Many of Jupiter's moons, which we can see only through the telescope, would be plainly visible on Mars to the naked eye.

Just after the setting of the sun below the Martian horizon, or just before its rising, our visitor would see a brilliant double star—the earth and the moon, illumined by the sun's rays, and appearing far more spectacular to the Martians than Mars at its nearest appears to us. He could see the other side of the moon.

But what creatures would our explorer see walking about on Mars? Would the animals there be counterparts of our terrestrial fauna? Would Martians be simply smaller or larger editions of earth men, or would they be entirely different?

Such questions can only be left to the imagination; but it is not out of place here to remind the reader that our familiar mold is not necessarily the only mold in which human life may be cast.

Many thinkers have believed that there is life in the universe outside our little globe. The great William Herschel said of Mars: "Its inhabitants probably enjoy a situation in some respects similar to ours."

I ASKED Professor Pickering if it would be possible for us to send a signal which would reach Mars.

"Yes," he answered. "The most feasible method, in my opinion, would be to use light rays. It would be possible to produce an intensity of electric light sufficient to flash a conspicuous signal to Mars, though it would perhaps cost several million dollars. Another method would be to use a great number of mirrors and reflect the sun's rays. This could best be done when Mars is at forty-five degrees from opposition—about 61,000,000 miles from the earth. I have figured that a series of mirrors with an area of about one half of a mile square, would reflect a beam of sunlight which would appear to Mars as of the brightness of a fourth-magnitude star. Such a signal should be dazzlingly conspicuous in a suitable Martian telescope. If Martians are intelligent, and are observers of this planet, they would be likely to interpret such a light as a signal."

So far as is known, no well-organized attempt has ever been made to signal Mars, or any of the planets. Many years ago a lady of France, a certain Madame Guzman, left a legacy of one hundred thousand francs to the French Academy of Sciences. She specified that this money was to be awarded as a prize to the first person who should succeed in establishing communication between the earth and another planet—except Mars! She excepted Mars, because she thought that would be *too easy*.

Drake is One of the Great Unknowns of the Middle-West

(*Continued from page 16*)

finally located him by telephone in a town almost a hundred miles distant. "He promised to see you when you arrived," she explained, "and he keeps his word." So, while "Bob" Drake drove for three hours in a heat that neared the one hundred mark, that he might keep his word to a stranger, I browsed about, getting side lights on the man.

His clothing is tailor-made, but he buys three pairs of trousers with a suit. He pays thirty dollars for a hat, and wears it for ten years. I was shown hundreds of pictures of bridges, but not one of the builder; pictures of employees, but not one of the "boss." He heads and owns eight corporations, and those corporations in effect are Drake; but not one of them bears his name, nor does his name appear on any of their stationery.

Somebody asked Drake once why he doesn't live as a man of his wealth could. "I live as well as any," was his reply. "No matter how much money a man has, he can eat only three meals a day, wear one suit of clothes at a time, and sleep in one bed."

Once he told a reporter—I found the quotation in a newspaper file—"I don't want to quit building bridges until the Lord tells me I must; and then I want to be like the old carpenter. I want my saw to be worn thin, the blade of my plane to be almost gone, and my hatchet worn out."

That is "Bob" Drake.

A ruggedly handsome man, browned by the sun and Western winds, in plain blue shirt and with coat over arm, he strode into the office where I waited, and charged it with energy. There was a hale "Hello" to his associates as he called them by their first names, like a man getting home and glad to be there. In less than ten minutes he had disposed of a dozen matters awaiting him, seeming to enjoy this business of making decisions.

"Now!" he said presently, and turned to me smiling. It was as if he had always known me, and I had always known him.

Drake was born on a ranch in Jackson County, Kansas, in 1870. In a few crisp lines he sketched in his father, cattleman, railroad builder and ex-soldier.

"My father taught me," said Mr. Drake, "to keep my fences mended, and not stop merely with closing the gate. One Fourth of July we were going to town for the celebration. It was a big day for me and I was on my best behavior. Some

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The AIRMAN

sets new high standards in performance and in sales

For the year of 1927—Franklin stands out as one of the few cars to enjoy a substantial sales increase over 1926.

And now the new Franklin Airman—introduced a bare three months ago—is making new sales records, setting a pace which far surpasses that of any corresponding period in recent years.

Airman performance is thrilling the world!

Just as dauntless as today's Aviators—sharing many of the airplane's engineering and travel advantages—the Airman is first to attain the new standard of speed set by Aviation—more miles per day with less fatigue, *higher average speed* maintained for hours at a time.

Air-cooling—pioneered by Franklin—has been a dominant factor in the recent advancement of Aviation. Now Franklin offers the highly efficient air-cooled motor in 24% increased size, with tremendously increased power and hill-climbing ability.

Like Aviation, the Airman advocates scientific light weight construction as the means to greater economy and riding comfort—to easier driving—and to maximum safety at every speed.

Even the lines of the coachwork suggest swift, smooth flight. To know the joy of speed in comfort, to know truly exhilarating performance, you must challenge the highways in an Airman. The first mile reveals the secret of the Airman's instant success. *Your* demonstration awaits you today.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

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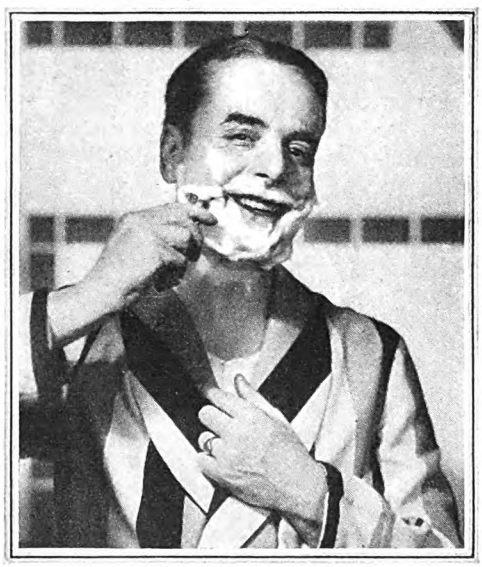
You know the result

Here's the reason why

Shaving is Smoother
Small-Bubble Way

Razor-pull banished. No more sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth when beards are softened this scientific way. There's a big difference in shaving creams that you can prove by test . . . see offer in coupon below.

◆ ◆ ◆



IF you think all shaving creams are alike, there's a surprise for you in this advertisement.

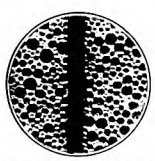
It's the story of a new way . . . an easy way . . . a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands buy it daily.

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

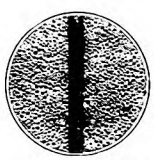
It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base where the razor work is done. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair—floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets soft and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened . . . ready for your razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated throughout the day.

You be the judge . . for 7 days

These astonishing improvements are so easy to judge, that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a 7-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Compare it with the shave cream in your bathroom now.

Do this please, at our expense.

As an extra dividend we will also send you a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men. Try it after shaving. Mail coupon below.

Colgate & Company
Dept. 501-B, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name_____

Address_____

cattle had broken out during the early morning and, to heighten the good impression I wished to make, I had gone to some trouble to run them back into the pasture where they belonged, through the gate. This done, I very carefully closed and barred the gate.

"On the way to town, my father stopped before we had gone a half-mile. Both he and I saw at once that the cattle had again escaped from the pasture.

"'I don't understand that,' I told Father. 'Not more than an hour ago I ran them all in and closed the gate.'

"'Was the gate open to start with?' he asked.

"'No, sir, it was closed,' I answered.

"'While we go on to town, you stay here,' Father directed. 'Sit down under yonder tree and see if you can't figure out a way to keep those cattle inside the fence.'

"I climbed down from the wagon, and, heartbroken, watched it vanish down the road toward town. There went my holiday; but obediently I sat down under the tree. Then for the first time it dawned on me that the cattle must have broken through the fence somewhere, and that barring the gate hadn't mended the break. I looked about and, of course, there was a break. The lesson was impressed on me everlastingly."

DRAKE'S mother had been a schoolteacher, a leader in the movement that gave Kansas free schools. He is an idealist to-day because she made him so, a Christian because she impressed him with the infinity of God and His creation.

"One night she showed me the stars," he said, "and had me count those of the Great Dipper. Then she told me to think of a hundred stars, of five hundred. My conception couldn't go beyond that number.

"'If you tried to count all the stars that you see, how long might it take you?' she asked.

"I guessed it might take three months.

"'You have looked through a telescope,' she reminded, 'and know there are other stars beyond those which you now see. Remember, it was only a small telescope; had it been bigger would you have seen more stars?'

"'Yes, thousands more,' I said. 'The bigger the telescope the more stars I would see.'

"'Son, if you had the greatest telescope that ever could be built,' she went on, 'you would still be unable to see all of the stars. Beyond what you saw would be others and so on illimitably through space; and if you were up on one of those stars looking down at the earth you would see the earth as merely a moon or possibly a star. The earth is but a star in creation, and you are but one boy on the earth.'

"The enormity of the thing, my own insignificance in this vast scheme of endless space, made my head swim. Then she continued:

"'You can measure a piece of wood, a stone, or your own size. Anything one can measure is finite. But no man has ever been able to measure the universe, or space, because space, as you see, is without end, beyond our understanding. You can't comprehend any end to space, and yet you know there is space. We can't comprehend God, but yet we know He is.'"

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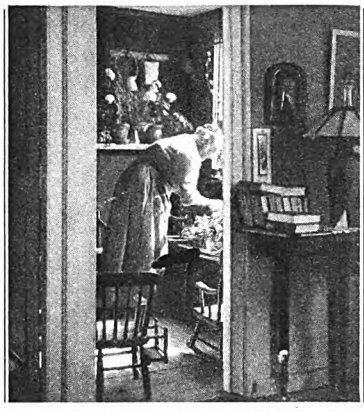
Interior Pictures

Now easy to make with the Modern Kodak

If your subject is indoors—hard to take according to your past ideas—forget these hazards entirely. The Modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera

Interior pictures you never previously dared to make—are simple and easy now. Use the Modern Kodak.



How often have you wanted to make an interior photograph? Now you can with a Modern Kodak.

These beautiful pictures shown above were made by other amateurs just like yourself, with the Modern Kodak

ARE you making pictures the same way you did ten years ago?

Do you still believe that good pictures can only be made out-of-doors in direct sunlight under ideal weather conditions?

That's a false impression entirely. For important new developments in the art of photography have practically revolutionized your picture-making possibilities.

If your subject's indoors—go right ahead and make the picture. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results you get.

If the weather's dark or cloudy—it doesn't make any difference. Some of the finest amateur pictures today have been taken under conditions that would have discouraged experts a few years ago.

There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or Summer suns, or "right" hours.

What Happened

New developments in the manufacture of lenses have made possible these remarkable results. Today, due to Eastman enterprise and the tremendous Eastman manufacturing resources, you can get extra-rapid, extra-efficient lenses on cameras of moderate price.

For example—on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40.

To you, this not only means better pictures. But it also means that your photographic day is lengthened . . . your picture opportunities are multiplied many times. It is no longer necessary now to have your subject in direct sunlight. You can make pictures in the shade . . . indoors under favorable light conditions . . . on rainy days or in cloudy weather. Pictures you never previously thought of taking are simple snap-shots now.

Everything simple as ABC

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum. Thus picture-making, good picture-making, has been made easier than ever before.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature created by Eastman Scientists, which almost does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light condition. It helps avoid mistakes—eliminates guesswork—takes the difficulty out of making pictures.

And—Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture!*

With the modern Kodak you start making good pictures at once. The photographs you see in this advertisement were made by other amateurs, just like yourself. Without special training or help, you too can make photographs like these. All the skill that's needed is built into the camera.

February—An Ideal Month for Photography

The month of February is an ideal time to get pictures for your album.

Why not stop in at the nearest Kodak dealer's today? See these modern Kodaks. Find out how these new developments have simplified the making of pictures. Write for booklet about these modern Kodak improvements; mail the coupon.

Any Questions? If you have in mind a picture that you don't know how to make, if for any reason you aren't satisfied with the results that you're now getting, or if you'd like advice on photographic matters, write to the Service Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Practical picture-makers will handle your inquiries with interest and without charge.

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. AM-2,
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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TRADE **YALE** MARK

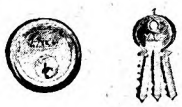
Must you have something stolen to make you say
YALE LOCKS EVERYWHERE?

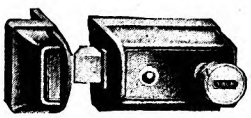
You may have a fine home, apartment, office, store or factory.

But it is never really yours unless it can be safely locked against intruders.

Make the place you live in or work in as pleasant as you like. Everybody tries to do that nowadays.

But put a lock on it! Not just any lock. A Yale Cylinder Lock.



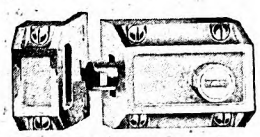


Yale No. 44 Deadlatch

For example, the Yale No. 44 Automatic Deadlatch, a combined springlatch and deadlock. Automatic in action—throws the bolt almost twice the usual distance—an exclusive Yale feature. Handsome brass color finish. Sells for $4.50 each.

Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock

Or this Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock. It's as secure as a bar of steel across the door. Cannot be jimmied or sawed through and its Yale Pin-Tumbler Cylinder will keep out any sneak-thief. Attractive brass color finish. Priced at $5.00 each.



Yale No. 192 Steel Rotary Bolt Deadlock

Or this Yale No. 192 Steel Rotary Bolt Deadlock—interlocking door and jamb together. Here is super-protection, concentrated strength, unusual security. Its massive ¾ inch bolt of solid hardened steel is a sturdy defense against the pressure of the jimmy. Solid brass case—a quality lock. Sells at $5.50 each.

Yale will send you

—a folder describing these and six other Yale deadlatches and deadlocks varying in resistance quality as your needs for protection vary or you can get one of these folders and see the locks themselves at a convenient hardware store.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

The boy grew up under this teacher. As he was a finite being, she taught him, his existence in the human state would come to an end. He would be judged by the good he did during his limited time, a time which was but a clock-tick in the age of the universe. "The greatest of all good you can do is to bring happiness to those about you," she instructed. "Happiness is man's most cherished possession."

And with boyish ardor and with the faith of a son who loved, young Drake began to search his world for a life work that would promote happiness.

Since birth Drake had been afflicted with asthma. He has no recollection of having slept in a bed until after he was six years old. Throughout the greater part of his boyhood he had to sleep upright in a chair. Some of his finest work has been done in the night hours when sleep was an impossibility.

IN THE county of Drake's boyhood was a stream that was unbridged, thus cutting the countryside in twain. The settlers on each side of the stream spoke hostilely of those on the opposite side. If a cow was stolen or a mean act done, each side blamed the deed on the other. Each distrusted the other, and occasionally there were fights.

Then a bridge was built over the stream. Folks began to travel back and forth over it, to intermingle in business transactions and to make friends with those who had been their enemies. Distrust and suspicion passed as the two sides became acquainted, and the countryside flourished anew.

"It's a good work, that bridge," young Drake pondered. "It has made scores of folks friendly, more prosperous, and happier."

He had been searching for a life work, and suddenly, in that country bridge, he found what he was seeking. He was going to be a bridge builder, to make whole communities happier and richer, to join up the stream-broken roads with bridges, and to help this new country grow! He was now fifteen, almost a man, and it was time for him to get started at his work. Wasn't a man's life but a clock-tick after all?

"You'll need capital and experience to go into business, and I can give you neither," said his father.

In the nearby town of Holton a little private bank needed a clerk. The pay was only twelve dollars and fifty cents a month, but young Drake took the job. Unable to live on his wage, he sold insurance after banking hours and did a hundred odd-chance jobs about town. He went at this banking business with the idea of mastering it as a step upward toward the Big Work, and at the end of five years he was the bank's teller, drawing a salary of fifty dollars a month. Furthermore, he had saved twenty-six hundred dollars, his earnings from insurance sales.

Then things started to happen. A friend in need induced Drake to lend him funds to meet a crisis, and in a burst of generosity Drake let him take every penny that he had. The friend reciprocated by skipping to Mexico, without letting his creditors know of his destination. Young Drake took up the pursuit alone. He traced the man to Memphis,

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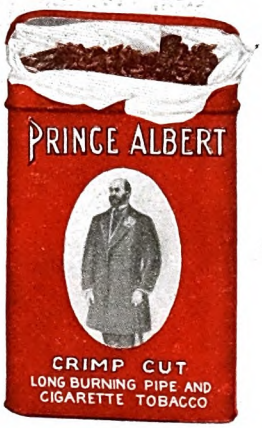
P. A. suits my taste like nobody's business

WHEN I opened my first tidy red tin and got a full breath of P. A.'s fragrance, I said: "Here's *my* brand!" I was absolutely sure of it the instant I tasted the tobacco itself in my pipe. What a taste! Cool as a climb in the Alps. Sweet as getting down again safely.

Mellow and mild and long-burning, with the last pull as cool and dry as the first. Prince Albert is great tobacco, all right, all right. You can hit it up from early morning to midnight, with never a regret . . . except, maybe, that you have to take time out for sleep!

They tell me P. A. outsells every other brand of pipe-tobacco on the market. I don't doubt it, and I don't wonder why. When you consider P. A.'s unbroken record of leadership over a period of years, it stands to reason it *must* be giving smokers more for their money. Try P. A.!



And look how much you get for your money — TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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A Dozen Dousings can't budge *pore-dirt*

. . . yet a single Pompeian Massage rolls every gray speck free!

IT'S hard to believe that your face is not clean when you wash it regularly. But 'way down where the wash-cloth never reaches, pore-dirt lies.

Where does it come from? The air we live in is teeming with millions of invisible particles of dust and grime.

These tiny specks work into your pores — get packed down tight—and give your face a sallow, grayish tone.

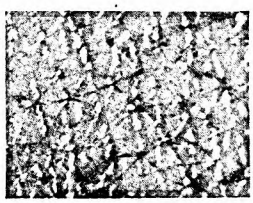
Science can *tell* men this. But the astonishing proof comes with their first Pompeian Massage. Here's how it works out:

Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face. Then rub Pompeian into the skin you think is clean. What happens?

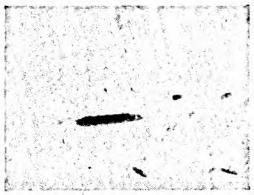
Goes in pink—rolls out gray!

The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Compare it with the lower picture taken after using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that is *really* clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. Free your pores of imbedded sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the healthy glow that a clean skin boasts.

A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day. A marvelous "sprucing-up" for a bright evening.

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it *free*. Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails—right now, while you read this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-B, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

then to Mobile, and finally caught up with him in Monterey, Mexico.

"What did you do—thrash him?" I asked.

"No, nothing like that," Drake replied. "I couldn't blame him very much. He really had had a tough time of it, lost everything, was a broken man. He had left because he felt that he never would be able to pay me. I settled the account by accepting from him deeds for two quarter sections of land, almost worthless at the time. But I held the land, and in 1907—eighteen years later—I sold it for forty thousand dollars. It goes to show how such things come back to you, not immediately perhaps, but some day."

On the return trip from Monterey, Drake had only two nickels in his pocket when he reached San Antonio. He bought some crackers and made the remainder of the journey curled up behind a bale of hay in a box car, the crackers being his only food for two days.

The Holton banker died, and young Drake was charged with the duty of settling up the affairs of the little bank. The work took him to Kansas City, Missouri, and into contact with one of the large banks there. This bank offered him a position, but Drake shook his head. He was through with banking; at last ready to learn something of bridges.

One of the bank's directors was connected with a big bridge-construction company, and he agreed to give Drake a trial. Before a week had passed the beginner was designing a bridge. When his illness refused him sleep, which often was night after night, he studied as he fought for breath. At the end of a year he had actually crowded two years' work into one—"Thanks to asthma."

Then came the blow. Work was slack in the bridge company's offices and men had to be discharged. Drake's position had never been more than a temporary one, and he was told he must go. He was stunned, unable to believe it. He dashed into the street after his employer, who was on his way home, followed him into the cable car and into the seat beside him, all the while begging to be allowed to stay.

"YOU say you will stay on any terms?" asked his employer at length. He had been silent while Drake pleaded.

"On any terms you name," promised Drake.

The other produced a pencil and began to write on the back of an old envelope. In a few moments he handed to Drake, what he had written and smiled queerly.

Mr. Drake told me the contract was the toughest ever presented to him in his life. Under it, he was to receive each month an advance of one hundred and fifty dollars, half of which was to cover his expenses. This money, however, was to be in the nature of a loan. At the end of the year, if he had not earned the total amount advanced, he was to refund the difference. A second clause made this further provision: That, in order to have the company pay him anything additional to the amount stipulated, Drake would have to earn one hundred per cent beyond the money advanced; whereupon, but *only* after all expenses and overhead of the company had been paid, he would be allowed one fifth of his earnings, provided there were any left unexpended.

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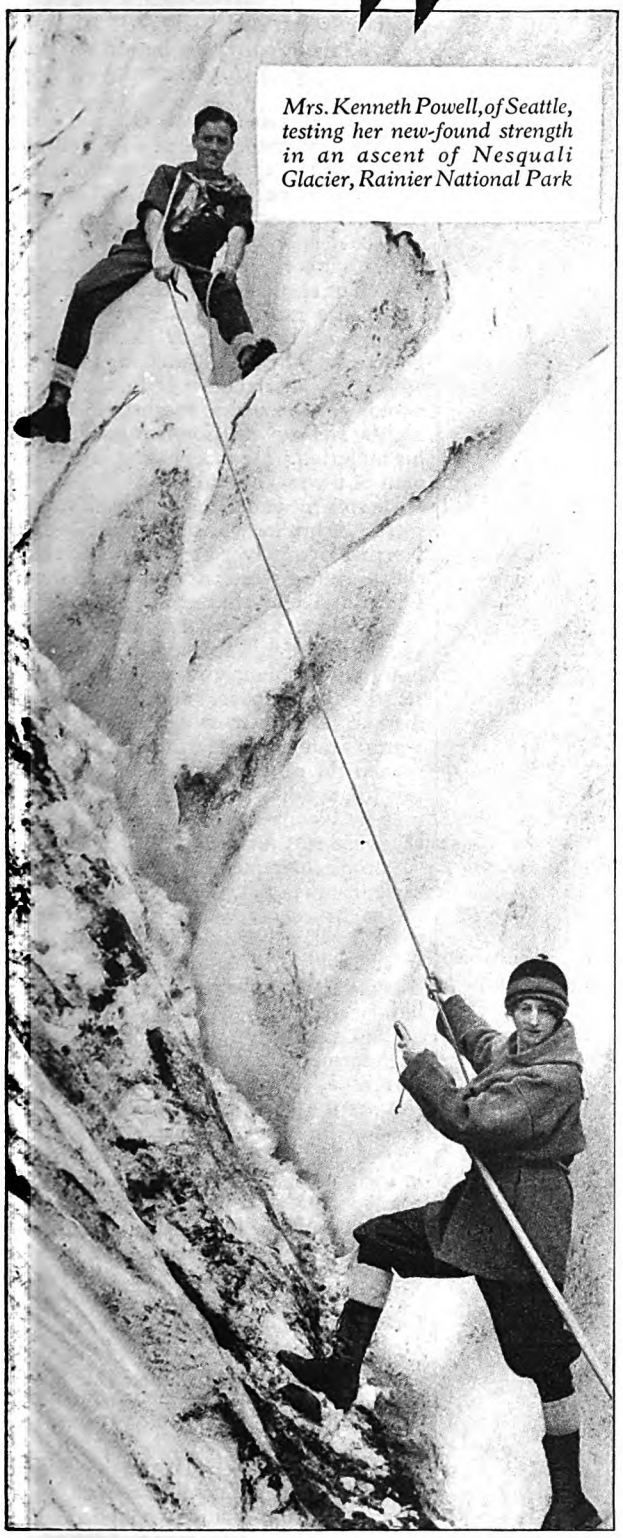
"I was too Weak for sport like this a few years back"



Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nesqualí Glacier, Rainier National Park

Seattle, Wash.

"When the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from the gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything.

"Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me — wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a pure *food* . . . As fresh as any garden vegetable.

It keeps the intestinal tract clean and active. Rouses the sluggish muscles. "Regulates."

As your constipation disappears, your blood clears, your skin freshens, your digestion becomes better than ever before!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-49, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

BELOW

"I USED TO FEEL embarrassed every morning when I went to school, because of pimples on my face. One day one of my schoolmates asked me what I was doing for them, and when I told him he said, 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . I didn't take his advice at first, but wish I had. For today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time —my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey."

LYMAN O. LEE, Minneapolis, Minn.

RIGHT

"THERE WERE FEW things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give *it* a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

MRS. BERNARD CAMPBELL, Chicago, Ill.

Health you have longed for— this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

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The ocean front at Santa Barbara

You'd take the next train to Southern California

IF YOU realized half that awaits you for a vacation in Southern California you'd come right now or you'd get next summer's plans all set! Every mile, every hour leads to romance in this strange, fascinating land.

For summer, here are two things to remember:—Bring light wraps—*but not your umbrella!* You sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten and awaken to exhilarating days you know will be *rainless* [and of low humidity]. Average mean summer temperature here for 51 years is 69 degrees [U. S. Weather Bureau].

In a succession of unforgettable days you may see the highest mountains in the nation [fourteen peaks exceed 14,000 feet]; the alluring desert, Old Spanish Missions and groves of ripening oranges. The blue Pacific will bid you enjoy its thrills! Nearby mile-high peaks that you can climb—by auto, afoot or trolley, will offer vistas of amazing beauty. And think of it—65 golf courses at your command!

Get a close-up view of the movie "lots" and Beverly Hills where noted film stars reside. Take the sail to Capri-like Catalina Island.

Gay, cosmopolitan Los Angeles has more than a million and a quarter people! You'll marvel at the growth and natural resources of Los Angeles County, one of the wealthiest in the nation. Boulevards guide you through its billion dollar oil fields!

It is enjoyable to come by way of Los Angeles. Then take in Long Beach, Pasadena, San Diego, San Bernardino, Riverside, Ojai, and such fascinating coast resorts as La Jolla, Laguna, and Santa Barbara. See *all* of this rare, this gorgeous Southland!

Consult your nearest railroad ticket office about low rates from May 15th to October 31st. Make plans now.

Mail the coupon for a 52-page all-year vacation book telling you just what to do and see in this strange land.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M-2, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ San Diego
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Riverside
☐ Orange ☐ Ventura

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

After Drake had read the contract he drew out his own pencil and signed it underneath the signature of his employer. He was to sell bridges and to design those that he sold. The contract was to be in effect for five years.

"What's the biggest salary you've ever paid a salesman?" Drake asked.

"Oh, about thirty-six hundred a year," was the reply. "Do you think you'll equal that?"

"No; I'm going to beat it!" said Drake.

Generally, the year that followed was a poor one for the construction business. There were periods when Drake didn't have his clothes off for a week at a time, even to sleep. But the ailment from which he had suffered since birth had inured him to lack of regular rest: he could sleep in a chair, in a railroad coach, on a bench in a station, anywhere, as chance offered. Even to-day he has a couch in his office on which he can stretch out for an hour or two, in case he wishes to work through the night. His constitution is rugged, despite his affliction. He is as husky as the foreman of a wrecking crew.

He told me of one incident in that year's work. A bridge was to be built over the North Platte River at Chimney Rock, in the extreme western end of Nebraska. Drake arrived at Sidney, the county seat, in the midst of a blizzard, four hours after the contract was to have been let. The hotel keeper bluntly refused to guide him to the courthouse, about a half-mile distant, saying it would be suicide to venture out in the storm. Finally, Drake coaxed the negro porter to undertake the job for a dollar. A railroader who was present volunteered to go along, and the three set out, linked by a rope.

It took them more than an hour to walk the half-mile. A lone clerk was on duty at the county commissioners' office, trapped there by the blizzard. The bridge contract had not been let for the simple reason that nobody had submitted a bid.

"No use for you to bid on that bridge," he informed Drake. "It was advertised merely as a formality. A few of the settlers up there at Chimney Rock have got together and subscribed to a fund of fifty-six hundred dollars, half to be given in cash and half in labor and teams. The county is going to give an equal amount, and maybe they'll get a bridge and maybe they won't. There's not enough money in it for a contractor to bother."

"They must need a bridge, to subscribe for it out of their own pockets," said Drake.

"They sure do," said the clerk. "They need a bridge badly. Without one they're shut off by the river, can't get out."

NEXT morning Drake was on his way to Chimney Rock in an open buggy, driven by an ex-soldier whom he had persuaded to make the sixty-mile trip. The snow storm had let up some, but the temperature was twenty below zero. "Keep an eye on me, and I'll keep an eye on you," warned the ex-soldier. "If you see me kinda dozin' off, thump your elbow into my ribs. A feller daren't doze long in this weather."

All day they plowed their way through the snow, floundering in drifts, digging their way out at times, taking turns at driving the horses. As dusk descended

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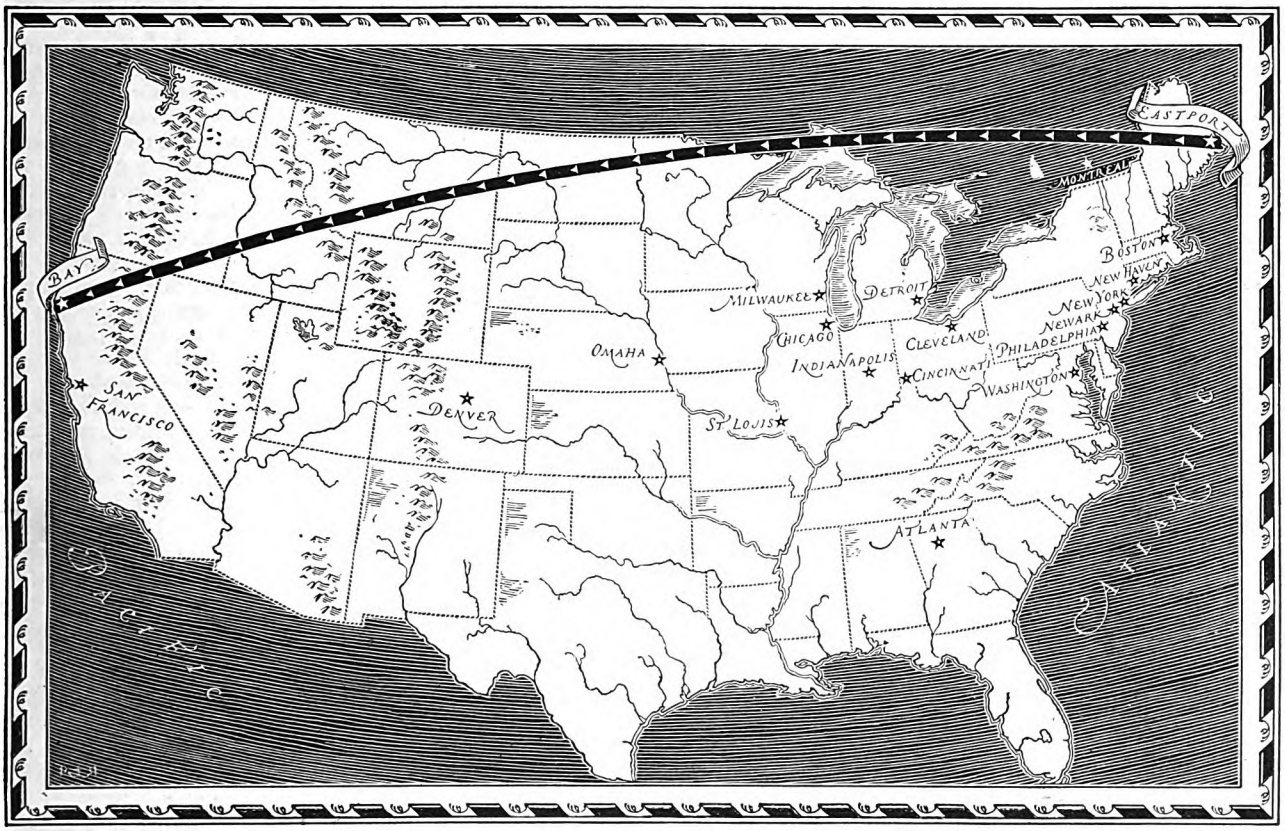
The longest *station to station* call within the U.S. now costs only $10



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

THE longest telephone call you can make within the U. S. is from Eastport, Maine, to the town of Bay, California. Under the new rates, the station to station day charge for this call is now only $10.

More than ever you will now be surprised how little long distance calls cost. Business more and more is using the long distance telephone to save trips, buy and sell goods, make appointments and collections, get important things done on time.

A New York company made 14 long distance calls to department stores in 13 cities and sold $37,320 worth of specialties, "all of the transactions having been started and completed by Long Distance at a very nominal cost." A firm of Toledo brokers in one year sold $5,000,000 worth of produce by long distance calls. "Seventy-five per cent of our bean business is done over the telephone. . . . We can get in closer touch with the buyer and understand conditions at his end of the line." In eight months, a tire concern sold $3,180,000 worth of tires by telephone at a sales cost of 2%.

What far-away calls could you profitably make, now? Just ask for the long distance operator and place your call by number . . . it takes less time. . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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When a little girl needs her mother most

To help you guide her—these new, simple plans at school and at home

IN the years between 8 and 12, a new set of influences begins to shape a child's character and habits.

What questions she asks! It is a period that calls for wise handling.

It is during this period, too, that mothers most often have cause to worry about the child's eating habits—particularly at breakfast.

So widespread are bad breakfast habits at these ages that school authorities have started a nation-wide movement to help you. In over 60,000 schoolrooms today this slogan is displayed on the walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

You, of course, know from your own experience that when your child goes off to school with a good *hot* cereal like Cream of Wheat inside her, she is really prepared to meet the demands of her morning's work!

The reasons why, for over 30 years, both mothers and health authorities have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal *hot* cereal for children are these:

1. It supplies an abundance of energy.
2. Cream of Wheat is so quickly digested.
3. Children love its creamy richness.

This little precaution which means so much to your children's future—begin it now. The simple plan described below will help you guide them at the breakfast table. Start them off to school every morning ready for a good day's work. No doubt there is a package of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. If not, your grocer has it. Give your children a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat for breakfast—regularly.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

***FREE**—Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A plan that makes your children *want* to eat a *hot* cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. P-11, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....

Address.....

they still had four or five miles to go to reach the first cabin of a settler.

But when spring came the settlers got their bridge, and it was Drake who designed and built it, a wooden bridge over the North Platte that was 1,750 feet in length. Every settler who had subscribed to the bridge fund paid—in cash, in labor, or in teams—what he had pledged. It is doubtful, however, if the bridge would have been built at all if Drake hadn't made that ride through the storm.

There were other such bridges built. Into communities where other salesmen wouldn't venture, due to their inaccessibility and the fact that "there wasn't enough money in it," Drake went and built, and made money for his company. He was feeling his way toward a new type of bridge, finding ways to cut costs, to reduce hazards. And that first year, under his contract, his company paid him $4,200. Before the contract's expiration Drake was earning $10,000 a year!

THE standardized bridge, gradually developed by him during these five years, was the idea that made it possible for Drake to sell more bridges than were sold by all the other salesmen combined. The accepted way among bridge builders then was to design every bridge separately. This made the designs costly and materials much higher in price, owing to the specialized nature of their manufacture.

"This seemed to me entirely unnecessary," Mr. Drake explained. "A bridge is made up of spans; it may be one span, three spans, or a dozen or more spans, according to its length. I couldn't see why one standard span, multiplied as often as the distance required, wouldn't do for all bridges of that capacity."

Into the design of this standard bridge span Drake tried to combine the good features of the best specially designed spans in use. He wanted a durable bridge and also a beautiful one. The thing was not to be conceived in a day, and Drake put years of work on it. Once he had a standard set up, he tore his plans apart and made them over again and again. He built more than two hundred bridges of the transverse joist type before he was satisfied with his standard span to the extent of making it public. His announcement of it revolutionized bridge building.

When his five years' contract with the Kansas City company expired he signed a new contract for another five years; but this time the contract granted him forty per cent of his profits. He became the highest paid bridge salesman and designer in the Middle-West, and he wasn't yet thirty years old. Then, at the end of three years, the bridge company was sold and became a subsidiary of one of the great steel corporations. Drake resigned, and opened his own office independently. He located it in Omaha, next door to that of the big corporation. The new company he named the Standard Bridge Company.

"Oh, I had no easy time of it," he assured me. "I had saved some money; but this capital was only a drop in the bucket beside the millions of the corporation that was my chief competitor. Only my earlier bank training enabled me to finance my venture. The second factor in my favor was the standard bridge, which the corporation refused to adopt for a

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The Complete Short Stories of MAUPASSANT

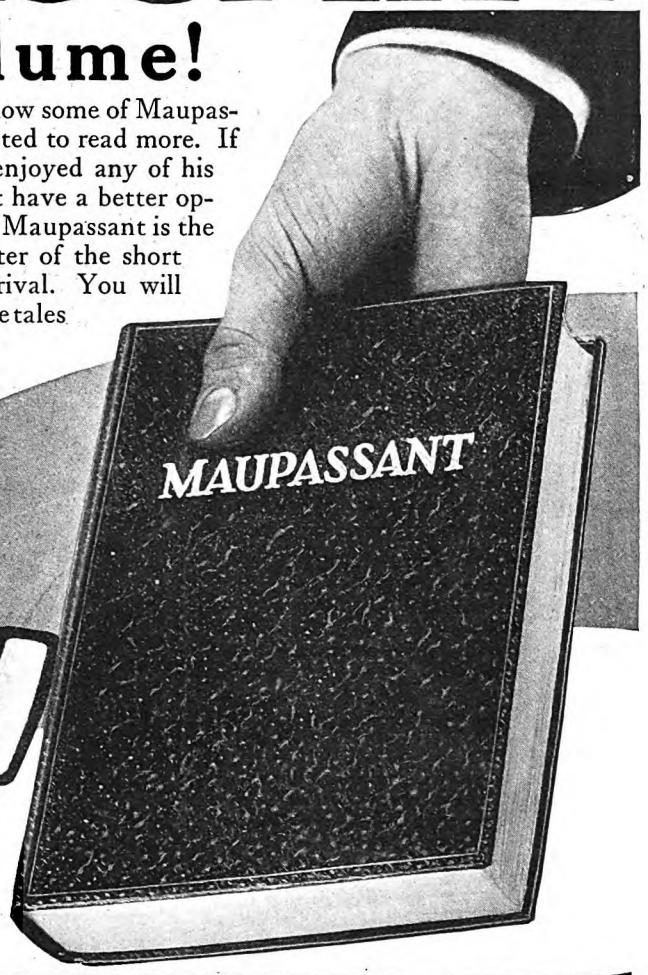
All in ONE Volume!

YOU can have *every short story Guy de Maupassant* ever wrote—more than 200 of them—in a single beautiful volume, for the sensational bargain price of only $2.98. Think of it! *Less than a penny and a half for each one of these immortal masterpieces.* Never before have they all been offered the American public *in any form* at a price so amazingly low.

No other writer, living or dead, has ever pictured life with the fearless audacity and daring devotion to truth of Guy de Maupassant. In stories that may be read in *ten minutes*, Maupassant, with his characteristic pagan frankness, embodies the entire gamut of human passions, the full breadth and depth of French life and love.

Now for the first time you can know and enjoy all the superb short stories of Maupassant, exactly as they were taken from the original French. Every translation absolutely complete, authentic and unabridged. And All in One Volume!

If you already know some of Maupassant, you have wanted to read more. If you have not yet enjoyed any of his work you could not have a better opportunity to start. Maupassant is the acknowledged master of the short story—he has no rival. You will read and reread these tales many times.



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A Useful House
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The Rendezvous
Woman's Wiles
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The Bed
An Old Maid
The Artist's Wife
Virtue
Countess Satan
Words of Love
In the Moonlight
The Venus of Braniza
The Sequel of Divorce
A Dead Woman's Secret
Doubtful Happiness
The Story of a Farm Girl
The Carter's Wench
A Wife's Confession
Love's Awakening
The Wedding Night
One Phase of Love
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Virtue in the Ballet
The Impolite Sex
The Farmer's Wife
The New Sensation
And 144 more vivid tales.

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

FREE EXAMINATION

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Is your mind clouded by the . . . *New Blade Fallacy?*

Millions of men are missing better shaves than they have ever known because their minds are clouded with the idea that a blade should shave smoothly because it is NEW. Every few days they take a new blade, yet never know the joy of a really fine shave

You shouldn't expect a blade which left the factory months before it reached you to be in shaving condition without further attention. A fine violin tuned to perfection only yesterday must be tuned before you play it today. It is so with a razor.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1780 Locust Street, Saint Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

time. Though buying materials at higher prices than those paid by my competitor, yet I could underbid him, thanks to my standard.

"In 1907 came the business panic of that year. It was almost impossible to get credit, and then, if never before, I learned the value of money as a business necessity. Money is as necessary to a business as materials. Pay rolls can't be met with promises, and it is because of this fact that a business must exact a profit if it is to exist and do worth-while work. The panic might have been our end had it not been for those two quarter sections of land I had in Kansas, held since that day when my broken friend had given them to me in Mexico. As I told you, I sold them for forty thousand dollars that year; and it was that money which saved the company."

Despite Drake's difficulties during this early period of his business, he was still the idealist. Up in South Dakota a new county was in the process of organization. All it needed was some bridges to enable it to link its scattered settlements together; but the settlers had not money for bridges, and as there was no county organization as yet there was no means of levying and collecting taxes.

An acquaintance came to Drake with this problem: "Bob, if you really want to help folks, go up there and build those bridges for us," he said. "Later, when we've got our county organization, we'll try to see that you get paid."

Drake knew that the proposed county had a rough road before it financially. Nevertheless, he agreed to look over the ground. Once there he did not hesitate. The need of those bridges was so evident, he told me, that he couldn't hesitate. In person, he laid out a road system for the district and marked on the plan where bridges should be built, sixteen in all.

DRAKE himself was having no easy time of it financially; but—he smiled as he mentioned it—he was better off than the new county-to-be. He built the sixteen bridges, paid for them, and gave them to the settlers. As he had foreseen, the new county never got around to paying him.

Idealism, too, was the seed from which grew his greatest invention, that of the steel pile for bridge support. Wood pilings were being used in most bridges at that time, except in the really large bridge structures where steel tubes or bents were employed. In erecting steel bents on either bank, workmen had to dig in what were known as "mud sills," which required great holes near the water's edge. Often in the course of the work the walls of the excavations collapsed and buried the diggers; lives were not infrequently lost.

One night, unable to sleep because of an attack of asthma, Drake sat up alone in the lobby of his hotel at Norfolk Junction. He had come there to tell a mother that her son had been killed in one of these collapses. The mission he had to perform depressed him, and he pondered to find a way to eliminate the danger which had taken the life of this boy.

Two, three, four o'clock was ticked off by the lobby clock. Still Drake drew idle designs on the hotel stationery. Daylight crept through the windows, and at last the designs began to take form. The final of these, drawn while the morning porter swept up, was that for the first steel pile support, a pile that could be *driven* into the earth by the blows of a gravity hammer and be held there by frictional resistance.

TO-DAY, Mr. Drake heads and owns eight companies—the Standard Bridge Company, of Omaha, which is the parent concern; the Mountain Timber Company, of Portland, Oregon; the Westover Steel and Iron Works, of Lincoln, Nebraska; the Atlantic Bridge and Iron Works, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota; the Red Oak Bridge and Iron Works of Red Oak, Iowa; the Sherman Brothers Lumber Company, of Portland; the Standard Sesoning Society, of Cottage Grove, Oregon, and the Portland Bridge and Iron Company, of Portland.

The Standard Sesoning Society has introduced a new method of seasoning lumber, another invention of Drake's. Previous methods called for hot air as a means of drying out the lumber. Drake's method, which he calls "sesoning," employs cold air. The plant he calls a "sesonhous."

As soon as he had perfected his new "sesoning" process Drake sought to standardize it. At Lincoln, Nebraska, he built a plant for this purpose. But when it was completed he ordered it demolished. Not until the third plant had been built did he feel satisfied to let it stand.

"I try to start right," Mr. Drake explained. "Unless the beginning is right, everything that follows is bound to be wrong. If I make a false start, I begin over again and again, until I'm sure I have it as near right as I can get it. Cost doesn't enter into the matter, for the costliest thing a man can do is to start off on a mistake."

He added:

"I've yet to build a bridge that has completely satisfied me. It was the best bridge I could build at the time, but I know it isn't the best bridge that can be built. I am always seeking to find that 'best bridge'—and I guess I will go to my grave still seeking it. Then another will step into my shoes to continue the hunt for me; but the 'best bridge' will always be just a step ahead of him—'the next one,' as it has been with me. The *best* of everything on this earth will always be undiscovered. The most that we mortals can do is to find better than we have."

THIRTY-FIVE miles from the railroad station, over cow tracks and sandy ruts, William S. Dutton's rented car bumped. He was visiting a woman for The American Magazine, a woman with the spirit of a Viking. And he came back with one of the most inspiring stories that it has been our fortune to print. Next month you will meet this marvelous little Nebraska physician and surgeon, whose territory covers eight hundred miles. "No bigger than a minute," the cowboys say; but through hell and high water she fought her way, and with almost superhuman pluck and medical skill won the unbroken faith of a whole country.

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FACES *that are* FIT *by* Williams

A dozen times a day we make quick and important appraisals of men.

Bearing. Clothes. Handshake. These sway our verdict. But most of all we judge our fellows by their faces.

Turn, then, at Shaving time to Williams, if you're wise,—to Williams and 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—what is best to keep faces Fit!

For a quick comfortable shave choose the Williams lather,—thick, abundant, supremely mild.

And to protect your newly shaven skin, to condition your face for the day, to carry on where Williams Shaving Cream leaves off, splash on Aqua Velva.

Make this Williams formula your regular morning habit. Your face will look better, feel better. Your skin will take on new tone—will keep buoyantly, youthfully Fit!

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams!"

Williams

SHAVING CREAM - - - AQUA VELVA

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Williams Shaving Cream — Absolutely pure. Absolutely uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Makes shaving quick and comfortable. Gently cleanses every pore.

"Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Williams Aqua Velva — Made expressly for after-shaving. Its stimulating tingle wakes the skin and livens it. Protects it from dust, germs, wind and weather. Prevents chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it young.

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

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Pipe Smoker Hunts Two Years For Right Tobacco

The good old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," evidently applies to tobacco as well as anything else.

Many a man has quit trying after a few different brands have failed to give him pipe-smoking satisfaction. Here's the story of a man who persevered until he found the kind of pipe tobacco he spent two years searching for:

Dallas, Texas,
March 22, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

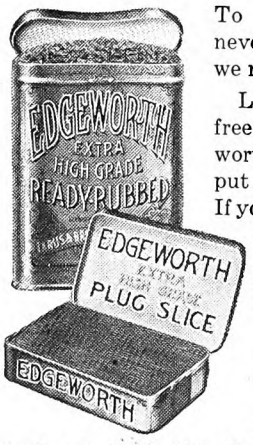
The worst thing in the world to try to find is a good pipe tobacco that is well within the reach of everybody, and at the same time does not taste like it had just come out of the cabbage patch.

I have been smoking a pipe for two years and have just this month started to smoke a real smoke, Edgeworth. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Believe me, I tried for two years, but finally success is more than mine.

I have just been looking around, and have found to my delight that I can get Edgeworth practically anywhere. I even found it out at the lake near Dallas where I go fishing. Oh boy, what a combination—a perfect day, a can of good tobacco, and your pipe.

I always thought these ad letters were the bunk, but this time I know somebody is wrong and that is me.

Here's to old Edgeworth,
Edmund Condon.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles

Jump!

(*Continued from page 28*)

"Well, I was telling about the fellow who nearly fainted. He got out back of the strut, holding tight with one hand, and with the other hand on the rip cord, the way he had been told. His face was a ghastly greenish-yellow, which was natural enough; but his knees began giving away under him before he pulled the rip cord, and that wasn't so good. He was slowly slipping down the strut, and in another second or two would have been a goner. I have no doubt that chap owes his life to the very fact that he was trembling like a leaf from fright; for while he was still holding on to the rip cord, but too far gone to pull it consciously, his trembling did it for him.

"He got to the ground safely, but still scared to death. They had to take his harness off him—he couldn't do it himself.

"I NEVER would go up for a jump and come down with the plane—it's a matter of pride, or honor—and I expect the same of the men I take up. For one reason, if I brought a man down without jumping he'd be more scared the next time; for another, his life would be made miserable by his buddies. Even if I have to push a man off the plane to get him to jump, I do it.

"There was one young chap, I remember, who seemed to be doing everything very nicely. We got to the place where I wanted him to jump, and, according to our prearranged signal, I nodded my head for him to go. I was going too, but wanted him to leave the plane first.

"He nodded back as if he understood, and put first one foot and then the other over the side very gingerly, and felt around as if for something to step down on. Then he drew his legs back, looked at me, and shook his head. I figured he must have lost his nerve, so I reached over and gave him a shove that sent him into the air quick enough. He pulled the rip cord right away, and went floating down safely. I jumped immediately afterward, and by falling a long ways before I opened my 'chute, reached the ground before him. I was at his side as soon as he landed.

"He opened his mouth to say something, but not a word came out. It affects a good many that way the first time.

"But when he could talk, he said plenty. He was sore as a crab; claimed I might have killed him, and a lot more like that.

"'Look here, buddy,' I said, 'you don't know what's eating you. When you walk into quarters to-night, you'll be the parrot's pinfeathers, because you've made your first jump and got away with it in swell shape. You don't suppose *I'm* goin' to tell anybody I gave you a little shove, do you?

"'All right, how'd it be if you hadn't jumped at all? You don't reckon anybody keeps those things a secret, do you? The first thing you'd hear would be "Yellow!" And they'd mean *you!* They'd whittle their fingers and yell "'Fraidy cat!" No matter how long you served in the marines, they'd never forget it, nor let you forget it. Your life wouldn't be worth living!'

"And that's the truth. I don't know how it is in other branches of the service, but in the marines they're just like a bunch of school kids; in fact, lots of them are little more than kids in age. And, like kids, they don't respect or have mercy on any fellow who 'dassn't' do what they do.

"Ground winds can play a jumper mean tricks. Once when I was jumping a regular gale was blowing on the ground. I asked the pilot if he knew how it was up above. He said he had been in the air an hour or so before and it was pretty bad. Judging from that, I figured about where I ought to leave the plane to make a good landing somewhere near the center of the field.

"We went up, and I jumped as I had planned. But a look at the ground between my legs while I was falling, told me that the 'chute was taking me down straight as a plummet. That meant only one thing: hardly a breath of air was stirring at that point! Not until I was five hundred feet above the ground did I strike any wind, and then I fell right into the gale that had been blowing when we hopped off. I moved then a-plenty, but my calculations as to where I would land were all upset.

"I saw I was headed straight for a barbed-wire fence. I knew if I got entangled in it I'd probably drag a few hundred feet of wire off the posts, and I didn't want to nail it back on again. So I began climbing one side of the 'chute to try and empty the air out of it, figuring to land on the near side of the fence.

"That partially succeeded. *I* landed on one side of the fence, but my 'chute fell over the wires on the other side. My face and hands were pretty badly bloodied up by barbs.

"Ordinarily, when you land in a stiff wind it's necessary to empty the air out of your 'chute right away and get it flattened down; otherwise, it will keep going on the ground and you'll be dragged after it like a pig tied to a running elephant. The only way you can stop yourself, unless you run into something, is to pull at the lines on the lower edge of the 'chute until you gradually flatten it out.

"THE speed of a parachute's descent depends on several factors: One is the weight of the jumper—other things being equal, a heavy man comes down a little faster—and another is the size of the 'chute itself. Parachutes vary in size, but the smallest are seldom less than twenty-two feet in diameter, and the largest not more than twenty-eight. These measurements refer to the size of the 'chute when laid out flat.

"These sizes are determined not arbitrarily but by what is necessary for the 'chute to do its job. The principle, of course, is to have a device, light but sufficiently durable to support a man, and yet with a surface large enough to offer so much resistance to the air that it will counteract the law of physics and gravity which governs the speed of falling objects. The rate of fall for fairly heavy objects which do not offer much resistance to the air is approximately sixteen feet the first

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"It certainly is QUIET – is it an IROQUOIS?"

Quietness of operation is only one of the numerous features which distinguish Iroquois Electric Refrigeration. As *quiet* as the gentle whispering of the woodland pines. It is also so remarkably efficient that it makes for easier housekeeping all around. And it is so simple in mechanism and so economical in operation—the cost in most localities is *less than the cost of ice.*

Just plug the *quiet* Iroquois into any electric outlet and it produces that "crisp dry cold of a frosty night" so necessary to the proper preservation of food and the protection of health. Tests of ice-cooled refrigerators have shown that in the majority of them the temperature is above 50 degrees—permitting bacteria and mold to multiply rapidly, foods to decay, and constituting a menace to health.

The *quiet* Iroquois constantly maintains that desirable low temperature which protects against bacterial contamination. It makes you free from the damp, ill-smelling and unsanitary storage of ice-cooled refrigerators, free from the uncertainty and nuisance of ice delivery, free from all worries and troubles of keeping your food fresh—nothing left for you to do or think about.

The *quiet* Iroquois in the illustration—all-metal cabinet, white enamel inside and outside—is beautiful in any kitchen. It is so compact that it occupies a minimum of space; so roomy that it is amply large for homes with four or five in the family.

Only 61" high, 22½" deep, 26¼" wide. *Unusual amount of shelf space*—9½ square feet. *Large food storage capacity, too*—5½ cubic feet. And *greater ice-cube capacity than any other electric refrigerator of its size*—110 cubes, or more than 9 pounds of ice—with an extra tray for storing ice cubes.

The *quiet* Iroquois is built to give lasting satisfaction, and behind it are all the resources of a $40,000,000 corporation—a world-famous business institution established for a half-century.

There are also eight other different types of the *quiet* Iroquois in all-metal porcelain enamel white or gray cabinets. Or you can get a *quiet* Iroquois electric refrigerating unit to install in your present ice box.

Write us today for illustrated booklet, and name and address of the nearest dealer. You owe it to yourself to get acquainted with the *quiet* Iroquois.

THE IROQUOIS ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION COMPANY
1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Associate of The Barber Asphalt Company

Ham Mousse
—one of the many tasty entrees any one can make in the *quiet* Iroquois.

Chocolate Plum Pudding
—one of the delicacies which may be made in the *quiet* Iroquois.

IROQUOIS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The QUIET electric REFRIGERATION

The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company
1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Please send me, without obligation, your illustrated booklet and tell me where I can see the *quiet* Iroquois demonstrated.

Name .....
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Beware *the Coated Tongue*

EVERY physician since the days of Hippocrates has regularly examined the tongue of his patients.

For a white, furry tongue is the first and unfailing index of disturbed bodily processes. It is a sure warning of intestinal stoppage, the underlying cause of many, many ills of life.

To correct the condition of stoppage signalled by a coated tongue, take Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica sweeps away accumulated food wastes promptly—*usually within a half hour.*

When you take Sal Hepatica you have taken the simple, basic step to guard against the headaches, and all the other enervating physical troubles due to stoppage. Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage and gently flushes away the poisons of waste that are the real cause of so many of our present-day ailments.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as are found in the natural spring waters of the noted European spas where so many people go to take the "cure." Like these waters, Sal Hepatica is efficacious in the treatment of many common ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-28, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica

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second, and sixteen feet additional for each additional second: that is, in ten seconds a man falls, theoretically, about nine hundred feet.

"Now, a loaded parachute drops with a uniform speed, at the rate of about sixteen feet per second: in other words, its speed does not accelerate as it nears the earth. (Of course this figuring does not take into account any sidewise speed that may be imparted by the wind.) Thus, if you fall a mile with a parachute, it takes about five and a half minutes to come down, as against less than half a minute falling as a free body. The longest parachute jump on record was made by Captain A. W. Stevens, of the army. He left the plane at an elevation of twenty-five thousand six hundred and forty feet, practically five miles, and the descent took him something like thirty minutes.

"THE advantages of falling a considerable distance without opening the 'chute are found chiefly in combat. Suppose a plane is put out of commission by enemy fire, and a jump is the aviator's only resort to escape from otherwise certain death. If he jumps and opens his 'chute immediately, he presents a big, rather slow-moving mark for the enemy's guns. If he delays, the chance of his being hit is much reduced, for a man tumbling head over heels is too small and swift a target to be hit except by luck.

"Aside from combat, the long free-fall may have its occasional advantages, as perhaps in the case of a plane out of control and falling: if the aviator pulled his rip cord at once, the 'chute might become tangled in the wreck and prove useless.

"I might say that, while you are falling free through the air, your speed is so great that you have virtually no control over the movements and position of your body. The only way to control yourself at all, so far as I've been able to discover, is by kicking your feet a little. Further, there's no part of the body that seems naturally inclined to fall first. I have come down with my face to the ground; with my back to the ground, spinning head over heels; lying on my side and rolling over and over like a log—in fact, in almost every conceivable position.

"Parachute harness is designed in such a way as to hurt the jumper as little as possible when the 'chute opens. Broad strips fasten around the shoulders and legs, and scatter the strain, though the shoulders have to bear the brunt of it. There is bound to be some jar, especially if you fall free for some distance. Figure it out: At the moment of opening, you may be traveling at the rate of a hundred or more feet per second (better than sixty miles per hour, express-train speed!), and suddenly, in about the twenty-fifth part of a second, your speed is checked to approximately sixteen feet per second (a little above *ten* miles per hour). I have come down when my shoulders were covered with blood from the jerk.

"The position of the body when the 'chute opens makes a difference in how you feel the jar. If you're on your back and the 'chute comes up through your legs, you're due to turn a sudden flipflop—crack your toe nails, we say. If the 'chute comes up over your head, you'll stretch your neck a mile; and if your mouth happens to be open, your teeth will snap together so hard you can feel it all the way down your spine.

"On the jump when I fell free for the longest distance—fourteen hundred feet—before opening my 'chute, I didn't get much of a jar, but some other things did happen that I considered pretty unpleasant. A regular parachute circus had been arranged to celebrate Navy Day. The exhibition was held at North Island and widely heralded.

"Seven of us were to jump simultaneously from three planes: three sailors from a De Haviland, two from a Douglas, a marine named M. L. Harrison, and myself, from a Martin bomber.

"The three planes were to circle around together and head into the wind in formation across the field. The De Haviland, however, had some trouble getting into position; that was the first incident that balled things up. A few seconds later the second plane caught fire, and the pilot had to side-slip to extinguish it.

"I sat watching the men on the other planes, and especially the burning plane, to see whether they got into the air safely, and so was a little late getting ready to jump myself. I gave the pilot the signal to cut the gun. For some reason, perhaps due to misunderstood signals, he failed to do it. I had asked him before leaving the ground whether he'd ever taken up parachute jumpers before; he said he had, so I presumed he knew that the pilot always cuts the gun before a jump, to prevent the terrific propeller blast from striking the jumper.

"Harrison, seeing that the pilot wasn't going to do it, jumped anyhow: he told me later that when he hit the propeller blast, it felt as if a mule had kicked him in the seat of the pants. I waited a little, thinking I could make the pilot understand; and when I couldn't, I jumped too. By that time we were 'way beyond where I had meant to jump, and I saw, if I wasn't awful lucky, I'd probably land in the bay, which made me pretty goaty.

"NOW, I had intended all along to fall a long ways before opening my 'chute, but not quite so far as I did. I was just reaching for the rip cord, when something came up and hit me under the chin: it was my chest pack, the reserve 'chute. The belt was loose, and had allowed the whole thing to work up. I tried hurriedly to shove it back in place—and all the time, of course, I was falling.

"I had six hundred feet to go, and was eating up distance at the rate of two hundred feet per second, when I finally pulled the cord and opened her up. That's about as far, I guess, as anybody up to that time ever did fall, who lived to tell about it. People had thought such a thing was impossible; they said that a man falling so far, and at such a velocity, would be unable to breathe, and would suffocate; however, I experienced nothing of the kind.

"That jump was not finished, however, when I opened my 'chute. I saw I was dropping directly into the bay, as I had feared, and there was no help for it. So I got my hands on the snaps, and the minute we struck water, I freed myself from the 'chute.

"There is considerable danger in landing in rough water with a parachute. If you happen to fall in the trough of a wave,

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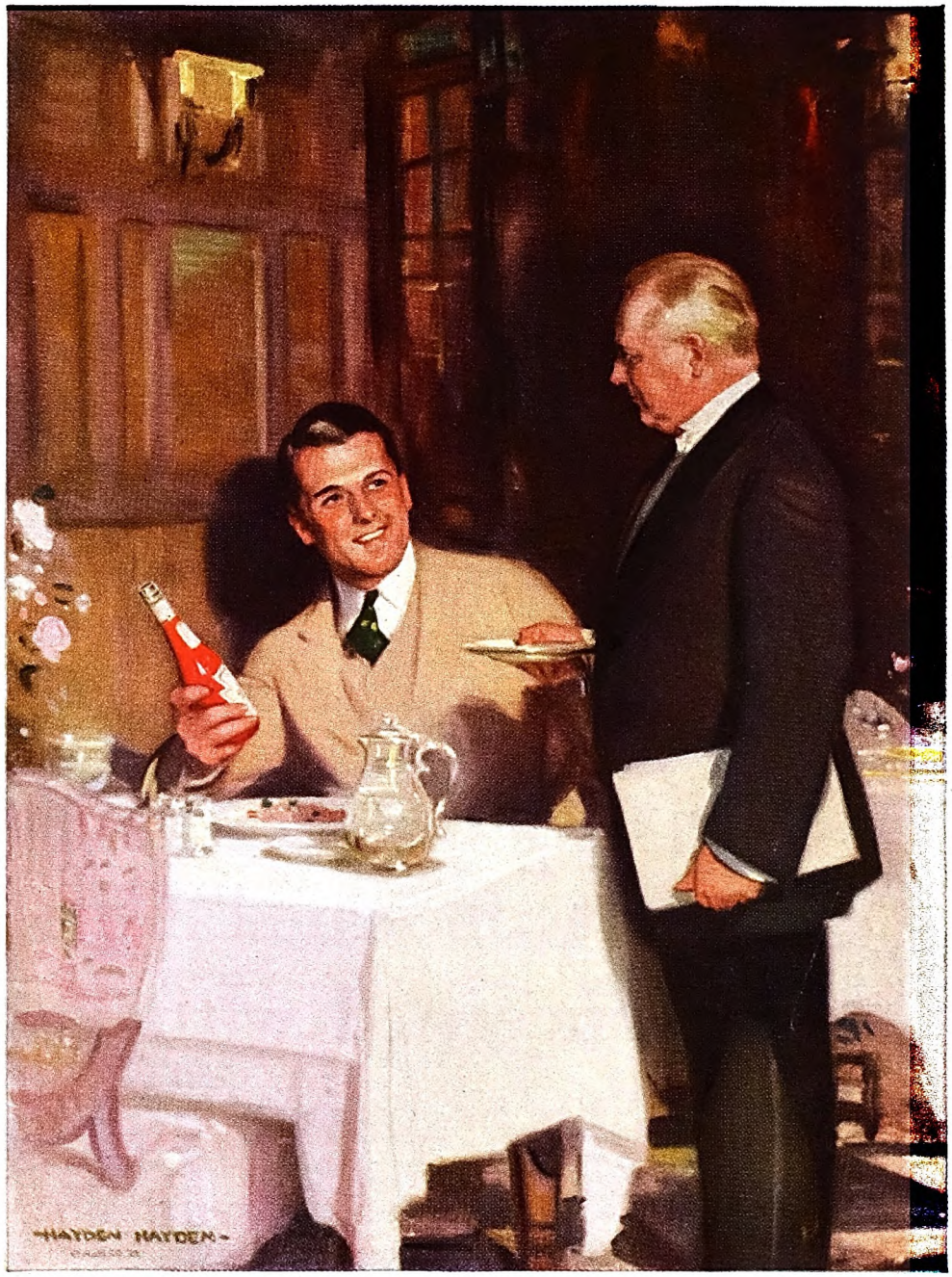
"THIS IS WHY"

SAID THE MAITRE D'HOTEL



"You ask me why we always serve Heinz Tomato Ketchup," said the Maitre d'Hotel. "Well, I'll tell you, sir. The fact is that a bottle of Heinz Ketchup on our table is one of the best advertisements we have for the high standard of our restaurant. It's the best Ketchup, you know —always the same. It is the flavor that counts, that's why."

* * *

But what our good friend perhaps didn't know, was the real "why" of that flavor—an intriguing compliment to your appetite. It doesn't just "happen"—be sure of that.

With Heinz Ketchup it begins with the pedigreed seed we plant ourselves in our own greenhouses. And with the care with which the plants are grown right up to the exact day of harvest when the vine-ripened tomatoes go straight into our gleaming Kitchens set beside the gardens themselves, so that freshness is a part of flavor.

Add choicest spices brought from distant spice countries by our own buyers—and exacting care at every step—and there you are—true Heinz flavor in every bottle. Little wonder the Maitre d'Hotel says it is flavor that counts—and that the flavor of this Ketchup is always the same, a flavor which has long made it the best selling Ketchup all over the world • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

HEINZ 57

AND REMEMBER—ALL HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE

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100

Camel

The most popular cigarette in the United States

Quality put it there—quality keeps it there. Camel smokers are not concerned and need not be concerned with anything but the *pleasure* of smoking.

If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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and the 'chute lands on the crest of another wave that is moving toward you, the fabric may get washed over your head and the ropes entangle you so badly that you'll smother and drown before you can work yourself free. So I struck out swimming almost as soon as we touched water. I saw I was going to be safe, so I grabbed the ropes and pulled for shore, dragging the 'chute after me.

"As I got inshore I found myself in an ugly mess of grease and oil collected on top of the water from the boats. I dragged myself and the 'chute through it all, and when I got in front of the hangars where the crowd was, I was goatier than ever and couldn't see anything funny in the performance; but the people roared at sight of me. I was black from head to heels, and my hair was so full of the stuff that it stood straight up.

"That 'chute, I supposed at the time, was ruined. But I scrubbed it with gasolene and every other cleaning preparation I could think of, and got it about as good as new. I have used it several times since and can't seem to wear it out with the severest tests—once I dropped it from a plane with a four-hundred-pound weight attached, and it floated to earth as pretty as you please.

"THE modern parachute generally works. Once in a long while a man does come down in one which for some reason—either because he is too excited to pull the rip cord, or because the 'chute was improperly folded, or for some other reason—fails to open.

"But such chances grow less and less with each improvement in design. The modern 'chute of habutai silk, a beautiful thing as it unfolds in the air, light, yet stronger than canvas, and simple to the last degree, is many times faster and surer in operation than its predecessors of ten or even five years ago. It is provided with a supplementary, or pilot 'chute, attached at the vent at the top. This pilot 'chute, being small, opens first, and helps the big one to open.

"The vent at the top of the 'chute is a small hole surrounded by a circular patch of rubberized material and fitted with an elastic draw-string. Its purpose is to take care of stresses and strains at the moment the parachute opens.

"A parachute man has to keep himself in pretty good physical condition at all times, but especially at the time of a jump. I can imagine that to anybody with a weak heart the shock might prove fatal. But otherwise, anybody can jump safely if the need arises. Usually, for a meal or two before a jump, I eat lightly. But even with this precaution there was one time when I went into the air feeling so groggy, physically, that it is something of a miracle how I got through as well as I did. This was at Tucson, Arizona, last year at a spot-jumping contest.

"In spot-jumping they mark off a circle about twenty-five feet in diameter on the landing field. You're supposed to jump and see how near you can come to hitting the circle. Four army men were entered in the Tucson contest, besides myself for the marines. It fell to my lot to make the first jump, which is the worst, because the others can see where you take off and what happens, and plan their own jumps accordingly.

"Marine Gunner Michael Wodarczyk was my pilot, and I was jumping from the rear cockpit of a two-seater plane. You can't carry on much of a conversation in a plane, because of the racket, so we had arranged that when I was ready to jump, I would give Wodarczyk the signal by a slap on the shoulder. We got about where I wanted to be, and I gave a slap. Nothing happened: the gun wasn't cut. It took a moment or so for me to realize that I hadn't slapped the gunner at all, but the windshield in front of me; but when I did realize it, I stood up and gave him a slap which nearly dislocated his shoulder. And by way of getting even, he cut the gun so suddenly that I almost fell out before I wanted to.

"I never remember being so sick as during the minute or so it took to reach the ground. I lost everything I had on my stomach, and fell farther than I meant to before opening the 'chute. And when I reached the ground, I landed so hard on my back that it knocked me out for nearly ten minutes.

"While coming down, I had an experience the like of which I never had before or since, and due in part, I suppose, to my being ill and half-dazed. I was still perhaps five hundred feet off the ground. Suddenly I heard a curious, wee sound like trumpets or church bells. Incidentally, the absolute silence in the air is one of the most impressive things about parachute work. You leave the deafening racket of the plane and drop into an absolute silence like nothing you ever experienced. I noticed it appallingly the first jump I ever made, and never have failed to notice it since.

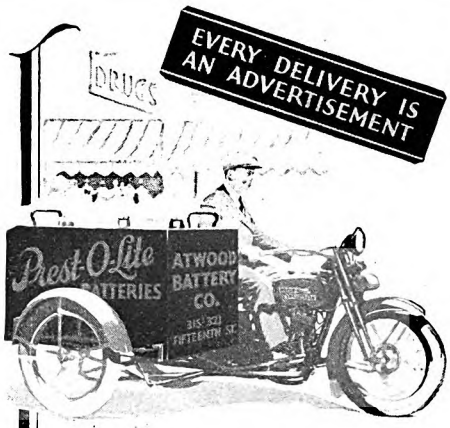
"Well, as I said, I was about five hundred feet up when I heard this peculiar hum. For a moment, I actually thought the bells of heaven were ting-a-linging for me. In a few seconds more, coming closer to ground, I realized what it was. Automobiles parked all around the field were full of people watching the exhibition, and drivers were honking their horns by way of applause.

"I won second place in the contest, for in spite of my illness I landed about ninety paces from the white spot.

"THE biggest thrill and worst scare I ever got out of parachute jumping was the five minutes or so I spent in the air above Yosemite. That jump was a sort of semi-official stunt pulled off in October, 1926, by government men at the request of one of the moving picture news services. It seemed to be the thrillingest thing they could think of just then, and I was picked as the jumper, and for pilot, Captain H. Denny Campbell, winner of the 1926 Schiff Trophy for the largest number of hours in the air without an accident.

"We went to the Yosemite about a week ahead of time to look at the country and map out our program. I think it must be the prettiest scenery in the world up there. Mountains! And trees—boy those are trees!

"We found only one place free enough of trees so that I might land: Leidig Meadows, they call it, and I should judge it doesn't contain more than four or five acres altogether. That's a pretty small amount of ground to aim for, when you're five thousand feet in the air (the elevation we figured I'd jump from), especially when



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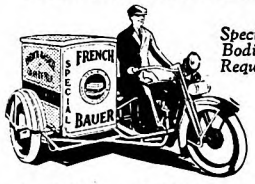

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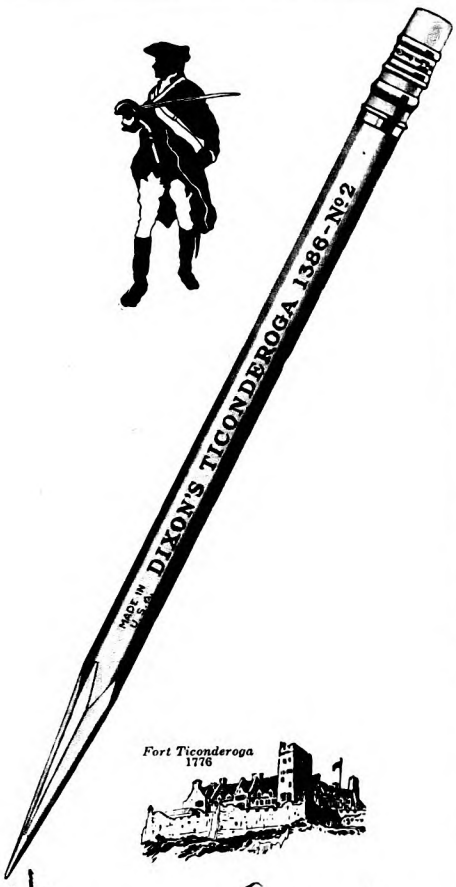

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you don't have any idea what tricky air currents you're going to bump into.

"On the morning of October 6th we took the air according to schedule. There were two planes, the one I rode in, Captain Campbell piloting, and the other with the camera men.

"The floor of the Yosemite Valley is about four thousand feet above sea level. We flew five thousand feet higher than that, nine thousand altogether, and at that elevation it was bitterly cold. We had to circle around the peaks for nearly half an hour while the camera men got the pictures they wanted.

"Captain Campbell then flew straight across the Leidig Meadows, as planned; but the air proved so treacherous and uncertain that I knew I never could make it that way. Next, he turned and came up the valley, following rather closely the line of the river, which makes a double curve, like the letter S. Still I couldn't make it, so he turned and went back down. I rather think the captain had concluded I wasn't going to jump; but I never yet have gone up in a plane intending to jump, and come down without jumping.

"The last time, selecting a place that seemed as favorable as any, I gave the signal and slipped over the side. When I left, I was so cold that my teeth chattered. In much less than two minutes, sweat was pouring off me. I never spent five minutes so busily before or since. For the first time in my life, too, I realized, as I left the ship, how fast a man falls. We were about level with the top of the peaks when I jumped. In a flash, the tops were streaking away into the sky.

"AS SOON as I opened the 'chute, I was caught in an air current that started to carry me straight toward El Capitan, a great peak. I knew if I struck that, I'd never reach the earth alive. Right away I reached up and began climbing the ropes on the off side of the parachute. That brought that side down, of course, and made the whole 'chute skitter off, as I hoped it would.

"Then another air current caught the 'chute and sent it off in an entirely new direction. This time I was taken over a section of country where there were piles of jagged rocks and trees; they didn't look so good to come down in, but perhaps were a little preferable to El Capitan.

"Again I tried tricks with the 'chute (you can't do a whole lot to guide it, but you can do a little), and once more I was caught by a new air current and taken in an entirely different direction. This time I saw myself headed for the worst place of all: a big patch of those giant trees, but deadened—their bare limbs stuck out jagged and threatening every which way. I knew if I landed there, one limb would probably slice off an arm, another a leg, and by the time I reached solid ground, Arch Atherton, as such, would be practically non-existent!

"NOW, I was wearing both parachutes, the back pack and the chest pack, and I had warned the pilots that if they saw me open my second 'chute, they might know I was having trouble with air currents. With those jagged trees coming closer every second, I figured that the second parachute, if I opened it, might serve as a sort of brake at least, and maybe enable me to land clear of the trees: there was a little open place about as big as a room, which I thought I might be able to hit.

"So I opened the second 'chute, and, fortunately, it did what I wanted it to. But, better still, another change of air currents took me in a new direction, carrying me over the river.

"I finally landed in ice-cold mountain water, but in a nice shallow place maybe ten feet from shore; my 'chutes, of course, had to fall the wrong way, into the water!

"The first thing I did, with solid ground under my feet again, was to let out one gosh-awful Indian war whoop! I dragged both 'chutes up on a rock, waved my arms as a signal to the pilots that I was all right, then walked into the woods and turned a couple of handsprings, and sat down to wait for the crowd to come and get me.

"That was the first parachute jump into the Yosemite, and if people will take my advice, it ought to be the last, at least by premeditation. The air currents around those crags simply can't be figured beforehand, and they're entirely too treacherous to make a safe descent anything short of a miracle."

War Drums

(*Continued from page 59*)

a wide circle under the far-spaced trees.

Some still sat their horses; others had dismounted; one pock-marked, earringed seaman, his head swathed in a silken yellow scarf, sprawled at full length on the ground, his villainous face supported in cupped hands.

None knew it, but Mr. Francis O'Sullivan was praying. His smooth pink cheeks had lost none of their pink and, as always, he smiled while he fought; but his heart was solemn within him, for he knew that in a dozen years he had faced no such swordsman as this.

He knew that his was the greater skill, the more consummate artistry; but he knew, also, that the difference was very slight, so slight that Falcon's longer reach and greater height atoned for it. And while Mr. O'Sullivan prayed, he schemed and studied and calculated, his thoughts reaching into the future, even while his hand and eye dealt with the deadly, imminent present. Barring some accident, some unlikely mischance, the victory would come, he believed, to him whose endurance met the test. On this theory he based his battle.

For those who looked on, the world 'round about them had ceased to exist. To Jock Pearson, to Ugly Meg, to the pack-horse drivers, it had seemed at first an unequal combat. They knew nothing of the art of the sword. They saw a tall, powerful man, a seasoned soldier, bronzed and arrogant and thewed like Jock Pearson himself—great of shoulder yet slim of waist and clean of limb—matched against a small, plump, white-haired, woman-voiced gentleman, who might

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To the man who is 35 *and* DISSATISFIED

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of the American Magazine in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties*.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say

"I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

"There is no future for me," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will *do* something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot *make* a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly *urged* into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year *for life*.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The *method* of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru *practice*. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

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For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the necessary fundamental facts of *all departments* of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

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have been a lawyer's clerk or a minister of the Gospel.

To them it appeared that only one ending was possible. And the first stage of the fight had served to confirm their judgment, for at the outset Falcon took the offensive, driving his antagonist before him.

But there were more practiced eyes than those in that circle of spectators. Falcon's men knew a swordsman when they saw one, and the blades had scarcely crossed before those veterans gave O'Sullivan his due. It was then that he of the yellow scarf and the earrings stretched himself upon the ground to rest his limbs while he watched. He counted himself a connoisseur, this pock-marked cutthroat, and he saw this fight as no three-minute affair.

A HORROR came upon Meg Pearson. It drove the color from her furrowed cheeks and set her limbs shaking. It was a horror of the swords. Like serpents' tongues they were, the darting, flickering tongues of deadly serpents. She could not get the thought out of her head; it possessed her utterly, and turned her blood to icy water.

To Meg there was something in the spectacle which was like black magic. The deadly, flickering serpent tongues struck and struck, yet could not find their mark. Death rode on those flashing points, but some incomprehensible wizardry defied the death that rode there. It was necromancy; it smacked of the supernatural, and her horror grew. But to the pock-faced pirate, stretched upon the ground, his puckered eyes appraising every thrust and parry, it was not necromancy, it was not horrible. On the contrary, it was divinely beautiful. He reveled in the most perfect display of swordsmanship that he had ever seen.

In truth, there was much that was beautiful about that fight.

There was its almost flawless artistry, the art of the rapier in its most perfect consummation. There was Falcon's strength and grace, which was like the terrible, beautiful, smooth strength and grace of the royal tiger. There was O'Sullivan's deftness and quickness and lightness, which somehow brought to mind a swallow on the wing. And there was another beautiful thing about it—it was a gentlemen's fight. Once Falcon backed against a pine trunk, and his opponent could have killed him. Once O'Sullivan stumbled on a tussock of grass and was for an instant at Falcon's mercy. But neither blade struck home.

A time came when Meg Pearson knew somehow—though how she knew it she could not tell—that the crisis was near. It was, perhaps, that mysterious prevision which is granted to some when tragedy impends. She knew it, and that was all; but while she knew mysteriously that the end was at hand, she did not know what that end would be.

There was no perceptible change. Both were tired, but one seemed no wearier than the other. They fought as they had been fighting for an eternity—warily, carefully, circling each other like panthers, advancing, retreating; retreating, advancing; feinting, thrusting, parrying, eye to eye and blade to blade.

Yet, while in this sense there was no change, there was something new that now made its presence felt, a subtle, invisible thing, but very real—an intenser deadliness.

Meg felt it first, perhaps because she was a woman, but soon there were others who felt it also. The pock-marked, earringed pirate felt it, and his avid eyes glittered with a more savage light; and somehow that mysterious knowledge, which none could question, although there was no palpable thing on which to base it, spread from man to man until all that eager circle of spectators possessed it, and eyes widened and lips tightened as they awaited the end that was coming soon.

It came; and there was forewarning of it; but none in the circle caught the warning. They lived for nothing in that moment except the spectacle before them. Their whole being was concentrated in their eyes; all their other senses were dulled.

In the woods to the west an owl hooted; in the woods to the east another answered it. Jock Pearson and Ugly Meg, his wife, were old in the ways of the woods, and there were good woodsmen among the pack drivers. All must have heard the two owls hoot, but none was aware of the sound. In that moment of tense, taut expectation, with the climax of the drama at hand, none wondered why it was that owls were hooting in the broad light of day.

A minute passed. They no longer circled each other like panthers. They fought now as though they were rooted to the ground. The darting swords were like living light. O'Sullivan's smile had become a ghastly grin and his pink cheeks had turned gray. Falcon's face was haggard and drawn; his eyes were like those of a madman; in his forehead a great vein bulged and pumped.

Close at hand, an owl hooted again. And instantly at that signal the empty forest sprang to life.

Meg Pearson heard the whine of an arrow passing close above her shoulder. Before she could turn her head, a rifle shot shattered the silence, another and another, and all at once the air was thick with arrows raining in from every side.

Then bedlam broke—a bedlam of yells and savage, ear-splitting whoops. It was as though the forest itself had gone suddenly mad, for, though jets of flame and puffs of smoke were visible amid the trees, no foeman showed himself.

Meg knew in an instant that all was lost. She felt a stinging pain in her shoulder. She saw men pitch from their plunging horses. She saw Jock Pearson rise in his stirrups and wrench a long shaft out of his side. She heard him shout, "Ride for it, Meg! They've done me." She saw him sway drunkenly in his saddle, then fall. In an instant she was on the ground beside him, her hand on his heart; and in another instant she was in the saddle again.

O'SULLIVAN heard her voice above the tumult, pitiful and shrill and frenzied, crying out, "They've killed my Jock!"

He saw her wheel her plunging horse and dash straight into the forest to the right where the war whoops were loudest, and where now he could see naked brown forms flitting here and there amid the

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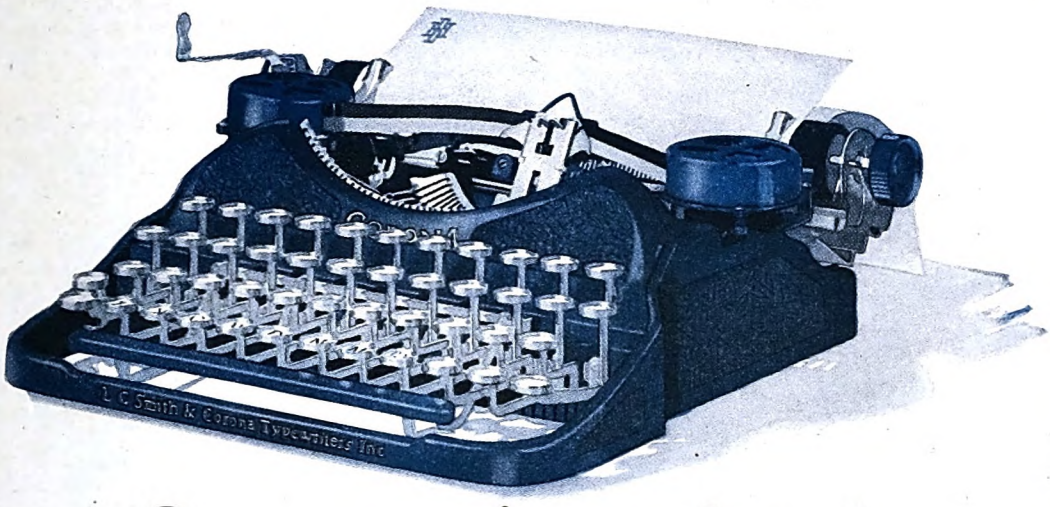

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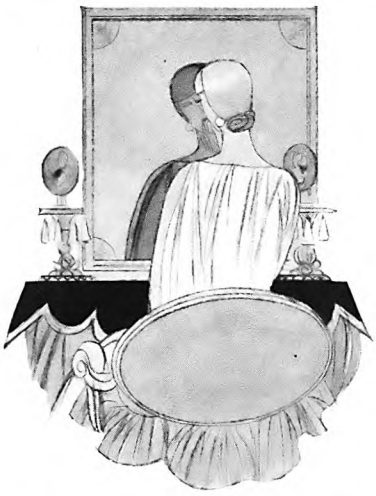

Fight gum troubles before they start!

IT is our diet that undermines the health of our gums. For our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to impart to our gums the stimulation that should keep them robust.

That, briefly, is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush," the earliest sign of gingival breakdown, is often a warning of serious troubles to come.

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tree trunks. He saw her hurl her rifle from her as she galloped on, and snatch her tomahawk from her belt. Then a strong hand grasped him from behind and pulled him down upon the ground.

Half-lying, half-kneeling, he twisted his body sideways and saw Falcon lying beside him close to a fallen horse. He heard Falcon's voice whisper hoarsely, "Lie still, old swordsman," felt Falcon's heavy hand upon his back, pressing and holding him down. Four dead men lay near him; five riderless horses milled about or stood staring, their nostrils wide.

Down the Path he heard a thunder of hoof beats and, raising his head a little, he saw horsemen galloping away in the direction of Charles Town, while behind them the Path was filled with plumed and painted warriors, yelling like mad, and in the woods at either side other warriors fired at the fugitives.

A mental numbness came over him as he lay watching the pursuit. He was aware of a strange indifference, as though he were a mere spectator at a show. In the midst of this he heard Falcon's voice speaking very calmly.

"Eh, pedagogue," the voice said. "D'ye hear me, man?"

O'Sullivan nodded.

"They think we're dead," Falcon continued quickly; "but in a minute they'll be back for our scalps. My horse bolted, but the big roan yonder will carry my weight. You try for the gray. If you get him, ride *up* the Path and ride hard. Ready? Now, go!"

In the same instant they leaped to their feet and dashed for the horses; and behind them immediately a wild whoop rang out, followed by a fierce chorus of yells and a scattered volley of shots.

The big roan was Jock Pearson's horse, a veteran of the wilderness, trained to stand where his rider left him. Falcon reached him, grasped the bridle, swung to his back, raced up the Path. The gray horse jerked his head aside as O'Sullivan sprang for the bridle rein, reared, and trotted out of reach.

Beyond the gray stood quietly a sorrel Chickasaw pony which had belonged to one of Pearson's pack drivers, while beyond him again the laden ponies of the pack train snorted and tossed their heads. O'Sullivan knew that the sorrel was his only hope. The yells behind him were louder, nearer; but there were no more shots, and in an instant he understood why.

IN FRONT of him and to his right, a naked warrior came leaping straight toward him, a long-shafted steel tomahawk in his lifted right hand, a rifle in his left. His high head-dress of eagle feathers, the elaborate pattern of his black and vermilion paint proclaimed his exalted rank.

At twenty paces he hurled the tomahawk. It whirled through the air, a streak of bluish light, so swiftly that the eye could not see the revolving handle.

Yet it was no swifter than Falcon's rapier thrusts had been; and O'Sullivan was ready for it. He felt the wind of it as the steel hatchet blade cleft the air where a fraction of a second before his head had been. He was down on his hands and knees when the tomahawk passed over him. He had scarcely regained his feet when the tall Indian, leaping onward at full speed, spitted himself upon O'Sullivan's sword.

The Chickasaw pony still stood where he had been standing, ears back, tail twitching, fidgeting a little, but too well trained to bolt. O'Sullivan was an indifferent horseman, but agile as a cat. With yells and whoops ringing in his ears, with bullets and arrows singing past him, his foot fumbled at the stirrup; yet somehow he got himself on the horse's back, and by some miracle no missile touched him as the pony raced away up the Path.

IT HAD been quick work. Since their dash for the horses scarcely two minutes had elapsed. The sorrel was faster than the roan and bore a lighter load. Not long after the whoops behind him had died away, O'Sullivan saw Falcon in the Path ahead, riding hard, his chin over his shoulder.

At sight of O'Sullivan he checked the roan's stride slightly until the other was close behind him; then for two miles or so they pushed on at a swinging gallop. At last Falcon reined in. As O'Sullivan ranged abreast of him, the Irishman spoke:

"Captain Falcon," he said, "if you had not pulled me down upon the ground, Francis O'Sullivan would be a dead man now. Some day, God willing, I'll repay the debt!"

Falcon's strong teeth gleamed under his mustache.

"You owe me nothing," he replied gruffly. "If I had not pulled you down, Lance Falcon would be a dead man too. I saved you to save my own scalp, which was already wriggling on my head, and which still feels none too secure, because I know not the ways of this heathen-infested wilderness."

"Nor I," said O'Sullivan, "but, by Paul, I can learn!"

"It means, I take it," Falcon continued, "that the Cherokee rising has come. They are between us and the town. We cannot win back to the coast. We must—"

With an oath, he jerked his horse back upon his haunches.

"*Sangre de dios!*" he cried. "We are cut off!"

In the Path ahead stood a tall Indian, a rifle in his hand, the other held high, palm outward.

"The Lord has His eyes upon us," said O'Sullivan quietly. "To us poor babes in the wilderness a guide has been granted. It is Lachlan's man, Striking Hawk!"

(*To be continued*)

RAMON NOVARRO, whose great picture "Ben Hur" has made his name almost a household word to movie fans, is much more than an undeniably handsome young man. Mary B. Mullett, who interviewed him, was astounded at what she found in him. He gave her one of the greatest surprises of her life, and she has interviewed hundreds of famous people. What was it that she found that amazed her, so? Next month you will have the pleasure of discovering the surprise for yourself.

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Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER

Harvey S. Firestone

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The clerk whose name will live forever

TWO MEN lived in the same town a century ago; they knew the same people and had an equal chance in life.

One spent all his spare hours in idle talk or with the daily paper; he knew nothing beyond the day's news. The other brought to every subject a wealth of sidelight and illustration that kindled the interest of men and women, no matter where he went.

The name of the first man has long since been forgotten; the name of the other, the humble clerk in a country store, will live forever.

He talked like a man who had traveled, though his travels were confined to a few backwoods counties. He knew something of history and biography, of the work of great philosophers, poets and dramatists.

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What was the secret of his wide range of knowledge? How can a man who must work every day in a routine job find time to make himself so interesting to other men and women?

The answer is found in every biography, every anecdote of that *greatest* clerk. He owned a few great books and, in the odd moments between customers' calls, he read them systematically. It was the influence of those books that gave his mind its start; then lifted his eyes beyond the horizon of a backwoods town. Before he was fifty, the whole nation knew the name and acknowledged the power of that humble, unschooled man. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

What are the few great mind-building books? There is no more important question for you to ask yourself. It is answered in the free book that tells the scope and plan of Dr. Eliot, from his lifetime of training men for success—forty years as President of Harvard—selected the few great books that contain the essentials of *all* books—the "essentials," as he says, "of a liberal education."

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(*The Harvard Classics*)

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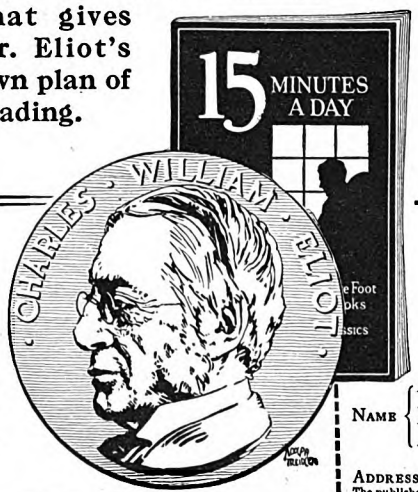

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Dead Broke

(*Continued from page 34*)

shake off the effects of the experience. I also mean those who were pulled ashore by some helping hand, and who henceforth make scant effort to swim, relying on continued assistance to get themselves dragged to safety.

That is the black peril of dead-brokeness: one has a tendency to sink to a lower and fouler level; from being dead broke to being a dead beat.

Said a cynically big-hearted financier (the aphorism is credited to old J. Pierpont Morgan):

"Any man is worth helping, *once*. But the man who needs help a second time isn't worth helping at all."

Think it over. The speech holds ten times as much sense as cynicism.

As I translate its meaning, any man may once in his life get into such financial difficulties that he cannot possibly get out of them without aid. But if he is lifted to safety he lives and toils and plans, henceforth, so that he can never again be caught in the same quagmire.

And his own bitter experience will make him willing to help the next man who is mired as he himself was; and the chain of mutual helpfulness and of sympathetic understanding passes on to infinity.

ON THE other hand, there is many a man who, lifted to his feet from the slough of dead-brokeness, seems to say:

"I owe myself a good time to make up for all I've been through; and to make me forget my past poverty. Besides, I've just found that there will always be someone to lend me a hand, if ever again I get in the same hole."

Such a man is well on the road to Dead Beat Land. Such a man is morally certain to go dead broke again. Such a man, as the financier declared, "isn't worth helping at all."

By the way, I had one experience of my own (only a bush league little experience) at being a dead beat. I did it very badly, as you will see.

In those early days I used to breakfast, when my cash was low—and it usually was—at a creamery near Gramercy Park. One day while I was in there I heard a customer ask the proprietor, as he took his meal check to the desk:

"Got change for a ten-dollar bill?"

"No," said the proprietor. "I am always short of change at this time of morning. Pay next time you come in."

A week later (it was the Monday morning after my experience with the hag who made me a Momentary Millionaire for fifteen cents), I hit on a glittering scheme to get my breakfast on credit. I went into the creamery and ate an unusually hearty morning meal. Then I strolled over to the desk, with one hand in my cash pocket.

"Got change for a twenty-dollar bill?" I demanded of the proprietor.

If he hadn't had change for a ten, it was certain he wouldn't have change for a twenty. I complimented myself on my shrewdness in doubling the former customer's sum. The proprietor looked at me coldly, without replying. Once more,

"—they increase your smoke enjoyment"

A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

"They certainly are great between smokes," he grinned. "I wouldn't be without them. Have some?"

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.

Eat a few Life Savers between smokes

P. S.
New!
A real life-saver for coughs and colds.
LIFE SAVER MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

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THIS SHOE MAKES YOUR GOWNS MORE BECOMING!

PRETTY shoes are not enough. Shoes must be more than a fashionable covering for the feet. Unless they help you attain freedom of action, poise and charm, they are not contributing as they should to your appearance.

Thousands of women today wearing the ultra-stylish

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This is the famous shoe that combines the most correct style with complete comfort and healthfulness for the feet. No other shoe can have the same concealed arch bridge, flat inner sole, or metatarsal support, because the basic principles of Arch Preserver Shoe construction are patented.

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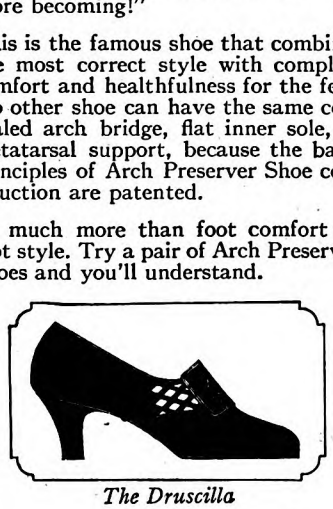

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The Selby Shoe Co., 790 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Please send booklet No. A-90, "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

with as elaborate carelessness as a dry mouth and wet palms could summon, I asked:

"Got change for a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Yes," he made answer; "I have."

"You're a lucky man," I told him. "But you won't have to change it on my account. I haven't got a cent with me."

"Yep," he yawned, "I figgered that out the minute you spoke. That's why I said I had change. I haven't. Chase on, now, and pay me next time. Only don't make any fool cracks like that. You haven't got the sense to get away with it."

Dejectedly, I slunk out of the shop, ridiculously downcast because I lacked even the intelligence to be a dead beat.

FOR it does take a form of keen if perverted intelligence to beat one's way successfully. I recall, for instance, a newspaper artist who came to my desk a few years after that dead-broke era. He began to tell me about his adored wife, who was dangerously ill. In the midst of his story, he broke down and cried. (It is a ghastly sight to see a grown man cry!) Through his sobs he told me he had not money enough to fill a prescription he showed me, for medicine the doctor said his wife must have at once.

He went away, blithering with gratitude, and bearing with him ten ill-spared dollars of mine. Not until months thereafter did I learn he had no wife; and that he made a comfortable side-income by telling the same sob-strangled lie to every new acquaintance. He used even the same prescription each time, to save the price of a new one.

He was but one of countless dead beats I helped to subsidize before the frequency of such appeals made me hard-boiled.

The abominable frequency of dead-beat demands make honest men overwary about helping the few cases of actual need which are brought to their notice. Human nature, in the main, is generous. Human sympathy, in the main, is easily awakened. But when a man has been stung innumerable times by dead beats, he is over-cautious about believing a genuine tale of need, and of giving aid to those whom it could set upon their feet again.

Thus does the dead-broke man, who has degenerated into a dead beat, wrong cruelly the dead-broke man who is honestly striving to get on his feet again.

Out of a hundred hard-luck letters I receive, I think some of them must tell of real need and are from people worth helping. Yet I pay no attention to any of them. I know by experience that the most plausible and pathetic of them are probably from people who least deserve help. The average recipient of such letters feels just as I do about them.

The man who slumps contentedly in the muddy depths is side-tracking assistance from the man who is trying gallantly to get to the surface and to stay there. Also, he is souring one of human nature's most beautiful traits. He has much to answer for. And—in this world, at least—there is not the ghost of a chance of his being forced to answer for it. He has a genius for avoiding consequences.

Here is a true dead-broke yarn, which would make a grand Christmas story, if it were elaborated a bit:

In my reporter days, I knew slightly a struggling young song-writer. He and his wife lived in a tiny elevatorless flat, far up in the Bronx. They were barely able to keep their heads above the debt-sea. Hard working they were; and he had real talent. But the luck was set against them. They used to explain gayly that the only reason they lived on the fifth floor of that liftless house was because there was no sixth floor.

I am going to call him John Jones. His real name is remembered by most of you.

Jones fell ill, with typhoid fever. Now, typhoid emphatically is a rich man's disease. It is no malady for the poor; for it leaves most of its victims weak and flabby in mind and in body for months after it has run its course. Jones was laid by for nine weeks before he was strong enough to get out of doors again.

Meanwhile, every dollar of his ready cash was gone. He faced the world, dead broke. He was still too weak to look for work. But he recalled selling a song, on royalty, to a famous music house, a few weeks before he fell ill. It occurred to him that he might induce the publishers, now, to buy it outright, for ten dollars—a sum which he sorely needed for actual food.

He borrowed a dime from the janitor and rode down-town to the music house. There he made his proposition. The head of the firm did not answer him; but went into an inner office. Presently he came back, and said to Jones:

"Your song was published two months ago. It caught on. All the town is singing it. We can't turn it out fast enough. I don't know just how much royalty we owe you for it, thus far; and the statements won't be due for another few months. But I can safely give you an advance of a thousand dollars on your first half-year's royalties."

Jones fell across the desk and rolled to the floor in a dead faint. He was not strong enough for such unbelievable news. When he was brought to his senses, he insisted that the money be given him in actual cash.

His pockets crammed with wealth, he took a cab home. As he got to the front door of his apartment, he began to walk slumpingly; his head bent, his face a mask of despair. He would break the news to his wife more gently than it had been broken to him. But he must have been a very poor actor. His wife took one swift look at him. Then, before he could speak a word, she cried out ecstatically:

"Johnny Jones, you're lying!"

By the way, that was some thirty years ago. There were moments of stringency, later, in the Jones treasury; more than once. But never again did Jones allow himself to be caught penniless. In flush times, he saved rigorously toward the possible leaner days. Never again were he and his wife dead broke. Even in the final years of wealth which crowned their struggle, they lived simply, saving more than they spent; their only big extravagance the continual helping of others who were in hard luck.

ON THE other hand, I recall the only thrifty dead beat of my acquaintance. His story has an odd interest of its own. I knew him well. In the early days of his married life—when he was little more than a boy—he went through a period of frightful hard luck; and at last was

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THE ordinary dry cell "B" battery is full of useless holes—waste spaces between the cylindrical cells. The wasted space may amount to more than 30 per cent of the total.

A number of years ago we set about correcting this state of affairs. Dry battery traditions were dropped. An entirely new kind of dry cell was developed. It was flat and square, like a book, instead of cylindrical. Such cells were pressed together into a solid battery block with no waste spaces. The new invention was patented, thus making it exclusively Eveready. The Layerbilt embodies the first radical improvements ever made in the construction of the dry cell.

But before this remarkable battery was ever sold, it was tested for several years in the laboratory. Then it was put on trial in home service in all parts of the country. Several remarkable things were discovered in this way. The most remarkable is this: In the Layerbilt from a given quantity of materials you get more current than you would if the same amount of chemicals were put in a cylindrical cell battery. The Layerbilt construction makes the active materials produce more electricity.

That is why the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 is the longest lasting of all Evereadys. It is a heavy duty battery for use on all loud-speaker receivers. Hundreds of thousands of people have found it to be the most economical battery they ever used. For convenience, as well as economy, use the Layerbilt.

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Each cell in the cylindrical type of "B" is a unit connected to the others by soldered wires. The space between the cells is wasted, useless. Illustrated is the Eveready Heavy Duty "B" Battery No. 770, Eveready's highest development of the cylindrical cell type.

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East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
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EVEREADY Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

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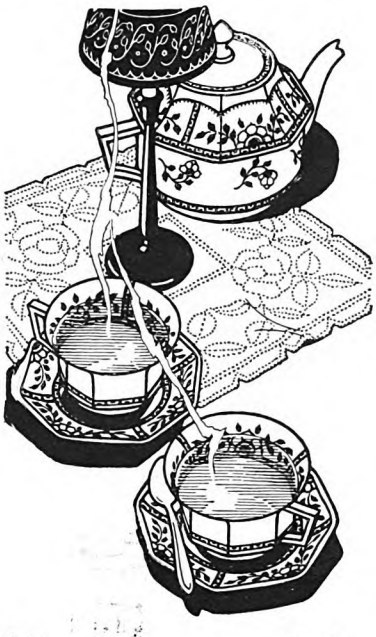

At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Give yourself ten minutes

Make it a gift to yourself! Ten minutes at luncheon—to get a new start for a better afternoon.

When you've quite finished eating, sit back to *linger* over a cup or two of Japan Green Tea, steaming hot and fragrant.

Drink it slowly. Relax as you drink. Rest!

Ten minutes is all. But you'll find ten minutes spent this way is as refreshing as an hour's nap.

No mid-afternoon fatigue for you! No four o'clock weariness.

Japan Tea is tea at its best—tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves sealed in by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea. Packaged for the home under various brands. Several grades and prices. The best costs but a fraction of a cent a cup

so impoverished that he sold his wife's wedding ring and bought with it bananas and oatmeal, on which he and she lived for weeks.

Then he succeeded at last in landing a job; and in finding a market for the stories he wrote. But the grim experience of dead-brokeness had left him abnormal. Though he was earning an excellent income, yet henceforth he borrowed every cent he could lay hands on; even "touching" brand-new acquaintances.

He put all his borrowed money in a savings bank, as fast as he got it. I have heard that his deposits from such loans amounted to thousands of dollars in all. Never by any chance did he repay a penny of it. He lived frugally, it is true—and he worked hard; but he continued to "touch" everyone in sight.

At last he saw a way to make much money, through a fraud that was too complicated for his limited financial powers. The speculation was discovered, and he vanished; leaving his family to fend for themselves.

TO THE "Evening World" office, in 1896, came a man with a series of articles to sell. At first glance, he seemed almost foppishly well-dressed. On closer inspection, I saw that his clothes were on the verge of raggedness. But he had kept them pressed and cleaned and mended; and he wore them with an air. He said to the managing editor:

"I am dead broke. I can't get any kind of work in this dull season. For the past six weeks I have been living on precisely five cents a day. That is, I have lived on five cents' worth of food a day. My room costs me nothing; for a friend left me the use of it when he went to Europe. This suit is all of my wardrobe that isn't hanging in a pawnshop. As I say, I am living on five cents a day; and I'm not starving, either. I want to sell you a series of six articles, describing just how I do it, and how every five-cent piece is invested in the cheapest and best food-materials."

The managing editor read the articles. He made inquiries and found the story was true. He bought the series. It made a hit. Other editors liked the writer's gayly common-sense style, and offered him work. I saw him again, three years later; sleek, prosperous, happy. He told me then that he was not always as prosperous as he looked, because he made it a fixed rule to save two thirds of every week's pay.

"It's simple enough to do," he went on. "For, after living on five cents a day, everything above that is luxury. I'm not going to be caught penniless again, next time the luck changes. I could save even more—only there is always someone else, somewhere or other, who needs my money more than I do."

The best dead-broke stories emanate from that source of all best stories, the Bible. It gives stern warning of one of the chief perils following on dead-brokeness. I am going to quote the gist of it. It is worth quoting; and better worth profiting by.

It tells of a servant who owed a huge sum of money to his feudal lord, and who was dead broke and had no way of meeting the debt. He besought his lord not to send him to prison but to give him time to work out the indebtedness; promising to pay it all, some day.

"Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion; and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out and found one of his fellow servants which owed him an hundred pence [about fifteen dollars], and he laid hands on him and took him by the throat, saying:

"'Pay me that thou owest!'

"And his fellow servant . . . besought him, saying, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. . . . Then his lord . . . said unto him:

"'O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt! . . . Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?'

"And his lord was wroth and delivered him to the tormentors [the Law] till he should pay all that was due unto him."

Yes, I believe fully there is trouble in store for the man who breaks the chain of human kindness by failing to pass along any help or clemency that has been rendered to him in his own poverty. I have seen too many instances of such trouble to be able to doubt it.

In youth, dead-brokeness is a more or less jolly adventure, besides being mighty good medicine and still better education. The older one grows, the grimmer the experience becomes. Even as old bones, broken, fail to knit as quickly as young bones—and in extreme age refuse to knit at all—so dead-brokeness in old age is prone to be incurable.

To my way of thinking, that is the form of dead-brokeness, above all others, to merit instant help. The victim is too far along in years to profit greatly by the experience; or to carve out a surer career for himself in future. He is down-and-out. It seems to me one of the rare instances when wise aid should be given; irrespective of its object's worthiness or lack of worth.

The dead-broke man who degenerates into a dead beat not only injures the dead-broke man who deserves help but his dead-beat tendencies spread like a foul infection to his wife and children, tainting them with the same virus of improvidence and of dishonesty.

For example, a child whose father is a dead beat grows up with the idea that it is easier and better to sponge on the world for a living than to work. If he works at all, he is like a swimmer who relies on water-wings. He won't put forth his best efforts to keep afloat in the financial stream—because he knows, from his father's rotten example, that there are always easy marks to be found who will lend him a hand.

PERHAPS the most delightful of all Dickens's magic books is "David Copperfield." Perhaps the most delightful of all Dickens's magic characters is Mr. Micawber. Micawber, you will remember, refused to exert himself to extra work and frugality, because he had a smug faith that when things were going badly, "something would turn up." The "something" was usually a soft-hearted friend who put the miserable old cuss on his feet again. His wife used to say, with placid assurance:

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Fifteen years of development
....but an overnight popularity

WHEREVER you go you hear people praising the General Electric Refrigerator. Almost overnight it has taken a prominent place in the thoughts of homemakers.

One hears of its remarkable simplicity! That it hasn't a single belt, fan or drain-pipe! That it hasn't a bit of machinery under the cabinet—or in the basement! That it never needs oiling. There are many, many comments on the quietness with which it operates. There is enthusiasm expressed for the extreme roominess and the splendid strength of its gleaming cabinets.

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Use Unguentine freely for cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, apply on gauze. Bandage lightly when necessary. Keep a tube always at hand. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

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"If Mr. Micawber *will* keep on getting into difficulties, his friends must keep on getting him out."

Dickens was a rare character-vivisectionist. Under the guise of humor, here he put his finger on the taint I have been trying to describe. Micawber had so infected his wife with his own shiftlessness that she looked forward in serene certainty to his finding charity instead of working his own way.

As a matter of fact, you will recall that when Micawber went to Australia—a land of strangers where there was nobody to pick him up and set him on his feet every time he stumbled—he settled down to hard work and made a good living for his family and himself.

A wholesale employer of labor of all grades said to me:

"Nine times out of ten I can tell whether one of my employees had a dead beat or a thrifty man for a father. It shows in the work; at the very first crisis. A single generation of straight-living and hard-working parents would come close to clearing the industrial world of its million shirkers."

When a child sees his out-of-work father loaf around the house instead of hustling day and night to find another job, when he sees him sponging on others for the money he ought to be earning, when he hears his parents discussing ways and means for stalling off the tradesmen or of finding new credit where no credit is deserved, how can the youngster be expected to grow up with even the common rudiments of thrift and honesty?

On the other hand, many a man has gone into the world fight, keyed up by fine memories of dead-broke parents who battled gallantly and squarely until they got on their feet again; and who lived thenceforth in such way as to avoid future financial sloughs. That is a grand character-heritage to give to any son or daughter.

The Syrians have a proverb that says: "If he deceive me, shame upon him. But if he can deceive me *twice*, then shame upon *me!* For a wise man may be caught in a cunning trap; yet none but a fool can be caught a second time in the same snare."

The sanest, squarest, most industrious man may meet with an unavoidable set of circumstances which strip him of job and cash and health. But when he has fought his way to his feet (or has been lifted to them), he will see to it that under no normal conditions can the same thing befall him again.

ONE of the luckiest mishaps of my long life befell me when I had laid by my first thousand dollars. It had been cruelly hard to save that first thousand; and every dollar of it represented sweat and toil and self-denial. I was for leaving it in the savings bank, where yearly it would grow a little.

But a big-hearted friend pointed out to me how silly I was to be content with a measly four per cent on my money when I could double it in almost no time; and, meanwhile, could draw something like twenty per cent interest on it. Through the kindness of his heart, he would sell me some stock in a mine that was going to make the fortune of everyone connected with it. Because the mine syndicate did not want to lose any of the good thing by further issue of stock, he would sell me fifty shares of his own allotment, for just one thousand dollars.

He did.

I still have that stock. And, herewith, I make a bona fide offer to sell it to anyone, for just two cents a share. At that, I shall be defrauding the buyer out of precisely two cents for every share I sell him; and I shall be realizing my first dollar from my mining venture.

But the experience saved me many thousand dollars, in later years. It inoculated me, cheaply and permanently, against the speculation mania. I prefer to be a piker, thank you—"piker" being the quaint term of reproach hurled at any man who sticks to safe investments and who does not live beyond his means.

I SPEAK of this petty experience only because I have found that one of the shortest and surest roads to dead-brokeness is through the Valley of Speculation. A man has hoarded a few dollars. It has taken time and sacrifice to scrape them together. Ahead of him glitters a chance to annex money in large quantities, and by no sacrifice or break-back toil. Such-and-such a speculative stock is a bonanza. He puts his money into it; and perhaps his wife's money as well—all the family savings.

Accordingly, he goes broke—flat broke, dead broke.

If he be young enough and wise enough to recuperate from it, and if he take the lesson to heart, it may be the best thing that ever happened to him. Henceforth, he will not attempt to play a game which neither he nor any other outsider can hope to understand or to win at.

There is another and keenly important angle to the condition of dead-brokeness, when that condition is shared by man and wife. Perhaps there is no bond to weld two souls close and closer together than this mutual need to save and to plan and to toil, in order to keep alive. It offers glorious chance for the self-sacrifice which is no sacrifice—the giving up of small comforts in order that a loved one may enjoy them; the forgoing of selfishness or of extravagance, lest a loved one suffer by such heedless act.

Seldom when man and wife are dead broke do they grow apart. The lean years—"the years that the locust hath eaten"—these years knit them as one. It is when wealth and leisure arrive that man and wife tend to draw asunder; when the amusements and the friends and the parasites and the distractions of success come between them, banishing the sweet old-time need for oneness.

Yes, the Wolf is a safer guardian of the door to marital congeniality than is the Pot of Gold. To the man and wife to whom bare livelihood is a vital problem, Home is everything. Home and each other. Temptation is divinely merciful in sparing the dead broke.

Happy, thrice happy, the man and wife who, together, rise from dead-brokeness to luxury or even to modest comfort, hand in hand; indissolubly bound together by the fiery ordeal through which each has helped the other!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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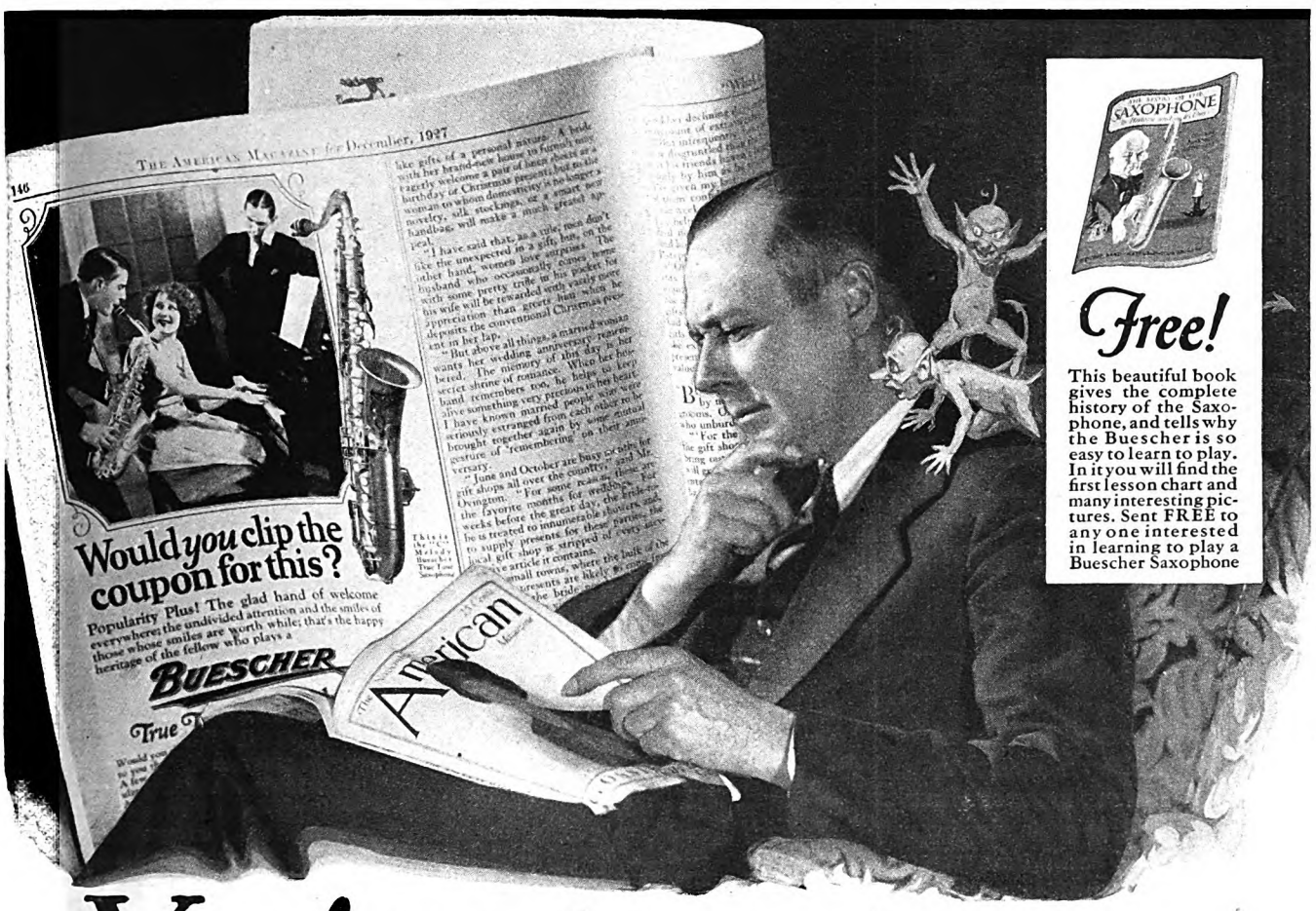

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And the other little imp: "Be your age, Man! Learning to play is a long, tedious, expensive process, and there is always a chance of *total failure.* You *can't afford* that luxury. You can't spare the time. Besides people will *laugh* at you—think you *foolish* and sentimental. *Don't do it.*"

So these are the *lies* that are *cheating you.* Don't listen. Obey your *natural impulses.* You *can* learn to play a Buescher *quickly—easily.* And it will open before you *new worlds of pleasure* beyond your fondest dreams.

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One Misty Night

(*Continued from page 50*)

had thought he could do at least a little better than this. She was right: it *was* nothing. And now she would go away. This was the end. Quite right for this to be the end.

"I've got to take it . . . like a man," he said to himself.

Only, it was as if he had been dealt a mortal blow. He could not see very clearly; the fog seemed closing about him, chill as death; his face was wet with it.

"I ought to have told you before," he said carefully.

"But you never have! You've never told me anything—not anything at all!"

"Well, you see," he explained, "I—I just loved you so."

"Has it gone?"

"What?" he asked, startled.

"Your love. Haven't you got that to offer, any more?"

"My . . . love?" he said. "But that's —of course."

"Isn't that anything?"

"But you see—"

She had stopped outside a shop window, and was looking in it, with tears raining down her cheeks.

"My dear!" he cried. "My dear little darling girl! I—I do love you so. But it's not enough. I've only thirty dollars."

"Oh, oh, how cruel! How *stupid!* When you've so much—so much—to offer!" She took out a handkerchief and roughly brushed away the tears; but more came. "S-so much," she said, "and you will keep on—dragging it in, over and over—your stupid thirty dollars!"

"But it's so little! It's so—"

"Look!" she said.

There was a note in her voice that startled him, a note challenging and austere.

"Look!"

Her hand, in its worn glove, was outstretched, her clear eyes fixed upon some distant thing. He looked, but whatever it was that she saw, he could see nothing but the black and glistening pavement trodden by myriad hurrying feet, nothing but lights blurred in the fog.

"THIS city," she said. "Just think! The size of it: streets and streets and streets, thousands and thousands and thousands of people. Think what's going on in it now, even now, at the end of our day! The ships that will be loading and unloading, all night long, the shops that are open, the people that are working, the trucks going by. Listen to them!"

He did listen, and now he thought that he could hear a new, a strange and stirring sound, a dull thunder, like the surf of a mighty sea. It was the unceasing life of the regal city, to which comes all the world. From the golden West, from the South, from the North, trains were coming, with wheat, with fruit, with steel, with cotton, with the immense and careless abundance of this giant young land. From the East the ships were coming, with their cargoes, with people from all the nations of the earth, all thronging to this gateway.

"Yes," he said. "But I can't exactly see—"

What had all this to do with him or with her? Two shabby and sorrowful human creatures, lost in the fog, ignored by the swift, strong current of life that went past them. His eyes were fixed upon her; he was terribly stirred by her rapt, pale face. But he could not see.

"All this," she said. "You don't think, you can't think, that there isn't any place for us here! With all this going on—and nothing for us?"

HE LOOKED at her almost with awe. It was as if her words had opened his ears to what he had never before heeded, as if he could see now, through the mist, as if some part of that fierce current of life were flowing through his veins now.

"There is a place for us here!" she cried. "There is! Perhaps we haven't done so well before this. But now—now that we have each other. Oh, are you afraid?"

"I—I think I am," he said, very low. "I don't dare to ask you. It's so little. We couldn't marry on that."

"We could!" she cried.

She waited, watching his face with passionate anxiety. And then she saw her miracle, saw in his gray eyes a new light, saw dawning upon him a new look, eager and strong and young.

"D'you mean—you'd have faith in me?" he asked, with a sort of amazement. "You think I'll . . . get on?"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she answered.

And, because of the wisdom of her great love, she kept in her heart those other words: "I don't care! I hope you'll 'get on.' I *do* believe in you. But I love you always, anyhow, whether you do or not!"

"Mavis," he said, "I—I think you won't be sorry. Now that I've got you . . . I'll try . . . Mavis, I *won't* fail you. Mavis, I'll do my best for you."

Their hands clasped; they stood in an island of light, like a magic circle where the chill fog could not come.

"Mavis!" he cried. "You'll see!"

"I don't care!" said her rebel heart. "I believe in you. Helping you is something I can do. But, no matter what comes, I just love you—anyhow!"

"THAT TIRED FEELING and How to Get Rid of It," coming next month, is a health article of universal appeal. The material for it was obtained from Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, director of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. In it are given lists of foods which tell you how to maintain the chemical balance of the body, thus preventing acidosis—a condition highly prevalent among us as a people—together with several fundamental rules of sane living, which, if adopted as a regular régime, will maintain health and vitality into a ripe old age. This is an article which should be read by young, middle-aged, and old. No one should miss it.

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"Ask us AGAIN" *the men begged . . .*

"for Hot Cakes and Home-made Cake"

THE men just took over the kitchen when they heard there were pancakes to fry. It was a camp trick, they insisted, that no woman ever really learned to do.

They flipped them for wagers; she lost track of the times she had to mix the batter; and even the mathematician couldn't tell how many they ate.

And then they finished the cake as enthusiastically as though they'd never heard of pancakes.

She'd been keeping something from them, they complained; they hadn't known she could cook. And to tell the truth, she hadn't known it herself.

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Lincoln—The Most Lied About Man in the World

(*Continued from page 9*)

green, which is neither one nor the other but a kind of illegitimate cypress!' He then proceeded to gather specimens of each and explain the distinctive formations of foliage belonging to each species. 'Trees,' he said, 'are as deceptive in their likeness to one another as are certain classes of men, amongst whom none but a physiognomist's eye can detect dissimilar moral features until events have developed them. . . .'"

In my reading, I came upon several other comments made by Lincoln redolent of the woods and of a nature which he knew and loved. But none was more touching nor to me more authentic than the anecdote my mother gave me. It was told her by her distant relative, William Cullen Bryant, who, alack, was no admirer of Lincoln. Nevertheless, he said that he had been much touched by the President's quoting to him:

"I have heard the mavis singing
Its love-song to the morn;
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born.

"And," added Lincoln, "having experienced that, a man carries about all the beauty of God's world in his remembrance."

I AM tempted to add here another comment made by Lincoln, not on nature's charm but redolent of woodcraft and refuting another popular misconception about him. He carried a cane on the occasion of his first inauguration, and much has been made of his alleged awkwardness in handling what was believed to be an utter novelty to him. A good many reporters—newspaper and otherwise—concluded that Lincoln had never touched a cane before, and their conclusion has become one of the rag-tags.

F. B. Carpenter, who painted the famous picture of Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet, spent six months in the White House with Lincoln in '64, while at this work. He tells many priceless stories. One of the less important, but nevertheless significant, comments concerns a cane carried by a man who was calling on the President. Taking the cane in his hand, Lincoln said:

"I always used a cane when I was a boy. It was a freak of mine. My favorite one was a knotted beech stick, and I carved the head myself. There's a mighty amount of character in sticks. Don't you think so? You have seen these fishing poles that fit into a cane? Well, that was an old idea of mine. Dogwood clubs were favorite ones with the boys. I suppose they use them yet. Hickory is too heavy, unless you get it from a young sapling. Have you ever noticed how a stick in one's hand will change one's appearance? Old women and witches wouldn't look so without sticks. Meg Merrilies understands that."

To comprehend fully the stupidity of insisting on the one poem for Lincoln, you have only to realize that poetry was far more important to his generation than to ours. Poetry was news in that period. Reading the diaries, old letters, autobiographies and biographies of the men among whom Lincoln moved, you learn that the ability to quote verse, not only classic verse but the latest from Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, Stedman, Bryant, Holmes, was an important part of the educated man and woman's equipment. Lincoln would have had to be intellectually deaf to have missed, indeed not to have shared, the popular liking and admiration for the poets.

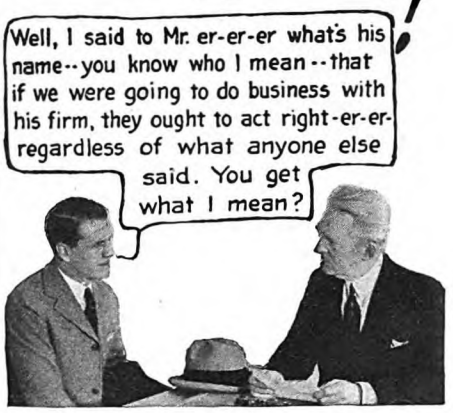
GENERAL VIELE tells us that early in the war, when Lincoln and he and Stanton took the night boat down to Fortress Monroe, Lincoln quoted poetry for hours to them—Byron and Browning and Shakespeare. John Hay, his secretary, states, "Lincoln loved Burns." When he read aloud the lines beginning "The bridegroom may forget the bride," he said: "Burns never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate expression and leaving nothing further to be said." He was fond of Tom Hood's "Haunted House" and of Whittier's poems, and Bryant's, and of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Brooks tells us: "One November day, when we were driving out to the Soldiers' Home, some aspect of the scene recalled 'The Last Leaf' to his mind. Slowly and with excellent judgment he recited the whole poem. Enlarging upon the pathos, wit, and humor of Holmes, I found that the President never had seen a copy of the genial doctor's works, although he was not certain that he had not. I offered to lend him my copy of the poems, a little gold and white book. . . . About a week after leaving the book with the President, I called at the house one evening and, finding him alone, we settled down for a quiet chat. He took from a drawer in his table the white and gold Holmes and went over the book with much gusto, reading or reciting several poems that had struck his fancy. He expressed his surprise at finding that some of the verses he admired most had been drifting around in newspapers without the name of the author attached to them: it was in this way, he said, that he had found 'The Last Leaf' although he did not know that Doctor Holmes was the author. Finally, he said that he liked 'Lexington' as well as anything in the book, 'The Last Leaf' excepted, and he began to read the poem; but when he came to the stanza beginning

"Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless
they sank to their rest . . .

his voice faltered and he gave me the book with the whispered request, 'You read it; I can't.' Months afterward, when several ladies were in the red parlor calling on Mrs. Lincoln, he recited that poem without missing a word, so far as I

Stop GROPING FOR WORDS!



IF your words flow easily, if you NEVER have trouble expressing yourself, people see immediately that your thoughts run along smoothly and that you have a sparkling, active mind.

But if you hesitate and stammer, and grope for words, if you say "er" or "what-do-you-call it" or "you know what I mean" instead of using exactly the right word to express your meaning—you tell every one that your mind is asleep. You publish the fact that your education has been sadly neglected. Your limited vocabulary shows clearly that you are dull and uninteresting.

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could remember it. And yet I do not believe that he ever saw the text of 'Lexington' except during the few busy days when he had my book."

Shakespeare, Lincoln really studied. He had some very clear-cut ideas on the way Shakespeare should be read. He said one morning to Carpenter, apropos of Edwin Booth's appearance in Washington in "Hamlet:" "There is one passage of that play which is very apt to be slurred over by the actor or omitted altogether, which seems to me the choicest part of the play. It is the soliloquy of the king after the murder. It always struck me as one of the finest touches of nature in the world."

"Then," says Carpenter, "the President, throwing himself into the very spirit of the scene, took up the words

O! my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;

and went on for thirty-six lines, entirely from memory, with a feeling and appreciation unsurpassed by anything I have witnessed on the stage."

No, the splendid isolation of "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" will have to be destroyed!

IN THE same category with his lack of love of poetry must go his lack of religion. This rag-tag must have been based on the fact that Lincoln professed no particular creed, although he attended the Presbyterian Church. But if by religion one means a faith in an overruling Providence to Whom individuals and nations alike are accountable, Lincoln possessed religion of a high order. One has only to go to his own public utterances to prove that:

"As Jefferson said, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.'

"It is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with the assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

"And, insomuch as we know that by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power, as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God.

"We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us."

He then designated April 30th, 1863, as a day of fasting and prayer: "All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope authorized by divine teaching, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high. . . ."

From his first inaugural: "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land. . . ."

Thanksgiving Proclamation, 1862: "It is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father and the power of His hand equally in these triumphs and in these sorrows. . . ."

If Abraham Lincoln had no religion, then he was a deep hypocrite!

You will recall that your and my Lincoln had utter patience and never showed irritation or lost his temper. I'm not sure now quite why we wished to paint him as mealy-mouthed, or why we thought that a man so harassed must not at times give way, or why we did not recognize that in dealing with the particularly thick-skinned type Lincoln found it necessary to be explosive. There are numerous evidences that, as he settled more and more into the heavy harness, it galled him. Like most sweet-tempered people, he was rather pleased with himself when he gave way. Says John Hay's diary under date of October 30th, 1863:

"When Chase sent in his resignation" (said Lincoln), "I saw that the game was in my own hands and I put it through. When I had settled this important business at last, with much labor and to my entire satisfaction, into my room one day walked D. D. Field and Opdycke and began a new attack on me to remove Seward. For once in my life I rather gave my temper the rein, and I talked to those men pretty d—d plainly. Opdycke may be right in being cool to me. I may have given him reason this morning."

ONE must carry in mind some picture of the stress under which Lincoln worked. All day long, week after week, month after month, his anteroom was packed with anxious folk: mothers, fathers, wounded soldiers, cotton speculators, office-seekers, army and navy officers, politicians, and more politicians, committees of every form the human mind could devise, curiosity-seekers, all insisting on seeing the President.

Lincoln saw them. He believed that his time belonged to the people who gave him his office. He had no pride of place. People imposed on this fine democracy of his. None knew it better than Lincoln. Sometimes he showed this. Carpenter, sketching in the details of the Cabinet room, which also was the President's office, saw many aspects of the people's methods of tormenting the Chief Executive. He tells, for example, of an army officer who had been cashiered, and who carried the story of his grievance to Lincoln.

In due course, he was admitted and told his tale. Lincoln's comment to the man was that, upon his own evidence, the case did not warrant executive interference. The man withdrew. A day or so later he again appeared with the same tale, and received the same comment from the President. Yet a third time he appeared, forced his way to Lincoln's desk, and was heard with forbearance but received no reply for a moment.

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The officer then exclaimed, "Well, Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice!"

Lincoln rose, laid down a package of papers he held in his hand, and then, seizing the officer by the coat collar, he marched him forcibly to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the passage, 'Sir! I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult.'"

Senator Sumner tells in his "Works" of hearing that one of Lincoln's military governors had taken a position against schools for colored children, as forbidden by the laws of the state. Sumner sought the President at once, tracing him to the War Department. As he made his complaint, he discovered "an impatience in Mr. Lincoln which he had not encountered before, the latter exclaiming, 'Do you take me for a school-committee man?' 'Not at all,' replied Sumner; 'I take you for President of the United States, and I come to you with a case of wrong, in attending to which your predecessor, George Washington, if alive, might add to his renown.' The President took this in good part, and changing his tone proceeded to consider the case."

Medill, of the Chicago "Tribune," says that when the Government tried to enforce the draft in 1864 there was so much trouble in Chicago that a delegation of Chicagoans, Medill among them, went to Lincoln to ask him to force Stanton to give them a new enrollment. Lincoln went to the War Office with the delegation in order to hear both sides.

"Lincoln," says Medill, "suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face. 'Gentlemen, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. . . . It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked for, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry on the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your "Tribune" have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your career is suffering. Go home and send us these men!' . . . We all got up and went out, and when the door closed one of my colleagues said, 'Well, gentlemen, the Old Man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. . . .'"

ONE more episode shows up still another bit of trash. Everyone says, everyone believes, that Lincoln told smutty stories. For years I have tried to run down one of these obscene tales, but as yet I've not found one. Of course a good deal depends on what one means by "obscenity." I used as a touchstone the synonyms in Webster: "indecent, unchaste, lewd." With this definition as a test, it doesn't seem to me that Lincoln is guilty of the soft impeachment. He used, as country-bred people did then, simple Anglo-Saxon words for natural functions of the body.

But I have heard more jokes with a

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double meaning, more lewd references to the processes of creation, at an evening party of the self-styled Intelligentsia in New York than Lincoln probably used in his whole life! And I could find no authentic record that, during his days in the White House, he told any such jokes, made any such references.

This is a fair sample of what I did find: It is said that when he went into Stanton's office, he frequently left his hat in a chair in the reception-room. In this room there always were visitors. On a certain evening, Lincoln laid his stovepipe, as usual, on a chair, and on his return, a very fat woman rose from the place to bow to the President. Lincoln returned the bow, then, walking behind her, picked up the remains of his hat and said, shaking his head sadly, "Madam, I could have told you that my hat wouldn't fit you before you tried it on!"

His so-called sex stories would scarcely offend a nun. A. K. McClure wanted Lincoln to give Governor Curtin a foreign mission. "But," said the President, "I'm in the position of young Sheridan when old Sheridan called him to task for his rakish conduct, and said to him that he must take a wife, to which young Sheridan replied, 'Very well, Father, but whose wife shall I take?' It's all very well to say that I will give Curtin a mission, but whose mission am I to take?"

Here is a story which is said to have shocked Horace Greeley: Secretary Stanton's private secretary returned from New York in August, 1864, with some very depressing facts as to Lincoln's chances for reëlection in the fall. Stanton thought the President ought to hear the facts, and sent his secretary to report them. Lincoln listened, walked the floor for a moment in silence, and then said, "with grim earnestness of tone and manner, 'Well, I can't run the political machine; I have enough on my ~~hands~~ without that. It is the people's business—~~the election~~ is in their hands. If they turn their backs to the fire and get scorched in the rear, they'll find they have got to sit on the blister!'"

WILLIAM STODDARD, Lincoln's secretary, has a decided statement to make on this subject. He calls attention to the fact that Lincoln, the teetotaler, was constantly accused of telling dirty stories while drunk. Stoddard adds that he had been with the President, day after day, and "failed to hear any of these objectionable stories. . . . As for a vast number of the so-called jokes attributed to him, Lincoln has never so much as heard them. But one very witty and dirty and insolent pun perpetrated by him upon a member of his own Cabinet, through the inventive brains of a well-known newspaper reporter, has been carried to Lincoln, and the literary gentleman has been sent for. "He does not dream that his story has been referred to the President. He did not see Lincoln's face flush and darken when the brand-new pattern of foul humor was given him as being circulated in his name. He will see something now, however, and hear something, for Louis has come to summon him across the hall, and he goes all smiles and chuckles. . . . He is out again. He has been in the President's room but a few moments, and he is not smiling. Whatever new thing he

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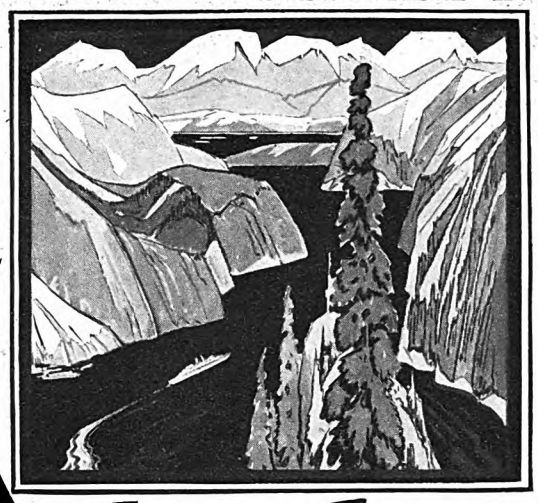

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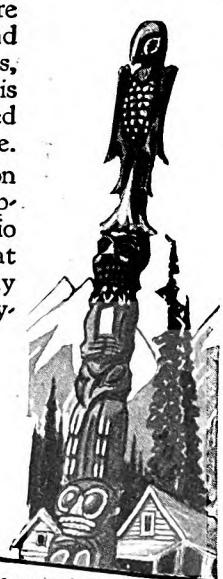

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has learned carries him out of the White House with unusual haste. . . ."

The artist, Carpenter, takes emphatic exception to statements of various biographers of Lincoln, that the President told "foul stories. Mr. Lincoln, I am convinced, has been greatly wronged in this respect. Every foul-mouthed man in the country gave currency to the slime and filth in his own imagination by attributing it to the President. . . . During the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, embracing governors, senators, members of Congress, officers of the army, and intimate friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any one of them which would have been out of place in a lady's drawing-room. Doctor Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my studies. Sitting in front of that of the President, with whom he did not sympathize politically, he remarked with much feeling: 'It is the province of the physician to probe deeply into the interior lives of men, and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact.' Secretary Seward expressed the same sentiment in still stronger language."

I. N. Arnold, member of Congress from Illinois, old and intimate friend of Lincoln, also took exception to the insinuations of biographies: "I saw him constantly for many years before he went to Washington, and there I saw him daily during the greater part of his Presidency, and although his anecdotes and stories were racy, witty, and pointed beyond all comparison with others, yet I never heard one of a character to need palliation or excuse."

John George Nicolay, John Hay, Charles Dana, Noah Brooks, all are as succinct as Arnold in cleansing Lincoln's memory of this taint. We are too apt to forget that Lincoln's bitter enemies were glad to give circulation to evil reports about him. These were not all concerned with his story-telling, either. Richard Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," after visiting Washington and studying Lincoln, had this to say, writing to Charles Francis Adams in March, 1863:

"AS TO the politics of Washington, the most striking thing is the absence of personal loyalty to the President. It does not exist. He has no admirers, no enthusiastic reporters, none to bet on his head. If a Republican convention were to be held to-morrow, he would not get the vote of a state. He does not act or talk or feel like the ruler of a great empire in a great crisis. This is felt by all, and has got down through all the layers of society. It has a disastrous effect on all departments and classes of officials, as well as the public. He seems to me to be fonder of details than of principles, of tithing the mint, anise, and cummin of patronage, and personal questions than the weighty affairs of empire. He likes to talk, and to tell stories with all sorts of persons, who come to him for all sorts of purposes, better than to give his mind to the noble and manly duties of his great post. It is not difficult to see that this is the feeling of the Cabinet. He has a kind of shrewdness and common sense, mother wit, and slipshod, low-leveled honesty that made

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him a good Western jury lawyer. But he is an unutterable calamity to us where he is."

And Dana is mild! Greeley, Henry Winter David, Beecher, Bryant, wrote and spoke of Lincoln with hatred. Opposition newspapers are full of astounding editorials, astounding at least to us who are in the rare position of watching the deification of a human being, and who forget that Lincoln was a man and a politician. For years before he was made Secretary of War, Stanton always spoke of Lincoln as the Illinois Gorilla. One excited orator, reported in a New York paper, called the President a harlot! And Stoddard, who opened all of Lincoln's and Mrs. Lincoln's mail, says the letters "tell of partisan bitterness and personal hatred; of the most venomous malice; of low, slanderous meannesses; of the coarsest, foulest vulgarity to which beastly men can sink; of the wildest, the fiercest, the most obscene ravings of utter insanity."

ANOTHER attribute that is rapidly becoming inseparable from Lincoln's godhood is the matter of his dress. And so sensitive is the public becoming about its own picture of Lincoln that it is scarcely safe to suggest that he ever wore, even to bed, anything save the wrinkled black frock coat and the high hat. This same public which demands and reads with avidity bawdy novels because, it says, here only is truth, demands with equal avidity that no one disturb its legendary notions about our national heroes, lest truth belittle them! So, curiously, poor Lincoln must go stalking down the ages, a clown in ill-fitting black broadcloth.

As a matter of fact, his wife, who loved good clothes and wore them, saw to it that her husband, when he became President, was properly dressed. There is a group picture of him, taken in the summer of 1860 in his yard in Springfield, in which he is wearing white. A man who was fifteen when that picture was taken, who saw it taken, tells me that Lincoln was wearing a white linen suit. This same boy heard some of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, and he told me that Lincoln wore a snuff-colored, short-coated suit during one debate, again white linen, and once a white linen duster over a blue suit with brass buttons.

My grandmother, who had four sons in the Federal army, got very cross because two of her sons didn't write her, and she went to Washington to see Lincoln about it. She insisted to me that he was a very well-dressed man. "He wore a well-starched linen coat and pants and a plush waistcoat of a sort of plum color."

William Russell, the famous British war correspondent, wrote in his Washington diary in 1861: "On my way to dinner at the legation, I met the President crossing Pennsylvania Avenue. He wore a suit of gray, with a felt hat on the back of his head." At a farmhouse near Arlington, Russell saw Lincoln on the porch, "wearing a loose gray hunting coat with a long vest." Several diarists of the period mention the deerstalker's cap which Lincoln used to wear back and forth between the White House and the various departments, "stuffing it into the pocket of his loose, snuff-colored coat when not in use." My grandfather wrote in a letter, in the

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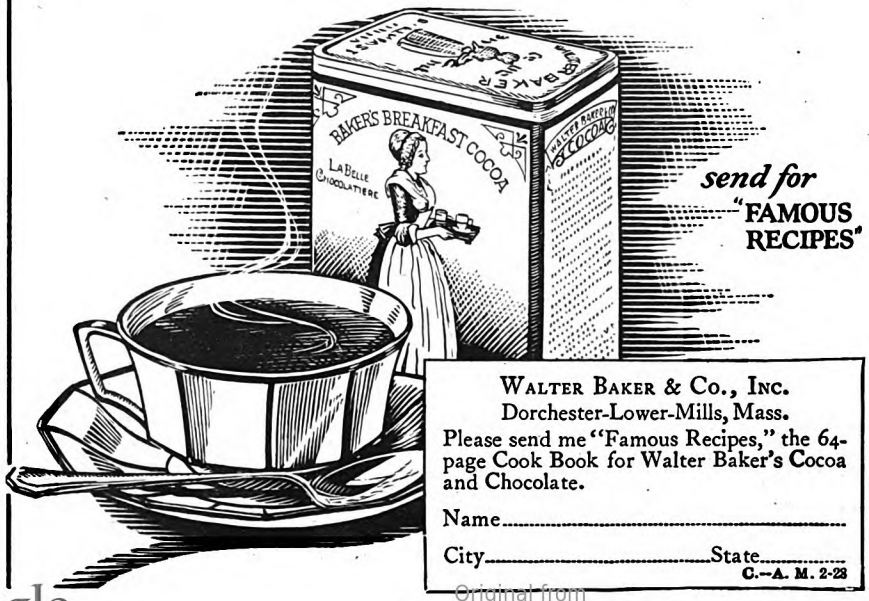

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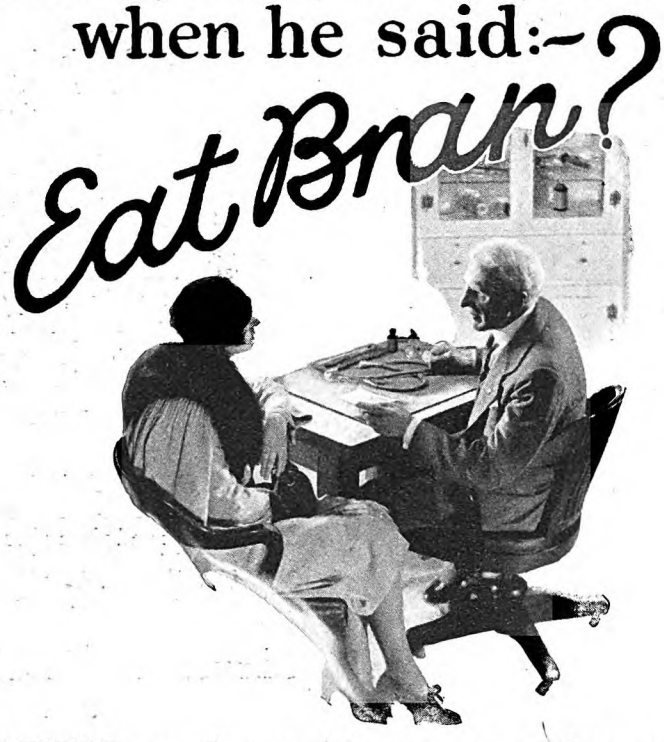

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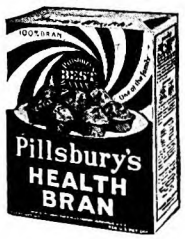

winter of 1864, that he had seen Lincoln wearing a fashionably cut blue chinchilla coat and a brand-new silk hat of the latest mode, with buff-colored gloves. "He looks very much the well-dressed gentleman."

That he was unhappily married is the very *sine qua non* of the acceptable picture of Lincoln, I suppose simply because a tragic hero is so much bigger to the mind's eye than a happy one. A niece of the Lincolns', who lived in the house with them for months on end, says emphatically that this was a happy marriage; that Abraham and Mary loved each other devotedly.

Lincoln was slow, lazy, and hard to get going, not a family man in the homely sense. His wife was quick, energetic, unquenchably ambitious, with a witty tongue that could cut like a two-edged sword. She was quick to speak, quick to repent. I have met many people who knew her. They all give this description of her. Nearly all of them had experienced the warmth and generosity of her heart. She was in a continuous state of urging Lincoln on, of fussing over him and at him. He needed every bit of it. But it is easy to see how this combination gave birth to the legend of his unhappiness.

An episode related by a man who knew whereof he spoke gives the lie to this most obnoxious of all the rag-tags that conceal the real Lincoln. When this man was a boy he played with the Lincoln children. The boys got into the parlor one day during Mrs. Lincoln's absence and upset things, as children will. When Mrs. Lincoln came home she was very cross, and scolded them heartily. Lincoln came in and interfered on the boys' behalf. Instantly, Mrs. Lincoln turned on her husband: "But he only laughed, picked her up in his arms and kissed the daylights out of her. And she clung to him like a girl."

IF ONLY one of his contemporaries had been big enough to give us the full rounded man as finely as Nicolay and Hay, two of his secretaries, gave us the President! Then these bits of trash could not have clung to his real greatness. I say his *real* greatness, as though I knew of what that consisted. But I do not know. Nor does anyone else. Numerous admirably expressed biographies have been written about Lincoln. Innumerable statues have been chiseled, countless portraits painted, all attempting to attach him to us by homely fact before we thrust him from us forever to a place among the gods on high Olympus. Yet for all these, none of us knows Abraham Lincoln. The portraiture of him was begun too late.

I gaze and gaze at my own mosaic of him. It is not he. I go to Washington and stand in awe too deep for words before the Lincoln Memorial, that embodiment of the world's ideal of beauty. It is not Lincoln. I go to Springfield, and wander through the little house where he begot his children and ate his meals and was adjusted to Mary and she to him. Not even his ghost is left. I go to the cemetery and stand in the May sunshine, staring into his tomb. He has gone. . . . And yet in Springfield the very winds murmur his name, the birds chant of him, the folk themselves are indelibly etched with something reminiscent of his pattern. . . .

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Struggling to express him, I am divided from him by the not-to-be-crossed void that separates the great soul from understanding by the common mind. And in comparison with Lincoln all of us who are writing of him or modeling or painting him are common.

He was so near and clear to me, eight years ago when I talked so gliby of him to my father—talked so much and knew so little! But now that I have touched the hem of his mental and spiritual power, he looms too high for my glance to compass. And yet, during the years of seeking, so vital a hold has he taken on my being that I cannot force myself to write of his assassination. I can no longer read, without breaking down, the only lines in the English tongue that seem to me to come nearest to phrasing our feeling for him, Walt Whitman's epic which begins,

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd
And the great star early drooped in the Western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring . .

and marches on with heart-shattering music to its ending; or to Walt Whitman's perfect epitaph:

This dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute,
under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history
known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States.

Big Matt

(*Continued from page 23*)

"No," he said, thinking swiftly that her presence would be a protection and a source of strength.

On coming in, Matt, doubtless prepared by Squire for Joyce's presence, paused and bowed in his awkward way to her.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Price," he said. "I've known you ever since you was a little girl—can I still call you Joyce?"

"Oh, certainly, do, please," Joyce answered, giving him her hand.

Matt seemed to be about to say something else; Blake, who knew him so well, saw that he was moved, and somewhat shaken. However, to Blake's relief, for the situation was beginning to be as embarrassing for him, and for Joyce, as it was for Matt, the big fellow turned toward him and said:

"Well, John, we lost out."

"Yes, Matt, I know. I'm—"

"Oh, I know how you feel. It's all right. You've stood by me, and I appreciate it. It's no use to talk it over now, only I want to say to you, Joyce, that I don't blame your husband. I don't know whose idea it was—"

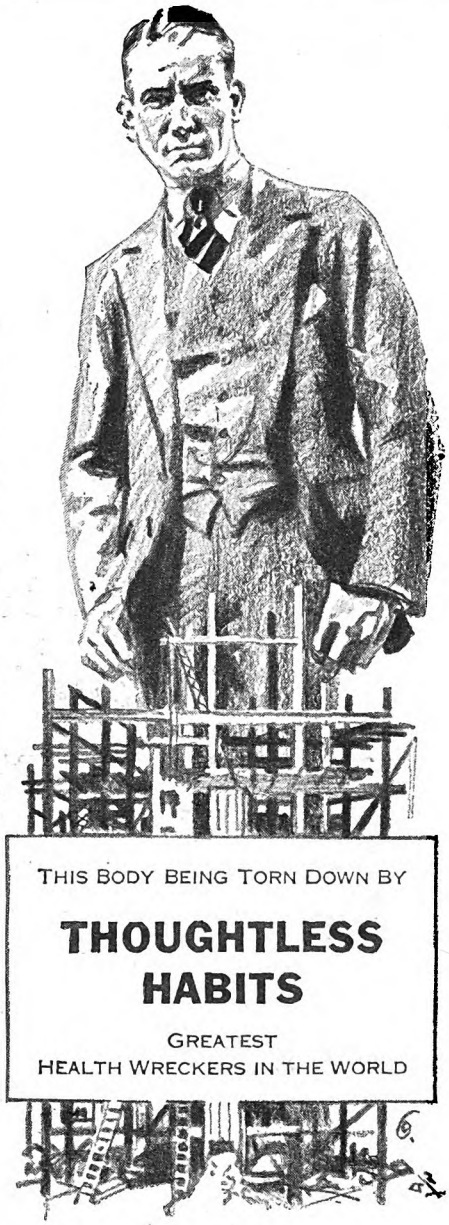
"It was my idea, Mr. Holt," Joyce interrupted him to say. "Laurence wanted to stay away. My father here would have advised him to vote against the resolution. I urged him to do what he has done. It's all my doing; if anyone is to be blamed, blame me."

"I'm not blaming anyone, Joyce," said Matt. "It was a clever idea all right—for him, and for the Governor."

He turned then to Blake and said:

"She's a better politician than her father, John."

Look out! Wreckers at work!



A tug at a nerve, a blow at heart or digestion—steadily, the work of destruction goes on. Yet so quietly the victim seldom knows it—until his health crashes. Then, *too late*, he realizes how Thoughtless Habits—little daily infractions of Nature's laws of living—have been tearing him down.

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Then the smile faded, and Matt, striking one hand against the other, hesitated a moment, and said:

"Well, I guess there's nothing more to do to-night," then turned and left the room.

They watched Matt's big form disappear through the door. His broad shoulders seemed to sag, his strong back to droop wearily, and in his bearing there was a discouragement that Blake had never seen before.

Blake looked at Joyce.

"Do you think," he ventured to ask, "that he—is guilty?"

Joyce looked at him, and he looked at Joyce for a long moment. Joyce shrugged her shoulders.

THE sessions of the extraordinary court raised by Pedley's resolution were held in the largest of the Senate committee-rooms. Blake, of course, did not attend the hearings, for his presence would not have been in keeping with that dignified attitude of judicial aloofness which he had assumed; he had to be content with what Squire could report to him after each session, and with what he could read in the reports published by the newspapers.

Matt, to his relief, he must own, had kept away, but he was glad that, according to Squire's account, Matt bore himself with all his old bluff assurance, and presented to his accusers his large face, impassive and bland as ever.

But the critical moment would not come until Matt took the witness stand; and on that day the committee-room could not hold the crowd that gathered.

Squire had reported at midday that Matt had borne himself very well, and, under this encouraging impression, Blake, as he was going through the corridors of the Statehouse that afternoon, walked 'round by the committee-room where Pedley's court was sitting. When those in the crowd about the door saw him, they would have made way for him, but he signed to them not to—to respect his incognito.

He did, however, approach near enough to catch, between the hulking shoulders of two fellows who filled the doorway, a glimpse of the scene within—Pedley's dark, sallow face, poised over the green felt covering of the long table—Fenshard, scowling importantly and portentously, rummaging among his notes, running his fingers through his hair.

And there was old Matt, calm, collected, cool, in his large arm chair. He had his old friend, Judge Wilkinson, of Allen County, at his elbow, to represent him as counsel; the judge would lean over toward Matt now and then, and whisper some word of advice. Matt would nod rather indifferently, and then square himself in his chair, cross his legs, fold his hands complacently in his lap, turn slightly to one side and, with a kind of naïve innocence and disarming candor, present to the scowling Fenshard that large, fleshy, blank face.

Fenshard would look at him; their eyes would meet, then Fenshard would look at some papers that lay on the table, pick up a lead pencil, turn it end for end, over and over, and resume the examination. He was asking Matt about his duties, about the organization of his office, and finally about certain transactions in which

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various public service corporations in the State were concerned.

These questions, of course, as Blake knew, were to lead up to the principal transaction in which it was expected to find irregularities; but to each one of them, Matt, after long deliberation, pondering his answer, would reply, simply, and with an almost official impersonality:

"That is a matter of public record in my office."

Matt made this reply to question after question; its baffling monotony amused the crowd and angered Fenshard. In fact, the thing was going very well; Blake felt that the sympathies of the crowd were with Matt.

"Mr. Holt," said Fenshard presently, "I will ask you if there were any transactions concerning the increased rates to be charged by the Consolidated Light and Power Company that were not recorded in your office?"

The room was very still and very hot. Matt gravely asked the stenographer to repeat the question, and then, after long consideration, said:

"No."

Fenshard put the question in different forms, and each time Matt considered, asked the stenographer to read the question, and answered:

"No."

And at last Fenshard lost his temper.

"Mr. Holt," he demanded, "do you ever play poker?"

"WE object to that question!" shouted Judge Wilkinson. But Matt put out a restraining hand.

"Do you ever play poker?" demanded Fenshard again.

Matt paused, thought, asked the stenographer to read the question, waited, and then said:

"Yes."

The crowd laughed, and Pedley threatened to clear the room.

"Is that a matter of public record, Mr. Holt?" asked Fenshard, with withering sarcasm.

"No," replied Matt, slowly, solemnly, without changing his expression, "it's a matter of common knowledge!"

The crowd roared; Blake had to laugh himself, and though he felt that it was dangerous for him to be there—what, for instance, if the reporters were to see him and make a "story" of it?—he could not leave. Fenshard waited for the laugh to die away, and then asked:

"Mr. Holt, are you acquainted with a gentleman by the name of Hugh Garrett?"

Everyone in that hot, crowded place hung on Matt's reply.

"Yes," said Matt simply.

"Have you ever played poker with him?"

"Yes."

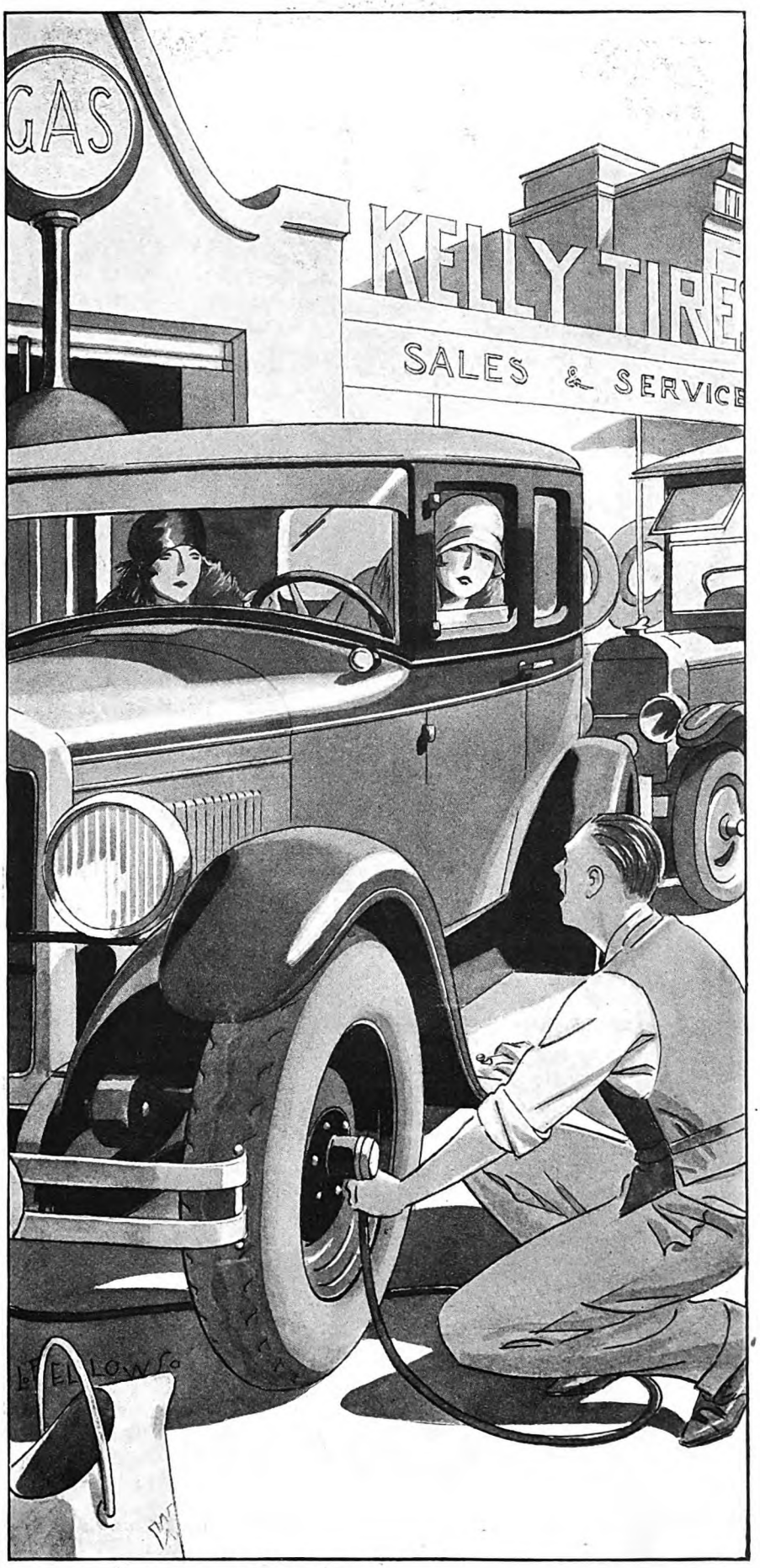
"Did you play with him sometime during the month of June last at the Hotel Stanley?"

"Most likely."

"And how much money did you receive from him that night?"

Matt looked at Fenshard, and for once his bald face changed; it suddenly assumed an expression of something like pity, when he replied, confidentially, and as one deserving sympathy:

"Why, Grant, you know that when a feller plays poker with Hugh, he always



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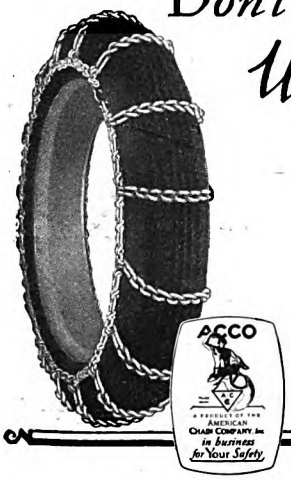

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loses; you know how it is yourself."

In the laughter that Pedley tried his best to silence with his gavel the Governor thought it best to get away. He had seen and heard enough to know that public opinion was veering 'round in Matt's favor.

It proved, in fact, to be the turning point of the investigation. Fenshard questioned Matt all that afternoon, and all the next morning, pitted his wits against Matt's, but to no purpose; Matt sat there, calmly denying everything, presenting that innocent face with its baffling, almost Oriental, inscrutability.

Pedley questioned him, but, after Fenshard (Squire said), Pedley was easy for Matt. In fact, when they met casually the next morning in the rotunda of the State House, Fenshard and Blake, Fenshard said:

"Matt's the toughest witness I ever tackled in all my experience at the bar. Fact is, I'm beginning to believe there's nothing in all this."

"I never thought there was," said Blake, in the dignified, rather superior and somewhat offended tone that he felt he could now take with Fenshard.

EVER since the committee had begun its hearings, Matt had kept away from the Governor's chambers, and Blake thought it rather decent in him. But the following afternoon, returning a little earlier than usual from his luncheon, Blake found Matt there, leaning over Squire's desk in whispered consultation, casting uncertain, questioning glances at the Governor's door now and then.

And something in Matt's attitude touched Blake's sympathies; he felt sorry for Matt, a kind of affectionate pity, as for one in trouble, and asked him into his private room. Matt went with him and sat down heavily, with an air of weariness.

It was not quite the Matt that Blake had seen testifying before the committee the day before; the old buoyant and confident manner was gone. He felt, for the first time in his life, stronger than Matt.

"Well, Matt," he said, "everyone says that you came through with colors flying. Fenshard told me himself that you were the most difficult witness he ever undertook to cross-examine."

"What'd he take me for, an easy mark? Did he think that all he had to do was to ask me, and I'd spill everything I knew? Thunder! But it takes it out of a fellow, to sit there for two days and be grilled."

"Oh, well, it's about over now, Matt," Blake consoled him. "The investigation can't last much longer; I rather suspect they're tired of it. Have they any more witnesses?"

"They'll want to cross-examine Hugh Garrett, I guess."

"Well, your mind and conscience are clear, anyhow," said Blake. "Why should you worry any more?"

"I'm not worrying," said Matt, "about myself. But, with election coming on in the fall, I don't like to think of this thing's affecting you and your administration."

"Now, Matt," protested Blake, generously, "don't think of that. I'm not particularly anxious to be reëlected anyhow."

Matt showed the first spark of his old fire then, when he said:

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"But you've got to be reëlected now, after this!"

Perhaps Matt was right; it would never do to retire, or to be defeated now. Things were turning out better than he had expected; his luck was holding.

The subsiding fires of interest in the investigation flared up when Hugh Garrett finally appeared as a witness and presented to the committee a front that, if it did not inspire the sympathy that Matt's had done, was of a blank impassivity even colder than his. But after that, it lagged, hung fire, and, in fact, fizzled out.

It began to be whispered about in cloak-rooms and lobby that the investigation was doing no good. Blake recognized the familiar signs of that occult influence which can hush things up, and decided that the time had come for him to move. He sent for Matt.

"How does Fenshard feel now about his chances for the governorship?" he asked.

"He's got no more chance than a rabbit. He'll be doing well if he can get a renomination for attorney general, and he knows it."

"You aren't against his renomination, are you?" Blake asked.

"'Course not," Matt replied promptly. "Grant's a good fellow; he just got carried away a little by this thing, that's all."

"I'm glad you bear him no ill-will."

"Ill-will won't get a man very far in politics," said Matt, recovering, as Blake was encouraged to note, his old philosophical attitude of mind. "If Grant wants to drop this thing and play the game, I'm ready to let bygones be bygones. Then we can all get together, put up a strong ticket and all go out and work to elect it."

Blake, thus armed by the magnanimous Matt, sent Squire to sound Fenshard, and when he found that the Attorney General was indeed ready to play the game, it was not difficult to win over a majority of the committee.

Blake called in Harnley and one or two members of the committee and, with Fenshard, they agreed upon a committee report that saved the committee's face by reporting some technical irregularities in the conduct of Matt's office, yet imputed no serious blame to him.

The report was made; Pedley was discomfited and silenced; no one paid attention to him any more. The legislature adjourned.

There settled down upon the Capitol that sense of peace and dignity which only the adjournment of the legislature and the scattering of the politicians could produce.

BLAKE, on that June morning, walked through the cool, dim corridors with a sensation of deliverance, thinking of a second term, nursing the strange, persistent illusion of the office holder, that if he can only be reëlected his troubles will all be over. He sat and gossiped a long time with Squire, who was reassuring.

Squire said that the political correspondents of the newspapers were looking forward to a dull campaign: it was an off-year; the people liked the Governor and trusted him; no one would stand the ghost of a show against him. The attack on Matt, which had really been an attack on the Governor, had recoiled, in fact, on those who had made it; Fenshard was

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PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

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already kept busy explaining that he had only done his duty. And Pedley? Why, Pedley was finished; done for; Pedley was a joke.

Matt came sauntering in, and Blake's heart warmed at sight of him, as in the old days. Matt sat down, and looked at Blake with an unsteady eye; then Matt began to smile, a queer, confidential, and rather sheepish smile, as though there were some amusing secret between them. Matt passed his hand over his chin with a gesture that somehow gave him a crafty and cunning expression.

And suddenly Blake had a vague and confused sense of trouble; he wondered just what this disagreeable expression of Matt's was intended to intimate. Then, all at once, he realized that Matt was a little drunk.

"Well, John," Matt was saying, "here we are again. What'd I tell you? We've wriggled out of that scrape all right."

The reference to the scandal, Matt's flippant way of speaking of it and, more than all, the fleering little laugh that Matt gave, struck Blake unpleasantly. However, it would be more comfortable to forget the scandal, if he could.

"Oh well, Matt, that's over now."

"Yes," said Matt. And then, after a pause, he added: "We were lucky to get out of it as easy as we did, I reckon."

Matt lapsed into another silence, from which he emerged, as though by an effort, when he said:

"I GUESS that maybe you won't want me to take too prominent a part in the campaign; they might say things, you see, after all that's happened, think perhaps that I was getting a little too brash."

"Nonsense, Matt!" cried Blake. "What are you talking about? You've been fully exonerated, and I want them to know what I think of you!"

Matt's face seemed to expand, almost to grow larger in the expression of satisfaction that slowly overspread it. But he shook his head. "It's good of you," he said, "and I'd like nothing better, but—it wouldn't be good politics. I'd better not be too conspicuous. I'm a dog with a bad name, you know, John, no matter what I do. The people like you, but they won't stand for me; and they'd like you just a leetle better if you wouldn't. I'm much obliged, all the same." He paused, and his face grew red with a sudden surge of anger.

"It's that fellow Pedley!" Matt burst forth. "I'm going to get him—I'm going to spend the whole campaign in his district, camping on his trail, and I'll get him!"

And Matt swore, while Blake, in the flash of light that Matt's words threw on the subject, said, somewhat disillusioned:

"Oh, it's that, is it?"

"Well, not altogether," Matt replied. "Fact is, John, I've been thinking, now it's all over, that perhaps I'd better retire the first of the year, when you enter upon your second term."

"But why?" exclaimed Blake. He was surprised, though on second thought somewhat relieved; or he would have been if this sudden turn of affairs, this decision of Matt, so little like him, had not made him pause and wonder.

"I'm sick of it all. There's nothing in politics for a fellow like me."

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"Oh come, Matt!" exclaimed Blake. "What's the matter with you? You couldn't let politics alone if you tried!"

But Matt shook his head.

"No," he went on, "I've got a bellyful. I'm going to retire."

"But what are you going to do? And what," said Blake, "am I going to do without you?"

Matt looked up quickly with a glance of contrite appreciation.

"It's mighty fine of you, Governor," he said. "If I've been able to do anything for you, I'm glad and proud. But I'm afraid I can't do you any good, and I might do you harm. You're going on and up; you won't need me any longer."

Blake was about to protest, but Matt raised a hand to stay him.

"No, I'm going to retire; I'm going to buy a farm down in Allen County. You remember the Forbes farm? Well, I'm going to buy it and settle down to spend the rest of my days. 'Course, I may dabble a little in local politics; whenever you want the Allen County delegation it'll be for you, if I got anything to say."

Blake didn't quite fully realize, at first, the implications of what Matt had just said. And then, suddenly, a black suspicion spread its devastation over his soul. He looked at Matt; their eyes met.

"WHY, Matt," he exclaimed, "where on earth did you get the money to buy a farm?"

Matt's glance wavered; his large red face was suddenly swept by a purple blush; his unsteady eyes were turned away, and he replied:

"Oh, I'm going to buy it on a mortgage."

He turned, and by an effort fixed his eyes on the Governor's, not in the old gaze of affection and understanding, but in that cold stare with which Matt had bluffed his way through all the difficult situations that had confronted him thus far in life. He swayed slightly in his chair, and his eyelids drooped heavily.

"What's the matter, John?" he said, presently. "What ails you?"

"Nothing, Matt," Blake replied. "But something's the matter with you. You're drunk, that's what's the matter."

Matt wearily put his hand to his forehead.

"I did drink a little more'n was good for me," he admitted. "I met up with Hugh Garrett last night; we got to opening champagne."

"Well, you'd better go to bed and stay there."

"There's nothing to be scared of, John," said Matt. "I haven't bought the farm yet; you needn't worry. You don't think I'd give myself away that easy, do you?"

They were silent for a long moment, and sat there looking at each other.

"My heavens, Matt!" exclaimed Blake, finally. "You don't mean to tell me—"

Matt had fixed his eyes on him once more in that stare that had served him so long; but somewhere now in their depths the Governor saw the answer, and with it a blasting certainty possessed him.

"I haven't told you anything, have I?" said Matt. "What do you take me for?"

It was true, then, all true! The truth had leapt into Matt's blue eyes, try as he would to keep it back!

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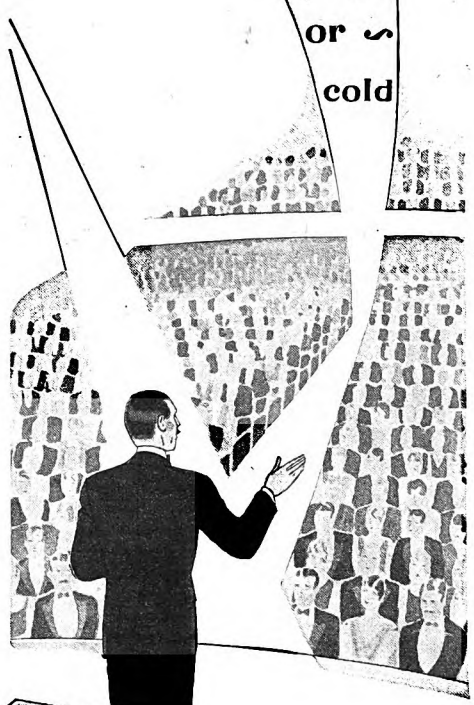

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Thirty seconds from cough to comfort—your voice is clear again.

Luden's—kept fresh and handy in the triple-sealed yellow package.

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George Wanted *Money*- I Pay Him --*Plenty*

Louis George
Illinois

$10,000 a year is what I paid Louis George, Illinois, for the last three years. This year he says he is going to earn $20,000.—And before he accepted our offer he was earning only $35 a week!

ANY MAN CAN GET This Money From Me

I paid L. D. Payne, Iowa, $4,500 for his first 200 days with me—he is still averaging from $500 to $650 a month. Putnam of a small Michigan town averages $600 every month. Many others averaging from $6,500 to $10,000 a year in this big pay field—*the field of Fire Prevention.*

Ray C. Hahn
Sales Director

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DOUBLES AND TREBLES INCOMES

Latest discovery by Fyr-Fyter chemists has doubled and trebled the incomes of our men and has made it necessary to make an immediate addition of 250 men to our sales force. No experience needed—no capital required. The successful applicants who can furnish good character references will be assigned to good paying territories at once—income to start immediately. Complete training, entire Fire Prevention working outfit will be furnished, and our whole organization will back you up with profit-making plans.

TELL THIS WONDERFUL STORY

As a Fyr-Fyter representative you will have a marvelous story to tell. Among our customers are such as Ford Motor Co., Diamond Match Co., Bethlehem Steel Corp., Eastman Kodak Co., International Harvester Co., Standard Oil Co., and thousands of other nationally known companies. The U. S. Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters. Every store, garage, school, hospital, home, factory or farm is a prospect. Our national advertising helps you to make quick sales. National, State and City governments cooperate.

NEEDED AT ONCE

We must add 250 men at once! Send coupon today for full information and details of our generous money-making plan for men who have good character.

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Send full information about representatives plan and application for territory.

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City.....State.....

There was no more calm, no more peace, no more dignity even, for him; the very light of June had gone out of the day; a cold fear pressed constantly under his heart, forcing it into his throat; he found it hard to get his breath.

At luncheon that day, his wife was talking about a holiday; they would go North, up to Mackinac. Of course they wouldn't go until after the nomination. The campaign wouldn't open until October; and, anyhow, everybody said that his reëlection was already assured.

He waited until the butler left the dining-room, and then said:

"I don't think that I'll run for reelection."

Mrs. Blake laid down her knife and fork and looked across the table at him in angry surprise.

"Why, what do you mean, John Blake?" she exclaimed. "Not run again! The idea! What *do* you mean?"

But he couldn't tell her.

"Oh, I'm tired of politics," he had to be content with saying.

Blake mildly broached the subject to Squire, just to see how he would take it.

"Not run again!" Squire looked at him aghast. "Why, Governor, you can't get out of running!"

In some way the rumor got about that he was loath to run again; Fenshard came to see him, and Lewis, the lieutenant governor, and Doc Sloane—everybody whose interests would be affected by his retirement—and urged him not to think of such a thing.

Then, one morning, Matt came. He was quite his old self again, sober, masterful, and a trifle severe, as though nothing had happened.

"What's this I hear," he demanded, as he closed the door behind him, "about your not running again?"

"Sit down, Matt," said Blake calmly, and Matt dropped into the chair by the Governor's desk, and sat there staring at him in a kind of indignant wonder and incredulity.

"Well?" said Matt. "There isn't anything in it, is there?"

"Yes, Matt, there is," said Blake, "there's a lot in it. How can I afford to run again after—after what has happened? To go before the people now—with what I know! I'd be a fool!" And under the stress of his feeling he got up and began to pace the floor.

Matt sat and looked at him, in silence. Then, presently, he said:

"Look here, John. You mustn't take it so tragically. I'm sorry, sorry for the scrape I got into, but that's over now. There's only one way to bring it back to life again, and that's for you to let this talk of your not running again go on. If you do that, you'll rouse suspicion, and then what'll happen, no one knows.

"MY LORD, man, you got to run! You can't get out of it! You can't give any reason for not running; you daren't give the reason you give to me—that would be fatal to you and to the party, to say nothing of me. And it would amount to the same thing, if you refused to run for any other reason or for no reason. You'd destroy the party in the state; it wouldn't come back to power again for twenty years; it would hurt the party in the nation."

"Pardon me, Matt," said the Governor, "but you ought to have thought of that before!"

He thought that Matt winced, and there was satisfaction in that. Matt, however, only nodded acquiescence, remarked that accidents would happen, and went calmly, remorselessly on:

"But that doesn't change your position. You aren't responsible for what I've done or haven't done; I told you that I'd lay low during the campaign and resign immediately after election; but if you get cold feet and quit now, you'll only identify yourself with something nobody holds you responsible for. You've got to brace up, get hold of your nerve, and go to it!"

Blake stopped by the window and looked at Matt. The large face was turned implacably toward him, the blue eyes were fixed on him, the wide mouth was set in stubborn will. There was something so inevitable, so definitive, in Matt's words when he was in this mood. Blake went to his chair and sank into it.

He felt himself in the toils of his own past, caught in the net that he and Matt had woven in those years before he reached the Executive Mansion. There was no escape.

AFTER Blake's renomination, by acclamation, in a convention that rocked with cheers and noise for a quarter of an hour, Matt said to him:

"What'd I tell you?"

His popularity, however, was now only a pain and reproach to him. Each morning he expected that the day would see the exposure of Matt's guilt; each evening he was surprised and grateful that it had not done so.

When he opened the campaign, and thought of speaking, he was hag-ridden by the fear of exposure, of some ugly contretemps, if not some appalling and irretrievable disaster. The thought of the merciless hecklers he could too easily imagine, turned him cold and limp.

Yet, what could he do? Demand Matt's resignation at once—here in the midst of the campaign, on the very eve of election, and thus wreck his own career and his party's chances?

Matt had insisted that he take no very prominent part in the campaign, and Blake had designated Harnley as manager of his campaign. But Matt had gone to the city and was hard at work, in his secret, cunning way, at headquarters, "organizing up," as he phrased it; Matt wrote him a brief letter every day; at first he had feared to open these letters, but they were all of the most reassuring kind.

And as autumn advanced and the campaign gathered momentum, Blake felt more certain of victory. He spoke everywhere, to large crowds. Joyce often went with him, and made a pretty picture, sitting on the platform. It was a comfort to Blake to have her near him; he could do better with Joyce there; and then, as Matt had observed, there was no vote-getter like a pretty woman sitting on the platform.

But, gradually, as the campaign wore on, it came to have for Blake a significance deeper than a mere desire for votes. Speaking daily, as he did, in the country districts and in the small towns that form the unit of society in the Middle West, memories of his boyhood, long dormant

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FIRST STAR—"They tell me you'll endorse any cigarette for a consideration . . ."

SECOND STAR—"*Sure,* so long as the *consideration* isn't that I give up my Chesterfields!"

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The drink that has outgrown seasons

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

More than that—it has outgrown geography—until it is now the all-year-round drink everywhere, with an average of 8 million refreshing drinks per day throughout the year.

Playing, working, walking, talking make you welcome a pause for this one great drink with that delicious taste and cool aftersense of refreshment—one little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

8 million a day

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in a patented bottle—the bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

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in his unconsciousness, were awakened.

As he looked out over the fields with their dried weeds, their stubble, their tepees of tasseled corn, to the woods in their red and bronze splendor, he would say to Joyce that autumn was the loveliest time of the year, "and," he would add, "this State is the finest in the Union."

He seemed to realize his State more than he had ever done, to possess it, to feel it a part of him, as he was the product and a part of it; it was a sense of local patriotism, greater, or at least, more vivid, more emotive, than that which he felt for the Nation.

The entity, called by the unpoetic name "United States" was somehow too vast, too continental, for his imagination; he had an affection for it of course, and gave it his patriotic loyalty. But his State, with its pretty Indian name, was somehow different; he was devoted to it, proud of it, loved it with an intimate, personal love. When the band played the State song, it brought tears to his eyes.

HE WAS to close his speaking tour at a mass meeting in the city on the Friday night before the election, and he intended to sum up and to elaborate, in this last speech of the campaign, the new civic ideas that had come to him with all the force of a spiritual revelation.

And so, on Friday morning, with his wife and Eddie, and Squire, he journeyed down to the city, elaborating the peroration to his great speech on the way. Joyce, who now lived in the city, would be there of course, and Matt was to meet him at his hotel.

Matt had gone home to Allen County on what he vaguely characterized as private business, and should have been in town at an earlier hour than Blake. But when the Governor and his party arrived, Matt was not there.

Blake waited, but it was nearly six o'clock before Matt appeared. He came up to Blake's room without troubling to have himself announced, and as he entered, Blake saw that, once more, Matt had been drinking.

He had rather dreaded the meeting with Matt, and at sight of him, the fear—which had lately been somewhat allayed by the excitement and, as he was beginning to allow himself to feel, the success of his campaign—rose once more like a horrid and menacing apparition.

"Well, John, here we are again. What'd I tell you? The campaign's over, and you've won out."

"The campaign isn't over, Matt. All sorts of things may happen between now and Tuesday. Let's not halloo till we're out of the wood."

But Matt laughed, and shook his head.

"No danger now, John. It's a cinch. I was half afraid that that unlucky scrape of mine might in some way be used against you, and if it had I should have felt like thunder. But it's over and you've won out!"

And Matt sighed, a heavy, gross sigh of relief, as though a regrettable, but not very serious, incident were happily and honourably closed.

BLAKE arrived at the meeting that evening a little late, as he always made it a point to do for the éclat it gave to his entrance. As his party entered the hall, preceded by the policemen who made a way for them through the crowds at the door, the vast audience, catching sight of Blake, broke into cheers that struck him with the force of great waves and, for an instant, almost checked his progress.

This immense and spontaneous greeting created an electrical sensation that tingled through his body, and swept up to the roots of his hair, and, for a second, he was thrilled with exultation and joy. Then he remembered; and something within him seemed to say, "Ah, if only!" And the sense of irony in a moment that in other circumstances might have been one of ecstasy, cast him down in despair.

He wished that they would keep still. He made a gesture of deprecation, but that only caused them to cheer the more. As he mounted the stage, the band in the gallery burst into the lively strains of "Hail to the Chief," and he was glad to gain his seat.

Perhaps it was because the chairman and Senator Morris talked so long that they fatigued the audience, perhaps it was his own sickness and despair; but when he rose Blake felt that the life had gone out of the occasion and out of him.

The speech that he had been preparing all the week had become impossible, its lofty sentiment seemed like a mockery to him; while he had sat there, during those long speeches, that old phrase had begun to ring again through his brain: "Matt Holt is guilty! Matt Holt is guilty!"

He tried to think, but couldn't, and at last, even when the chairman was delivering his speech of introduction, he had no idea of what he was going to say.

He got to his feet; the brasses of the band rose exultant in the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner;" the crowd stood up, shouted, waved handkerchiefs, and at last settled down to listen. Blake took a sip of water from the glass on the table, trying to still the beating of his heart.

IN THE stillness, to Blake ominous and almost hostile, that had suddenly settled on the multitude, he heard his own voice, and it sounded strange and unnatural:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:"

He bowed right and left, and to those behind him on the stage; and then, somewhat to his own surprise, his voice still sounding strange in his ears, he heard himself saying:

"As I sat here this evening listening to my old friend Senator Morris, that grand old wheel-horse of our party who for so many years and with such distinguished ability and unquestioned authority has represented our great commonwealth in that highest deliberative body in the world, the Senate of the United States, I was reminded—"

It was odd, how one could go on like that, once one had the knack of it, even when one had nothing to say. But presently, with a sickening of the heart, he had that disconcerting sense of losing touch with his audience; the mystic bond that bound those people to him had snapped; they were growing restless and inattentive.

He made a mighty effort, raised his voice. And then, suddenly, there was a slight commotion in the crowd; almost at his feet in the first rows, across the reporters' tables, a rough-looking fellow

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"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."
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$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not Buffalo), $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint. $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows. $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto. $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars. 10 cents each for 1912 "S" Mint nickels, etc., etc.

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So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

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PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

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with a shock of black hair, half-way rising in his seat with the air of a heckler, was looking straight at him. And Blake waited, certain that now, at last, the fatal phrase was to be publicly flung back at him, like an echo of his predominant thought. In the tense stillness the man shouted:

"Don't wear yourself out, John! You're elected now!"

BLAKE'S own vast relief was expressed in that broad smile which had never failed to charm the crowd; the crowd itself laughed, and that laugh saved him. That laugh, and something else, for just at that moment, away at the back of the hall, his large red face standing out vividly amidst all the blurred mass of faces, head and shoulders above the crowd, Blake saw Matt.

He must have come in late and found no other place in which to listen to the speaking. And, at sight of him, Blake felt himself drawn toward Matt, identified with him, his other self, as though the rest were gone, and he and Matt were alone.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he began to speak again, "I shall not pretend that I am not weary. I could lay down, here and now, so far as I personally am concerned, the cares of my office without much regret. I will not pretend to say what I have been in the governor's office; I can't tell you what, if I am to be called to that place again, I shall be. But I can tell you what I should like to be."

A queerish stillness had fallen. He felt the attention of the crowd concentrate and fix itself anew on him, the mystic bond was reëstablished; and his speech came back to him, not as he had composed it, but sublimated into something nobler and purer than studied periods could produce, a speech of sincerity, full of haunting echoes of regret, for a great occasion missed, a great task unachieved, a great ideal unrealized.

He spoke of his State, of what he should have liked to be and do for it and for its people; and he spoke not so much to the audience as to Matt, away back there against the wall, straining forward more and more, his face grown pale. The crowd could not have known all that he meant; but Matt knew.

He did not know how long he spoke; he was not aware of time; time, for this once, seemed to have paused, and in an intense silence that throbbed with emotion, Blake was conscious of that vast area of rapt and earnest faces, turned up to him and, as though suspended over them all, the large face of Matt, white now against the wall.

He came to the end; and turning, for an instant, to those on the platform, he caught a glimpse of Senator Morris's face, lifted in uncomprehending amazement; then of Joyce's face, thrust forward, the tears streaming down it.

He was bowing; the crowd sat there, motionless, still rapt by the spell of his sincerity and his feeling; and then, suddenly, they all broke out in applause and stood up to acclaim him, shutting out that last glimpse of Matt's face.

When they got back to the hotel, Blake went up to his sitting-room a moment before joining the others in the restaurant, and presently a bell-boy came to tell him that a "gentleman wanted to see him." And there was Matt. He stood there until the boy had gone out and closed the door, and when they were alone he came forward, took Blake's hand, and said:

"John." Then Matt bit his lip, and couldn't speak for a long, painful moment. "John," Matt began again, and then stammered, "I daren't even ask you to forgive me—I—I—" But Matt could not go on; he could only stand there, bite his lip, and cling desperately to Blake's hand, as though to his last stay on earth.

"Don't, Matt, don't," pleaded Blake, laying his hand on Matt's shoulder.

But Matt clung to him, the tears streaming down his large cheeks.

"Aren't you coming down to supper?" It was Joyce bursting into the room.

But, at the strange scene, with a surprised and apologetic, "Oh!" she shrank back into the doorway.

"Come in, Joyce," Blake said gently, and then, in the pity that had quite overwhelmed him—the only feeling he had in Matt's case now—he said, trying to give his invitation a casual air:

"You'll join us, won't you, Matt?"

In Matt's eyes he saw all the old adoration of him, but Matt made no reply; he only looked at him, in despair, wrung his hand again and, without a word, turned and left the room. Blake watched him disappear through the doorway, and then turned to meet Joyce's questioning eyes.

"I guess I said something in my speech that affected him."

"You said something that affected us all," said Joyce quietly, as she took his arm in hers and hugged it to her.

IN JANUARY Blake entered upon his second term, and in that larger prestige which his victory had given him he dominated his party absolutely. He was more popular than ever; his fame had spread beyond the borders of his State, it was predicted that he would be the candidate of his party for the Presidency in the next election.

He was penetrated by a new feeling of assurance and self-confidence; he could look forward to the ensuing term with security; a new sense of freedom and of power permeated him; now he could do something, make a record, have things his own way. He had Matt's resignation in his pocket, but he wasn't going to announce the fact just yet.

And then, as he was basking in this warm atmosphere of approval and popularity, one afternoon in January Squire appeared, carefully shut the door behind him, and presented a solemn, tragic face—that white face, with the compressed lips, which made Blake's heart stop beating for a second.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Do you know anything about this fellow Whateley?"

"The prosecutor of this county?"

"Yes. Have you heard?"

"Heard what?" Why didn't Squire speak out, or else keep still altogether? His heart was going now like a trip-hammer.

"Well, he's bringing Matt's case up before the Grand Jury. Pedley's back of it all. They say they'll get him this time. He has bought a farm down in Allen County. . . ."

(To be concluded)

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Watch *the boss's hands...*

Funny thing about bosses — when caught off their guard they are as easy to embarrass as the rest of us.

And it's enough to make *anyone* ill at ease, to be conscious of hands or cuffs that aren't nearly as clean as they should be.

Even if he didn't have other good reasons, the big chief has learned that he simply can't *afford* to be careless.

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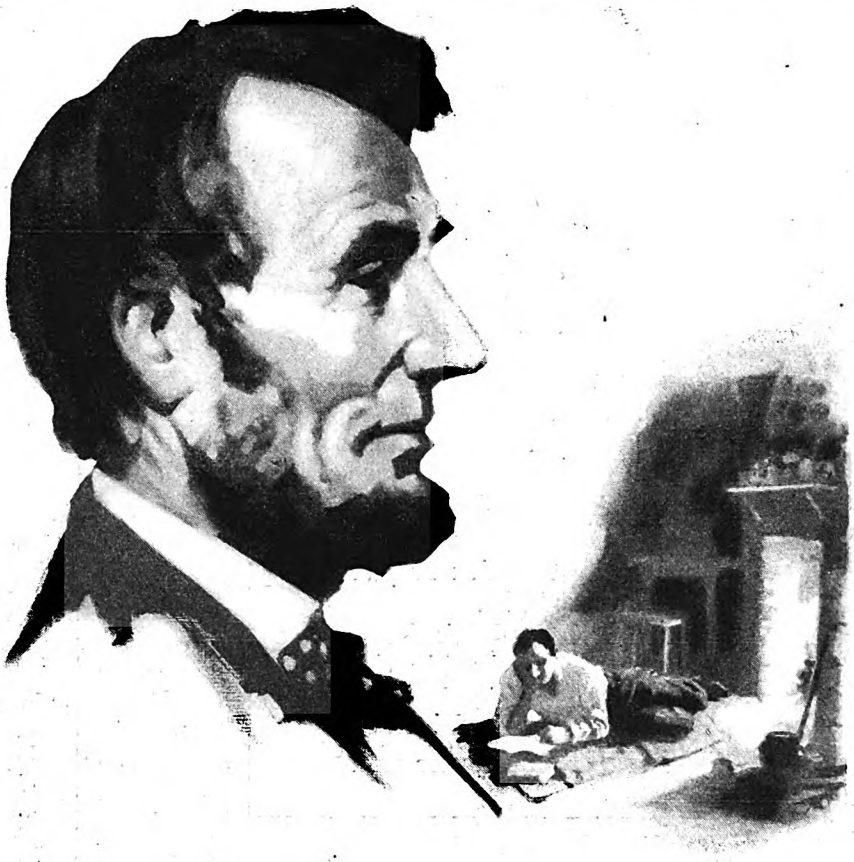

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Uncle Ambrose

(*Continued from page 15*)

has been engaged, year in and year out, for decade after decade, in the compilation of two great books. One is the "Life and Letters of Captain Barton Wilkinson," and the other is the "History of the Settlement and Development of Washington County." The authorship of these books constitute his literary career—his literary career as distinct from the cards he writes to the papers, which constitute his career as a publicist.

He refers to the two books as "My *major opi*, sir." He is still working on the books and they are not yet ready for publication. Peculiar difficulties attend their composition, and it has been my privilege on numerous occasions to assist Uncle Ambrose and Aunt Kate in conferences in which these weighty problems were discussed.

Aunt Kate is supremely loyal, and never impatient, but I think she sometimes vaguely wonders if thirty years is not rather a long time to give to the production of any book. Uncle Ambrose would not for one minute admit, even to himself, that he is getting a trifle tired of the late Barton Wilkinson, and probably does not know it about himself; but I fear that such is the case.

"The trouble, Kittie," I can hear him explaining in one of the conferences in his study, "the trouble, Kittie, is that the early history of Washington County is so mixed up with the history of the Wilkinson family—of your family, little sweetheart—that it is almost impossible to separate the two."

"I thought we got them separated in your notes last year, Ambrose dear," says Aunt Kate.

At least once a year it has been necessary for Uncle Ambrose and Aunt Kate to give the notes and manuscripts a complete overhauling, and unscramble the two books.

But they always merge together again.

"IT IS very annoying," says Uncle Ambrose, "to write a series of lengthy chapters, after a vast deal of research, and then find myself unable to determine which of the books these chapters really belong in."

"Why don't you," I suggested one time, "just simply let nature take its course, and allow the two books to become one if they want to?"

Both Aunt Kate and Uncle Ambrose looked at me with pain and shock in their faces; and I realized an instant later that what I had uttered had struck them as almost sacrilegious. For it amounted to taking away from Barton Wilkinson the individual and distinctive tribute planned for him.

"There is another difficulty," said Uncle Ambrose, sighing somewhat wistfully and shaking his head. And he told me of it. It seems that some of these old chapters really seem to belong to a third book, a book which he had never planned to produce, and for which he has no title. A book which, in fact, perversely insists on coming into existence almost in spite of Uncle Ambrose.

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"Let me read some of those chapters," I requested. I looked them over. There were a great many of them. Uncle Ambrose has, in fact, written enough to fill six or eight large closely-printed volumes, and yet he insists that the surface of the subject is only scratched. As I read the chapters of the third book which he gave me, it dawned upon me what they were—they were really the beginnings of a work the proper title of which should be "The Autobiography of Ambrose Applegate."

I told him and Aunt Kate so. Their faces lighted up, and she exclaimed ecstatically: "Oh, Ambrose dear! You must finish it! How wonderful!"

BUT in a few seconds Uncle Ambrose was shadowed and saddened again, and he sighed. He had seen the impropriety of finishing his autobiography before completing the filial tribute to Captain Barton Wilkinson.

But from that time on I am sure that his vague weariness of Barton Wilkinson began to assume more definite form. I should not say that he was jealous, actually jealous, of the late Barton Wilkinson. But he certainly does see the "Life and Letters of Barton Wilkinson" as a towering barrier to be surmounted before he can settle comfortably to the task of writing the "Autobiography of the Hon. Ambrose Applegate."

Indeed, it was only last year that he led me to a secluded part of the grounds and whispered to me, with an air of guilt:

"It pains me to say so—but in my opinion Barton Wilkinson was not always right in the view he took of public questions. Not always right!"

And then, glancing around like a conspirator, he said:

"This is confidential—your Aunt Kate doesn't know. *Kittie shall never know!*"

Captain Barton Wilkinson presented a park to the city before he died, and there is a bronze statue of himself in it. A few years ago the proposition came up before the city authorities of setting aside a portion of Wilkinson Park for public playgrounds. It had always been the sort of park that allowed nobody on the grass.

The proposal shocked Uncle Ambrose, and without consulting Aunt Kate about the matter he sat down and wrote "The Banner" as follows:

To the Editor of "The Banner"—Sir: The ruins of the Acropolis at classic Athens present a melancholy spectacle. Greece has fallen! And why? Because the beauty that made her famed has been turned over to the vandal hordes of Huns and hooligans to be trampled into the dust of ages!

Sir, one can but view with alarm the proposition to turn over Wilkinson Park to be polluted by the hoodlum *hoi polloi* of the slums. Could he but have this proposition called to his attention, the late Captain Barton Wilkinson would turn over in his grave, for he gave this park to his beloved city to be a perpetual beauty spot, where the voices of feathered songsters might vie with the laughter of tinkling fountains as they fell upon the ear, and the eyes be gladdened with grass, trees, flowers, and other herbage.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

How long will this park last if it is invaded by playgrounds? Two or three years of wanton orgy in the way of baseball, football, swings, foot-racing, marbles, leap frog, tag, etc., to say nothing of more deleterious sports, and the desecration will be complete. Let the people

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Dear Mr. Smith: Kindly send me your free 64-page book with all information about learning Radio for bigger pay. I understand this places me under no obligation.

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rise in their might and defeat this proposition to ruin their park. Young hoodlums and hooligans have usurped enough of our fair city as it is. As one who knew Barton Wilkinson well, and how outraged he would be at this proposed vandalism, I call upon the people to rise and defend the park! And in conclusion I should like to know what sinister political and financial interests are masked behind this move?

CIVITAS.

I HAPPENED to be in his study when Uncle Ambrose showed this proudly to Aunt Kate.

She read it, and looked at him reproachfully, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Ambrose!" she sobbed. "You have forgotten! To think that you have forgotten that Father really wished every part of the park to be open to the children! Oh, Ambrose, how *could* you!"

And putting her hands over her face she left the room.

Uncle Ambrose ran after her. He was back in ten minutes, and he began to walk up and down his study, frowning and murmuring to himself, his hand thrust into the breast of his Prince Albert coat.

I watched him as he walked and frowned. And then his murmurings began to grow articulate. He took the offending clipping, and twisted and tore it in his fingers, and cast the pieces into the grate.

"Bah!" he said. And I witnessed a strange psychological transition. By a great effort of mind and soul, he externalized this offending Civitas who had written the letter, and cast the villain off from Ambrose Applegate! He began to curse him, in a low, tense, dignified way. Civitas! Civitas, indeed! Who was this Civitas! In ten minutes he had put Civitas quite outside himself—he had begun to view Civitas as something created by the devil, who had strangely seized Ambrose Applegate's hand and written that letter. He loathed and hated and condemned Civitas; and his anger mounted and mounted against this vile brigand who had hurt his Kittie and slandered the great Barton Wilkinson! He seized his pen and wrote the following letter, which, for once, he signed with his own name, and which I carried to "The Banner" office myself:

To the Editor of "The Banner"—SIR: My attention has been called to the vapid fulmination of an obstructive nincompoop who sulks under the alias of "Civitas," in a communication to the editor which recently disgraced your usually fair-minded columns. Appointing himself the censor of this community, with what authority I know not, he undertakes to say that Wilkinson Park shall not be thrown open to the wee ones of this fair city as a playground, and he has the indecent effrontery to say that the late Captain Barton Wilkinson himself would have opposed it—a dastardly slander upon the name and fame of a great and good man who has gone before and cannot himself reply to the calumny of this anonymous ruffian. Who is this Civitas who undertakes to speak for the dead and tyrannize over the living:

As one should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

Who is this "Civitas?"

"Upon what meats has this Cæsar (*Civitas!*) fed that he should grow so great?" (I quote *currento calumo*, as my well-thumbed, dog-eared volume of Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon, is not nestling beside me as I write—"Immortal Bard, no hungry generations tread thee down!")

Now, sir, it ill behooves me to speak boastfully of a sacred relationship, more sacred frequently, and certainly so in this case, than the relation of father to son. I refer to the sacred relationship of father-in-law to son-in-law, for such Captain Barton Wilkinson of revered memory was to me; and I refer to it as evidence to my right to speak for him who can speak no longer, for his golden bowl is broken and his silver cord is loosened. I would be a traitor to every nobler instinct of humanity did I not rise, armed *cap-à-pie* with indignation, to repel the base insinuation that he would bar by word or deed the little ones of our fair city from the flowers and dewy grasses, the warbling songsters of the air, the shade of the forest monarchs, or the blessing of Heaven's own golden sunshine. He loved the wee tots. He loved to have them cluster round his sturdy knees, with their little pattering feet and rosy hands and prattling laughter, while he told them tales of elfland or instructed them in morality or else in business principles. Civitas! Civitas indeed! Away with this Civitas! Let us hear no more of this scoundrel!

In conclusion, sir, I do not wish to intrude my personal affairs upon the public, but perhaps I may state that this underhanded attack has stricken to the heart one who was very near and dear to Captain Barton Wilkinson. I refer, sir, to his daughter and my wife.

And, in conclusion, sir, allow me to inquire what special moneyed interests, what hidden corporation influence, are skulking behind this penny-a-lining pamphleteer who himself skulks behind the *nom de plume* of Civitas?

What, no answer, Civitas? None? Faugh!

In conclusion, let me say that it is not my habitual custom to dignify such anonymous aspersions with a reply.

HON. AMBROSE APPLEGATE.

This pleased Aunt Kate, and, since it was signed with his own name, earned him scores of messages of congratulation from his many friends. He never again signed himself Civitas in any of his letters to the editors, sticking to "Pro Bono puplico," "Veritas," "Indignant Taxpayet," and the other familiar signatures. With one blow he had abolished Civitas from the face of the earth.

BUT the record of Uncle Ambrose's existence is not altogether a story of futility by any means. Whatever his judgment may be, his really good and kind heart has led him to be active on the right side of many public issues. And you are wrong if you think such letters as his are without effect on the public mind. Many of the people who read them are actually influenced by them. He had made mistakes in his career as a public man; but so did Pitt and Henry Clay and Thomas Jefferson. His intentions have always been philanthropic; he is usually the first person to suggest a public meeting to consider the relief of suffering anywhere; his letters have frequently started petitions in genuinely Good Causes.

A few years ago there was a flood that did a great deal of damage in our city and caused some loss of life. Uncle Ambrose actually saved a family from drowning, and rowed them to safety in a skiff.

Later a proposal came before the city council for a statue of Hon. Ambrose Applegate to be set up in Wilkinson Park facing the statue of Barton Wilkinson, to commemorate Mr. Applegate's work of salvage in the flood time, as well as his many public services. The idea originated in a card in one of the papers which was signed "Vox Populi."

Some of Ambrose's friends took the matter up, and the city council was not averse to the statue, as long as it was to

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YOU must know, dear Margaret Clarke, that I am ashamed not to have written you long before this to thank you for my check.

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club,
The American Magazine,
Department R,
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

cost the city nothing. That was arranged, that necessary money, by unknown donors. It got as far as the question, What sort of statue? before the matter was called to the attention of Uncle Ambrose directly.

"An equestrian statue," said Uncle Ambrose, after profound thought.

"But, Ambrose dear," said Aunt Kate, "you never rode a horse in your life!" And the truth is that Uncle Ambrose has always been a little afraid of horses, actual horses in the flesh—although he has written a good deal about steeds and chargers and destriers.

"An equestrian statue!" said Uncle Ambrose firmly. On this one point he was not prepared to yield to his wife. The equestrian statue rhymed with some inward lyric of his soul.

And an equestrian statue it is. Uncle Ambrose conferred frequently with the sculptor. They planned it together. It shows Uncle Ambrose in bronze, seated upon a chubby horse and with his right hand thrust into the bosom of his Prince Albert coat. Little children are clinging about the horse, and reaching up toward him, and being saved from the flood.

Uncle Ambrose's statue stares down a lengthy vista directly at the statue of the late Captain Barton Wilkinson, and stares triumphantly. Wilkinson's statue is *not* an equestrian statue. Applegate's is. And with its unveiling all trace of jealousy (if jealousy of Barton Wilkinson it was) has departed from Uncle Ambrose Applegate.

The Mother of Tom, Dick, and Harry

(*Continued from page 19*)

of the amazing line that has led to the present unique generation of Byrd men—Tom, Dick, and Harry.

"Don't think I am boasting of family," she warned me. "I am proud of our ancestors, yes; but family means little as compared with results. What I am trying to convey to you is a sense of the terrific responsibility carried by every man and woman in the world who has to do with young people. Tom and Dick and Harry were having their characters made generations ago. Young people to-day are forming the characters of the children who won't be born for generations."

Gently I asked about her husband.

For the fraction of a second, a shadow crossed her face and an almost invisible mist dimmed her eyes, that had swung away from mine. I could read her thought: "If *only* he were here!"

She said: "You've heard of William Byrd, who founded Richmond. That was the beginning of the Byrds in America." She touched lightly on the series of fine Virginians that led to the brilliant young lawyer who had been her husband and the father of her boys.

Her early married life was like a chapter out of a historical novel. Just two months after she met Richard Evelyn Byrd, she married him. Her age was nineteen.

Richard Byrd took his lady to Winchester, where he was building up a law

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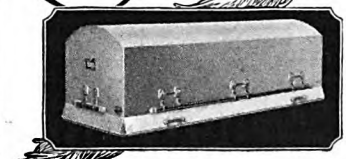

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practice. There four swift years slipped by and at the end of them the young pair found themselves possessed of three sturdy boys, Tom, Dick, and Harry. From that time, Mrs. Byrd's life has grown increasingly eventful. For instance:

One morning as the mother sat sewing, she looked up to find Dick, twelve, standing beside her.

"Yes?" she laid down her sewing. Unaccountable fear clutched at her heartstrings. An intuitive presentiment warned her something was up.

"I'm going to the Philippines."

"*What!*"

But she knew she had lost.

The small lad before her held out the bit of white paper he had in his hands. It was a letter from Judge Carsons, a friend who held a governmental post in the Islands. He had written asking Dick if he would like to come out.

"But you can't go alone," murmured the mother, half through the letter.

Little Dick Byrd smiled that same quiet smile he still gives when someone frantically tells him: "But you can't do it, man; there's too much risk!"

It is to the mother's credit that she did not argue. She faced the inevitable with the same quick competence that has made her a help instead of a hindrance to her sons through war, politics, and exploration.

She took young Richard to Washington and put him on the Western express train; she wired a friend to meet him at San Francisco and put him on the boat. Then she waited for the first mail, that could not come from the Philippines for more than a month.

The boy got safely to his destination. He wrote precious letters that the mother devoured. But what letters! Surely they helped fiber her for later years. Cholera epidemic just outside Manila; a native uprising; typhoons. He came home by way of the Suez Canal and was met at New York by a dozen reporters, suggestive of what was later to come. Age twelve, mind you!

THIS was the opening episode of an entirely new kind of life for the young mother. She was small physically and used to being the center of attraction.

"But now it seemed," she says with a laugh, "as if I were the center of repulsion. My impression grew that the three boys were always plotting how they could best escape me.

"Of course they weren't. I was simply going through what every mother goes through when her young first begin to leave the nest."

How lucky the boys were. For instead of struggling against their natural desires to get about and do things, Mrs. Byrd aided and abetted their young enterprises with a courage that dumfounded less far-seeing mothers.

One neighbor who had known the Byrds for a lifetime told me: "We thought she didn't care. She'd let her little boys go riding and swimming miles away from home. They used to come back with all sorts of hair-raising tales of their adventures. She didn't seem to mind. In fact, I think her interest in what they did encouraged them to do more.

"Once Tom was lost. I mean, the time came for him to return and he didn't appear. Supper was eaten without the boy. Still he didn't come. There was much telephoning and checking up about where the lad had last been seen.

"Mrs. Byrd should have become frantic as the hours passed. A storm was rising. If Tom had been to the river he might well have strayed into the swampy district that lay beyond the town. In the darkness he could have been drowned there when heavy rain flooded the lowland. Already jagged lightning was flashing across the black sky, and a patter of raindrops splashed against the shutters.

"It was Mrs. Byrd's boy, yet she was far more controlled than the others of us who had gathered to help if we could. She asked one of the men to take charge of the search. She quickly laid out a plan of action. She handled the whole situation as if hunting a lost boy were a matter of dispassionate organization instead of just cause for a mother's heartbreak.

"RIGHT in the middle of her crisp orders, in walked Tom. He was dripping wet and thoroughly shamefaced. She didn't rush to him, gather him into her arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing as many a woman might have done. She told him to go into the bathroom, take off his drenched clothing and wait for her. She thanked those who had come to help, and had coffee and sandwiches for us before we had time to leave. From tragedy, the moment was turned adroitly into celebration. Not once through it all had Mrs. Byrd lost her head."

"But what happened to Tom?" I couldn't help asking.

"That's still a secret between him and his mother which I have never been able to find out," laughed the friend.

Next came exciting years of school and college. As there were no girls in the Byrd family, one may well imagine the riotous house-parties, the football games, and the muddy boots that marked the progress of Tom, Dick, and Harry through this vital period of their lives.

One by one Mrs. Byrd came to know the inner secrets of the Virginia Military Institute, the University of Virginia, and Annapolis. Here again she really got in step with her boys. She didn't just feel a fine pride in what they were doing; she based her pride on specific details that few mothers ever go into.

She knew what her boys were studying and why; she knew in what forms of athletics they were engaged, and why they did well in each. She knew the leading men in their classes. She followed many of these men in their careers; knows now where they are and what they are doing.

Then came the war. She wanted her boys to go at once. With other mothers, Mrs. Byrd knew what it was to suffer fear day in, day out. But the most courageous are those who fear and yet go on.

Tom Byrd, standing well above six feet in his stocking feet, and broad-shouldered, got into it first. In the mire of the Western Front, he lay and waited the word to go over the top.

Then came the "Big Push." For weeks the mother waited grimly without word. Yet, as in other days, she knew what went on nearly as accurately as if she had been there with her boy. She understood the terrific technique of trench warfare; what an ammunition train was; and why and

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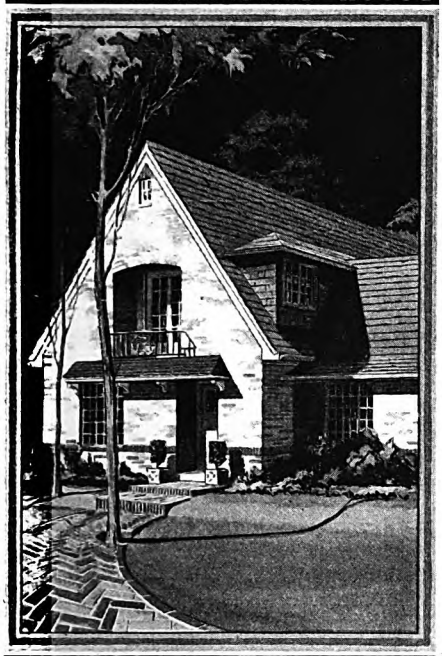
THE DISTINGUISHED HOUSE



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where the Big Push began. She knew men like her own Tom were being slaughtered every hour of every day. But she did not quail.

"It was just something that had to be done," she said. "I hate war. I think there will come a time when there will be no war. But that time had not yet come; so my boys and I did the best we could in one way or another.

"Tom was a lawyer. He studied at the University of Virginia and Richmond College. He was a pretty good lawyer too."

Knowing Tom's quiet, persuasive personality, his way of saying things with a twinkle in his eye yet with a note of profound sincerity in his voice, I could well visualize his success before judge or jury.

After graduation, she went on, he followed in his father's footsteps and gradually began to build up a legal practice. By the time war was declared with Germany, he was in his late twenties and well on his way toward taking over much of the elder Byrd's lifelong clientele.

BUT 1917 changed the course of many a life; certainly Tom Byrd's. After brief preparation he went to France as a lieutenant of infantry. The white hands whose immaculate fingers had for years been turning pages of legal briefs became grimed with mud and calloused with toil. In 1919 he was back in Richmond, a captain. But there had been a more important change than that indicated by his advancement in military rank.

Trench life had taught Tom Byrd to love the land; the outdoor earthy land; bathed in sunshine and washed by rains; the land of growing things that one can touch and nurse and love, as the Creator must love the world he has created.

Tom Byrd gave up law for land. He became a "dirt" farmer. But because he was a Byrd, the son of a thorough mother and a methodical father, he became a very successful farmer. He specialized in apples. He studied apples with the same zeal and minute attention to details that he had applied to his law. Now his scientifically run apple ranches up the Shenandoah Valley have made him rich. In one year he has harvested more than sixty thousand barrels of fruit.

"Queer how few men turn out to be what they plan," I mused, hoping I would also get the story of Harry. I was not disappointed.

"In a different way, Harry changed, too," said Mrs. Byrd. "He started by being a newspaper man, and he ended up in politics.

Here again it was the father's influence. Richard Byrd, senior, had been district attorney for Winchester for many years, and was one of the most popular attorneys that had ever shaped a brief. He had a reputation for never playing a popularity game. "But he had a knack of knowing all about the people in his district," a friend told me. "He understood their personalities and ambitions and what they were aiming for in their business efforts."

Knowledge of this sort doesn't come without effort. Harry Byrd soon saw that his father devoted much time to the study of the people who had entrusted their interests to him. So when it came Harry's

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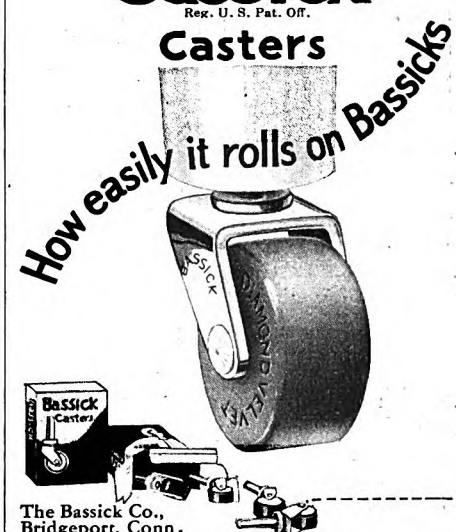

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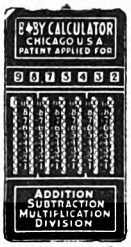

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AGENTS Write for big commission and territory proposition.

turn, as a young man, to help his father, he did so not as a chore but because he felt the duty a most profitable one.

It is important to note that Harry was at this time a slaving journalist just serving his apprenticeship at one of the most indispensable, yet most thankless professions in our modern civilization. The lad was beginning to realize from a news angle the part that citizenship plays in a commonwealth. Hence, when he saw, and also took his part in, his father's clear-cut scrutiny of the lives of men and women, he grew unconsciously to develop his own sympathy and insight along the same lines.

But he was a practical young newspaper man. "He knew the press as well as the pen," declared one of his professional brothers in the Fourth Estate. He learned how to buy paper stock, the value of metal and ink, and how to cut overhead in the press-room without militating against the comfort or earnings of his labor.

It was inevitable that Harry Byrd should buy his own paper. As he could not afford one of the sheets in his home city, Winchester, he reached out into the town of Harrisonburg and purchased the first of several papers he was destined to own.

ALMOST at once, the man's true character and personality began to be expressed in his editorial policy. He made his paper pay; that was because the Byrds are intrinsically good business men. But he put profit second to public welfare.

He saw that one of the greatest handicaps to growth and progress in his state was the lack of good roads. So he pounded away year after year for more money to invest in highways, and for better engineering when the money was forthcoming. He succeeded. Indeed, he succeeded so well that people began to believe in his abiding love for Virginia and his competence to turn that love into practical results.

Still in his early thirties, Harry Byrd was sent to the state legislature as a senator. There he carried on with his fight for good roads. It was a fight that led to all kinds of other good things for Virginia: good financing, good inter-city understanding, good enthusiasm, and good citizenship.

Just as it was inevitable that Harry Byrd, the journalist, should ultimately own a newspaper, so was it inevitable that Harry Byrd, state senator, should be chosen as candidate for governor.

"But he's just a boy!" protested the old political warhorses. True enough; he was still in his thirties; and he didn't look his age by ten years. But since he had been chairman of the State Democratic Committee besides being senator, Virginians knew his abilities were not to be measured by his years.

When the showdown came as the climax of the campaign, Harry Byrd was elected by one of the largest majorities Virginia has ever given, and was, with Thomas Jefferson, the youngest governor in the history of the state.

Not long ago Mrs. Byrd attended a public function where there were many people of high political and social rank. For a little while, she let herself be propelled toward a gathering focus of stellar characters, men and women both. Then she quietly rebelled. Very quietly she slipped away to the outskirts of the mob and found Dick's flying partner, Floyd Bennett, who was still a cripple from his airplane crash last spring.

Presently another man eased in upon the pair: Captain Mulroy, doughty skipper of the North Pole ship, the "Chantier." Then came a writer in the confidence of the Byrd family; then a shipping magnate. Another man came up, was momentarily inspected and admitted, then another. In three minutes Mrs. Byrd was completely out of sight, hidden behind a bulwark of broad shoulders that hovered over her.

The inevitable happened. Contagious laughter, a growing knot of humanity, and perhaps a touch of mystery did their work. The party realized abruptly that "something was going on" over in this corner. A concerted movement toward that "something" started. The group about the mother of Tom, Dick, and Harry broke, and disclosed her at its center.

It is this same sort of charm that makes all three Byrd men so popular among their fellows.

I remember one day that I had been studying Tom, Dick, and Harry and comparing them. Often I had scrutinized other eminent men, because I think it is a matter of profound interest to discover just what it is that makes one of our fellows beloved and esteemed by all who come into contact with him. But when three such characters are all of the same family, the phenomenon arouses an uncontrollable curiosity.

Only the mother knows them all. The rest of us see three handsome, healthy men: Tom, a tall and competent-looking gentleman farmer who specializes in fine Virginia apples; Dick, a practical visionary who sees the earth shrunk to the size of a library globe; and Harry, an able governor.

"Which do you like best?" I once popped at the mother.

"You mean in whose work am I most interested?" she kindly and quickly reproved me.

"As you will," I laughed.

She thought rapidly. She always does. And, as usual, her conclusion was simple and to the point.

"I think I need all three," she said. "Tom's work stimulates my old and natural family love for the land. Dick's explorations keep me up to date in a lot of scientific things I believe everybody ought to try to understand. And Harry's duties as governor never let me forget what it means to keep even a part of this wonderful country of ours running smoothly and efficiently."

I asked her how she occupied the days and weeks when her three busy men were buried in their jobs. "People, mostly," she replied at once. "I like people. Besides my boys, people do most to keep me interested in life. I want people around me all the time, preferably young people.

"THE trouble with most of us is that as we go along in life we tend to become more interested in ourselves than in others. I suppose my three men have taken a lot of that out of me; certainly they did when they were growing up.

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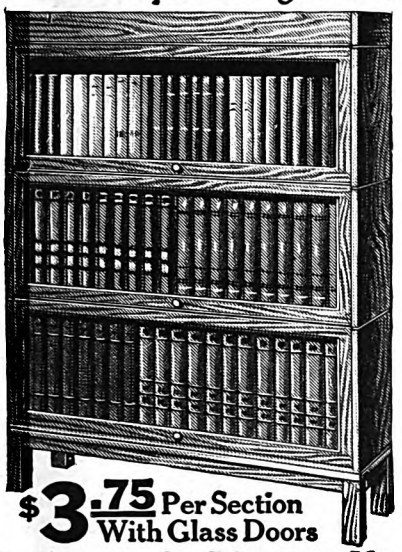

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AGENTS

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"Then I take a lot of pleasure in my garden. I am a great believer in the effect of one's surroundings on health and peace of mind. Nature unmolested is usually beautiful. This beauty was long a part of human life. Now we tend to get away from it with our mechanical civilization, unless we make definite efforts to bring it back.

"No, I don't bother too much about my health. Fatigue, worry, and faulty diet probably kill more people than everything else in the world put together.

"I haven't any real hobbies; haven't time for them. My boys are my hobbies."

As we were talking, some young people came near where we sat.

"What about the iniquities of our younger generation?" I asked.

"Fiddlesticks," she chuckled. "That's part of being young. Think what thrills our boys and girls would miss if they couldn't shock us older people now and then.

"I'm a mother and I know what I'm talking about. I don't believe America will ever have a finer lot of young people growing up in it than there are right this minute.

"As I go along," she concluded, "I want my body and my spirit so to blend with those of my boys that my passing will not be death as we picture it, but truly lite anew in the fine perfection of their lives."

I think that simple spontaneous aspiration is the chiefest message the mother of Tom, Dick, and Harry has to give to a world of parents.

The Most Interesting Family I Know

Prize Contest Announcement

THERE are few of us, no matter how limited our acquaintance, who have not come into contact with at least one unusually interesting family. Of course there are not many families that contain a world-renowned figure like Commander Byrd—not to mention his two outstanding brothers; but there are thousands of families scattered throughout this country that are remarkable in many ways.

Tell us about the most interesting family you have met or know about. Who is its outstanding member? What did he or she do? What is the rest of the household like? Give a clear picture of its background and its present environment.

For the best letters of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes February 20th. Winning letters will appear in the May issue.

Address Interesting Family Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

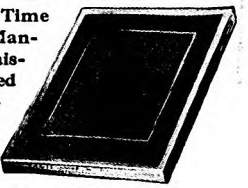
A 900% Increase is what N. S. T. A. Training meant to C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, O. Raised his pay from $15 a week to $7500 a year.

Record Earnings of $525 in a week for Wm. Shore, former cow-puncher of Neenach, Cal. Earned $3000 first 5 months after finishing training.

Raised His Pay from $1200 to over $7200 a year, says F. J. Walsh, Springfield, Mass., who gives N. S. T. A. full credit.

~and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time—This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man. Read it Without Fail!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A Book! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! No wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains some surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It blasts dozens of old theories, and explains the science of selling in simple terms. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!
The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading it are numbered in the thousands. For example there is E. G. Kinzie of Michigan. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and he quickly raised his salary from $8 to $100 a week. L. A. Tinnes of Minneapolis made over $600 his first month after he had mastered Salesmanship. And F. L. Real of West Virginia, a former cigar maker, stepped into a position that pays him $4600 a year drawing account alone.

Big Demand for Trained Salesmen
Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

City and traveling positions are open in hundreds of lines and for years thousands of employers have called on us to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions through this Service.

Free to Every Man
If we were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We can not urge you too strongly to see for yourself what it can do for you, too. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!

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He Invented a "Fool Novelty" That Founded a New Industry

(*Continued from page 37*)

three dollars and fifty cents a week. The boat earnings of the summer paid the difference, and also allowed him to buy a few books and his science magazine.

Strange stories were beginning to appear now and then in the magazine. They spoke of an engine men were trying to build that operated without boilers and burned a new fuel called gasolene. There was talk of boats being driven by this boilerless engine, and even carriages. Ole plunged into a study of all kinds of engines; he studied steels.

An odd youth he was, by some regarded as a fool; even his few friends secretly spoke of him as "nutty." Just as he was beginning to master farm machinery building, he quit his job for another with an electric company that built motors. For five years he did nothing but jump from job to job. To learn steel he worked in the rolling mills of Pittsburgh where steel was made; the shops of a great machine-tool works in Chicago taught him how to convert steel into tools. Then he got into engine building, with Fairbanks and Morse, with Frazier and Chalmers. The grimy shops were his school-rooms, the industry itself his college. He learned to use a drawing board, to design, to test, to invent. His knowledge fired him to build a carriage that would run without a horse.

AT TWENTY-THREE, the whirl of his study deposited him in Milwaukee in the pattern shop of the old E. P. Allis Company. He had a back room in the boarding-house of a Mrs. Doyle at Grove and Florida streets, and, much to Mrs. Doyle's alarm at the mounting gas bills, insisted upon sitting up most of the night. He forgot to get his laundry done and often forgot his meals. One night, smelling smoke, Mrs. Doyle rushed in a panic to big Ole's room, expecting to find it afire. There sat Ole lost over his drawing board. A kerosene lamp was shoved up against the bureau mirror, smoking to heaven and blackening up the whole place.

"And, believe it or not," she exploded to neighbors next day, "that man had no idea what had happened. He could have burned the house over our heads and not known there was a fire!"

Across the way a bronze-haired girl listened to the irate landlady's tale in vast amusement. She wondered what this big blundering Ole Evinrude might be like.

That summer, during his two weeks vacation, Ole rented a shed in the yard adjoining that of the girl's house; but not until he had precipitated a real panic at Mrs. Doyle's boarding-house. On a quiet June evening Mrs. Doyle had been entertaining a party of neighbors; the various boarders were also present, all excepting Ole. It was about ten o'clock. Suddenly from somewhere in the bowels of the house came a terrific mechanical cough followed by an explosion. The lights went out. In the darkness women screamed and men tumbled over the furniture.

It was Mrs. Doyle who first recovered her presence of mind. Lighting a lamp, she grimly descended to the cellar, from which the din came. There was Ollie, fairly dancing about what Mrs. Doyle later assured her guests was an "infernal machine." He had the contraption hooked up to the illuminating-gas pipe, and with every cough and bang that shook the house he gloated.

"IT WORKS!" he bellowed. "Hurray, it works!"

"Ole Evinrude, take that infernal thing from this house at once," commanded the long-tried landlady. "It's enough to have the house filled with smoke, but I won't stand here and be blown up."

So Ole obediently had rented the shed. Tenderly he carried there his drawing board and his noise-maker, which he spoke of reverently as a "gasolene engine," And the girl with the bronze hair and amused eyes, whose name he learned was Bess Cary, came to watch him work through the doorway.

"Why did you try to blow up Mrs. Doyle's house?" she asked.

"I didn't try to blow it up," protested Ole with infinite earnestness. "I wanted to see if the engine would run, and couldn't wait until next day to get gasolene. I didn't think, when I hooked it to the gas pipe, that it would draw all the gas from the lights; and I forgot all about the exhaust."

"What you doing now?" asked the girl.

Ole was as serious as a Buddha. "I'm building a horseless carriage. The engine is going to take the place of the horse." After a long shy silence he added, "When it's done, maybe you'll let me take you for a ride in it."

There are plenty of folks in Milwaukee who remember Ole Evinrude's first horseless carriage. It literally was a carriage with an engine in it, a fearsome thing, with a bark like a sea-lion and an exhaust that fogged the whole street with smoke.

When the thing broke down, which was frequently, curious crowds helped Ole push it home. The machine made him a figure in town. He forgot all about boats, for there were people who desired him to build a similar machine for them. Why shouldn't he launch his own business, he reasoned. He loved this work of engine building; the only trouble was that he "had no head" for business.

"From the very first I needed a partner, and I knew it," he confessed to me. "My idea was to get somebody who could handle the business and leave me free to design and experiment."

So began Ole's search for a partner. Bess Cary then was only sixteen, a student in a business school.

The first partner, a machinist friend of Ole's named Clark, was too much like him to provide a successful association. Clark was born for the shop, so was Ole. It took them but a few months to discover their mistake, and they parted. A second partnership followed, Clemick and Evinrude, with headquarters once more in the little shed adjoining the yard of the bronze-haired girl. Clemick had already built an engine of his own and himself was something of an inventor. Ole and he planned to produce engines to order and also to manufacture parts and castings for amateurs who wanted to build their own motors.

"Who is going to write your letters and take care of your books?" inquired Bess Cary, peering over the yard fence.

Ole had forgotten all about that phase of the business in his eagerness to get going. His blue eyes met those of the girl in helpless appeal.

"All right, don't worry," she laughed. "I'll take care of your office work after school hours."

Both Clemick and Ole breathed their relief. The latter was seeing quite a lot of Bess Cary, taking her for rides in his horseless carriage and for picnics on Sunday. Once she had told him she believed he was destined for great things.

The new firm was almost immediately successful. A motor magazine that had recently come into existence agreed to run an advertisement on the basis of *no* results, no pay. Carriage builders, vaguely sensing the new era, began to order motors. The United States Government granted the firm a contract for fifty portable motors to be put to some unspecified use. In a few months Clemick and Evinrude had a half-dozen small shops busy, and Bess Cary was spending all of her evenings until midnight taking care of their correspondence.

ONE Sunday, Bess and Ole with some friends went on a picnic on the lake. It was August, and the temperature had risen above ninety. By the time they had rowed out to the island which was their destination, two and a half miles from shore, they were parched and hot. "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a dish of ice cream!" sighed Bess.

The next moment, big, shy Ole was back in the rowboat. Before his companion could protest he had shoved off, headed back toward the mainland for that ice cream, a round-trip row of five miles in the blistering sun. The oars creaked in the locks, Ole's back bent in labor, and sweat poured down his face. At the end of a mile he dropped the oars to rest a minute. "Gosh, why doesn't somebody invent a motor for these boats!" he puffed.

Rowing on in the heat, the idea kept returning. He thought of those portable motors the Government had ordered. Something of that sort ought to do, only lighter in weight and simpler in operation, a motor that could be attached to a rowboat and handled by anybody. "Somebody ought to invent one," grunted big Ole. "Maybe some day I will."

At the end of six months Clemick and Ole parted. The two simply couldn't reconcile their ideas; they kept pulling in

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Picks you up *Instantly*—when you feel "all in"

Here is a new Swiss "pick-up" drink for busy people . . . peps you up at once in a healthy, natural way

Make this 3-day test and note the results

DO YOU have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim.

Cause of loginess—how Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest — or both. Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

FIRST—It combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Your mind clears and your body responds. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink Ovaltine, hot or cold, whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users. (Note the unsolicited testimonials.)

All druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

"Don't let yourself become over-tired" is a modern-day medical urge. Thousands of busy people, executives and workers, are meeting it with this unique "pick-up" drink.

New Pep almost instantly!

Whenever you feel pepless, drink a glass of Ovaltine. Then, note the change. How you fairly tingle with energy. Mr. Higgins writes:

"I had a very tired feeling. Tried Ovaltine and the results were wonderful. It put pep in me. Took away that tired feeling."

Joseph Higgins, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Let-down" periods vanish this way

Thousands of successful people now drink Ovaltine regularly. To end costly "let-down" periods—keep them alert, both mentally and physically. Mr. Mitchell states:

"I take Ovaltine 3 times a day and feel 100% better. Now I do not get tired during the day."

Claude Mitchell,
Hibbing, Minn.

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Whenever you find yourself fatigued or tired in the late afternoon, drink a glass of Ovaltine. It will refresh you at once. Give you energy that outlasts the day. Mr. Thompson testifies:

"I am a new man since I began to take Ovaltine. Never fagged out. I feel as fresh at night as when the day started."

E. M. Thompson,
Boston, Mass.

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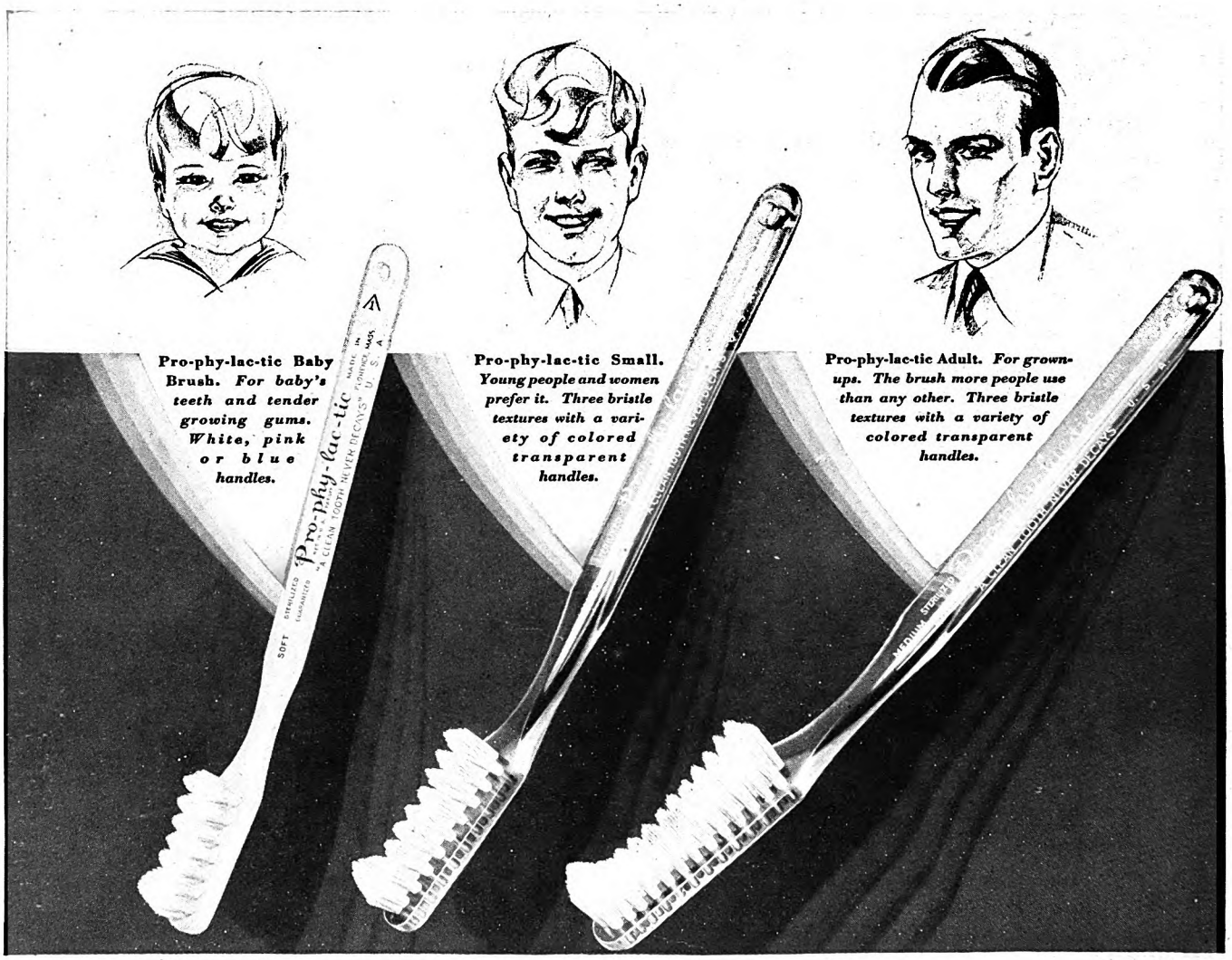

Three Wise Men

Each needs a different size brush —yet all use Pro-phy-lac-tic

WISE MEN of four, fourteen, or forty—for each there is a special Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Temporary first teeth that peep through pink gums need a small, soft bristle brush. Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby is just suited for such baby teeth—not hard enough to harm tender gums, yet firm enough to clean each tooth crevice.

Just as soon as permanent second teeth arrive, change the Baby brush to a Pro-phy-lac-tic Small. This brush is ideal, too, for dainty mouths, for it is designed to clean the dental arch of less than the average size. Women, especially, find this Pro-phy-lac-tic Small just the right size for them.

Most grown-ups like the Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult. It has a large enough bristle surface to thoroughly clean all the teeth in the average mouth with the least possible time and exertion.

All these Pro-phy-lac-tics are designed to reach all the teeth. In each, the bristles are arranged in a curve. Each has the special end tuft to clean the hard-to-get-at places. Each has a curved handle to make brushing easy and comfortable.

And . . . each is sold in the sanitary yellow box—Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50¢. The Adult brush also comes with *four* rows of bristles and is priced at 60¢. Made in America by Americans. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

At Morning . . . At Night

For your teeth's sake, keep two brushes in your bathroom. Use one in the morning; the other at night. Then you'll always have a clean, dry brush. Each brush will clean better, last longer. And—you can buy Pro-phy-lac-tics with red, green, orange, or white handles, easy to tell apart.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Dept. C2, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name.....

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

3 DIFFERENT SIZES · 3 DIFFERENT BRISTLE TEXTURES

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opposite ways. Then, in partnership with a retired furniture dealer and his son, Evinrude launched the Motor Car Power Equipment Company, to manufacture a standardized motor with integral transmission that could be installed in any carriage. Once more Bess Cary agreed to do the office work; once more the new venture flourished from the start. Ole built another automobile, complete in every part, and proposed that the company put it on the market as a unit, backed by national advertising. When his partner stubbornly refused to expend a penny for advertising, Ole quit the company in despair, feeling that his efforts had been for nought.

DURING the next year Evinrude built another car, which he called the "Eclipse." Two brothers agreed to be his financial backers, but almost immediately he ran up against some new difficulties that just couldn't be ironed out. Discouraged and disillusioned, he went back to the South Side. There, where rents were cheap, he again opened a little shop of his own. Every one of his ventures into the automobile field had been disastrous. Others had made money, but he himself had scarcely enough funds to equip his shop. Business, it seemed, had no room for him. He was done with motors, and would revert to his trade of pattern making.

He started in alone to make engine patterns, machine patterns, any kind of patterns on order from machine shops. He was known and respected in the shops as a master workman. Soon he had five or six men working for him, and that year Bess Cary and he were married. The marriage was the one ray of light that pierced the gloom of what Ole Evinrude considered failure. And even darker days were to come.

Their child was born at the end of a year, an event that ate deeply into their savings. Bess was left in poor health, though she continued to care for her home and do what office work Ole's shop demanded. Unable to go daily to the shop, she set up a typewriter in the kitchen and wrote letters while the dinner cooked or whenever the house and baby gave her a few minutes of time.

Big Ole, torn to the heart by their plight, was overdoing himself at the shop. He was almost six feet in height and weighed two hundred pounds, but even his strong body began to crack under the burden he gave it. The days were not long enough, so he carried his work far into the night; two or three hours' sleep, during which he tossed and muttered in mental unrest, and he would be at it again. Bess sensed a problem at the shop that wouldn't be solved.

Winter, and rheumatism attacked Ole. It doubled up his limbs so that he almost crept to the shop like one hideously crippled, and there he worked on, in physical torture. One night in the snow he was barely able to get home at all. Next morning he was unable to rise from his bed, and he had his drawing board brought to him.

With warm weather, he once more was able to return to the shop, which he had kept running during every day of his illness. As before, his work claimed him day and night. One evening Bess went over to beg him to come home and rest. "I want to show you something," he greeted her excitedly, "Look!" And he pointed to an odd-looking contraption wearing a tail, on which was fastened a device resembling a pinwheel.

"Ole!" reproached his wife. "You have been fooling with that when you know we need money so badly!"

"It's a motor that'll run a rowboat," he explained eagerly. "You just attach it to the boat, and throw away the oars. I thought of it two years ago, that hot day I rowed for the ice cream."

There was that same look in his eyes which had made his father pause when he saw the sailboat, the rapt look of the dreamer who had adventured and won. Bess smiled. "A motor, Ollie? Why, it looks to me like a coffee grinder."

He demonstrated it. The "coffee grinder" churned away with a proud put-put-put, and the little pinwheel spun like mad. "That's the propellor," explained Ole. "I bet she'll do better than five miles an hour."

"And now that you've got it," Bess demanded practically, "what are you going to do with it?"

Ollie's eyes went blank. He hadn't considered that.

In the next moment, Bess took command. Now it was her eyes that glowed, her voice that grew excited. "Hundreds of people will want that motor as soon as they know about it," she exclaimed. "If it really does what you say, it will open a whole new business."

The man doubted that. One or two others had built a motor of this kind, but they were unsuccessful; the motors had given too much trouble.

"Then yours *must* be reliable," decided Bess. "It must be fool-proof and trouble-proof. If it is a good motor it will sell."

DOUBTING, but spurred on by his wife, Evinrude perfected the new motor until it was trouble free. He built twenty-five of the motors, which, as he put it, he "felt he might be able to peddle to buyers during the summer." But he couldn't see that the motor ever would develop into more than a "side line." It was Bess who saw.

One Sunday a man from the shop borrowed a motor to try out on his rowboat. He returned to work Monday with a pocketful of cash and orders for ten of them. At the news, Bess Evinrude's eyes flashed; she was sure now of her ground. Sitting down at her kitchen typewriter, she wrote her first advertisement:

Don't row! Throw the oars away!
Use an Evinrude Motor!

"Ollie, get that into the next issue of the biggest motor magazine published," she commanded. "It's all we can afford now, but it will tell us whether our motors are wanted."

Feverishly they awaited the magazine's appearance with their modest "ad." A dozen inquiries was the utmost Evinrude himself expected, so he was content with his stock of fifteen motors on hand. Even Bess did not foresee the deluge to come.

"The letters were directed to the shop," she told me. "A few days after the magazine came out Ollie came home looking like a mail carrier. His coat pockets bulged with letters, and both of his hands were full. He dumped those letters onto the table and we danced a jig around them."

They lacked the capital necessary to manufacture motors enough to meet the demand, so a company was formed and a friend admitted, who contributed five thousand dollars. "I know nothing of motors," said the friend, "so you two go ahead and run things." A larger shop was rented, an office opened—Mrs. Evinrude's kitchen no longer would accommodate the business. Nevertheless, it was she who moved to the new office and took charge.

EARLY the next year, 1911, Mrs. Evinrude launched a national advertising campaign. The results were so immediate that in one day she had to engage six additional stenographers as assistants, while Ole increased his shop force to one hundred men. The woman handled all sales matters, made contracts with dealers, and conducted a direct mail campaign. To hide the fact that the Evinrude Motor Company's sales manager was a woman, she signed herself "B. Evinrude." And in "B. Evinrude" at last Ole had found a partner who left him free in his beloved shop.

"Don't forget that we had only five thousand dollars' capital with which to begin," Mrs. Evinrude reminded. "By the time we had bought necessary equipment not much of that money was left. We were constantly pressed for money, and only my husband's ingenuity saved us. He designed his own machinery, thus saving us thousands of dollars. By turning materials into finished motors, and selling the motors for cash before the bill on the materials was due, he made a hundred dollars do the work of a thousand in the ordinary plant. And we worked! There wasn't a night that we closed our eyes before twelve or one o'clock, and some nights it was two or three." This from a woman who was in ill health, under the care of a doctor!

To build up public confidence B. Evinrude sold motors on a ten-days-trial basis. "If the motor isn't what we claim it to be," she wrote customers, "send it back at our expense." It was a daring thing to do; but she knew the man who was making the motor; and she was justified, for no motors came back.

Still the new company was far from secure. Its product was a seasonal one. Winter was coming on, when B. Evinrude knew the demand for the motor would drop to nothing, and the company was too slenderly financed to stand a barren winter. She began to pound at the doors of the export trade, centering her efforts on a great New York house. Her letters and circulars simply found their way into New York waste baskets.

Then, one day Fate stepped in. It happened that the manager of the Scandinavian department of the big export firm was sitting alone in the general manager's office, waiting for him to come in. A circular in the wastebasket caught his eye and he fished it out of the discard curiously. It described the Evinrude motor. He was interested.

"I can sell that motor," he told the general manager when the latter put in an appearance. "Fishermen will want it."

"Forget it," the general manager snapped. "It's simply another fool novelty."

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Only Half There

—letting the good things of life pass by

a victim of cachexia (run down condition)

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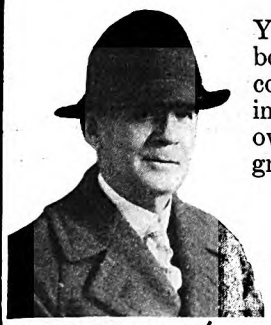

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Several days later the Scandinavian man was back again. He had been thinking the matter over. "We can sell hundreds of those motors in Norway alone!" he insisted. Finally, to get rid of the man, the general manager allowed him to order two motors.

The motors were shipped to Denmark. By return cable came instructions: "Ship six more motors at once." And a few days later, "Ship fifty more." During the weeks following, Danish orders crowded Norwegian orders over the cables.

The export company wrote Milwaukee asking a lower price on the motors, in view of its increasingly large orders. The reply from B. Evinrude was, "You have our price; it stands." Two men hurried to Milwaukee to see "Mr. B. Evinrude" in person. They were confronted by a bronze-haired woman.

"I was frightened," Mrs. Evinrude confessed. "My signature had led them to think I was a man. I was afraid that when they discovered the truth they would refuse to do business with a woman."

At first the New Yorkers were incredulous, then amazed. In the end, however, they sat down and stated their business as if B. Evinrude actually had been a man. They had learned to respect her business ability through the B. Evinrude correspondence.

The interview resulted in an order for one thousand motors, to be paid for as rapidly as they were delivered, and delivery to be made during the winter. Shortly, a second order was negotiated on the same terms, for three thousand motors; then a third, for five thousand. The problem of winter production was solved. A new factory was built by the Evinrudes, three hundred people employed, and the business securely established. The one discordant note in the harmony was the persistence of Mrs. Evinrude's ill health.

"I tried to replace her," said Mr. Evinrude. "I hunted everywhere, but nobody seemed able to fill her shoes. We made too good a team together, I guess."

BY THE end of the third year, Mrs. Evinrude's health became a matter of serious concern. Ole took matters into his own hands. Even the continuance of commercial success such as he had never dared dream was no consideration to him at the cost of his wife's health. "We'll sell," he said, and this time he was the supreme commander—the business was offered for sale.

A half-dozen buyers were eager to take over the company. That which three years before would not have brought five thousand dollars sold for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Evinrude himself, by the terms of sale, was not to reëngage in business for a period of five years.

Sharing a love for the outdoors, they planned their long-deferred ideal honeymoon. Joyfully indulging his inventive genius, Ole converted a new touring car into a road cruiser that would make the most modern motor camper envious. It was just big enough for the two of them, and for Ralph, their son, and his dog. They bought a camp stove, fishing tackle, outing clothes. One day they set out, headed for nowhere in particular.

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"We went where we wanted to, and stayed as long as we wanted to," Mrs. Evinrude related. "We had the time of our lives."

Back home again, after six months' wandering of more than eight thousand miles, out came Ole's drawing board. This time what his pencil sketched was a boat, a boat equipped as he had long dreamed a boat should be, and powered with his own designed engine. In the late fall, they set sail down the Mississippi River.

Winter came early that year. Not far from Memphis the river froze up like a drum and marooned them in the ice. The temperature fell to twelve below, and for three weeks they stuck perilously in the ice jam. At two o'clock one night the jam broke, and only by a miracle they saved their lives. When they resumed their journey two weeks later, it was without their boat.

"We wound up in New Orleans," said Mrs. Evinrude, taking up the story. "En route, Ole talked outboard motors with every river man he met. And as soon as we reached our hotel in New Orleans out came his drawing board. He had an idea for a new motor, only half the weight of the old one, faster and more powerful.

"For months he worked over this new motor in his mind and it was the only subject he would discuss from morning until night. Of course it had been understood that he would return to business at the end of five years, for we had sold out only because of my ill health. My health was good once again and Ole fretted to get back to a shop; and I—well, I, too, grew enthusiastic."

IN 1920, once more in Milwaukee, the Evinrudes founded their new company, the Elto Outboard Motor Company. The name "Elto" is an abbreviation for "Evinrude's Light Twin Outboard." Ole was president of the new concern and Bess was its secretary and treasurer. Together they owned the company as equal partners.

"We began with little before," said Ole; "we'll do it again."

Only thirty-five thousand dollars was set aside as capital, and, as before, Ole designed his own manufacturing equipment. The new motor was announced to the public late in the winter, and that year the country was undergoing a depression of business. However, the motor was almost immediately a success.

Visit the business offices of the Elto Company to-day in Milwaukee. You will be shown into a large conventional office with conference table and desk, and on the desk of this office will be the name plate of "B. Evinrude." It is the company's nerve center, and Bess Evinrude is the executive in command.

Beyond this large office is a tiny one, not more than a dozen feet square. It has one window overlooking a stretch of water, a single high plain desk surmounted by a drawing board, and a high stool. There is no name plate on this desk, and the only egress to the little office is through the large one. There Ole Evinrude holds forth, his sanctum when not in the shop. It is as he always dreamed, this cubbyhole, a retreat dedicated to invention—made possible by a "perfect partner."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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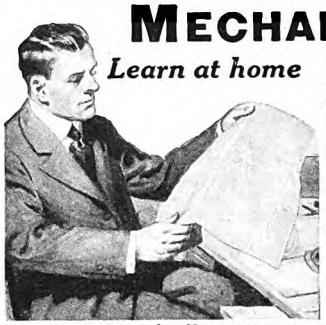

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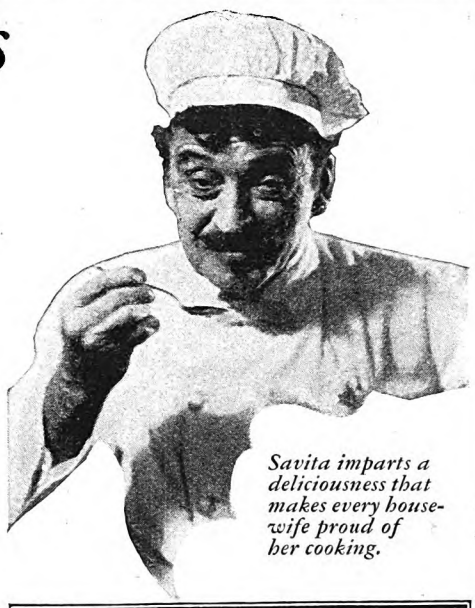

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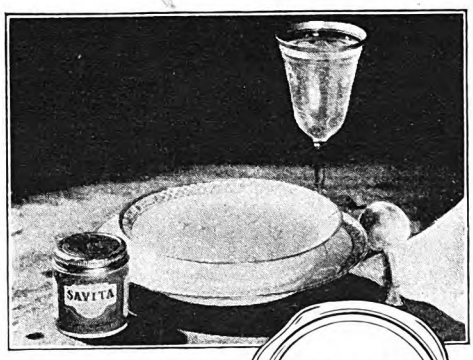

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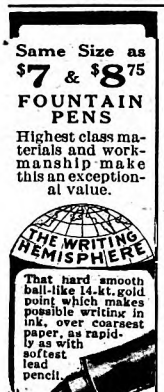

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Black Java Lily

(*Continued from page 13*)

Dunsberg. Gorman turned too; he felt that he could forgive Dazy much if she would display a natural appreciation of his purchase.

But her small childish face puckered with actual distaste. She shrank farther back against the green lilac bush.

"He looks mean," she said, briefly. "Like he'd bite."

There was laughter. Lydy looked not unkindly at Dazy, but as if at a backward child, and sniffed with an old farm woman's contempt. Everyone knew the Java line. To be sure, in any family line will be found a disreputable member or two. But for the most part Black Java Lily had a mannerly connection of relatives, and he was known to use his own large, white, perfect teeth strictly for grain-chewing, like any normal horse.

"Dazy's afraid of horses," said Lee in apology. He stepped back and gently patted her hand.

"And tree toads and milk snakes," declared Lydy, waddling off to her dairy house. "Come on, Ophy."

"Needn't fear this horse," said Gorman resentfully; although he was not usually the man to allow his neighbors to take away the tidbit of gossip that he didn't like Lee's wife.

Al Impleton laughed. Joe narrowed brotherly eyes at him.

Old Jerry joshed, rather hastily: "Bet your father, Lee, will be doing stunts in September at the fair grounds on his black back."

"Guess a man," retorted Gorman, smiling sheepishly, "has a right to a little amusement in his old age!"

STILL, with a few days, the old man found that he did not care so much for the horse as he had expected. He guessed that he was getting pretty old.

The orchards bloomed. They burst with pink. Then strewn petals decayed into the earth. Small green marbles, regular money marbles, hid smugly under green leaves. Small prudes, which later would be flamboyant, fruity gold-diggers that would ogle the sun for the wherewithal to make themselves richly pink and yellow!

It would be a big fruit year. Weather and market were right. Gorman reflected mournfully that he had enough money already in bank. What was the good of money when his boy Lee had worried eyes? The ill-feeling that lay among three people permeated the house and orchards like an uncorked bottle of bitter medicine.

Picking time came overnight. An army of men appeared. Tents were put up. The frame cottages on the place were crowded. Tables were built for long rows of avid feeders. Lydy was the kind of gray-haired worker whose sharp tongue was equal to a dozen pert younger helpers. Besides, Gorman gave her a bonus every September. Ophy, who had had and discarded a worthless husband from one year's picking-army, moved about with a coquettish awareness of many men.

Lee was busy; indeed, his days were merely linked by sleep-sodden, sweating

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nights. A peach tree is a despot. At its own sweet will, it demands attention, and will suffer no delay. Gorman was busy with bills of lading, telegraphed orders from commission men and to storage houses.

Dazy—well, to be sure, Dazy helped Lydy somewhat.

Somewhat, Lydy would have said; if she had been the person to talk about the family she worked for, which Lydy was not! Dazy ordered from the local stores; Lydy's time was too good for telephone delays. Dazy looked on while Lydy and Ophy oversaw the emergency women peel potatoes, shell peas, pare apples, pick chickens, chop hash, and all the rush of tasks to do with food. Most of the transient army cooked for themselves; but enough families were added to the Dunsberg help-tables to send Ophy muttering to bed nightly over her aching arms.

ONE day, Gorman lost a collar button. It was a hot morning, and the crest of the peach picking had made all tempers edgy when the thermometer climbed. And some new pickers had packed soft fruit.

"Dang it, I left that collar button on my bureau. Who in tarnation swept it out here on this hall runner?"

He swooped at it with great angry hand, although he had a private notion that he'd let it roll there.

Dazy came from her and Lee's bedroom across the wide chintz-hung upper hall. Her small face seemed frightened.

"Did I sweep it out, Father? I made the beds this morning. I'm awfully sorry." She wet her lip. "The shades were pulled down. To keep out the sun."

Five cold little formal sentences. All in a row. She might have been a servant at fault. As for her looking frightened—well, that was only his fancy, the old man muttered grimly to himself. She had nothing to fear. *She* was not an old man whose son could be taken away from him, leaving him alone with more property than he wanted.

"Don't matter—don't matter," he said testily, and went down-stairs to the lunch that Lydy was setting out for the family.

The hot week went. Not much soft fruit. What was half a truckful from the hundreds of Dunsberg acres? Good price, too. But Gorman was not cheerful. Lee's face was a never-ceasing worry. Lee's pleasant youthful mouth had not that set unhappiness from work, or hot days, or because he was practically overseer of an army of men.

Lying awake one hot night, the old man heard from the open windows which, with his own, lined the east side of the house on both floors, "Oh . . . money . . . new clothes . . . What's all that, Lee"—the small, petulant voice was fierce in its whisper—"if a person can't feel at home?"

Now, what would Lee do away from his father's acres, which were Lee's own acres to all intent and purpose? And what would an old man do with too many acres on his lonesome old hands? And a familyless house? Marry again? My goodness, he couldn't at *his* age! Did he want a strange woman around all the time, in Mary's place? Gorman turned on his pillow and held back a groan.

The following morning, he saw Dazy

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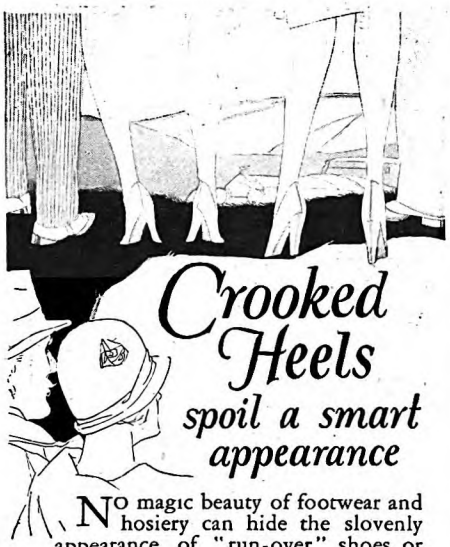

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at her bureau through a half-open door. In a pale blue thin silk negligee, one of Lee's purchases, she was a delicate red-haired doll. Lee'd follow her where she went—of course! Again Gorman held back a groan, and had no appetite for his breakfast, even his own choice cream-drenched Elbertas.

The day was marked by misconduct from Black Java Lily too. He kicked a man, or so the fellow claimed, a transient who hinted at plenty of damages. He said that no one had told him the horse was vicious.

Gorman knew well enough that the horse wasn't vicious. The transient had a shifty eye. Gorman suspected that the horse had been well kicked before it retaliated. But Jerry admitted that the fences where the mares were pastured did not seem to hold the stallion; and, since the peach orchards surrounded the pastures on four sides, an order had to be given for Black Java Lily's confinement in paddock or stall during the few remaining heavy picking days.

It was downright cruelty to the horse, in view of the weather. But the men had to be considered. Gorman awaited the wane of peach-picking with an unwonted impatience. Lee made no secret of his promise to take Dazy to Detroit as soon as the last pink bushel was in a refrigerated freight car. Just for a little trip, Lee said. Gorman had a dark suspicion that the trip would not be a little one.

COUNTY fair week coincided with the last picking week, with the dissolution of the transient army. Gorman, with Lee and Dazy, attended the fair three days. But on Saturday he remained at home; partly because practically every man on the place wished to go on that last afternoon.

Lee and Dazy, it was assumed, would go. But Gorman heard their interminable low double murmur before dawn in their room. Dazy came down to breakfast with unhappy tight lips and low-lidded eyes. Lee, with a set mouth, rode off before noon with Jerry Ray, the only other occupant of his roadster.

Dazy did not come down-stairs for the hasty pick-up lunch, served by Lydy, whose gray hair was already best-black-hatted for the fair. The old man lonesomely picked at his food without appetite. After lunch he walked around the deserted place for a while. The denuded trees, with a piebald showing of yellow leaves, should have been a tonic to an owner's eyes, for what they stood for. But the old man's troubled soul shied at any tonic.

In pure restlessness, he went out to the barn to Black Java Lily. Bills of lading could wait till Monday for totaling.

Past the dairy house and the kitchen garden, he meandered. He paused beside the silo, a new structure of the past year, massive, red-painted, and with a riveted ladder which ran up the huge side like a giant seam.

The paddock was some thirty yards beyond the silo. Gorman walked along the high-barred fence and passed in the gate. He could hear the stallion stamping in a stall in the barn. With displeasure, these days displeasure came easily to him, for he reflected that one of the men, or Lee, should have let the horse out to-day.

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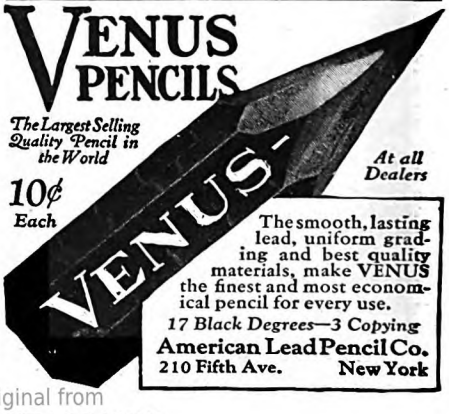

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Four black heels needed grass for a saraband of release.

Leisurely he walked the length of the paddock and opened the barn doors. A passage led to the stalls. The stallion was in the third stall, and turned to watch him enter.

Gorman meant to stroke the black neck. He meant to feed the horse a carrot which he had pulled as he strolled past the kitchen gardens. He had never owned a horse whose neck he could not stroke, to whom he did not feed young, tender carrots.

BUT he knew his own awful blunder as soon as his foot felt bedding straw. And for all his natural courage and physical strength, his heart turned sick with fright.

The great black horse screamed. That maniac throat! Gorman instinctively jumped backward to gain the paddock. He hoped to close the wide barn double doors in the horse's red glaring eyes and steaming nostrils—

But he had not the chance. The black handsome shoulders were at his old heels, the black flanks leaped with him for the open space!

Second scream! Appalled, he wanted to stop his ears.

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Gorman had never the least chance to escape. Against one barn door as it swung outward to the side of the barn, he was trapped. Black Java Lily reared and plunged at him. The old man went down in a heel-drummed heap against the foundation stones.

Scream! The black form wheeled then and galloped the length of the paddock. In rage, the four black heels went high in the air, came down like four revolver shots, so reverberating their mad sound.

Gorman lay where he had been trampled down. It was not his cry, for he made none, but the animal throat that brought Dazy in her pale silk wrapper running down from her room, out the door, and across porch and side yard.

"What's the matter—Father! Where are you?"

She came flying past the garden and dairy house, past silo. "Oh—where—" From the paddock, Black Java Lily saw her.

He wheeled from the crumpled old body. His long black upper lip drew back over his handsome teeth in further grin of rage.

"*O-ooh!*" Dazy sobbed, and wheeled and fled before the huge, handsome black shape which made no more of the drawn paddock gate than if it had been kindling wood.

She could not gain the house. The safe house! Fantastical to try!

She could not gain the dairy house! And, even so, the cool plank door was barred with wooden pegs, and not to be opened in a hurry.

But even while the maniac white teeth

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were snapping at her heels, her small hands, inept with terror, were clawing at the first red-painted rung of the silo ladder. That drawn black lip! Long afterward her stockings lay damp from that hot steaming breath against the flesh of her legs.

Sobbing with terror, but spurred by terror, she barely managed to gain a rung beyond reach of the grinning long black lip. Now she saw Gorman, inanimate inside the paddock. He was conscious. His anguished old eyes met hers.

"Oh—Father!" she sobbed. "I can't get down to come to you. He will kill me—"

As if he understood human words, Black Java Lily danced at the foot of the silo and screamed up at her. He plunged in the air at her. Sobbing, she held to a rung with one hand, and childishly put the other to one ear to shut out the sound. Sobbing, she turned her face, not to look at the old man crumpled against the barn.

But soon enough she clung to the rung with two hands, and her wet eyes could not tear themselves off the poor old body, and her ears would not close while she sobbed shrilly, "Dear God—make that horse go away—Father, are you dead? Oh, someone come, come! Help! Help, somebody!"

As if in ironic answer to part of her prayer, Black Java Lily wheeled and galloped away. Back to paddock!

"Oh—Dear God, make him come *back!*" screamed Dazy. "Come back!"

HEELS were hunting the crumpled body, black lip pulled back . . .

"*Come back!*" she screamed, clambering down from her rung.

The evil black head saw. Back to *her?* He was obliging!

Screaming and sobbing, she clambered back, fast up the rungs. Again that hot breath scalded her thin legs! Oh, was ever anything so horrible as those steaming nostrils?

She was out of his reach again. Back to the paddock wheeled the stallion.

"No! Come back to *me!*" Her thin throat almost burst.

Down she started again. The scarlet-rimmed eyes galloped back, glared up. Why, even the pupils now were red!

Up she went again, sobbing. And down again. Up and down!

Fifteen minutes? A half-hour before her strength began to go? She could not later say. Her hands were blistered. Her legs cramped with terror and the incessant clambering up and down.

She called to Gorman not to move, nor to speak, and thus attract the horse's attention. She would keep him distracted as long—"Until someone comes!" she sobbed. And, under her breath, "If I can!"

The shadow of a maple tree just east of the dairy house perceptibly lengthened while the two—girl and animal—played the grim game. Her strength oozed. Finally, when she doubted her ability to clamber up and down many times more, Black Java Lily tired of the game. Off he tore around the silo, around the dairy house, trampling dry garden stalks, and then off toward the pasture, where the other horses huddled at a fence, terrified by their fellow animal's mad black throat.

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Heels! Flying thuds! They were gone at last. And Dazy was down on the ground, running to the paddock through the splintered gate.

"Father—are you killed?"

"Maybe," he managed to whisper. His voice was nearly crushed away. His face was gray and distorted. "Where's that fiend?"

"I thought only b-bulls treed folks," she sobbed, aghast at what she must do, with that big mangled body in her thin, ineffective arms.

"Never saw a horse like that before. Get . . . in . . . barn . . . me—"

Heels! Back they came! Flying thuds!

Up the long high-barred lane from the pasture. Black Java Lily was returning!

Gorman heard. He moved his eyes in despair. "You . . . get in . . . barn, Dazy," he urged, since he was the kind who in personal extremity can think of another's welfare. "Don't . . . wait a . . . a second."

Heels! Fourfold thuds! Flying back! Near at hand!

Dazy sobbed. Again would steam that awful hot breath—black mad lip—

"Get . . . in . . . barn . . . Dazy dear—"

"I can't leave you!" she sobbed in despair, arms about the big crumpled body which she had failed to lift.

It was in pure despair, a blind panic, that she snatched at a two-foot splinter fallen from the paddock gate when the black heels made havoc. She struck blindly at the black lip grinning immediately over her. . . .

Black Java Lily reared back. The black nostrils were maniacal, but, too, they were tender. And, some time in the past, they must have been well bruised by a board in somebody's hand!

Wheeling, he diverted his course and galloped out of the paddock. Dazy, sobbing, because she really had sobbed so long that she did not know how to stop, had pulled the big, inert, crumpled frame half inside the barn doors when Lee's roadster turned in the driveway.

IN TIME, enough of an old man's ribs were salvaged so that he could read his newspaper in a great chair drawn to the south-facing windows of the living-room. Dazy sat in the nearest window. She was small and silent, but her rather childish blue eyes were bright now, like her hair.

Lee stood. He was flushed. His voice was cold with anger.

"Easy to understand. They never spread much about a vicious black colt five years back. Name of Black Lily. They'd been trading him around the north end of the state for four years. Always called on to take him back or stand damages! So they thought, seeing the horse you wanted was already sold, that the cousin could be switched onto you, and you'd never know the difference. No wonder the Impletons don't succeed. I've been waiting till you got well. Shoot him? The horse, I mean."

"No," said the old man. "Once in a while a horse is born clear bad. Or else he's been mistreated. But there's men that can use him, for all his temper. He's too good an animal to be shot. How about it, Dazy?"

She wrinkled a small nose. "He ran

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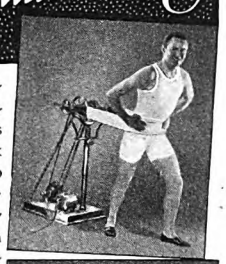

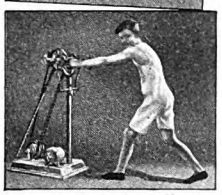

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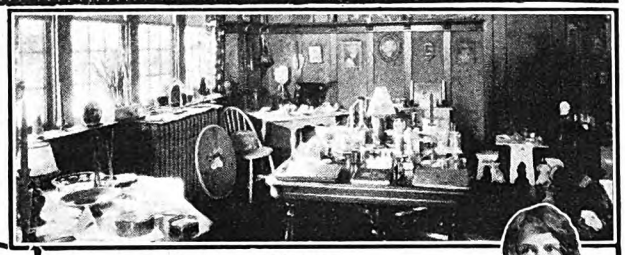

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away as soon as I hit him with a stick!"

Lee shouted with laughter. "Dazy's cure! Guess she isn't afraid of anything any more. Not even you, Dad."

"I don't know why she was so 'fraid of me," sighed Gorman. "Why were you, Dazy?"

"I didn't know how to cook or keep a big house," she said, matter-of-factly. "Just rooming around for years! And I fancied you frowned the day I came."

"Well, you wouldn't kiss me," he complained, sheepishly. "Anyway, when you two take that trip to Detroit that you put off—"

"Lee telegraphed for a pair of birds," she said carelessly.

A gaunt old face relaxed peacefully.

"Well, I'm not going to buy a horse again. Guess birds are the right animal."

"I wish you'd buy a Shetland pony," said Dazy, bashfully.

"Want to ride him?" Now—this was life! Talking nonsense to a daughter-in-law whose bright, little pretty face crinkled with laughter! "'Bout your size!" he taunted gayly.

"Not her!" guffawed Lee. "Smaller rider!"

After a moment, the old man's face contracted in sheer ecstasy. A little red-haired tyke riding around the Dunsberg acres on a Shetland pony! Life was too good to be true!

"My Wife Holds the Gun . . ."

(*Continued from page 47*)

us armed with spears and poison arrows, which they brandished in the air while they screeched at the top of their lungs. We had our guns ready. Osa did not flinch. But it would have done no good to fire; we were hopelessly outnumbered.

Later we learned that it was the confusion which saved our lives. There was so much racket that when a wild rumor spread among the natives to the effect that there were more whites around the point, they believed it, and fled. Providentially, our boat returned at this critical moment and took us off.

When we had recovered somewhat from this close call I tried to make light of the experience by saying to Osa, "Well, how did you like those fellows?"

She shook her head and smiled one of her knowing smiles. "They're not nice people, Martin," she said; "and you know they're not." That was her only comment.

During these years I learned that a healthy woman has just as much vitality as a man. I always had good health and plenty of muscle. But often when I have been ready to give up in despair, Osa was still full of pep and ready to go on.

I remember once when we got caught out in a small open boat among the islands. The weather was tough and we had practically no food. The black boys with us were ready to beach the boat and take a chance on being marooned. I am frank to say that I had about reached the same state of mind. But not Osa. She picked up her gun and held it on our mutinous crew. "I'll shoot the first boy that goes over the side," she told them.

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Do you wonder I hate to see the way women in America are so often pampered and spoilt, when I know how fine they are underneath the surface?

Many a doctor has told me that a normal woman's endurance is equal to that of any man her age. I have seen Osa come in scores of times after a hard day in the field, when I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and go to work in the kitchen seeing that the evening meal is being cooked right.

After a visit to Australia and the Malay Peninsula, with some exciting times in Borneo, we finally drifted into Africa. There I chose a permanent field for my future work, which is preservation of wild life in film form. Africa is the last large unspoiled country where one can find game as it was before mankind spread around the globe, ruthlessly driving all wild life before it.

By this time Osa was thoroughly imbued with a love for the outdoors. She was a better shot than I, got along splendidly with natives, and loved traveling through the wilderness with a passion equaled only by my own intense pleasure in animal photography.

BY HAPPY fortune we discovered a lovely and long-lost lake up in the Kenya country, in the crater of an extinct volcano. Four years ago we made our second long visit to Africa, and built a permanent home on this water, which we named Lake Paradise. There, surrounded by wild elephants and black half-naked savages, Osa entered her latest adventure in outlandish domesticity.

For many weeks after our arrival I watched her curiously. Before, the United States had always been home. Now we might *visit* back in the States, but our *true* home was in that far corner of wildest Africa.

As usual, Osa ran true to form. She entered into the spirit of the whole project from the very start. When we erected our main lodge with logs hewn from the forest and a roof thatched from native grass, she built her boudoir with her own hands. She helped plaster its walls with mud, and tinted them pink with dust; she laid the floor from provision boxes, and she put up her own towel racks.

She planted a garden, with sweet potatoes and asparagus in it. She tended the chickens and ran the dairy, where we made butter from fresh milk provided by the cows that we had bought from the natives.

She shot quails and guinea hens on the trail. She organized our laundry force. She taught the blacks to cook meat and bake bread. She was my commissary steward, not an easy job five hundred miles from the nearest grocery store.

In the serious work she also took a very serious part. She handled the gun while I cranked the camera.

I remember one ugly experience we had with elephants when Osa's nerve saved my life. She was terribly frightened, but in spite of her fear she stood by her guns, and made it possible for me to be alive and write this story to-day.

This incident happened before we built our Lake Paradise home. I used to collect a little ivory occasionally, especially when I saw a fine tusker available. One day we came on a small herd in an open space that

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promised easy shooting. Looming above the females was an old bull with a particularly fine pair of tusks.

None of the elephants saw us. I whispered to Osa to stay by the camera while I went in closer for a shot. I knew there was a good chance of some interesting film if one of the beasts charged me.

As I crept forward I kept my gun at ready. One can never tell whether an elephant will charge, or run away, and I did not want to lose my tusker.

Suddenly, the big fellow glanced up and saw me. As I was very close, I fired. I thought I had hit him in a vital spot. But I had missed the small brain area which the bullet must penetrate to be fatal.

The bull jumped and charged. I ran at top speed toward Osa. She was cranking the camera, getting priceless film as I fled for my life: It may seem to you that she was callous in letting the charging elephant come after me and doing nothing about it except take our picture. But her quick eye instantly caught the fact that the elephant was not gaining much.

The great danger to me lay in the possibility that I might stumble. Out of the corner of her eye Osa kept watch on her gun bearer. This was a black boy whose duty it was to remain at her elbow and hand out her rifle in an emergency. Here again she took a chance, because the natural impulse of the native was to flee.

Of course the other elephants in the herd came after the big bull. That is the instinct of most animals which travel in groups. The sight of the huge lumbering beasts pounding along in a charge that was meant to wipe us all off the map was enough to make anyone shiver. I think Osa did more shivering than I because she was standing still and could see more.

She cranked as long as she dared. Then in a split second she had the rifle to her shoulder and fired. I swerved as the mortally wounded elephant thundered past and fell with a thud that shook us all.

Seeing that the others of the herd were checked and that our danger was over I stepped up to Osa for a word of admiration. She was very pale.

"I—I guess I must sit down for a minute, Martin," she said.

ON ANOTHER occasion, a lion came charging for me in the open with swift, powerful springs. Knowing that Osa held the gun I continued to turn the crank. At fifteen feet she fired. The enraged beast stumbled, but came on. She fired again. This time she dropped him so close I could touch his mane with my toe.

The feeling that Osa is so accurate a shot means a lot in my camera work. I am usually intent on focusing and speed of film, and often do not realize the danger facing us. Osa stands there coolly, gun in hand, ready for any emergency. If the game is too quiet she wanders forward cautiously and stirs it up. She seems to have no nerves.

I must add here that we shoot no game save in self-defense, or for food. Indeed, we make it a practice never to fire a gun in the vicinity of Lake Paradise.

Osa isn't afraid of the dark. I mention this because much of my photography is done by flashlight at night.

I remember one exciting evening when Osa and our guide, Bukari, climbed a ten-

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foot rock some distance back of our camp. I wanted to get some photographs of rhinos as they went down to the water hole for a drink. We agreed on signals in advance. One whistle, repeated at intervals, meant a rhino was coming in front of us; two that he came from the left, and three from the right. If she saw one coming up behind us she was to give four blasts.

With one other man I lay down in the sand about twelve feet from the flashlight lamps, which were set up by the trail to the water hole.

About ten o'clock Osa gave one whistle. In a few minutes we could see the monster coming right down the path for us. At that moment Osa sighted another rhino.

The heavy thud of footsteps soon revealed his whereabouts, and when he was within a few feet I set off the flash. He went galloping back in Osa's direction.

In a few minutes another rhino came along. More whistling and a flashlight. This went on until about midnight. Osa was kept busy whistling until she stopped in despair. There were so many rhinos coming and going that she could not keep track of them. Finally, we had to throw stones at them to keep them away from us. As for poor Osa, she was held a prisoner on that rock until after two A. M., when she found it safe to join us in camp for a well-deserved night's rest.

YOU wouldn't think Mrs. Johnson could keep her feminine looks and personality in such a life as we lead. But she does. I think her perfect health has more to do with her looks than any other single factor. Next comes her enthusiasm in our work. We lead an absolutely normal life; nothing artificial in either our pleasures or our comforts. Her habits are regular, and she always has plenty of hard work on hand. When she is in the field she often rides and walks fifteen or twenty miles a day. At home she is continually tinkering with her garden or our house. She rises early and goes to bed soon after dark. She wears men's clothing much of the time, but, no matter how wild the country through which we may be traveling, she dresses her hair each morning.

I have been asked if it is much of an effort to keep Osa from the pursuits of other women. I confess that she is normal enough to like pretty clothes and bridge and dancing. Sometimes in America I have a sneaking fear that such things are weaning her away from me and our work. But there always comes a time when she secretly slips up to me and whispers, "Gee, Martin, I'll be glad when we get back to Africa!"

People wonder what Osa and I talk about on our long safaris, often with no companions other than the hundred or so black porters who handle our camels and carry our baggage.

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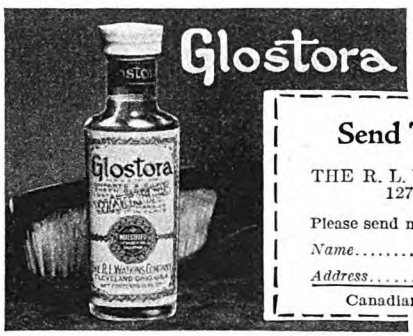

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Fussbudget!

(*Continued from page 41*)

fat guy named Malinsky and off they went.

The lieutenant sent two other guns away and held the fourth in reserve. Eddie was with the reserve gun. He hid, with the lieutenant and the rest of the platoon, as best he could back of the two pieces of houses. There was a peephole that gave him a bee line out to Fussbudget and Malinsky crawling across the field like a couple of flies in a puddle of ink.

Fussbudget finally stopped in a shellhole in the center of the field. The lieutenant saw he was set, and sent out a lot of ammunition, and, for good measure, some grenades in a big bacon can. He waited about a quarter of an hour after the last box had gone out, and then he said, "Well! Thank heaven, he's fixed without the Germans spotting him!"

He'd barely got it out of his mouth when a shell came from in back of the German lines. It dropped about forty yards in front of Fussbudget's shellhole. Then another shell dropped, this time about as far on the other side of Fussbudget's hole. "Bracketed!" said the lieutenant. "Bracketed, by heaven!"

Eddie had been told what "bracketed!" meant, but for a minute he couldn't remember. While he was trying to think, a third shell came over. The lietuenant said six words in a row, and all of them were cuss words.

Eddie had been looking, so he didn't need to be told why the lieutenant swore. He'd seen that shell land, and it seemed to him it had landed dead in Fussbudget's hole.

A big squirt of dust flew up and spread out like a fan across the dark sky. It held for a second or two, and then floated away, sort of. And there was everything just as it had been before—the field like a puddle of ink, the woods standing up on the far side of the field, and over everything the darkness, like a blue-black haze.

"LOOK!" said Eddie. And he pointed. One fly was coming out of Fussbudget's shellhole, crawling toward the village, keeping in the shadows.

Eddie held his breath. The fly crawled closer; it was Malinsky.

"The gun's gone, Lieutenant," Malinsky said. "And that other guy. The shell busted right in front of us. It missed me, because I was at the back of the shellhole and I dropped flat."

Eddie tried to put a cigarette into his mouth. But he couldn't, because his hand was shaking. "You're a dirty liar!" he said. "You're a dirty liar if you say Fussbudget's gone."

"Who's Fussbudget?" said Malinsky.

Eddie didn't answer. He dropped his cigarette and reached for another, and found he hadn't any more. "A swell war," he said, "when a guy can't even have enough cigarettes!"

He stood up and wiped his mouth with the back of one hand. "Lieutenant!" he said, "this bird's a lousy liar!" All of a sudden he was sore, the way he'd been when he thought Fussbudget had

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been left at Brest, only more so. "I'll bet forty million dollars," he said, "and put it up right now," and he shoved a hand into one pocket as if he meant to haul out the forty million on the spot, "that Fussbudget's alive, and that this yellow bum pulled out on him."

"Were you together back States?" said the lieutenant. And when Eddie nodded, he said to Malinsky, "Are you sure, Malinsky?"

"You should have seen his head," said Malinsky.

Eddie reached for a cigarette, and then, remembering he hadn't any, he got more sore than ever. "Listen, Lieutenant!" he said. "I know Fussbudget ain't gone. Why, that guy's too mean to let himself get popped off!"

"That's a funny way to talk about your buddy," said the Lieutenant.

"Buddy?" said Eddie. Whatever had given the lieutenant the idea that Fussbudget was his buddy? As if he'd have the biggest nuisance in the A. E. F. for a buddy! But he didn't say anything more, because what was the use of arguing with an officer?

JUST the same, though, Eddie couldn't get Fussbudget out of his head. And he kept looking across that open field, sure that Fussbudget would come crawling along it.

The before-morning black settled over everything. After a while, a little light began to squeeze into the black. After a while more, there was so much light Eddie could begin to see across the field again. A little more light came. Eddie could see plainer.

"I knew it!" he said. "Look, Lieutenant! Something moved out there. I told you he wasn't gone. Didn't I tell you he was too mean to die?"

The lieutenant squinted.

"Listen, Lieutenant!" said Eddie. "Lemme go out and look."

"Look at what?" said the lieutenant. "I don't see anything." And the way he said it would have satisfied a deaf guy that he thought Eddie was having a pipe dream.

"Listen, Lieutenant!" said Eddie. "I've got to go out. If that big bum's alive, I've got to go help him, or I'll never hear the last of it. He's been on my neck ever since we came into the army. If ever he has a chance to say I left him in the lurch, Good night!" And he really thought that was why he wanted to go out.

So did the lieutenant. "Well," he said, "if that isn't a hot reason for wanting to go out there! Don't you know you wouldn't have a chance in a hundred of coming back? Go sit down. You give me a pain."

"Lieutenant!" said Eddie. He'd seen a movement in Fussbudget's shellhole again, and he meant to ask again for permission to go look. But then, he asked himself, what was the use of asking. So he sat down, as if he was admitting the lieutenant was right.

A few shells began dropping into the field. One came pretty close to where the lieutenant was. He moved to a piece of house farther back. That was Eddie's chance, and he grabbed it. He crawled into the field, keeping flat on his belly, because by now it was if anything a little

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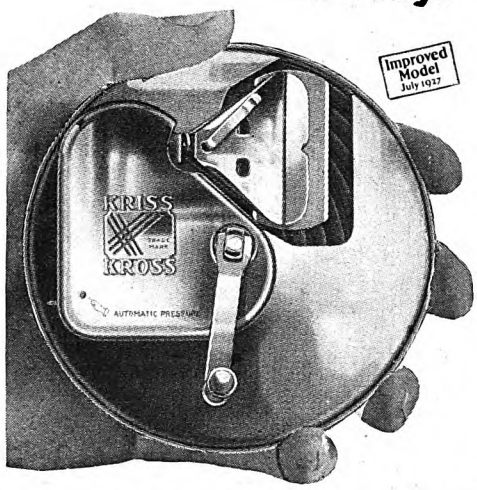

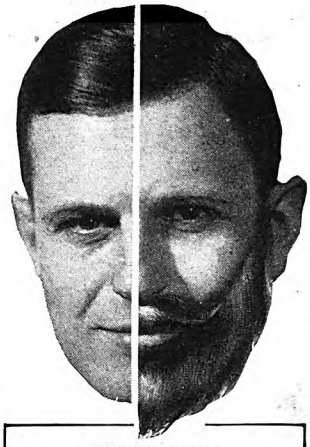

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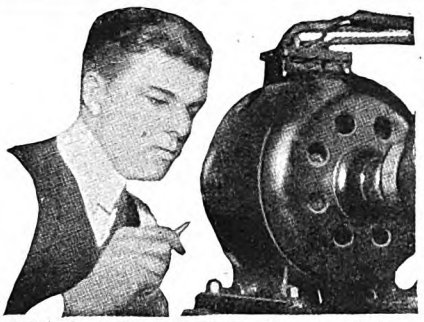

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lighter than the moon had made it when Fussbudget went out, and he knew the Germans were watching.

After he'd gone a way, it seemed to him that the shells were coming faster. When he was half way to Fussbudget's hole he knew they were. He was in a barrage. Barrage! That meant an attack. He stopped. Then he started again.

"If it was anybody but you, you big bum," he said, "I'd go back. But, just as sure as I did, you'd turn up, and I'd never hear the last of it."

The shells kept coming. A lot of them. He felt like a sparrow in a hailstorm.

But finally he got to the edge of Fussbudget's hole, and he looked in.

And there was Fussbudget. With a head that looked as if forty cops had drummed on it. But he was a long, long way from dead.

When Eddie got his first squint, Fussbudget was taking a last wipe at his machine gun. And from the way things were around the shellhole, it looked as if Fussbudget had been knocked out, had come to, had dug his gun out, cleaned it, cleaned his ammunition boxes, and made everything ready for a reception to the Germans. All as neat as an old maid's sewing basket.

"The big bum!" Eddie thought to himself. "And with that head too!" And then he said out loud, "I told the lieutenant you were too mean to let yourself get popped off."

Fussbudget snapped around. When he saw who it was, he dropped his pistol arm and jerked his mouth. "If you're all the lieutenant could send to help me," he said, "go back, and say I'd rather be alone."

Eddie slid down into the hole. "That bozo Malinsky," he said, "came back and reported you were a goner. You showed your usual sense," he said, "taking a guy who'd run out on you."

"Well, keep your big feet where they belong if you're going to stay in this shellhole," said Fussbudget.

"Say!" said Eddie. He set himself to tell Fussbudget that, just as soon as they got through this detail, he was going to have the pleasure of having his block knocked off, the way it ought to have been knocked off back in the States. But, instead, he said, "You can consider yourself lucky I got here when I did. Take a look." And he nodded toward the woods.

FUSSBUDGET peeked over the edge of the shellhole. Without another word, he squatted behind the machine gun. "Keep awake," he said. "Get a belt ready." And he started shooting.

The Heinies were coming. A whole slough of them. The first wave was at the edge of the field. The second was half way to the field from the woods. A third was at the edge of the woods, and Eddie thought that if it had been a bit lighter he could have made sure a fourth was in the trees.

They were coming forward as if they were hunting something and meant to find it, long thin lines of them, spaced out like football teams moving into kick-off formation. About a thousand teams, it looked to Eddie.

"Where's that belt?" Fussbudget hollered, to make himself heard above the clatter of the gun. Eddie shoved the brass tab into the feed block. Fussbudget gave it a jerk. He went through the loading as neat and orderly as if he'd been on the drill grounds. And the gun started firing again.

"Well," Eddie said to himself, "I never thought I'd be glad over this bird's neatness! But I am." He had a reason. He knew all the belts Fussbudget had cleared of dirt would run through the gun with no more chance of a jam and a stoppage than if they'd been fresh from the loading machine. And this, he knew, was a time when he didn't want a jam and a stoppage!

He certainly didn't. Because it was some hot little riffle. Back of them, in the village, the fat-headed infantry woke up and got going with rifles, automatics, one-pounders, and everything but hobnails, just about.

BUT it didn't take the Heinies long to figure out that it was something in the middle of the field that was holding them up. And finally, after they'd seen one wave after another get so far and no farther, they got down to business.

"What've they stopped for?" Eddie wondered. In a few minutes he knew. A grenade busted out in front. Then another. "Hey!" Eddie said. "Cut that out!" He squinted over the edge of the hole. A coal-scuttle helmet was ducking down off to his left. "Fifty-fifty," said Eddie, and grabbed a grenade out of the big bacon can and threw it back.

Right then that shellhole got to be a darned hot place. A German grenade landed on the far slope of it. Zowie! Eddie ducked. His left arm went numb. He threw two grenades back, one after the other, and the second one landed right. That didn't help much, though, because by then some Germans had got close on the other side.

All the time, Fussbudget was potshotting the strung-out football teams that started up and forward every so often.

"Say!" said Eddie, getting sore. "The birds you're shooting are ten times as far off as my lot. Turn that gun this way, will you?"

"Do your little job, and don't interrupt me," said Fussbudget.

Eddie got so sore he threw two grenades at once. "I'll do my little job, all right," he said. "And believe you me, when we get back I'll do a little job on you!"

The funny thing about that argument was that they were both right. Fussbudget certainly needed his gun to stop the coal-scuttle helmets out in front. But Eddie needed it just as much to thin out the grenade throwers. The truth was, about four guns were needed for the job they had on hand.

Lucky for them the fat-headed infantry came to life and swarmed out of the village in time. The Germans didn't like that so well. They took to the woods. One minute, it seemed to Eddie, there were about a hundred thousand of them around. The next there weren't any. The riffle was over. It was over even quicker than it had started. Eddie waited with a grenade until he was sure. Then he sat down.

"I certainly am glad those bozos found

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a good place to stop," he said. "Believe you me! If this is war, anybody can have my hunk of it."

He looked up and saw Fussbudget's nose jerk. *Now* what was wrong? He looked down and saw he'd flopped onto one of those boxes of ammunition that Fussbudget had cleaned so nice and neat.

He started up in a hurry, because from the jerk of Fussbudget's big nose there'd be a battle in about two seconds. But before he was half way up he sat down again. Something was wrong! He didn't want a battle. He'd been waiting to sock Fussbudget ever since they'd left Camp Dodge. But now that the chance was come he didn't want to do it.

AND then he took a second look, and saw he wasn't going to have to. What he'd thought was a jerk of Fussbudget's big nose wasn't a jerk at all. It was as near as Fussbudget could come, without practice, to a grin. Absolute! Fussbudget was looking at that mussed-up ammunition box—and grinning.

Eddie grinned right back. "Darn it!" he thought. "I've been treating this bird like something that the cat dragged in, but I knew all along he was a good guy. He's a fussbudget, all right; but where'd we have been just now if he wasn't?"

"Say?" he said, "you haven't got a cigarette, have you?"

"Yes!" said Fussbudget, "I have a cigarette," and to prove it he took one out of his pocket. And he leaned down and shoved it into Eddie's mouth.

Well, that was the finishing touch for Eddie. "Sit down here," he said, "and gimme your first-aid packet. I'll wrap up your dome for you." And when he'd got the bandage pretty well on, he said, "Listen! How about calling off our little private war, and the two of us ganging up against Germany?"

Fussbudget grinned again. Yes, he did! Twice in five minutes. "I was just about to make that identical proposal, Buddy," he said.

"Buddies suits me," said Eddie, grinning back. He gave the ammunition box a kick to clear a better seat. Fussbudget picked it up and dusted it off as neat as "Nice!"

"It is my opinion," said Fussbudget, "that we are going to make a good team!"

"Good?" said Eddie. "Why, we could finish this war in five minutes if Pershing would turn us loose and make the fat-headed infantry give us the proper support!"

WHETHER or not we believe in psychic phenomena, Hamlin Garland's serious, but unbiased, article, "I Don't Know What Happened at These Séances," will interest everyone. Even after thirty years of scientific study Mr. Garland is unable to explain to his own satisfaction the curious things that he has seen and heard. Are spirits actually trying to communicate with us? If not, what are the forces behind these strange happenings? Next month, you will read about some amazing "spiritual" happenings. What do you make of them?

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Get the flashlight habit. It's good travel-insurance.

Cut Loose, and Give Your Personality a Chance

(*Continued from page 43*)

obligation to make them effective in the community, and the only way to make them effective is to express one's ideas, and then be prepared to take the consequences. The manner of expressing them will be guided by one's own good taste and feeling, but it is essential that they be expressed. The lecture was taken to heart. The man overcame his diffidence by force of will, and rose rapidly to the position of importance and influence in his business that his brains and character deserved.

Here is another type of personality which I hope I can adequately describe, because it is the most remarkable I have ever seen. I know a woman who absolutely dominates the small group in which she moves, made up chiefly of a large family of children and grandchildren and numerous relatives. She is the most retiring member of the group. She has the least to say. And yet what she does say has more influence than the words of all the others put together. I need hardly explain that she is elderly, because the ideas that underlie her personality are very old-fashioned. Her personality is expressed—vividly and powerfully—by few words and many acts.

She married young, with a small stock of simple ideas about human conduct and human relations, but with an extraordinary firmness of character in putting those ideas into practice.

SHE believed first of all in duty, what Wordsworth called, "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God." She believed that her first duty in life was to be the best mother that she could possibly be. She believed that love is the first law of God, and to live a life of love the first duty of man. But her idea of love had no sentimental weakness about it, for she believed that love is based upon respect—that respect comes first and love follows as a consequence. Therefore she "feared" God first and loved him next.

She did everything in the world to make her husband love her, but she always saw to it that he respected her. She did everything in the world to make her children love her, but she always saw to it that they obeyed her. She never trusted love that was not grounded in respect. And she gave others the respect she demanded for herself—the respect due to her husband for his headship of the family (old fashioned, sure enough!)—even though she could laugh with delighted appreciation when someone quoted to her the saying that "a normal woman will look up to her husband even if she has to sit down to do it."

She respected her children—their individuality, their dignity, their opinions. Discipline, law, order, obedience, these she exacted with quiet but relentless firmness. Those obtained, she gave everything. She always consulted other people's convenience, not her own. She asked other people's opinions, she did not offer hers. She delighted in self-sacrifice—of comfort, pleasure, time—and got happiness out of giving it.

You might think that this subordination of self would result in obliteration of personality. On the contrary, it has made her morally dominant over her entire connection, who idolize her. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city" has been prophetic of her experience, for it has proved that he that ruleth himself shall rule others—by the moral authority which such rocklike self-control exercises upon those about her.

To-day she is far older than the allotted threescore years and ten, physically and mentally vigorous, and shy and retiring as ever; but the emanations of her powerful personality still impress themselves vividly upon scores of people whom she seldom sees, in a dozen different states. She is a perfect example of one way to build up so rich a personality that it cannot fail to find outward expression.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S life illustrates very clearly another way by which personality can be developed. He had a lot more personality at forty-five than he had at twenty-five. In other words, personality is not just a "gift," but is largely the creation of the person who exhibits it. Roosevelt was intensely interesting to other people, very largely because he was so intensely interested in them. He liked to know what they were doing, and how and why they did it.

When someone around him "did a good job," Roosevelt not only exclaimed over it himself, but he also called in others to tell them about it, and had them praise it too. Roosevelt enlarged his stature in the eyes of others by enlarging their stature in their own eyes. He made people around him feel that they were more important and useful than they had thought themselves to be, and, consequently, he himself took on a fresh importance and interest in their eyes.

The point about Roosevelt's example is that anybody can do what he did. Not, perhaps, to the same degree, but certainly to a considerable degree. Roosevelt was not just a political "glad-hander;" if that were the case, his amazing personality would be duplicated in every precinct by small-minded politicians who are. Roosevelt did do a certain amount of what he did for sheer political effect. But most of it was large-minded and big-hearted unselfishness.

He was big enough, and sure enough of his own worth and ability, to be immensely thoughtful of others, to consider their feelings first and his own afterward, to be willing to put aside selfish calculation a large part of the time and see things from the other fellow's point of view and try to help him enjoy life and succeed in it. And these things—outward expressions of an inner generous spirit—made him beloved and admired.

Roosevelt did another thing that anybody else can do, each in his own degree. He widened, to the limits of his time and

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energy, the variety of his interests in life. He was forever studying something new, and was widely read in history, in travel, in poetry and fiction, and in special fields, like hunting and fishing.

These gave him something much more important than subjects to talk about. They give him subjects to listen about. So much has been said of Roosevelt's interesting conversation, that it is often overlooked that he was also a wonderful listener. He was a good listener for two reasons: first of all, he was usually well informed on what the other fellow was talking about, so that he listened intelligently. And, secondly—and even more important—he wanted to give the other fellow the pleasure of being allowed to talk about it.

Nothing delights the soul of man more than the chance to tell somebody else something he knows, and nothing gives that man a higher opinion of your intelligence than your willingness to listen to him. Roosevelt not only knew this fact about human nature, but he was so full of intellectual curiosity that he actually enjoyed acting upon it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S personality rested upon essentially the same qualities as Theodore Roosevelt's. Strange, but true! Lincoln, no less than Roosevelt, was an ambitious politician, as well as a high-minded patriot and devoted servant of his country. And Lincoln, like Roosevelt, was an essentially generous man. He asked much of his fellow men, but he gave more than he asked. He had that largeness of mind that made him know that he who gives, gets. And he had that largeness of heart that made him like to give.

Lincoln did not believe that force was the best weapon to use to get things done. He did not shrink from using it where he had to, but he would try everything else first. Consequently, he developed the art of persuasiveness more highly than any other figure in our history has done. The practice of this art went far to create the unique personality we associate with his name. Its three essentials were patience, humor, and a third device that I will come to in a moment.

Consider Lincoln's patience first. It often infuriated his enemies and irritated his friends. It puzzled both. But in the end it gave him a mastery over both. Why? Because, again, the patient man is the man who is absolutely in control of his own spirit. The patient man is master of himself, and when people realize that they are dealing with a man who can master his own unruly soul, they come to have the same respect for him that they have for other fixed and inexorably sure forces.

Lincoln's humor—of course it is an old saying, but it is still as true as ever, that humor is a sense of proportion.

The man with a sense of humor is simply a man who has thoughtfully considered the relative values of things, and has appraised how much each is worth. When the life of the nation was at stake, Lincoln correctly appraised the value of an argument over who should be postmaster of some little town, when he told the clamorous friends of the two applicants to put their little petitions on a pair of scales and give the job to the man whose papers weighed the more. That was a truly humorous decision—and as wise as

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The third art of Lincoln's personality is a little harder to explain. Another wise man was once asked to what he attributed his success. His reply was, "My ability to change the subject." That was a profound observation about human nature. Lincoln was past master of the art of applying it.

When a subject is under discussion, we tend to "take sides," and quite unconsciously we tend to oppose whatever view has been expressed by somebody else, precisely because he expressed it first, and because he did not say it exactly the way we had it in mind to say it. Before we know it, discussion turns to argument, and argument into a stubborn wrestling of wills. We close our minds to the merits of the question, in our earnestness to master this opposition. Action is paralyzed by the emotion of dissension.

There are only two ways to break a deadlock like this: One is for the one side to give way; and this seldom occurs, and never with good grace.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

The other way is for something to happen suddenly that so changes the atmosphere of the discussion that both parties relax their wills for a moment, when the subject can be reopened to open minds. Lincoln consciously caused that "something" to happen, and his method almost invariably was to say, "That reminds me," and then tell a funny story. "That reminds me," became inseparably identified with the personality of Lincoln, as did also his telling of funny stories. But he was never merely an idle teller of yarns. He had a serious and important purpose in being amusing. In the intense emotions aroused by discussion of the vital political issues of his day, Lincoln was able many times to "clear the air" by provoking a laugh and thereby getting people around him to return to rational thinking after a bitter argument. And by the practice of this art, Lincoln added a unique touch to his personality.

The art of "changing the subject" can be practiced in as many ways as there are people to practice it. I know a man of very original and striking personality who, when a lull in conversation threatens to become irksome, will inquire genially, "What is your opinion of rats?"

The other person will look first startled and then puzzled, and finally will begin to chuckle and then will start talking freely about some subject that interests him, just because the obvious absurdity of the question shows that the questioner is ready to listen to ideas about any subject on earth, and is also a person of original and interested mind. If you will develop your own way of "changing the subject," you will find that it automatically develops a new way of revealing your personality to others.

PERHAPS you may object to my talking so much about "practicing the art" of this or that. People of sensitive nature often feel that there is something not quite honest about the use of conscious art in their human relationships. So there is, if the art is mean, or if the purpose is underhand or self-seeking. But I have failed to

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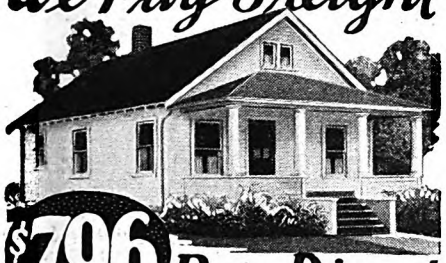

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make my purpose plain if I have not by now clearly indicated that the expressions of personality I have been describing are all rooted in thoughtfulness of others. Every personality that anybody would care to imitate or rival is a pleasing personality, and the wish to please is at least half for the purpose of giving others pleasure as well as ourselves.

Living is an art, and it can be practiced artistically with as high sincerity as Michael Angelo practiced the art of sculpture.

To wish to carve out of the shapeless—perhaps misshapen—mass of our own natures a personality attractive to others is certainly no less worthy an ambition than the wish of the sculptor to carve out of the shapeless marble an arresting and noble figure. And it requires no less of conscious art to do it.

Therefore, when a person studies what are the things within himself that will be interesting and pleasing to others, and when he practices the arts of revealing them, he is doing something not only altogether unobjectionable but something that is really his duty to do. The world would be a sorry place to live in if all of us stayed bottled up in ourselves. And as we are compelled to reveal ourselves to others, anyway, by the very fact that we have to meet them, it is only decent that we should try to show them our best selves.

IT SHOULD, then, be accepted as a duty we owe to others as well as to ourselves, to show that "outward and visible evidence" of that "inner and spiritual grace." Be yourself—enlarge by study and good feeling the riches of your inner life. Act yourself—study the arts of giving outward expression to those riches. And you will find that most of the difficulties in the way of expressing them will disappear if you will develop the habit of thinking about the other fellow instead of thinking about yourself—of asking yourself, "What will interest him?" "What will please him?" "What will be useful to him, or make him feel more comfortable or happier?"

Self-consciousness will be swallowed up as your mind becomes absorbed in him instead of in yourself. Diffidence will disappear. That "muscle-bound" feeling in your own spirit will relax as you forget yourself. And you will automatically "act naturally," because you will not have your mind on yourself, or what *you* are doing, at all. And when you act naturally, the real *you* is showing itself outside, and your real personality appears to the eyes of others.

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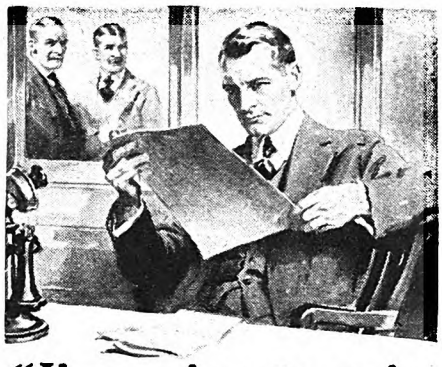

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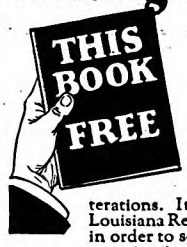

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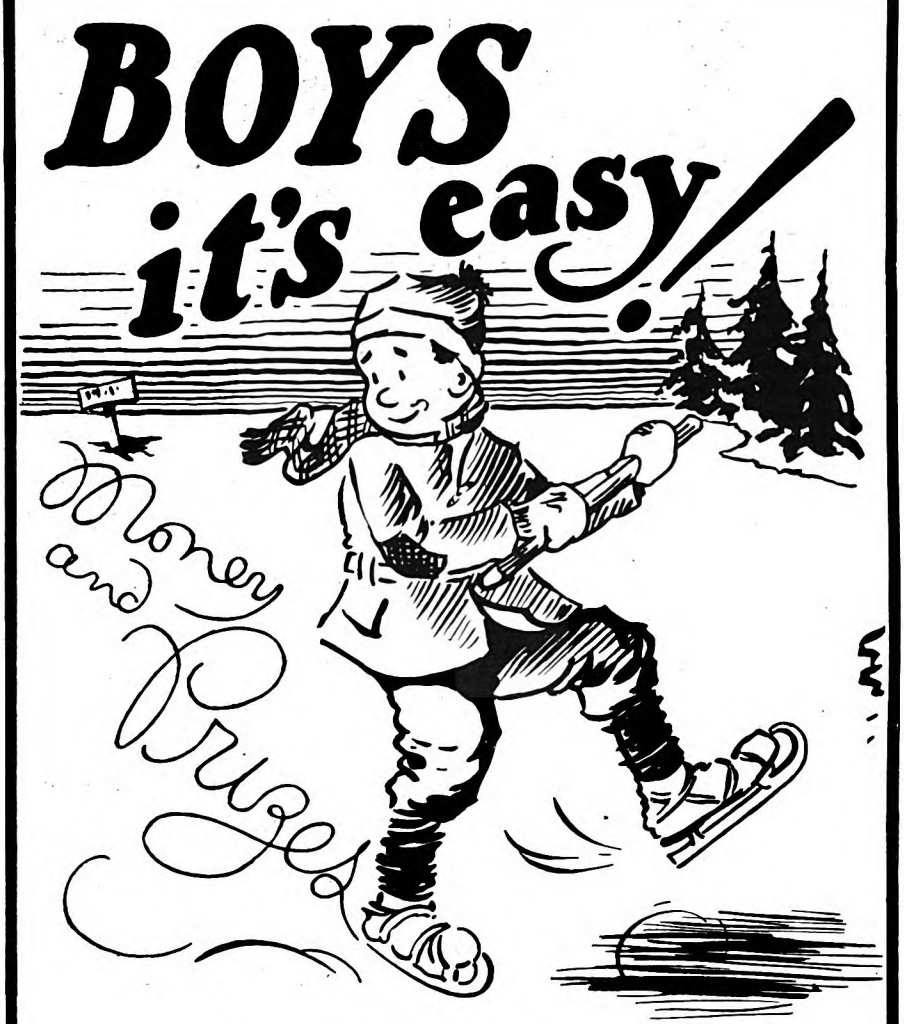

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The Person I Know Who Gets the Most Fun Out of Life

FIRST PRIZE

My Boss Gets a Lot of Fun Doing for Others

IT MAY be because I see him every work-day, and know that he is happy every day of the year, that I think my boss gets more real, genuine fun out of life than anyone else I have met. He can tell the funniest stories, and make the most humorous speeches of anyone I know. He enjoys hunting, and fishing, and any kind of outdoor life to the fullest. But he gets his most fun out of life by doing things for folks.

Every time a circus or a big show comes to our town, he sees that all the orphan children are there. He arranges transportation, sees to it that peanuts, candy, pop, and favors are plentiful. Then he goes along with them, and helps them enjoy the show.

He gets a lot of fun out of helping a down-and-outer get a job. I remember one dear old crippled lady, with a small dependent grandson, who came to him for help. He secured pleasant work for her, and a paper route for her grandson. Accountants and stenographers often come to him for help. My boss not only tells them of a place where there may be a vacancy, but telephones the prospective employer for an appointment.

My boss gets a big kick out of helping his sixty-five employees keep out of debt. Naturally, some make unwise investments and get into debt. When my boss learns of this, he calls upon the debtor, and explains that Jim is not able to meet his obligations, but that he will repay what he owes by instalments. Backed by my boss, Jim always does.

At Christmas time my boss has more fun than at any other time of the year. He collects the Santa Claus letters that are mailed in the post office, makes investigations, and where there are poor children, he sees that Santa Claus brings them what they ask for. And the fun he has reading the letters!—but that joy is mingled with tears. C. P.

SECOND PRIZE

Being a Wife and Mother Gives Me a Kick

PERHAPS I am egotistical, but I think I get more fun out of life than anyone else I know. I love to wake early in the morning and feel the cool air on my face. I love to dress quickly and get a good hot breakfast for my family. I love to watch my husband starting to work, and the children going off to school, for it is a good school. I am sure they will make better citizens for having attended it.

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Alone, in the mornings I make beds, sweep floors, dust, mend clothes, sew on buttons, and darn stockings. Monotonous routine? It isn't monotonous to me. Because it's part of my job, I like it. I love to sew for the children. The colors seem gayer and the materials crisper each year. I love to wash. I love to see my clothes "zipping" on the line.

In the afternoons I call on my neighbors, or they call on me. I am guardian of a dozen Camp Fire Girls. We have jolly meetings, especially when we have picnics in the woods.

Our evenings at home are best of all. Dinner is always a leisurely meal. But I wash the dishes and get into the living-room in double-quick time. There I find my husband reading and the children studying or reading.

Sometimes I read too. Sometimes I write letters. Often I study my Sunday-school lesson, for I love my class of young girls, and want to be a good leader for them. But, "Sometimes I sit and think, and sometimes I just sit." And I enjoy every bit of it. C. B.

THIRD PRIZE

Little Dickie Bubbles Over With the Joy of Living

HIS name is Richard; but if you called him that he would hardly look up from his latest pastime of trying to tie the strings of a doll's bonnet under the chin of the cat. Try "Dickie"—he will immediately pause in his occupation and turn toward you a face crinkly with smiles.

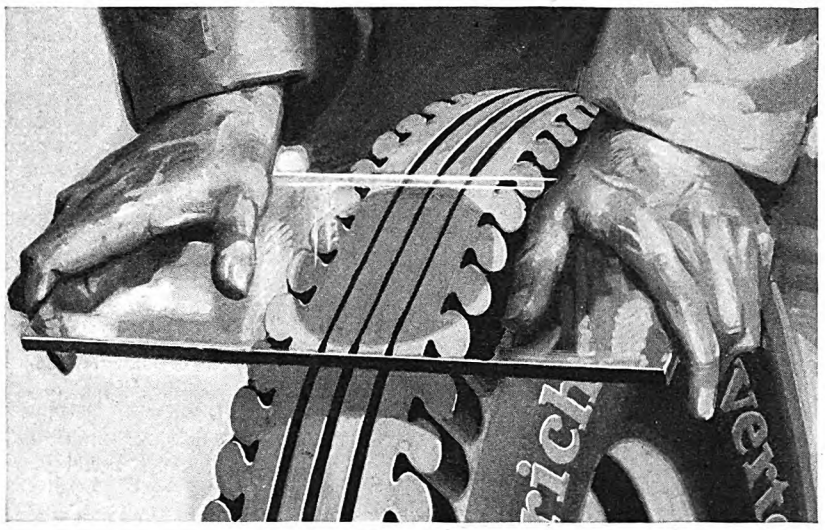
Dickie lives on a farm. The animals which constitute the subjects of the tiny absolute monarchy are his unfailing delight. At his approach, the cows will pause in their grazing to contemplate him with soft, friendly eyes. If he advances close enough, a rough inquisitive tongue will be thrust against his sleeve. Between giggles he will inform me: "Bossie Cow tissed me! I yike Bossie Cow!"

When Grandpa gathers the milk buckets and starts for the barn, Dickie is breathless with eagerness. As soon as the massive door is rolled back, he hastens ahead. In the darkest corner he finds the milking stool. He lugs it forward, clasping it tightly against his breast. He says: "Here, Gandpa! I dot it for you!"

While the thin streams of milk find the bucket, Dickie watches the operation, fascinated. He crouches low at one side of the cow, so that he misses nothing of this evening chore. Lest he disturb the cow, he stifles his merriment behind a hand.

A brood of pigs has provided him with hours of entertainment. Fortunately for our peace of mind, he stands in some awe of the mother sow—so has never ventured over the rail fence which encloses them. But when he sees the sow flat on her side with the eager pigs wriggling over her, nosing for their dinner, his shouts and handclapping reach the house.

I do not think that I know of another who is getting as much fun out of life as three-year-old Dickie, who begins his day with singing, and ends it with a sleepy: "Dood night, Mama! Dood night, Papa! Dood night, Gandpa!" A. S. P.



The plate glass test—This glass was pressed against a Goodrich Silvertown till the tread flattened as it would flatten against the road. Note how the center grooves can close up, when the tire is under load.

See What Happens

when Goodrich Silvertowns meet the Road

Balloon tires are soft. They yield. Their tread flattens against the road. The center compresses, letting the "shoulders" of the tread come down to the ground.

Simple facts—but what a tremendous effect they have on mileage!

Suppose the center could not yield. Suppose it had bulky masses of rubber where it should be flexible. Then it would crowd the surrounding rubber out of shape. It would distort the shoulder rubber. And uneven, choppy, wasteful wear would be the result.

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Scattergood Causes a Snake to Bite

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Scattergood Baines," said Ovid.

Mr. Downs sucked in his breath. Scattergood Baines! That was fruit he never had even dreamed of picking.

"But," he objected, "Baines doesn't need to loot a bank."

"I wouldn't say he'd looted it," said Ovid. "But the's times he needs ready cash in his deals. If he's took anythin', he calc'lates to put it back 'fore the bank examiner gits around. I figger it he's jest borrowin' on the sly-like. But I can't take no chances. Suthin' might go wrong so he couldn't put back."

"It might indeed," said Downs. "What do you want me to do?"

"W-al, I kind of figgered like this: If I could git me a lawyer that knowed about bookkeepin' and what-not, and could look over them manip'lated books and checks and notes and sich, why, he could kind of represent me, and go to Mr. Baines and make him put back right off; and then I'd be safe."

"Yes," said Downs, warmly glowing with anticipation; "but Baines would know it if I went in to make an examination of the books."

"I don't figger you'd have to make no big examination. Wouldn't it be enough if you could jest find one note that was funny, or a couple of pieces of switchin' around? Jest enough to prove suthin' was wrong?"

"It would," said Mr. Downs. "It would be amply sufficient!"

"W-al," said Ovid, "I cal'clate I kin fix it so's you kin look around to see what's to be seen, and kin pick out what evidence you need. And him never know it a-tall. Gen'ally of a Tuesday he goes off to the city and doesn't come back till Wednesday noon. To-morrow's a Tuesday. He won't be in town to-morrow night."

"How does that help?"

"I GOT the keys to the bank, and the combination to the vault, hain't I?"

"Isn't it a time lock?"

"No. Jest an ordinary door."

"Yes; and then?"

"Why, nobuddy's up in Coldriver after twelve. And if anybody did happen to see a light and me workin', I could make out my balance was off a couple of cents and I was huntin' for it, couldn't I?"

"To be sure."

"Whilst you come in quiet by the side door, and worked back in the vault, where nobuddy ever could ketch sight of ye."

"I see. But why can't you find this evidence and bring it to me?"

"I hain't no lawyer. I dunno what to fetch. It's got to be a feller that knows his business. Now I tell ye what—so's you'n' me needn't to be seen together. I'll jest give ye the key to the side door, and you kin git a duplicate filed in the mornin'. And mail the real key right back to me. And I'll be there workin', and you kin come into town on the quiet, and jest let yourself in whenever it looks safe to ye."

Downs hesitated, but the opportunity was too tempting.

"To-morrow night?" he asked.

"Yes. . . . Here's the key."

Downs pocketed the little implement, discussed details for another ten minutes with Ovid, and drove back to Higgins Bridge well satisfied with a night's work which should lead to profits larger than he had ever hoped to win.

IT WAS well after darkness had fallen on Tuesday night when Lawyer Downs drove out of Higgins Bridge. He carried, as was his custom, a large leather brief case with his name printed on the flap in gold letters, and hoped to return to his office before morning with this receptacle well filled with evidence which none knew how to use more efficiently than he.

At the edge of Coldriver he parked his car in the woods, and walked into town by dark roads, keeping to the shadows, so that none might be able to testify that they had seen him in that place. His watch pointed to midnight before he emerged from a clump of lilacs beside the barber shop and slunk along the wall to the side door of the bank.

He paused before the door, hesitating even at the last minute, ready to draw back at the least warning of danger. The pause was but for an instant; he reached toward the keyhole with the key which he had procured; but did not insert it. Before he could do so, the door opened inwardly and an urbane voice said:

"Come in, Mr. Downs. Glad to see ye any hour of the day or night. Step right in. Ye didn't keep me waitin' a minute. I allus did admire prompt folks."

Even then Mr. Downs would have withdrawn, but Scattergood's friendly hand was on his arm, drawing him inside.

"Step right into the office," he said, "and we kin thrash things out together amiable. Rest your feet. Ye kin smoke up if ye got a mind.

"Now, le's see. You come over with suthin' in mind, didn't ye? Kind of got it into your head the' was suthin' wrong with the bank, didn't ye?"

Downs grunted.

"Figgered I was committin' some shenanigan to the detriment of the depositors. And you, bein' an upright man of the law, calc'lated to pertect the innocent. Yes, sir, you jest plumb aimed to git evidence and make me disgorge, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Mr. Downs.

"I admire your enterprise," said Scattergood. "Near's I kin make out, you're one of the most enterprisin' fellers in this neck of the woods. You've done perty well fer yourself, hain't ye, Downs? Make a fair sight of money one way and another?"

"Yes," said Mr. Downs.

"Had a lot of experience, hain't ye?"

"I have."

"But the's one experience ye hain't never had yit. Know what it is?"

"No."

"It's bein' shot through the head with a rifle," said Scattergood.

"Are you threatening me?"

"Farthest thought from my mind. I calc'late to pertect ye. Now, I hain't so het up about your health, Mr. Downs. But I got a firm prejudice agin friends of mine soilin' their hands with blood. Savin' you is a kind of a by-product; savin' that friend of mine from shootin' off his gun is the main business of this here factory. . . Because he's this kind of a feller, that what he shoots at he hits."

"You mean somebody plans to murder me?"

"I don't calc'late he looks at it as murder. But then, him and the law might not agree exact. And you can't cure a wrong by committin' another one. . . . No, if he was jest contemplatin' hoss-whippin' ye within an inch of your life, I dunno's I'd interfere. I'd let nature take its course."

"Who wants to shoot me?"

"Feller by the name of Roth."

Mr. Downs uttered a peculiar and unpleasant sound.

"Know him, don't ye?"

"Yes."

"Figgered you did. . . . But let's you'n' me talk about you. And about appearances and things. Now, I could 'a' played a perty mean trick onto you, Downs, if I'd 'a' been a-mind to. Knowin' the kind of a feller you be, I could 'a' bamboozled ye suthin' scandalous. Look where ye be now! Kind of compromisin', hain't it? Prowlin' around a bank with a key you had made to the door? Folks might figger you wa'n't lookin' after their in'rests so much as you was lookin' after what was in the safe."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Downs.

"I contrived it," said Scattergood. "Knowin' your bent for discoverin' things about folks, I figgered you'd be tickled to death to find out suthin' about me. I got money and I could pay high to keep it quiet. Eh? Anyhow, you swallered all Ovid Nixon told ye, and you had a key made and all, and here you be. Them facts kin be proved, especial the key part.

"W-al, if I'd 'a' been a mean man like some, I'd 'a' let ye go ahead, instid of welcomin' ye at the door. I'd 'a' let ye start fumblin' at the safe, and then I'd 'a' walked in on ye with the sheriff—and where'd you be? You'd be guilty of breakin' and enterin' in the night time, and nothin' in the world 'ud 'a' saved ye from a term in the penitentiary. But I thought mebbe if I fetched ye over here we could settle things amiable. So I fetched ye, and I've showed ye what I could do to ye if I'd a mind. Got that clear?"

"Yes. But you can't frighten me."

"I CALC'LATE you're a brave man," said Scattergood approvingly. "Well, if you're as brave as all that, why, good night to ye. I seen Roth leave his house with his gun, and he's crouchin' some'eres waitin'. . . . Still, I don't want nothin' like that to happen. Not to Roth."

"What do you want?" Downs asked, somewhat uneasily.

"W-al, seems to me you didn't act jest fair and aboveboard, accordin' to the way a lawyer ought to act—not when ye enticed young Jim Roth to gamble down in your town. Especial, when you didn't play fair, and kep' on cheatin' the boy till he was owin' ye nine-ten hundred dollars."

"You can't prove it," said Downs.

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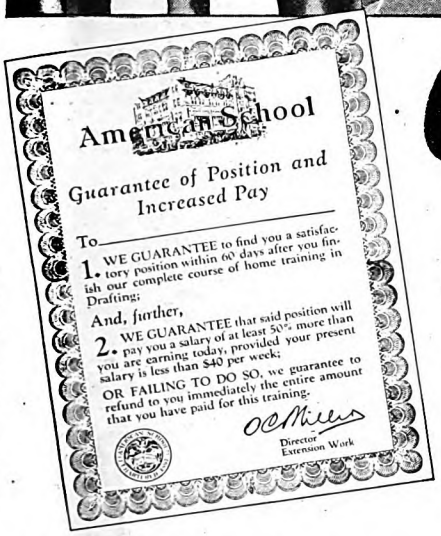

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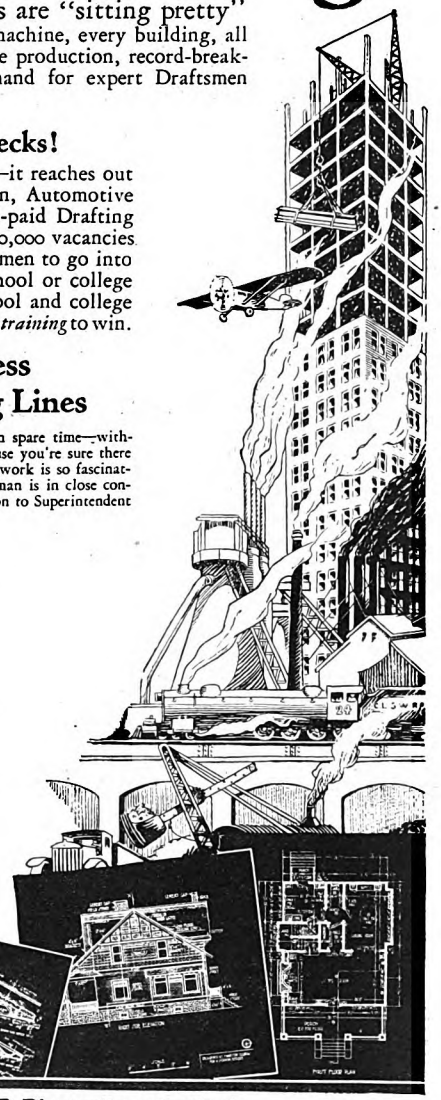

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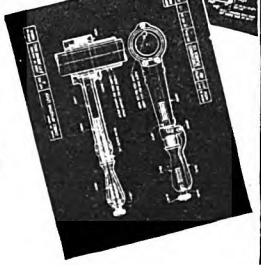

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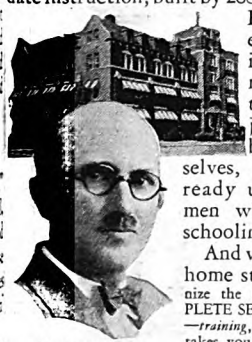

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"I don't have to prove it," said Scattergood suavely. "I know it. . . . And then ye got him to sign his pa's name to a note. He didn't want to, did he? But you, Downs, says to him that it wa'n't no forgery, because you didn't calc'late ever to use the note, only for security. You says to him, says you, that he'd be mighty anxious to pay up and git that forged note back, and so you'd druther have it than one signed by him. . . . And you said you'd go to his pa if he didn't."

"You can't prove it!"

"Be ye sure?" asked Scattergood. "I'm a contrivin' feller. I kin prove a sight of things folks think I can't. I kin prove Roth's been a-payin' you blackmail ever since. You've dang nigh ruined him, and you've got him real desprit."

"Jim Roth forged that note."

"Not in intention," said Scattergood. "He jest done it to put himself in your power, so's you'd have better security for him payin' up. He never contemplated robbin' his father. . . . And so I calc'lated to toll ye over here like I done, so's we could have a kind of friendly talk."

"What do you want?"

"FUST off, I want back that there note ye been a-holdin' over Roth's head. And next I want back what money Roth's paid to ye—plus legal int'rest.

"And then, I want ye to go off some'eres a long ways from here. You're too dog-gone enterprisin' fer us simple folks. You got too much git-up-and-git. About as fur as Californy," Scattergood ended pleasantly. "What say?"

"No!"

"It's the middle of the night," said Scattergood, "and you hain't aware of anybody seein' you come here, be ye?"

"No."

"So nobody'd know you'n' me had this talk—but mebbe Ovid yonder. And you could move to Californy 'thout excitin' no comment. Jest a perty rich man goin' to a pleasant climate to spend his declinin' years. . . . It's a choice, Downs. Seems like you got three choices. That's one. Jest walkin' out and seein' what'll happen is two; and gittin' disbarred and sent to jail for doin' what a lawyer's got no business to do is the last. Which'll ye have?"

"None," said Mr. Downs belligerently. "You can't prove a thing!"

"Jim Roth is back," said Scattergood. "I found him and fetched him."

"I'll jail him," said Downs.

"Not by no means," said Scattergood. "I been a-lookin' into one-two transactions of yourn. Hey, Ovid, send in Mr. Sweers."

THE door opened and a well-dressed gentleman of middle age appeared. "Mr. Downs, this here is Mr. Sweers, from Boston. Don't look like one of these here detectives ye kin hire, does he?"

"I'm really a hardware salesman," said Mr. Sweers, with a meaning smile.

"Now, supposin'," said Scattergood, "Mr. Sweers had been probin' into your affairs, and had run onto how you bribed the jury in the Riddle case, and had got confessions out of three jurors. How about that? And what if he dug into the records, and found out how you handled them trust funds of the Webber estate, and sold 'em wuthless lands of your own through a third party! That's jest two items; both'll lead to disbarment, and nobody kin say what the Grand Jury'll do."

"If I were you," said Mr. Sweers, "I would consider carefully."

Mr. Downs looked uneasily at the window. It was black outside. He was in the enemy's country and in the enemy's hands—and guilt was on his conscience. What if Scattergood *had* unearthed the truth about that jury fixing, or about the Webber estate? And could prove it. . . . Courage is at lowest ebb just between midnight and morning.

"I calc'late we better call the sheriff," said Scattergood. "He's goin' to be obdurate."

"Wait," said Mr. Downs.

"I'm goin' to count up to ten," said Scattergood. "When I git to the end, the sheriff comes. . . . One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ."

Mr. Downs held out until "six," but the pressure of events was too much for him. His courage broke. "What do you want?" he asked again.

"I tole ye once," said Scattergood. "Seven". . .

"You win!" said Downs.

"Where's the note—the Roth note?"

Downs took a wallet out of his pocket. "I pretended to keep it in my safe," he said; "but I've carried it with me."

Scattergood tore it to bits. "Now, I got principal and interest figgered. Jest make out a check fer the amount. I guarantee it's correct."

Mr. Downs signed, scowling.

"Now," said Scattergood, "I calc'late ye got to be kind of uncomfortable till mornin'. Till Roth kin cash this check. You might git it into your head to stop payment. So we'll have ye stay right here till he telephones he's got the money. . . . A couple of the boys'll see you don't go stirrin' around. . . . And then fer Californy. I hope you behave so's folks'll be fonder of ye there than they be here. . . . The boys is standin' outside, so don't git the idee of goin' away no'eres. . . . G'-by, Downs."

MR. SWEERS and Scattergood left the bank and walked up the street.

"I never said you was no detective, did I?" Scattergood asked.

"And I told him outright I was a hardware salesman," said Mr. Sweers, who had been selling stock to Scattergood for years.

"We didn't even tell him we investigated them cases," said Scattergood. "All we done was to say, 'What if he had?'"

"He was in a state of mind to draw conclusions," said Mr. Sweers.

"I'm obleeged to ye," said Scattergood. "Now, I'm a-goin' to roust out Martin Roth and tell him he kin go acrost and wake up Lucy and tell her they kin marry whenever they want to. I don't calc'late she'll object to bein' disturbed."

"She will not," said Mr. Sweers.

"Ever study snakes?" asked Scattergood.

"Not much. Why?"

"W-al, I reached the conclusions the best way to git rid of one was to make him bite himself. . . . Which Mr. Downs was accommodatin' enough to do . . . .G'-by, Mr. Sweers!"

More Letters to Louise

(*Continued from page 29*)

age, and asked her to come down to the bank and spend a few hours with him. He goes to work before she is out of bed in the morning, has lunch before she gets home from school, and frequently works at night.

I suspect she was bored at the bank, for he was busy much of the time; but I know that having her there within sight was a treat to him. How he loves that kid!

Do you know how many times I have had you to myself within the past six months? Just once. We were going to a show at the county seat, five of us, and I schemed and got my ducks in a row so we had the back seat all to ourselves. You did the talking and I listened, and I enjoyed every foot of the eighteen-mile ride as much as you enjoyed the show.

I am not writing this to ask that you make yourself unhappy in order to make me happy. I want no martyrs in this family.

But I want you to understand that any drifting apart that may occur is not of my doing. I want to be your port in time of storm and your squire when pleasure is afoot; and whenever you can spare a few hours from your studies and piano practice and skating and basketball and reading and sewing, I'm ready to drop this prosaic business of working for a living, and demonstrate just how well an old-timer can spread himself when he sets out to show a lady a good time.

Cultivate friends by the thousand if you can. It's easier now while you are young. Enjoy your kid world all you can.

But don't shut Dad out. I may not always understand, and at times I may seem too bossy to merit comradeship; but I'm a good hand to listen to troubles, and whatever happens I'll be on your side.

I seem to have been a long while in getting at the point, but what I mean is that I'd like to be a kind of buddy of yours if you think I'll do.

OLD LONELY DAD.

Letter Number 3

MY DEAR LOUISE: I think it high time to discuss with you the art of reading books. You have read a great deal, but you have read unfairly. You have cheated. And by cheating you have lost much.

You have browsed through the bookcases at will, devouring Stevenson, Mark Twain, Poe, Kipling, Wilde; and yet I suspect that I can open at random any volume you have read and find a word you cannot adequately define.

Doubtless, you got the meaning of the

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word from the context as you read; but a word isn't yours until you can define and use it, and to skip the big words in reading is like skipping the work in an arithmetic problem and getting the answer out of the back of the book.

If reading offered no other profit than the entertainment to be got out of the story, your method would be wholly satisfactory. But the real profit consists in the knowledge you absorb, and the particular value of fiction lies in the fact that it wishes knowledge upon you when you don't realize that you are being instructed.

This painless method of getting knowledge—having ideas sneaked into your head while a story-teller keeps you off guard—is a very ancient business, and has been popular in all ages; but to get the full value of fiction, you must be fair to the author. You must know, or at once discover, the meaning of every word he uses, else you miss part of his tale.

I know people who skip all descriptions of weather and scenery and read only the conversation. They are but doing on a larger scale what you are doing when you skip big words.

I WISH I could make you understand how important words are and how urgently you need them. They aren't just collections of letters. They are the tools your brain uses to think with. No brain can think beyond the vocabulary it has on hand, and to brush aside a word your brain needs is like brushing aside food your body needs.

Every word in your dictionary was coined by some man to express an idea or a bit of knowledge, and you can't get the idea or absorb the knowledge until you understand the words.

Every word you learn makes you richer, broadens your horizon, equips your mind to reach out further. Don't skip words. Collect and treasure them.

A girl of thirteen is nobody's fool. You know what you enjoy and what you don't enjoy. If you read an unenjoyable book because somebody says you should read it, you get very little present profit and remember the book only as an unpleasant experience.

There are dishes you do not like, and it would be both unfair and unintelligent to force them on you.

I don't want your mind to be a dumping ground for other people's ideas. It is no mark of intelligence to read many books, and accept without question all that they contain. When you have read a book that tells one side of the story and almost persuades you to believe, I want you to be judicious enough to find a book that tells the other side, and then, to form your own opinion.

The portion of your anatomy that you inelegantly call your "bean" is intended to be a manufacturing plant, not a warehouse for second-hand goods.

Read those things that you can read with gusto and digest after reading, and leave other works to those who can appreciate them. That was Roosevelt's plan, and few men of his time had a wider range of knowledge than his or a culture more complete.

If you think a book is rot, say it is rot, though all the critics in the world exhaust their vocabularies to praise it.

Just be Louise, without shame or pretense. Any half-wit can be an echo.

Yours for individuality, DAD.

Letter Number 4

MY DEAR LOUISE: It isn't at all easy to write letters like this one, for pity persists in interfering with what I conceive to be duty.

Whenever I feel an urge to criticize you, I remember the morning they brought Miss Donnie home from the hospital. She lay with her head on a satin pillow, and you wanted to touch her face. I wouldn't let you, for I was afraid the memory of that coldness would make you afraid at night.

We walked out into the back yard, where the roses were budding and the dew on the grass was sparkling in the light of the newly-risen sun, and you leaned against the fence and looked at me dry-eyed.

It seemed so strange that you should be dry-eyed, for you were almost ten years old and you had loved Miss Donnie dearly. But you had known much bitter experience before I adopted you, and it had taught you to keep your feelings far beneath the surface.

You looked at me dry-eyed; but there was sorrow beyond measure in your voice when you said, "Oh, Daddy, I have had two mothers and both of them are dead!"

It is not an easy thing to be a parent when it is necessary to reprove.

The other night a boy little older than yourself brought you home from a party in his father's car. You had gone to the party at twilight, quite unattended, and I expected you to walk home with some of the little girls who live near.

There was no particular harm in what you did, for there was no particular harm in the boy; but it reminded me that a girl of thirteen is no longer an infant, and it gave me cause for some anxiety. I didn't scold you at the time, for I didn't know just what to say.

I want to talk with you about this boy business.

You're not in danger of making a ghastly idiot of yourself, for I have heard you express scorn of girls who, in your own language, have "boy on the brain."

I want you to have boy friends, for a girl who grows up without them is a one-sided girl, just as a boy who grows up without girl friends or sisters is a one-sided boy.

But you aren't going riding with boys at night—not even around the block, not now at the age of thirteen, or five years from now at the age of eighteen—not until you have finished high school; not ever, in fact, with my approval.

It may be that you think yourself a young lady and your dad an old crank. I can't blame you. When I was your age, my parents seemed enemies who were forever thwarting me and interfering with my plans, when I felt fully capable of deciding all matters without assistance. It is a youngster's nature.

You are in the eighth grade, and have learned to say "math" for "mathematics" and "dip" for "diploma," and that sounds very collegiate and sophisticated; but, honestly and truly, you don't know everything yet.

You and I know girls little older than yourself who ride about with the boys until all hours. Sometimes they tell their parents they are going to a party when there is no party. One of them, you remember, climbed out her bedroom window to go riding and sneaked in the same way after midnight.

There aren't many like that, but a few are too many. Have you noticed their faces? Yours is sweet, for a heart that is sweet and good keeps it that way. Theirs are heavily rouged and hard. They laugh loudly when there is nothing to laugh about, and when they are on the street they try very hard to attract attention.

Poor kids! I feel sorry for them, for I know what is in store. In just a little while the boys who take them riding now will despise them.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not afraid of your becoming like them. I remember the loud and brazen and silly young woman we saw a few weeks ago, and I remember the look of infinite disgust on your face. When you caught me looking at you, you laughed, and said, in a tone not wholly innocent of the Pharisee, "Daddy, if ever I get like that, please drown me."

I'm not worried, but I want this boy business settled once and for all.

In just a little while you'll be pairing off as the other youngsters do, for parties and picnics and things of that kind; and if you don't, you'll be left out and will have no fun at all.

All right. I paired off that way when I was in my early teens, and I came to no bad end. I want you to have a good time, all the good times there are in store for you. For that matter, I like to see a colt run free in a pasture, but not where there is barbed wire. I have seen colts cut on the barbs.

THE important business of our home for the next few years is to provide a pleasant setting for you. I want the right kind of boys and girls to feel at home in it.

But the boys who wish to enjoy your society must come to your home to enjoy it. The first one or the last one to stop a car in front of the house and honk for you will drive away all by himself—and if I happen not to be in a good humor, he will drive away with a bug in his ear.

My elder sister was fourteen when the first boy sought the privilege of taking her to a party. She wept and fled, and that was all the answer the poor astonished kid ever got.

You wouldn't do that. You would be embarrassed and act a goose, but you would be thrilled and you would come whooping into my room like a wild Indian to tell me the great news. How romantic you are! But it doesn't matter. I am grateful for your temper and your sense of personal dignity. And if ever a young whipper-snapper tries to kiss you, I hope your finger nails will be short enough not to do his face permanent injury.

Think old dad a crank if you must, but remember that he has a perfectly good houlder to cry on whenever you feel that way. Respectfully, DAD.

P. S. It seems odd to sign it "respectfully," but why shouldn't a dad respect his daughter?

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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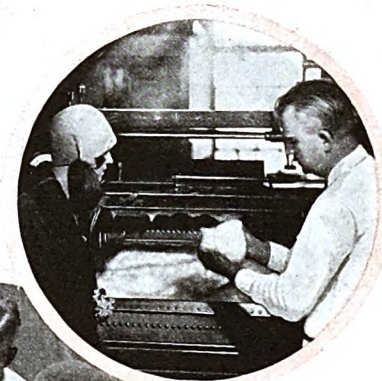
Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner

. . . *because* the standards of cleanliness in the modern laundry are so exacting that they cannot possibly be equaled by even the most painstaking domestic methods ✤ No laundress, however willing—no home equipment, however elaborate—can duplicate the inviting freshness of sweet, spotless, laundry-washed clothes ✤ *And here's why:* When you wash at home it is impossible for you to give your clothes the beneficial effects of the rainsoft water that modern laundries use. . . You are physically unable to bathe and rinse your things in 600 gallons of cleansing water, as is regularly done in present-day laundries ✤ Home washing methods will never be able to compete successfully with the magnificent laundry equipment that so gently removes dirt from every fabric pore ✤ And you naturally lack the specialized knowledge so essential to the scientific preparation of the soaps, starches and mild clarifying agents that impart to laundry-washed clothes their inviting immaculateness ✤ As a result, there is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering—a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *are* cleaner, purer and longer-lasting.

The LAUNDRY *does it best*



The rich, dirt-dissolving suds that penetrates every fabric pore—a result of the water-softening process

Frequent testing of laundry water assures the degree of softness so essential to the cleaner washing of clothes

Why Laundry-washing is cleaner

Of the many laundry-features that assure superior cleanliness, none is more important than the filtered, softened water used in the modern laundry. Articles washed in this pure, rainsoft water are quickly cleansed with a minimum amount of soap and gentle bathing and rinsing. The soft-water process guards against the hard water scum that fills fabric pores and colors clothes grey. It eliminates the vigorous rubbing and home chemical treatment necessary to combat this scum. It cleans things *clean*.

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SUCCESS in investing money is really a very simple thing — the selection of safe securities, bought from a house of integrity, responsibility, and experience.

Most if not all of the losses of the American public in worthless securities—estimated at more than half a billion dollars a year — would be avoided if every one followed the rule of careful selection in investing money.

Careful selection of one's investment dealer—careful selection of the investment itself—these are the watchwords of safety. Inquire—analyze—investigate—before you invest.

S. W. STRAUS & CO. call the attention of prudent and cautious investors to their current offerings of sound bonds, yielding as high as 5½—6%, and invite thorough analysis of these securities. As a first step in your investigation, call or write for

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I've Been a Different Woman Since I Got Myself a Job

SHOULD a wife, the mother of young children, work outside the home? We hear a great many arguments nowadays, both for and against. But I have noticed that most of those in favor base their arguments on financial grounds; that is, they argue that when the husband's pay check won't meet the family's needs it is well for the wife to add to their income. But working has meant much more to me than the mere money involved. I wonder if there are not many cases like my own.

Before my marriage I had been graduated from college. I resigned a good position to marry a man who drew a salary plenty big enough to support both of us. In the first six years of our married life, four baby girls arrived to brighten our home. The salary which had been more than enough for two dwindled and shrank alarmingly when forced to provide for six.

My husband had to appear at his place of business looking well-groomed and prosperous. Consequently, the economizing had to be done within the home. Outside help was dispensed with. Old garments were made over for the kiddies, and as for myself, when it came to clothes, ten dollars had to do the work of thirty.

MEN cannot seem to grasp the fact that it is impossible for women to look modish and attractive without the money to buy clothes and hats and accessories. Instead of being praised for my economy, I was usually met with remarks from my husband such as: "My sister certainly has the knack of buying clothes. She always looks suitably dressed. Somehow, your clothes never do look quite right."

Of course they never did—when I bought for durability and cheapness and without any regard to becomingness or style. But how useless to point out that his sister had more money at her disposal to dress herself with than I had for myself and all four of our children! My husband continued to be vaguely discontented. He seemed to think it was just a matter of "managing." He continued to speak of the charming costumes of his sister, or some of our more prosperous friends, and his tailor bills suffered no diminution.

After a time, although I'm sure my husband didn't admit even to himself that he was ashamed of his household drudge, he contrived never to be seen in public with her. Did we plan an outing? "All right," he would say, "you run along with the kiddies. Perhaps I can join you later." But somehow he was always detained at the office.

He stopped bringing his business acquaintances home to dinner. Instead, they stayed in town and dined at the hotel. And day by day I grew more and more bitter to think of my husband's ingratitude when I had given up everything for his sake.

But there is such a thing as misplaced unselfishness. I didn't try to look at his side of the question. I didn't realize that I could not be either companionable or stimulating. I had ceased to be an individual, and had become merely the mother of my husband's children—dowdy, run-down-at-heel, and mentally on a level with the laundress I couldn't afford. He could not feel the pride every husband has a right to feel in his wife.

JUST at this time, to make things pleasanter, my health began to give way. The worry and work had proved too much.

As it happened, this was my salvation. I had a couple of days of enforced leisure, lying flat on my back in bed. It gave me a chance to take stock of myself, and I decided then and there that I had been playing a pretty poor hand and was entitled to a new deal.

I got up out of that bed, and for the first time in years I visited a beauty parlor. A facial massage and a manicure were followed up by a becoming bob and a permanent wave. I walked out rejuvenated by at least five years.

Then I went to a smart dress shop and bought some clothes, pretty ones. I didn't buy them because they were so uninteresting that they had never been in—therefore could never get out of—style. I didn't buy them with an eye to making them over year after year on down through the ages. I selected them for two excellent reasons: because they were pretty and because they suited me. In that shop, I dropped another five years. Then, sweeping some more years' accumulation of cobwebs from my brain, I sallied forth into the world of business, and found an office position with a good salary attached.

I discovered a congenial, home-loving woman who needed a home, and was willing to look after the children and do the housework for a reasonable wage. I hired a laundress one day a week, and a cleaning woman by the day when we needed her.

I had been a square peg in a round hole, dissipating all my God-given energy in doing poorly the work which, under the new régime, was easily and well done by paid workers.

The household machinery runs much more smoothly now than when I was directing it. The children are well cared for, and happier than when they had a nagging mother irritated to death by the twenty-four-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week contact. And their rejuvenated mother is a much more cheerful companion for evenings and week-ends than the tired, nervous, depleted woman of the olden days.

Did it pay? Does it pay the caterpillar to change into a butterfly? I am once more an individual, able to think of something besides rent, the price of fuel, the high cost of groceries. I no longer have to haggle and worry over prices before buying. I have regained health, confidence, and self-respect. Even friend husband is beginning to sit up and take notice!

A. B.

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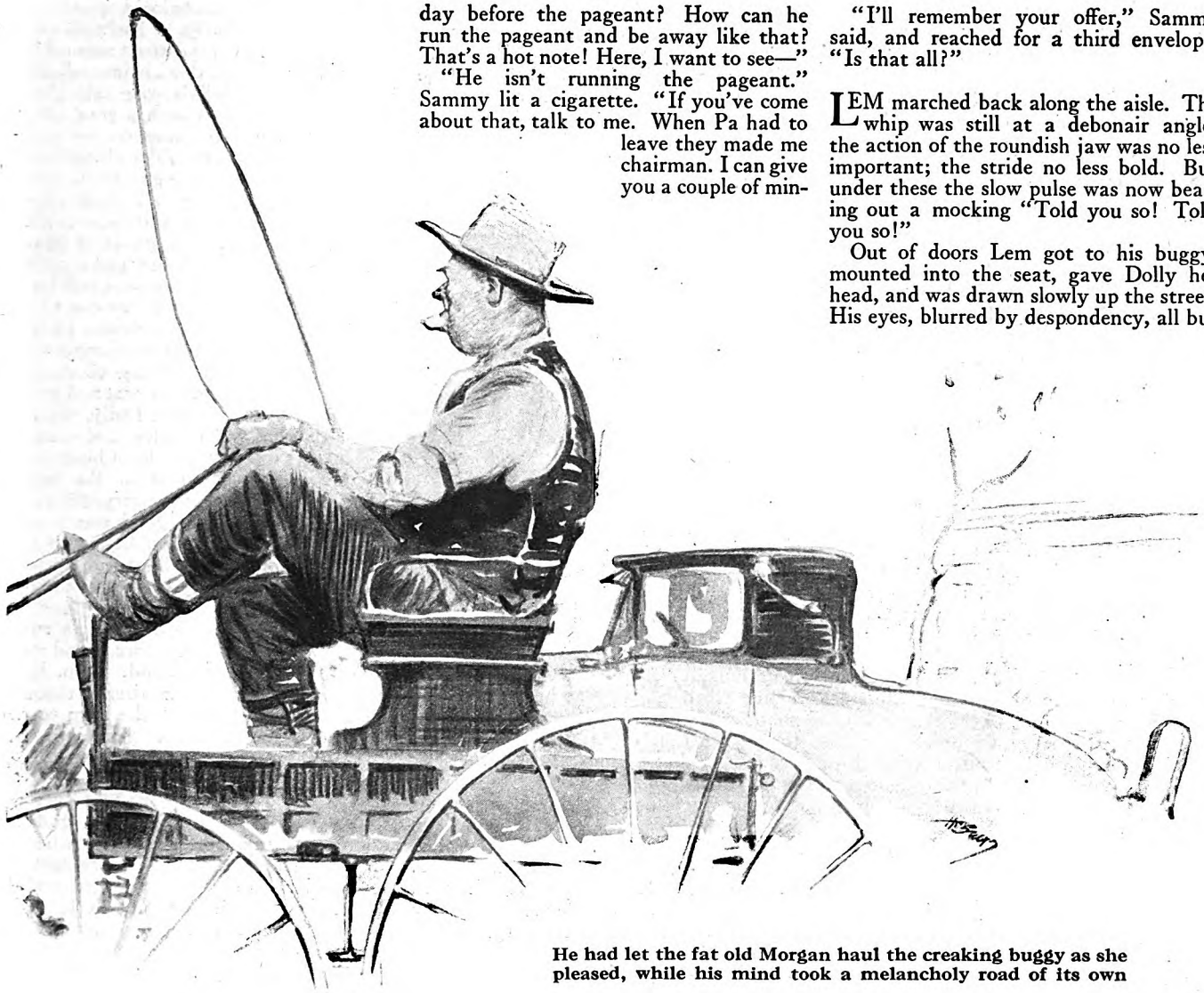

He had let the fat old Morgan haul the creaking buggy as she pleased, while his mind took a melancholy road of its own

pa? I figured to find your pa here. Don't the old rip ever 'tend to business?"

Luther Brekke's son blotted the envelope before he turned to frown at the shapelessly comfortable shoes peeling dry mud onto the clean floor. "What can I do for you, Lem?"

Lem got a good hold on his resentment then. A little while back there'd have been a "Mr. Grow" tacked onto that question. "What! What's a-matter with your ears? I want your pa."

"What's the matter with your eyes? Can't you see Pa's out?"

SAM'S manner quickened the warning pulse, "Look out! Look out!" but Lem held to his resentment. "Lippy young squirt!" . . . "Ain't anything wrong with my eyes, Sammy, m'boy. And you'll be danged lucky if you can say as much when you get to be seventy-seven. You can just bet your bottom dollar you can! I can see your pa's out; but what I want to know is where's he out to?"

"Out of town." Sammy began to address another envelope.

"Well! When'll he be back?"

"Not till the nineteenth."

"The nineteenth!" Lem did not need to reckon up to that date. "Why, say! That's the day before the pageant. You don't mean he's staying away till the day before the pageant? How can he run the pageant and be away like that? That's a hot note! Here, I want to see—"

"He isn't running the pageant." Sammy lit a cigarette. "If you've come about that, talk to me. When Pa had to leave they made me chairman. I can give you a couple of minutes, I guess." Injured pride sharpened Sammy's voice.

This young squirt and his crowd running the pageant! That settled it. Despair gave heat to Lem's retort. "Two minutes 'r' just a minute and a half more'n I need, young fella, me lad. You can just bet your coat and pants on that! I only dropped in to tell your pa that if there was anything I could do to make this pageant a success, he only'd need to call me. And I'll tell you the same. And then I'm done."

Lem's head bobbed a proud, emphatic period to his statement. He had offered, but nobody could say he'd come a-begging a place in their danged show! They couldn't, by Gol! Again, though, the pride was only on the surface. Beneath was a sick despair. For Sam's smile made it plain that this present pageant was to be very different from the one with which Pilot Grove had celebrated its fiftieth birthday. The star performer of twenty-five years before was to be not merely reduced—he was to be shelved.

"I'll remember your offer," Sammy said, and reached for a third envelope. "Is that all?"

LEM marched back along the aisle. The whip was still at a debonair angle; the action of the roundish jaw was no less important; the stride no less bold. But under these the slow pulse was now beating out a mocking "Told you so! Told you so!"

Out of doors Lem got to his buggy, mounted into the seat, gave Dolly her head, and was drawn slowly up the street. His eyes, blurred by despondency, all but missed Matt Kahler, talking at the curb with a stranger, a young fellow with an inquisitive, good-natured face.

Even when they did pick him up, Lem wavered. Immediately it had come to him that Matt must have influence with the pageant committee. If he put it up to Matt, Matt would see he wasn't left out in the cold. But he was reluctant, and the approach he finally made was poor.

"'Lo, Matt!"

"'Lo, Lem!" Matt continued his talk with the stranger.

Later, Lem appreciated that the reply had been shaped by his own greeting. He had been casual. Matt was casual in turn. But the immediate result was to increase Lem's melancholy. He slapped the reins

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upon Dolly's rump. It was, he told himself, high time that he moved along. When he'd come to be such a has-been that old-timers like Matt Kahler hadn't any more to say to him than, "Hello," it was time he went off and got himself a hole and crawled in and pulled the hole after him.

"Just a no-account, piddling old rooster. That's what they think I am." The confession brought a brisk ear jerk from Dolly, and that gave him back courage enough to add, "They can all go to hell in a hand basket; an' I'll buy 'em the basket!" They might think now that he wasn't worth bothering about. But, by Gol, there'd been a time . . . you bet there had!

AS DOLLY drew beyond the town's last house onto a graveled road stretching between endless fields of corn and of shocked grain, his mind turned back to that time, groping for the consolation which memory brings to the vanity of an old man who is being forgotten by a heedless world which once had marked admiringly his every arrival and departure.

By Gol! No matter how they acted now, once none of them had missed him when he came down the street. And they'd had reason. Right from the start they'd had reason. A twelve-year-old tike, with the nerve to bring a stage-coach twenty miles ahead of a bunch of half-breeds on the war path, was worth noticing. You bet your bottom dollar he was!

His pride came back as he relived that first of a series of triumphs which had made him a celebrity for so long that he had come to believe fame an irrevocable privilege: The wounded driver's halt at the Widow Grow's sod shanty. The family's frightened rush to the coach. The dismaying realization that the driver was no longer able to drive. The nervous, desperate attempt. Then the exhilarating discovery that twelve-year-old hands were adequate—and the wild flight over hills, across flats, and plowed fields, the coach rocking until its flanks scraped first this wheel, then that. And always behind, creeping nearer and nearer, the dozen Sioux come down from their reservation for a last, futile revenge against the whites who had broken their rebellion the year before. And finally the proud arrival in Pilot Grove.

"Handled 'em like an old-timer!" That had been the tribute of the wounded driver. "A real horseman!" That had been the tribute of the town.

The fame of the exploit was still bright at fourteen, when he became a stage-coach driver in earnest. The youngest stage-coach driver anywhere. More fame! For in those days the most ordinary of the dusty, swaggering, competent men who urged their four-horse hitches over the impossible roads with the necessities of a pioneer state was a personage.

EVEN after the stage-coach passed away, fame remained. Almost at once Pilot Grove began to point to its surviving driver as a colorful reminder of a glorious past. "See that old fellow? Stage-coach driver from the time he was a kid. Handled four horses when he wasn't hardly big enough to throw a harness over a horse's back. The last one around these parts. You ought to hear his stories. Wait a minute, and I'll call him over."

Danged well right, Lem reflected. One time and another he had, in his way, been as much somebody as Luther Brekke with his store, or Matt Kahler with his

bank and racing horses. But now, he admitted to Dolly, he was—he was—plain nobody.

Just when it was that he had become nobody he found it hard to decide. Sometime after that other pageant, though; because in that he had reached the peak of his distinction.

"The whole danged show, that's what I was," he told Dolly; and she looked back with such a wise smirk that he thought she more than half understood. "But now!" He drooped in his seat.

Now nobody cared anything at all about him. Nobody stopped him any more to introduce some admiring visitor. A new generation had come up, and by this he was forgotten. Fresh young squirts like Sammy Brekke!

He came to the fair grounds. Turning in, he tied Dolly behind the grand-stand and went to harness Kahler's gelding. He hitched that sleek black horse to a sulky and drove onto the race track. His sigh, as the gelding's speed threw a breeze against his face, had pleasure in it. It was something to have a go now and then behind a good horse.

Next, he sighed for the good horses he had driven in the past. And some of his humbled pride rose up as he reflected that he had never, in all his days, lifted reins from the back of a poor horse. By Gol, he hadn't! A stage-coach driver had been only half a driver if he hooked up to poor horses. And that he had never done. There was deep satisfaction in the knowledge. He had never given people a chance to make fun, as Luman Bly had, when Lu took to hauling stuff with a pair of old scrubs. You bet he hadn't!

With the emphasized reiteration Lem thought thankfully of Dolly. A good driving horse was hard to find now that automobiles had ousted all but plow horses from the county. But Dolly was real Morgan stock; and she would do. She would do as long as he had need of a horse.

Melancholy returned as he thought of the little time he had left; and when he reached his farm it had a firm hold upon him. The quietness there strengthened the hold. He didn't want quietness.

"A nice little hullabaloo'd please me fine," he said to Dolly. "Right down to my toes. I ain't cut out to sit around like a bump on a log." Although, immediately, he agreed with Dolly's wise side glance that a man who had such a good chunk of land ought not to complain too much.

He surveyed the oblong little brown house, with the high porch which helped to give the effect of an old coach come to rest, and the surrounding fields with their stacks of alfalfa, brown underneath but green on top where the last cutting was still fresh.

"Anyway," he said, "we don't have to ask no favors of nobody, Dolly."

A man was safe from that when he owned an eighty with a good stand of alfalfa on it. Bet your coat and pants!

But as he followed Dolly, trotting with clink of buckles and slap of leather into the tiny barn built sensibly against the rear of the house, he was aware that security, alone, did not suffice. What good was money in the bank, he thought, as he tied Dolly into her stall, if you weren't anything but an old rooster nobody ever noticed?

The good-night slap on Dolly's rump lacked its usual cheery force, and that astute horse looked around. Lem, however, did not see. He was already through the door which led from the barn to the woodshed and through that into the kitchen.

THE woodshed, with its split fuel for the cook-stove on one side, and its quartered sections of logs for the heater on the other, had always before aroused satisfaction, because of the forehandedness it betokened. But now it left him dull and listless. The kitchen, too, had as little effect, although its easy bachelor disorder had been a great source of pleasure. He was wont to boast that he was a master-hand at housekeeping. He knew just when to pull up short and give the whole shebang a danged good cleaning.

His parlor-dining-room was in front of the kitchen; and west of the parlor was the tiny bedroom, where, in relaxed comfort, he could watch the changing lights of the cloak which floated back from the retreating shoulders of the sun, a cloak that was bright red and vermilion, then rose and mauve, then gray and purple.

"That bedroom of mine," he told people in the days when they stopped him for his stories, "is the best place in the whole danged world to watch sunsets. I'll kiss a pig if it ain't, mister. You can see 'em till ten o'clock some of these August nights."

There, too, he could watch a fragile moon break through woolly, stippled clouds and spread its light, like a shining breath, over the alfalfa fields. And there he could fall into a long, easy sleep after the bowl of bread and milk he had learned was all he required for supper.

"How do I keep so hearty? Why, dang it, mister, by using common sense. An old rooster ought to give his innards their bulk early. That's the rule I follow. Bet your coat and pants!"

He thought of the boasts he had made about that so admirably situated bedroom and about the rules he had preached,

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and he found himself mumbling, "Bet your coat and pants!"

But there was no force in the sentence to-night. What was the use of saying it, of saying anything, when there wasn't anybody around to listen? His melancholy was deepened by a sense of sharp injustice. He rolled sleeplessly.

"It ain't as if I was going to be around to take up their time so danged long," he said. "It ain't as if any of 'em 'd be put out so blasted much." The corners of his stubborn old mouth fell.

As he dropped off to sleep, he told himself that perhaps if he were to go straight to Sammy and ask outright for a place in the pageant he'd get it. But he knew he never could do that. "Wouldn't ask a favor of that fresh, lippy young squirt for a forty-dollar cow." His eyes, almost shut, shot a spark out from their faded blue. "A hot pageant! Historic, my left hind foot!" That final condemnation, however, was no consolation either then or when he awoke.

Nor did he find it any in the days which followed. Instead, a mounting sense of worthlessness galled him, even in the erstwhile enjoyable task of tracking the gelding. This took full possession of him as the pageant approached its opening day. The pageant was making a wide ripple.

The Minneapolis newspaper, brought every morning by rural free delivery, always contained a story signed, "By Special Correspondent." And it seemed to Lem that every soul he talked with had some rôle in the affair.

"As if I wasn't good as any of them coots," he said to Dolly. And it was into her ear that, finally, he confided his decision to go no more to Pilot Grove until after the pageant. "Catch me going there," he told her, "and giving every loudmouth a chance to say, 'Hey, Lem! Why ain't you in the show?' Not me, old girl!"

He was certain that, even without the reminder of his presence, they were talking about him. "Poor old Lem!" he imagined them saying; "he's as good as buried, only he don't know it." And he imagined the younger generation looking his way with puzzled faces. "Who is that old codger?" Yes! In his own town, he was become merely a bunch of white whiskers that stirred up no more than, "Who's the old Grandpop?" Grandpop! The poor Its!

The town had sung a lot different tune when the other pageant was on the fire. Then it had been "Lem, this and that," and, "Mr. Grow, the other thing."

Then, too, every day someone had brought a visitor around to hear him tell, and retell, those stories which were so vivid in his mind. The wild race with the Sioux. The Younger Brothers' raid—robbery, pursuit, battle, capture and all. The blizzard of '73, when he had kept his passengers alive in a soddy, first by burning the coach and finally by the body heat of the horses squeezed in with them. The bear—of the time he'd driven over a sleeping bear.

"Biggest surprise of that bear's life, mister. Chased me more'n a mile. I wouldn't shoot because she had a cub. By Gol! You should of heard the lady from Boston holler!"

And of another blizzard, when he had stumbled upon a house with a sick man in it, and had saved the man after all but losing his own life (*Continued on page 116*)

"Aw, blooey!" Sammy lost his temper. "I've got something else to do besides hunting horses. It'll have to be that rig or nothing"

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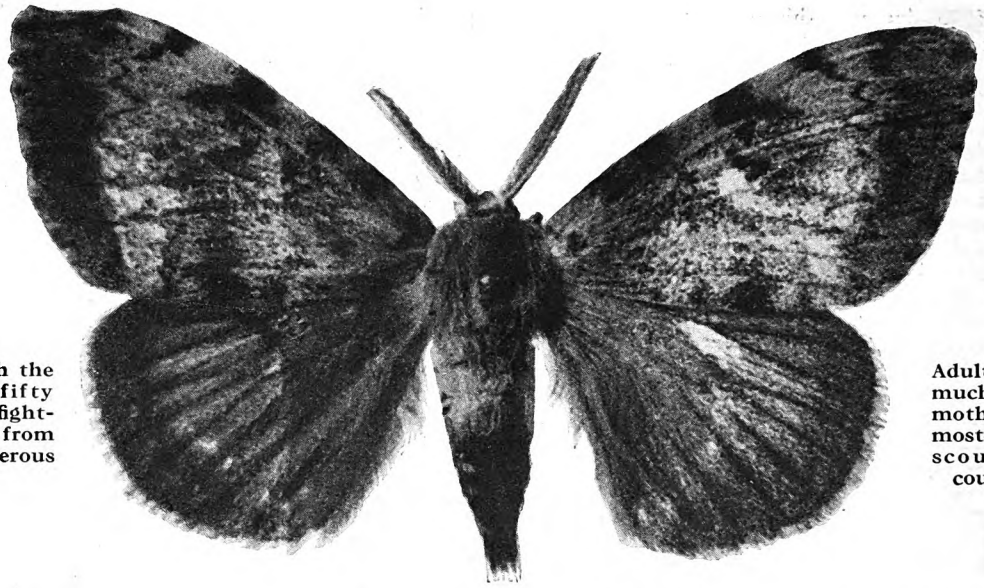

An interview with the man who for fifty years has been fighting to save you from your most dangerous enemies

Adult male gipsy moth, much magnified. This moth is one of the most formidable insect scourges that this country has to fight

The Greatest War Of All Time—Man Against The Insects

By M. K. Wisehart

BACK in 1869, a French scientist, Trouvelot, was conducting a series of entomological experiments at his home in Medford, Massachusetts. In those days, the existence of American silkworms was threatened by a peculiar kind of plague; and Trouvelot's idea was that, by crossing the moths of the domestic silkworm with moths of other species, he might produce a new creature that would spin silk, yet be immune from disease.

For the purpose of his experiment, the scientist imported from the Old World a number of hardy moths, among these being one well known in Europe, England, and Japan. In color, the male of this particular species is a yellowish buff or brown, about the shade of a gipsy's face—hence the name, "gipsy moth"! Little did Trouvelot foresee the disaster that was to follow the importation of this species into the United States! The millions that have been spent to subdue it! The ceaseless vigilance required to check its ravages and spread!

The trouble began one day when a puff of wind blew from a window sill of Trouvelot's home a small pasteboard box containing a few score eggs of the gipsy moth. A veritable Pandora's box! And Trouvelot realized this. Chroniclers of the event tell different stories of his effort to recover the eggs. Some say that he ran frantically about in the search; others that he went at it with a scientist's zeal, hunting with a magnifying glass among the grass and pebbles for the tiny things

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Photograph showing the fifteen-foot wheeled flame carriers recently developed to fight the European corn borer in this country

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about the size of the dot over this i! Two facts about the search we definitely know: He did not recover all the eggs. He did inform officials of the state of Massachusetts of the possible consequences.

For the reason that insects and their ways were not so well understood then as now, no heed was paid to this warning. Ten apparently harmless years passed. Another five years, and entomological observers were noting the presence of strange caterpillars in the vicinity of Boston. A few years more and, in some sections, gipsy moth caterpillars appeared in such numbers that the trees were stripped bare of foliage!

Caterpillars by the billions! Villages were overrun! Sidewalks were slippery with their crushed bodies! They crawled into houses. They made their appearance at dinner tables!

Then war was declared!

And this war has been raging for thirty-five years. It must be continued for as many more, perhaps indefinitely. The determination of this European invader, now well entrenched in a favorable environment, is perfectly plain—to eat the leaves off all the trees in New England, and then push on and find more worlds to conquer. Since leaves are the lungs of trees, death follows in the wake of repeated defoliation. How far this voracious horde will get, and in what numbers it will go, depends upon the skill and scientific strategy of the defenders—the economic entomologists.

It is one of the greatest wars against a single insect that the world has ever known. Never before has man set himself to battle so vigorously with one species, training armies of scouts and quarantine inspectors, developing costly apparatus for applying poison sprays, spending millions a year on the contest, employing all the science at his command; importing, breeding, and encouraging other species to battle with the menacing moth!

What will the outcome be?

RECENTLY, in Washington, D. C., I was talking with an entomologist who told me many astonishing things about this battle with the gipsy moth, about the great anti-insect war which is going on in every section of the country, and throughout the world. "*The insects,*" he said, "*are man's rivals for possession of this planet. They are damaging us infinitely more to-day than at any time since civilization began.*"

Now, this scientist, Dr. L. O. Howard, at the time I interviewed him was chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. For fifty years he has been in government service; for thirty-three he was chief entomologist, and now he has voluntarily resigned from the chiefship of his bureau, but will continue his work under the title of Senior Entomologist. He is known among newspaper men as "the St. Patrick of the insect realm." German and French scientists call him "the world leader of the economic entomologists."

As a boy, he began studying insects because they fascinated him. Soon, he began to see that most insects were a menace to the health, prosperity, and happiness of man. For forty-nine years he has been *fighting* them, and the outcome of this fight involves a nation's destiny. To-day, more than four hundred trained scientists are working under his leadership. The campaign against man's great enemy extends over scores of thousands of square miles, from New England to southern California, from the forest region of the Northwest to the orange groves of Florida! One of the first questions I asked Doctor Howard was: "How can I make clear to the average man the vast forces involved in this conflict, and the importance of it to all of us?"

"Well," he answered, "let us consider the situation that exists here in the United States: We have a very old assemblage of insect forms of infinite variety. Our remarkable variations in climate, in altitude, in rainfall, offer unique opportunities for the development of insect life, and the problem is complicated by our methods of agriculture. Nowhere else in the world are there such large contiguous areas given over to one crop, as in our corn, cotton, wheat, alfalfa, and fruit regions. Furthermore, it often happens that the way in which we grow our crops gives destructive insects a chance to multiply. In short, at no time in history have the insects had such unlimited opportunities for destruction (*Continued on page 67*)

(Above) Spraying woodland oaks eighty-five feet high for gipsy and brown-tailed moths. The hose used is a mile long and the stream rises one hundred feet before it breaks into spray. (In oval) Dr. Leland O. Howard, distinguished entomologist, until recently chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and known all over the world as an authority on insect life. Doctor Howard became a member of the staff of the Bureau of Entomology in 1878, and was made its chief in 1894. He resigned as chief voluntarily on reaching retirement age, but retained a place on the staff, so that he might continue his fight. He was born in Rockford, Illinois, in 1857

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A Mighty Little Woman But She's All Grit!

By William S. Dutton

LESS than twelve miles from North Platte the new dirt road ended; it ended abruptly in the midst of the range. Beyond were only two parallel ruts, which quickly vanished into the knee-high grass and were lost there. The ruts, as crooked as a snail's path, made a trail no more distinct than farm wagons make after a week of hauling hay from a sandy field.

I stopped my little rented car in doubt. There was no house in sight, no directing board, no sign of a living soul. The silent sand hills rolled away as far as the eye could see, like giant waves in an endless ocean. On a distant knoll a group of dark specks suggested grazing cattle; a prairie chicken slipped into the coarse grass and was gone.

"Keep to the road!" had been my instructions, given by the garage man in North Platte.

I hesitated, then swung my car into the ruts. There was nowhere else to go. The ruts were the only road to Tryon.

It is thirty-five miles from the railroad at North Platte to Tryon, and a detour had added five miles more. My little car labored axle-deep in the sandy ruts, where twenty miles an hour was a reckless speed. The morning sun broiled down onto the range—treeless save where trees had been planted about ranch-houses by settlers. The ranch-houses stood alone, lonely—low, drab frame houses, rarely within sight of a neighbor.

Presently, cattle appeared ahead from out a depression between the sand hills, a milling and mooing herd ushered along by two mounted cowboys. With tossing heads and glistening horns they enveloped the machine, while the cowboys whistled soothingly. It was round-up time, and these beeves were bound for the yards at North Platte, thence eastward. As the herd milled by, one cowboy drew up his horse beside my car.

"Am I right for Tryon?" I asked.

He nodded. "We came through there, so you can follow our trail right in. It's about twenty miles."

"Do you know Doctor McGraw?" I asked.

"Sure do," he grinned. "The Doc's all right too, even if she is a woman."

I watched him disappear in the dust-cloud behind his herd. "Come on, dog," I bade my flivver, "stick your nose into those cow tracks and keep it there. We're going to visit a lady."

It was to a lady, yes, to a lady with the spirit of a Viking that the cow tracks led us as the sun blazed down at noon.

Tryon, a huddle of thirty-odd houses among the sand hills, a pin-prick on the map of the Great West, is the county seat of McPherson County, Nebraska. With its one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants, its brick courthouse and high school, it is the county's largest town. To me, there was a challenge in its name that was like a shout into space. "*Try on!*" Tryon could not belie its name, and still be.

In all of that county of 864 square miles and 1,700 people there is no railroad. There are no bus lines to the outer world, and no roads as we know roads to-day. A dirt road, not long built, links Tryon with Stapleton, twenty-eight miles distant in an adjoining county. There are the ruts over which I came in from North Platte, marking the route of a highway to be. The only other "roads" are trails, obliterated by the snow in winter, mere tracks through the grass of the sandy range in summer. Less than nine years ago McPherson County had no doctor. Even to-day it is without a drug store.

Doctors had come to Tryon, lingered for a few years, and gone. They had been men inured to the West and its hardship, and they had come with eyes open. But there is little money for a doctor in Tryon, and much sacrifice and work. The houses are scattered. There are times when blizzards sweep the range, and a doctor must be hero as well as physician. A doctor in the cow country daren't make mistakes, often. He must be able to stand alone, and to decide alone.

The men doctors had gone on, to concrete roads and electrically-lighted streets, and a more lucrative practice. During those doctorless years, McPherson County had to send out to Stapleton, or to North Platte, when it needed medical aid, and could afford it. Not always could it afford it. Accepted medical fees were one dollar for each mile of distance between the doctor and his patient, plus the cost of the medicine prescribed. The travel fee alone was often fifty dollars, payable in advance. Herbs were the medicines, and a neighbor woman was the doctor, more frequently than otherwise.

THEN one day, more than eight years ago, a woman came into Tryon—a mite of a woman who weighed less than one hundred pounds. The mail carrier brought her in from North Platte, into a land that was strange to her, and to a life and a people that were stranger. She was city-bred, and the mail carrier had confided to friends that, as dusk had fallen over the range, she had wanted to turn back, afraid.

"Said she was a doctor," he explained. "Looked to me as if she was the one who needed doctoring."

She did. A seventh attack of influenza in as many years had almost taken her life. The woman was pale and emaciated and far from well.

"Woman doctor, eh? I don't put much stock in women doctors," bluntly announced a rancher at the local store. The range is man's country. It tries the courage of strong men and quickly sifts out the weak for discard. What chance had a woman here, a weak woman weighing less than a hundred pounds, engaged in a profession that the range felt belonged to man? What chance had she with a Nebraska blizzard? With those trails?

"She won't last long," said the range.

But Doctor Harriet G. McGraw *did* last! She fought the battle for her own health, and won it. She fought the strangeness and the loneliness, and conquered. She faced prejudice, and wiped it out. She braved the worst storms the range could brew, when men turned back, and she traveled those trails at midnight, though her call for aid came from a shack, and from the penniless.

Doctor Harriet G. McGraw stayed in Tryon, the one physician and surgeon in more than eight hundred square miles—stayed to answer the ringing challenge of its name, and need. And to-day, ask any rancher or cowboy, or sand-hill farmer—men whose broken bones she has set, whose cuts she has sewed up by lamplight, whose wives and children she has doctored and nursed and saved—ask them of her. They will tell you with a whole-souled grin that, "the Doc's all right, even if she is a woman;" and more than one will add, with respectful emphasis, that she is "the best damned doctor in Nebraska."

"THAT nice white house right over there," I was told when I asked which of the thirty-odd houses in Tryon belonged to Doctor McGraw. And my informant added, "If she ain't at home, walk right in and make yourself comfortable. The door won't be locked."

The house was a tiny bungalow on the edge of town. At its back the range began, and kept going to the horizon. A couple of shade trees decorated the dooryard, with a nice grove of evergreens to the north, and in Tryon a tree is a luxury. On the door was nailed the doctor's "shingle."

Doctor McGraw lives here with her husband, Joseph A. McGraw. He is a lawyer—the county prosecutor, and only lawyer in the county. Unfortunately, on the day of my visit he was at Lincoln, the state capital. The doctor was home, in the kitchen preparing dinner. An ex-judge was present as a guest, and the daughter of a ranch owner, who, judging by her bobbed (*Continued on page 72*)

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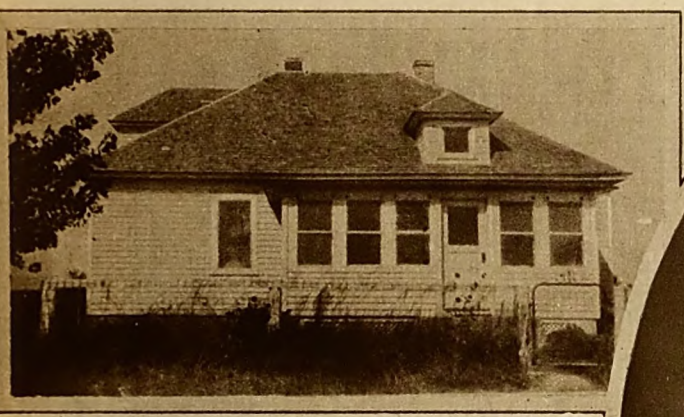

OVER dusty cow trails, in summer; through great snowdrifts, into the teeth of howling prairie blizzards and over no trails at all, in winter, Dr. Harriet G. McGraw must make her way as she ministers to the sick in an area of more than eight hundred square miles. She is the only physician in McPherson County, Nebraska. There is no railroad in that county, no drug store, and before Doctor McGraw came, there was no doctor, though several had preceded her, only to give up the fight. The little house above is Doctor McGraw's home.

Photograph by Brown, North Platte, Neb.

A VIEW of Tryon, Nebraska, where Doctor McGraw lives. This town, with its population of one hundred and fifty, is the largest in McPherson County. As she is the only doctor thereabout, so is her husband the only lawyer.

(Above) Doctor McGraw's first office in Tryon. (Right) The doctor and a group of children she has just examined.

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Apeda, N. Y.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Photography

Ramon Novarro

RAMON NOVARRO, famous motion picture star, intended, as a boy, to become a monk. Circumstances changed his plans but not his interest in religion, as he is now more deeply religious than ever before. Novarro was born in Mexico, fourth from the top of fourteen children. He came to the United States and landed a job as an "extra" in the movies. He has since starred in "Ben Hur" and other famous pictures.

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Ramon Novarro Gave Me The Surprise Of My Life!

By Mary B. Mullett

IT TOOK Ramon Novarro less than ten minutes to give me one of the greatest surprises I have ever received. And yet, if I really had listened to the people who knew him, I ought to have been prepared for what happened.

"Novarro," his friends assured me, "is not the typical movie star. You'll find him very different from the others."

But I confess that I didn't pay much attention to them. People who try to interest me in motion picture actors always insist that their particular candidate is "different" from the rest.

Consequently, before I met Ramon Novarro, I had only two definite ideas about him: The first, that he was undeniably a handsome young man—which didn't seem very important; for handsome young men, as you probably have discovered, are sometimes incredibly dull.

My second impression of Novarro had persisted ever since he appeared in "Ben Hur." I wonder if you remember certain scenes of this picture in which the young hero was called upon to express deep religious feeling.

It has been more than two years since I saw "Ben Hur;" but the thing I recall most vividly is not the frenzied rush of the chariot race! Not the tense face of the young man driving his plunging horses to victory! But, instead, the quiet scenes where that same young man somehow conveyed, to those who had eyes to see, a sense of inward spirituality.

I wondered, at the time, how he had managed to do this. I don't think I am unduly skeptical about human nature. Quite the contrary, in fact! But it really did not occur to me that these scenes were the result of anything except extraordinary good luck.

Not until I met Novarro himself! Then I realized my mistake; for inside of those first ten minutes I found that a strange thing was happening.

The "handsome young man" opposite me was not talking about his career; not about his struggles or his triumphs—and he has had both.

He was talking about "life, death, and the great hereafter!" As simply and as naturally as if he were speaking of the train which had brought him from California, he talked of how a man's spirit is carried in the arms of faith. He spoke of God, as the all-wise Director of human life. And God seemed no less real to him than the director of his latest picture.

Over the telephone, it had been arranged that we should have luncheon together; and luncheon is a rather important item in Novarro's day, since it is also his breakfast. Nevertheless, for half an hour we totally forgot about it! And, I can truthfully say, I never before had interviewed a movie star—or anybody else—who was so interested in talking about God that he forgot it was time to eat!

Our conversational detour into the realm of religion came when Novarro was telling me about his boyhood. His family name, by the way, is not Novarro, but Samaniego. He was born in Mexico, in the city of Durango, where his father was a dentist.

Trained in the United States and with the best American office equipment, Doctor Samaniego had an excellent practice. This is an important detail, because there were fourteen children in the family. And fourteen children, as every father will agree, take a lot of providing.

Eleven of the fourteen are still living; and to be the chief support of even that number is no small responsibility, as Ramon Novarro himself must have realized when circumstances made him the principal bread-winner for his family.

IN THIS long line of brothers and sisters Ramon was fourth from the top. When I asked him how old he was, I counted on the usual evasive answer. Almost always that question has a paralyzing effect on a movie star's memory, so I only half expected the truth.

"I was born February 6th, 1899," he replied without hesitation.

"That's what you want me to say?" I asked, rather cynically.

The cynicism was from force of habit; for he really looked only twenty-five, or even younger.

"Yes," he said; "because it is the truth. I have no desire to cheat about my years, for age seems to me a very beautiful and wonderful thing. I mean middle age; and even old age.

"The older I grow, the wider will be my experience. With wider experience, I shall have more understanding of life. And surely life is like other things, music, for instance. The more we understand it, the more capable we are of appreciating and enjoying it.

"My appreciation of things is immeasurably greater now than when I was nine, or nineteen. Isn't it plain common sense to believe that it will be still greater when I am thirty-nine, and forty-nine, and so on?"

This was so unlike the kind of talk one would expect from a popular movie hero that I wondered where he had got his philosophy of life. It didn't sound quite like a Hollywood product. So I asked him where he was educated.

"In Durango, until I was fifteen years old," he said. "Then we moved to Mexico City, where I entered college. My father opened an office there; but he was not satisfied, and decided to go back to his old home.

"I was in love with a girl in Durango," Novarro added, with a smile; "so this decision was eminently satisfactory to me.

"My father and mother went first, taking me with them. Then my mother returned to Mexico City, to bring the rest of the family. But the revolution broke out and it was impossible for them to reach Durango, or for us to get back to them. It was a whole year before they could join us.

"By that time I was sixteen years old. Only a boy—but I had read a good deal, thought a good deal, and had decided," again he smiled, "that I wanted to be a great saint! Ambition," he added humorously, "has been my failing.

"My two older sisters," he went on, "were about to enter a convent; and I determined to prepare myself to enter a monastery.

"The revolution may have been partly responsible for this decision. I saw people—some of them my own relatives—reduced from wealth to poverty. Others, who had been poor, became suddenly rich. That taught me the folly of depending for our happiness on money, or on the things that money can buy.

"I said to myself: 'Life, compared with eternity, is a mere speck of time. The only part of me that is permanent is my spirit. Why not begin *now* to live, as fully as I can, the life of the spirit?'

"Don't think, because I am a motion picture actor instead of a monk, that I have changed my ideas about the purpose of living. I am just as sure to-day as I was then that life is absolutely wasted if we make it only a material thing.

"THE reason why I changed my decision may sound egotistical, but it was an absolutely sincere one. I began to believe that I had the ability to accomplish something in the outside world; that I could make myself a real influence in other people's lives.

"You remember the parable in the Bible: the story of the three men who received talents and who were later called to give an account of what they had done with these gifts?

"One of them, you remember, buried his talent. He made no use of it and gained no profit from it. And this 'unprofitable servant' of the master was 'cast into outer darkness.'

"I compared myself with those three men. And I said to myself: 'I believe that God has given *me* a talent. If I bury it, how shall I answer Him when He asks me what I have done with His gift?'

"Finally, I went (*Continued on page 84*)

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Hard As Nails

The story of a super-woman who found that her heart was just like other women's hearts

By

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Illustrated by

HANSON BOOTH

Alex extended his hand. "Maybe this will be good-by. I don't know whether I'll be seeing you again or not"

JANE MACTAY closed her typewriter, arranged the scattered sheets on the desk with quick, skillful fingers and then, pencil in hand, read over rapidly what she had just finished. It was clever. She knew it. Probably the keenest, most scintillating, most unmerciful review she had ever written.

That review would be quoted, would start a controversy, would divide the critics into two camps as neatly as a call to arms. It was a masterly achievement and an honest one. For she had written, as always, only what she believed to be true.

But instead of rising from her desk in a state of elation, Jane MacTay, journalist, author, and critic, put her face in her hands and wept. Not just gentle April-shower tears, mind you, which women weep when they are comfortably sad. These tears came with great, shuddering sobs, wrung from a deep-buried misery.

After all, why shouldn't she give way for once? What was the use of all this self-control, when there was no living creature to see or know. Decla, her small maid, had left early, since there was no dinner to get; the apartment walls were sound-proof; and as for the city, thundering past beneath her windows, what did it care for anybody's tears!

The sobs came faster, more racking than before. Jane's dark head moved desperately back and forth upon her arms. For to the old hurt which she had defiantly hidden away for years, there had been added a new and terrible pain, which, in spite of all cold reason and sensible philosophy, grew worse instead of better.

The new pain had had its origin only a bare week ago, and in the most sudden manner possible. Hunter Thorne had called her up one morning to tell her he had a box that night for "Shadows."

"Old Mowry pressed it upon me, and who am I to refuse a little courtesy like that!" his crisp voice had informed her. "I'm rounding up a good bunch, and we'll go to Ivan's studio afterward for supper. You might order some eggs sent down there to-day. I'll be sure to forget them, and we'll be lucky if Ivan even has salt in the place when we get there. And, say, I've got a surprise for you! Six-feet-two in his socks and a child can play with him! Cousin of mine from Virginia. Gentleman farmer. Speak simple English to him, Jane. He doesn't know what it's all about up here. Not, of course, that any of us do," he added, with his cynical little laugh.

That night at eight, as she entered the box, she saw him. He rose awkwardly to be presented, tipping over the chair next him as he did so. He seemed a careless giant beside Hunter

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Thorne's slight, dapper figure, that appeared to have been born in evening clothes. He had a ruddy face and reddish blond hair, blue eyes and a bit of a mustache. He was probably forty. His hand felt enormous as it closed around hers, and somehow strangely warm and comfortable.

Hunter, with his usual wicked blandness, had assigned her to the newcomer for the evening. The twinkle in his eye made it evident that he thought the combination highly amusing.

"Jane, I give this pure, simple rustic into your care. The only blot on his character is that he's my cousin. And he couldn't help that. Alex, Jane's the hardest-boiled little feminist in New York. She carries a poisoned dagger in her garter for all the men who attempt to make love to her. So watch your step, my lad!"

WHEN the laugh was over, and she had thrown back the bright repartee expected, Jane settled in her place with a strange new sensation stealing over her. She felt suddenly relaxed, rested, as if she had *come home*.

She looked up, startled, into Alex Tillman's face. He was looking down at her with an expression of intense interest. Then he laughed.

"If Hunter wasn't such a liar he wouldn't be nearly so interesting, would he?" he inquired, in a rich drawl. "Now, one good look at you would tell me you're no feminist. You know, you make me feel somehow as if I'm back in Virginia."

The curtain went up at that moment and the play was on. It proved to be a piece of rather sordid realism. Jane had sat unmoved through many worse ones, but somehow to-night, with each uneasy shifting of the man beside her she felt less comfortable. In the middle of the second act he leaned over to her.

"Sha'n't we go? You don't want to see any more of this."

It was no question. It was quite a command. Jane knew she could make of this the evening's great joke. All she needed to do was to turn around and throw a sharply witty sentence to Hunter, and the thing was done. The idea of any man's leading her, Jane MacTay, whose name was a synonym for all brilliant sophistication, away from contamination, would be to all of them too incredibly funny. And it would place this man, this Alex Tillman, in the light of an amusing provincial, whom they would study as an entertaining new species.

But Jane did not turn around. She got up, and allowed herself to be guided to the door. There was a subdued whisper of questions around them. She paused a second beside Hunter.

"We're going on down to the studio to start the supper," she said. "See you later."

They were out, alone in the lobby. He was putting her cape about her gently, and she was having time to note that she came barely to his shoulder.

Then they were in a taxi and she had again that overpowering sense of having come home at last after long wanderings. She gave herself up to it for the moment, though she knew it couldn't last.

They said inconsequential things as they rode along, but they looked deeply into each other's eyes as they said them.

"IVAN never locks the studio," Jane remarked when they reached the house. "The man down-stairs will let us in and we'll go right up."

They climbed the long, dimly lighted stairs and finally gained the big promiscuous room on the fourth floor. Alex looked around him dubiously, while Jane hung her cape on a hook behind the door and fingered over a row of smocks gingerly to find the cleanest for her own use.

"Don't move about much for a minute, Mr. Tillman, till we've found the eggs," she called laughingly over her shoulder. "They're just as likely to be on the floor as not."

The eggs were located at last in a reasonably safe place on the long table, and the bacon found on the end of the mantel beside a Greek urn.

Jane led the way to the tiny kitchenette.

"It's really quite a good idea for us to come on down and get things started," she said. "Usually, when we come here, there's so much clearing up to do that we don't really begin the party till after midnight. I'll put the coffee on now and find

"I know I would love the country—*love* it—if I only had the chance to be in it"

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the rolls and butter. . . . Heavens, what a mess this gas stove is! . . . Then we'll attack the divan and the chairs, and hunt a place for the guests to sit."

Alex fetched and carried obediently, managing always to come back very soon to the kitchenette, though Jane assured him there were pictures about the studio worth seeing. As they finally began to tidy up the big room, Alex asked suddenly:

"Who are these people that will be here? Are they really important folks? Famous?"

"Well, I'm afraid, rather, though you wouldn't know it by their looks! Alice Masters is a poet. She's the dark girl. Joyce West is a novelist. She's the blonde. She's written two best sellers already. Jack Lawrence writes plays, and Hunter criticizes them. But of course you know all about Hunter. Ivan paints marvelously until he gets a little money ahead, then he gives a magnificent party, or rather a series of them, and, pouf! his money's all gone! He says he's happiest, though, when he's broke, for then his head and his conscience can agree on socialism. He's rather queer; but then so are we all, I guess."

"You're not. You're exactly as I think a woman should be! Tell me more of yourself. That's what I want most to hear."

His voice was compelling. Jane felt a queer thrill of joy.

AND then at that moment the others had trooped in, all exclaiming at once. There was no putting them off. Hunter was the most importunate of all.

"Now, little ones, we must have the truth. Why did you rudely rise up and leave the only box I may ever have all my own? Out with it now, Alex!" Under his lightness was a note of displeasure.

Alex was serious, but his face was flushed in embarrassment. Jane's nonsense, which she tried to hurl into the breach, did not avail.

"Miss MacTay was in my care for the evening," Alex said stiffly. "The play wasn't the kind I'd take a girl to see, so I suggested we leave, that's all."

It was out. And something within Jane hurt terribly. For the laughter came, as she had known it would. They screamed with it. The girls asked each other between gasps if they had really heard the thing right. And Hunter summed up all the scattered comments upon Jane's character by stating:

"Alex, my boy, you got this lady wrong. She's none of your tender, shrinking flowers! She's the keenest, hardest little journalist in the city. She's a bigger man than any of us. And she was probably about as much shocked at that play to-night as she would be at 'Little Red Riding Hood.' That right, Jane?"

"Oh, let's forget the play, and fry the bacon," Jane said sharply.

And the matter was allowed to drop, with only an occasional convulsion from one of the girls, checked by a glance at Alex.

But Jane's pride, never far beneath the surface, rose now overwhelmingly. She couldn't let them guess at the sudden tenderness of her heart toward this stranger from another world than their own. She dare not for an instant let them suspect the truth about herself. Her reaction was an instinctive clutch at her old impenetrable garment of cold brilliance.

She had never, it seemed, been in finer form than she was that evening. The talk drifted, as it always did, from the heaviest pronouncements on books and art to the lightest whimsy, or the most trifling gossip. Through all the mental chase Jane led the way with her usual intellectual dare-deviltry. Her cheeks were very hot, her eyes very bright. She was always conscious of Alex Tillman's face, puzzled, and painfully attentive on the edge of the group.

He did not come near her till the party was breaking up. Then he was suddenly beside her.

"Miss MacTay, I . . . I suppose I should apologize for dragging you away from the show to-night. I really thought—"

She interrupted him. "You were perfectly right, Mr. Tillman. I was glad to come."

She held her breath for a long second, waiting. But he said nothing more. No question as to when he might see her again. Not even a word about taking her home himself. He went off, with Hunter, and Jane jounced up the Avenue in a taxi with some of the others who were going her way.

Once inside her own apartment she told herself bitterly that she was a fool, and with her lips closed very tightly she prepared for bed. Then she lay, trying her best to forget the features of Alex Tillman's face. She planned a new article. She devised a new plot for a story. It didn't work.

Through it all she saw the stranger, with his big clumsy gentleness, his serious, puzzled eyes, his baffled embarrassment. And through it all she saw also the eager light in his eyes as he bent to hear her words in the theatre; she felt the startled tingle that had gone over her at the accidental touch of their hands as they sorted the débris in the studio.

And then with the coming of the early spring dawn, Jane had surrendered. It was no use to fight longer. She knew that the thing she had longed for and yet dreaded these many years had at last come to pass. At thirty-five she had fallen in love. Suddenly, terribly, and forever. For that was the way she was made.

If it had come gradually, that she might have defended herself against it! If there had been a long, slow-growing friendship, that she could have deflected into safe channels when she saw a hurt for herself in the distance!

But her fate had not been so kind to her. It had decreed that in one flaming moment she should give her heart to a man who, by every logical reason, should not have won from her even a passing interest. A man who would go back to his home, forgetting perhaps that he had even met her.

No, no! Oh, he could not do that! He must not! And yet, how could she help it? All very well to prate wisely of the modern attitude and equal sex rights, and the day of feminism, when it was somebody else who was involved. But now, since the dull, smoky mists of her own emotional life had changed swiftly to a glowing fire, she was like all other women. She was helpless in her love. Dependent upon the twist of a thread of circumstance. Waiting, in trembling impotence for the word of rapture, or the silence that meant despair.

Whatever she had spoken or written before to the contrary, she now knew that this was the truth.

She loved him, and she couldn't tell him so. She couldn't explain to him that while all Hunter Thorne had said of her was true, there was something deep underneath all that, which she had proudly hidden away from all eyes.

And yet, in the fullness of the new day, a perfectly irrational hope had leaped up. He would call her at the office. He would invite her for lunch or for tea. They would meet again, alone, of course, and begin at that breathless moment where they had been interrupted the night before.

BUT the day passed, and he did not call. Hope again raised its head faintly. There was still the evening left.

But the evening passed too. Seven, eight, nine. The apartment was so still. Jane moved about restlessly. The warm March air grew close. Spattering drops began to fall.

Jane threw on a storm coat and hat and started out. She would walk around the block and try to get some relief from this foolish oppression that had settled upon her.

She swung along, raising her face as she walked, to catch the light rain drops. They seemed to cool her hot spirit. Why, she pondered, had this volcanic thing come upon her, just when her life seemed settled into its interesting routine? Just when the old hurt was being buried deeper each year? Was it going to be her destiny to see this man for a few hours and then carry the longing for an impossible joy with her for the rest of her life?

Only a few months ago she had made one of her own heroines tell a man frankly she loved him. It had seemed so eminently sensible and natural as she had worked it out in her story. But as to doing it herself—

She turned the corner suddenly, in her third walk around the square. She bumped into a large figure, also swinging strongly from the opposite direction. For a second they both stared foolishly at each other, and then gasped simultaneously:

"Why—it's *you!*"

It was indeed Alex Tillman, towering above her, big and clean and strong.

"Miss MacTay! Are you out all alone?"

"Oh, just for a breath of air. It seemed so close indoors. I haven't walked far—just around the block."

"Why, I'd no idea I was near your apartment!" (Jane's first joyous thought that he had been on his way to her was checked by the unmistakable surprise in his voice.) "I got tired being indoors, too, and I've been walking for an hour. Well, of all the good luck! Think of meeting you! Do you care to walk some more?"

"Love it!" Jane answered warmly.

They started off together at a good pace. Her heart was beating fast.

"I was hoping I would see you again," she said bravely.

"Oh, so was I! But I didn't want to bother you. You see, I know now what a great person you are!"

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"But I'm not. You mustn't believe all Hunter says!"

"Oh, you can't fool me! I know all about you now. I *made* Hunter tell me last night when we got home. And to-day I've read a lot of your things for myself. They are wonderful, Miss MacTay. I . . . I congratulate you. I didn't know last night that you were so famous and clever and—and important. I thought you were just . . . just—"

"Just a woman?"

"Please understand what I'm trying so badly to say. I thought you were just a guest, not one of the crowd of celebrities. I was sure of it when Hunter gave you to me as my partner for the evening. I'm such a dub, you know, about all the literary stuff. I'm just explaining again why I made such a fool of myself."

"But you didn't. You were—"

"And you were so good to me. You tried to keep them from making such a joke of it. I'll never forget your kindness. It will be the brightest spot in my whole visit."

Jane's lips felt parched. Her alert mind seemed befogged. She, who never hesitated for a word, now felt dumb before him.

"Why . . . it was nothing," she stammered like the veriest schoolgirl.

They walked on in silence. Something had to be done.

"Don't you like walking in the rain?" Jane asked suddenly.

"I sure do. But riding is even better. Down home I've got a colt that just naturally takes to the rain. Every nice easy little shower I go out on her, and we ride through the woods. It's wonderful now in the spring. And in May, you know, it's like riding through heaven, when the wild thorn's in blossom."

"Oh," Jane breathed, "tell me more about it, about everything down there."

"My place, you mean? Why, that's mighty nice of you to be interested. It's nothing extraordinary. Just a big white house on a big farm. Too big now, for I can't get enough good labor. You-all up here would think it was terribly quiet, I reckon. We don't hurry much down there. There's always something good to do. And we just sort of take time to do it. I suppose we are lazy, compared to all these fellows rushing 'round up here. But maybe we get more of the flavor out of life than they do, for all that."

He stopped. Jane felt a choking catch in her throat. If she could somehow make him understand!

"I know I would love the country—*love* it—if I only had the chance to be in it." (She wondered if her voice sounded as queer as she imagined.) "I've always had to be in the city. It's been necessity. But I've dreamed, you know, of how the green fields must look every spring."

SHE felt her companion suddenly slow his steps. He seemed to come very close to her, to look searchingly down upon her for a second. It was as though a little blowing wind had paused for a moment, leaving a cool and waiting void. In the small hush Jane's heart listened for a sign.

But suddenly they were walking swiftly on again, and Alex's voice was saying seriously:

"Of course you city dwellers have a lot of advantages, though. And in your work you would miss all the stimulus and excitement of things, I reckon."

Then he added quickly, "But here I'm selfishly walking along. You must be tired. Why didn't you stop me? Shall we turn now?"

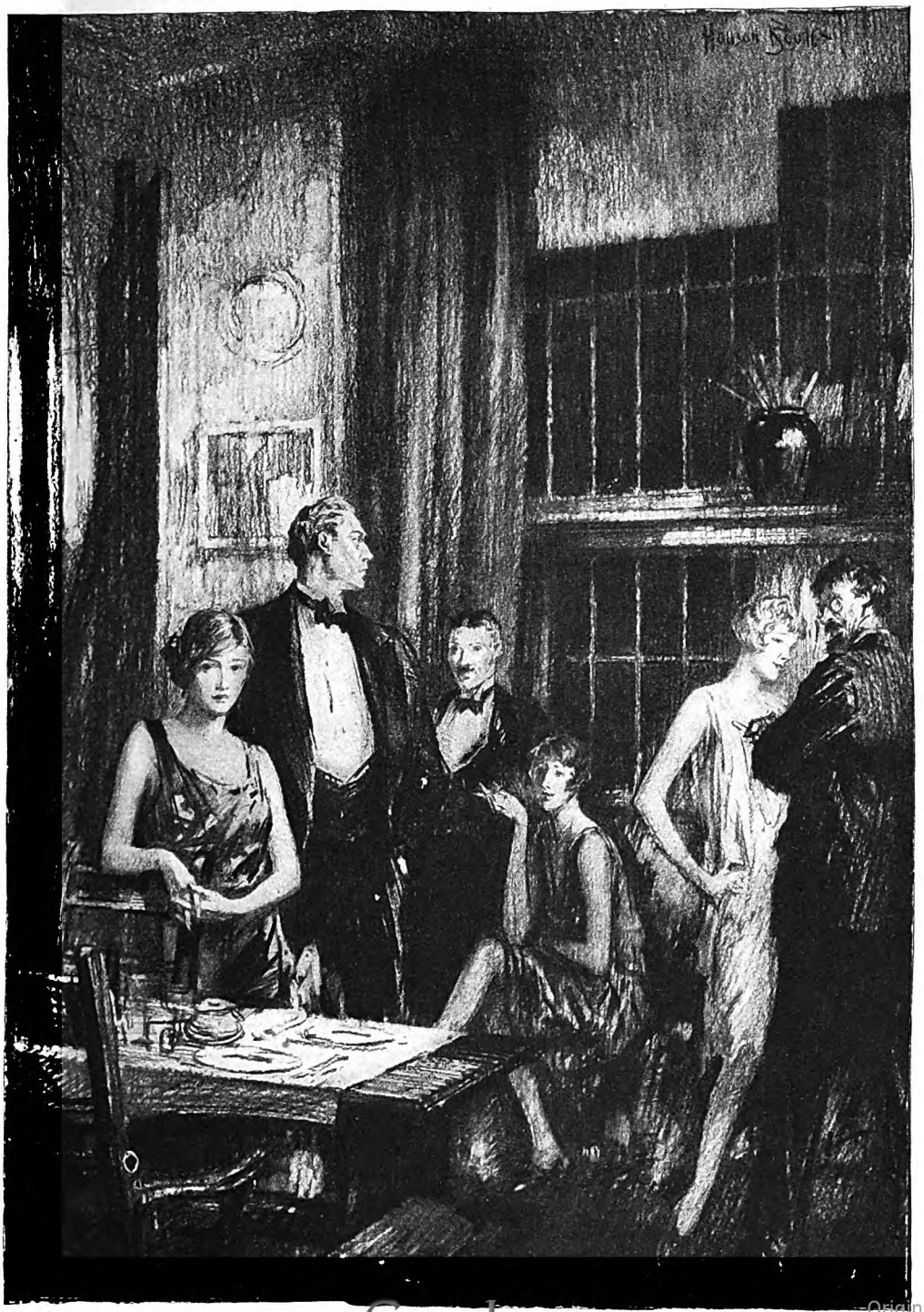
They turned. They walked slowly back, talking of indifferent things, Alex rather grave, Jane very, very bright and witty. She had tried, most unsuccessfully, to uncover one little corner of her heart. Very well, she would not repeat the experiment.

When they said good night, Alex extended his hand.

"Maybe this will be good-by. I don't know whether I'll be seeing you again or not."

"Oh, surely you're not going back so soon?"

(*Continued on page 94*)



Something within Jane hurt terribly. For the laughter came, as she had known it would

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Why I Travel The S. & N.

I AM the president of the principal bank in a small city. For fifteen years—I am now fifty-five—I have studied the financial affairs of many men and women, and in studying their financial affairs I have had many intimate glimpses into their lives. I know who travels the Straight and Narrow road.

Let me tell you that a man's check book is an autobiography that does not lie. Give me the chance to know where his money comes from, and where it goes to, and I will tell you what kind of man he is. There are secrets that pass under the eyes of us bankers which men suppose to be hidden from all the world.

But they are not hidden from us. Let us take Mr. X., for example, who is a rich and respected member of our community, and Mr. Y., who is known to be a crooked lawyer, a protector of evildoers, a friend of gamblers and bootleggers. Surely, there can be no connection between Mr. X. and Mr. Y., they would not even speak to each other on the street. Nevertheless, checks pass between them. Checks that are drawn upon this bank, and that filter through under my own eyes. For what goods or services are those checks a payment? Through what chain of circumstances did the evil Mr. Y. acquire his hold over the respected Mr. X.? In what subterranean enterprises are they associated? The secret has been well kept; no one in the city suspects. But the checks continue their telltale record. And I think that I can guess.

Who is the most generous man in our city and who is the meanest? You could hold an election on those questions and invite everyone to vote, and the vote would mean nothing. But if you ask me, I could tell you. There is a quiet little old man who lives in two rooms in a boarding-house. Nobody of importance ever hears about him. Nobody knows the things that he does. But I know. Twenty years ago his wife and two children were killed in an accident. The man had been thrifty. He had an income of about eleven thousand dollars a year.

For twenty years he has lived on less than a thousand dollars a year, and given the rest away. Robbed of his own loved ones, he has adopted the poor of the city as his wife and children. Nobody knows his charities; even the newspaper men, who think they are so wise, have never found him out. But his checks tell. For the meanest man—I could shake the social structure of the town if I were to publish his name. For he is very rich and very "generous." He makes large gifts in a very public way. But his giving is a petty fraction of his income. His servants hate him. And because his daughter married a poor man against his ambitious plans, she is struggling along in poverty in a little town Out West.

Who are the good husbands in the town, and who are the bad ones? Who are the young men who will be at the top of things in another twenty years? And who are the brilliant and glittering young men who think they will be at the top, and will be broken and bitter failures at forty-five? Who pays the rent on some of the cute little apartments in a secluded section of our town? Who are the men in fine houses, with automobiles and servants, who owe their butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, and—if they were to die to-morrow—would leave behind them nothing but debts and grief? And who are the wise young men—wise in their own conceit, as the Good Book says—who think they have found a way to get more happiness out of living than is provided in the regular program, by leading a "double life"? The check books know. And I know.

ONLY the other night one of those young men came to see me. It was a few minutes before six o'clock and the bank had been officially closed for three hours. I was alone in my office, and the young man chose the time because he knew that I would be alone. I had been thinking about that young man in a casual way for some time, and when the messenger brought in his card I kept him waiting until I had sent for his account and gone through it rather carefully. Then I let him come in.

He is a handsome and well-dressed young man, a college graduate, whose father left him a very good little manufacturing business. Our bank helped the father build that business. When the son inherited the business we continued to extend a line of credit, and for a while everything went well. But lately things have not gone so well. I had been expecting a visit from this young man.

HE HAS a striking personality and lots of self-confidence. He began in a very brisk fashion, as if to make me feel that the world was using him very well. I was not fooled; I waited. Presently he came to the point. He would like to arrange a temporary increase in his line of credit. He was planning some important extensions in the business, and there was a little let-down in orders which tied him up with more inventory than he needed at the moment. In the fall he would be in fine shape, but through the summer he would need help. Just to tide over the lull. Just to finance his new developments. It was merely temporary. He was sure I would understand.

My first remark took all the wind out of his sails.

"Why does a man who has a good business and a fine family want to fool around with another man's wife?" I asked.

He blushed and stammered. He said he couldn't see what such a question had to do with his business problem.

"I am an older man than you," I said. "I was your father's friend. I believed in him. His life was an open book. Everybody was welcome to read every word. Do you think he had a happy life?"

"Why, of course," the young man answered. "That is to say, I think it was happy according to his idea of happiness. He liked his business and his home and the church. I wouldn't say that he had much fun."

"You're having much more fun than he did, aren't you?" I asked.

"I hope so."

"He never had the stimulation of a couple of cocktails before dinner," I said. "He never got the thrill of betting a hundred dollars on a horse race. He

If You Want to Have a Good Time Stay Out of the Primrose Path

"MORE should be spoken and written about the pleasures of virtue," says the author of the accompanying article. "The old theology was very much at fault. It gave the impression that sin is very delightful, and that those who forgo it are giving up what is most thrilling in life. As a matter of fact, the pleasures of sin are overrated, and empty. The joy of sin is temporary—if that; then comes remorse, and remorse sucks all the satisfaction out of wrong-doing. But the joys of the Straight and Narrow increase in retrospect! A righteous act, a worthy achievement—these are the sources of real pleasure. If a young fellow starts out with the idea of having a fine time, he should head into the S. & N., for in no other road will he find real pleasure."

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had one rather shabby automobile. You have two new ones. He loved only one woman. You are living with two."

He sprang up, hot and blustering.

"I didn't come here to be insulted," he cried.

I continued as if I had not heard him:

"A sort of prosaic life your father led," I said. "No great thrills; but no special embarrassments either. No trips to this office to ask for accommodations that he knew he didn't deserve. You think your father had a poor time of it. I'll tell you that, when it comes to real downright pleasure, his life had yours beaten forty ways."

"Pleasure," sneered the young man, who was now thoroughly mad. "Pleasure. What does a dried-up old fogy like you know about pleasure? You, with your cold blood and your respectable fears, what do you know about youth, and joy? You never had a single extra heartbeat without stopping to ask yourself whether you could afford it."

I was very calm.

"You are sure that I am only talking out of the book?" I asked. "That I have never had any personal experience? That I have always been just what I seem to be now, and am therefore unqualified to decide what is really most worth-while in life?"

He said he was sure of it.

But I liked that young man. For his own sake, as well as for his father's sake I wanted to save him if I could.

When he went out of the office it was nearly eight o'clock. But regarding myself and himself, he had changed his mind.

IT IS one of the strange perversities of human nature that we have such distrust of professional counsels. When we have a cold, and a doctor prescribes for it, we take the prescription to the drug store without faith or hope. But if, on the way to the drug store, we meet a friend who says, "I see you have a cold; I'll tell you the best thing in the world for it," then we are immediately heartened. We rush home to try the remedy which he, a layman, has prescribed, and forget the prescription of the doctor.

If, being thrifty, we have saved up a thousand dollars, we may possibly ask the banker's advice about its investment. But we follow the advice reluctantly. After all, bankers are often wrong, we say; and they are *so* conservative. But if, on the way home from the bank, we happen to overhear two strangers talking in the street car, and one of them says, "I got a tip on G and W. It's good for ten points in the next ten days," then we rush away and put our thousand dollars on an untried stock, at the advice of a man whose name even we do not know.

As with health and money, so with morality. We are restive under the exhortations of the preacher. We say to ourselves, "Giving good advice is his job. He is paid for it. Of course he commends the straight and narrow path and warns against the evils of the broad highway. He is a prejudiced witness; he speaks with no personal knowledge."

But when a man of the world talks to us, out of his experiences, good and bad, then we listen. On this basis I may perhaps hope for a hearing, for, however much I fall short in other directions, I believe I can qualify as a man of the world.

Let me sketch my background briefly: I was the sixth child born to parents who might have supported two children with some reasonable degree of comfort. They were cultured, kindly people—rather impractical as regards money and always hard up.

Our household was distinctly religious. My father was superintendent of the Sunday-school and my mother taught a class of little girls in which were two of my sisters. On Sunday mornings we ate breakfast in the discomfort of clean clothes, and walked to church and sat bolt upright in pews that were certainly designed to discourage church (*Continued on page 130*)

If You Ask Me:

The man next door is a nuisance and a tyrant

I HAVE a mortal enemy. To the best of my belief he is the only man-size enemy I have. But he is worse than a whole cityful of ordinary foes.

My mortal enemy is The Man Next Door. There is no use in my trying to escape him by moving to another street or another state or another land. Wherever I may chance to make my abode, he is always The Man Next Door. I cannot elude him.

He has made me do innumerable mean and cowardly and despicable things. He has made me throw away, foolishly and needlessly, thousands of dollars which might far better have gone to support my family or into the savings bank. Again and again, he has made me false to the best that is in me.

He has made me wear clothes which were neither becoming nor comfortable to me; and to buy three times as many of them as I needed, and then to discard them before they were worn out. He has made me eat rich food I don't like and which disagrees with me. He has made me live in a style I could not afford, and model my life and my actions and my opinions and my expenditures according to his whim, and against my own best interests.

I am horribly afraid of him; even while I detest him. I dare not risk his displeasure; even though sanity tells me he has no power to crush me in case I should summon up pluck enough to defy him.

He has a score of other names. Some call him "Public Opinion." Some call him "Fashion." Some call him "What-Will-People-Say?"

But, whatever his name at the moment, he is still my tyrant; my merciless slave-driver; always forcing his will upon me; always waiting to launch his shafts of ridicule against me or to brand me as eccentric if I try to stray one inch from the path he has mapped out for me.

I dare not laugh at him or turn a deaf ear to his commands. (Neither do you. He lives next door to you, as well as to me, you know. It was he, for example, who shoved you into debt by making you buy that costly car you neither needed nor could afford; just because he had bought one like it. It was he who made you send your children to that too-expensive school, and made you rent the house or apartment which was so out of keeping with your income. He made you neglect your somewhat down-at-heel old friends for the sake of smart new folk who are traveling at a pace you have no financial right to follow.)

The Man Next Door brags that he is my benefactor, not my enemy. He says that, but for him, I might do dishonest things from which Public Opinion now deters me; that I might beat my wife, or might degenerate into a sloven or a brute. He lies. I wish I dared answer him by saying:

"Self-Respect would keep me from doing or being any of those rotten things. So I owe you nothing. Self-Respect would have made a worth-while man of me, if I had had the brains and the courage to listen to it, instead of letting myself be guided by you. You could not keep on living next door to me for one hour if I had the manhood to choose Self-Respect and Common Sense as my perpetual housemates. I should be freed from your abhorrent yoke, forever!"

The remedy is so ridiculously simple! Why haven't I and the rest of us the nerve to apply it?

Albert Payson Terhune

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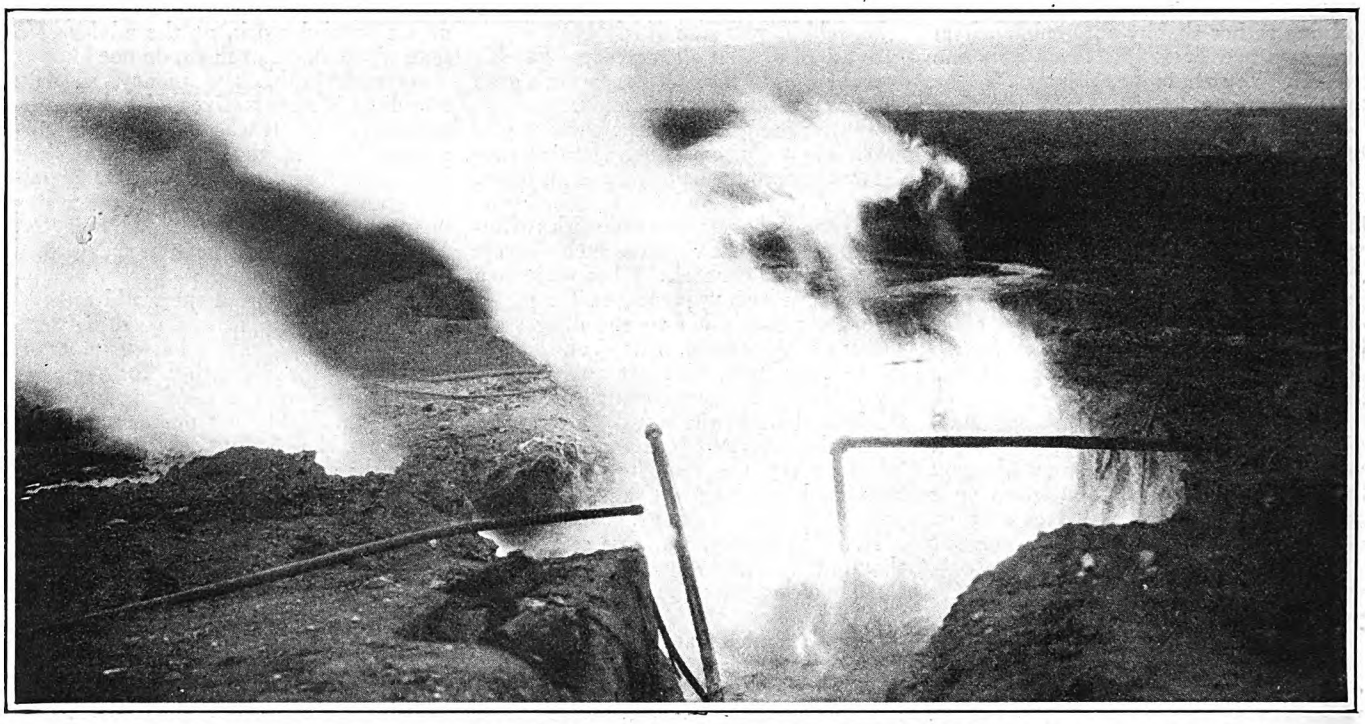

Can you imagine falling into this seething furnace—even though protected by an asbestos suit—and coming out alive? The story of how "Tex" Thornton did it, with a 30-quart nitroglycerin shell in his arms, is told in the following article

This Is No Job For A Nervous Man!

By Magner White

TO THOUSANDS of people in the cities and towns and on the farms in the Texas Panhandle—that narrow strip running up between Oklahoma and New Mexico—Tex Thornton is the apotheosis of adventure and the archangel of daredeviltry. And to the production men in the oil fields of that section and, indeed, all over the South in other fields, and in many other states, he is known as one of the best oil-well "shooters," and one of the best oil-well fire-fighters in the country.

In the past five years he has put out more than three hundred oil-well fires. He is affiliated with the U. S. Torpedo Company, a government-sponsored firm interested in the conservation of oil and natural gas resources. The company supplies the high explosives used in "shooting" wells, and in putting out fires in wells.

"His work is interesting to the public principally because it is so spectacular; but Tex Thornton is really one of the most important economic factors in the oil-production business," a Texas oil commissioner told me. "In the past three or four years, just to give you some idea of his value to the industry, he has saved enough natural gas alone, not to mention oil, by fighting fires no one else would tackle, to run the city of New York more than a hundred years."

Tex is a man of charming simplicity. He loves the excitement of his work. A crowd is always on hand to watch him put out a fire. At such times he is extremely busy; but he often manages to give everybody a laugh along with the excitement. Sometimes he holds them breathless with his courage in the face of danger. I remember an instance that happened last summer:

He was standing at the edge of the cellar of a burning well. A cellar is the depression, about ten feet square, about the mouth of an oil well, dug down so that the numerous pipes, casing, lines, cables, and other paraphernalia can be handled better. Dressed in the asbestos suit he uses to fight such fires, Tex was inspecting the blaze, deciding where he would put the explosive to snuff it out. The cellar was full of water, and the water, naturally, was boiling. Suddenly, without warning, the bank caved off, and Tex slid into the steaming inferno. Quick as a cat, he reached up and grabbed a cable stretched across the cellar.

The cable let him down so that his feet were in the boiling water. His asbestos shoes quickly filled. The shock was enough to have caused any but a man with steel nerves and unbeatable courage to give up. But, hand-over-hand, Tex walked across that blazing, gas-filled hole. When he landed on the opposite side he walked about a hundred yards, then sat down and pulled off his asbestos shoes. That was the last time he walked for five weeks. He still limps from the wounds. The surgeons had to take skin from other portions of his body to replace the skin of his feet.

AN OIL-WELL fire is a *real* fire. Imagine a plume of flame and smoke shooting a hundred to two hundred feet in the air, hissing and roaring as if it had the force of ten thousand locomotive boilers behind it—a gigantic, deafening torch, drafting its fuel from the depths of the earth—and you have some idea of the kind of fires Tex Thornton fights.

His face has been roasted so often that it has acquired a permanent tan. He is only thirty-five years old, but if you didn't happen to notice the youthful, adventurous twinkle in his dark eyes, you might guess his age at considerably more.

"I've been seasoned up some," he said, with a grin. He rolled up one of his sleeves. His arm was mottled all the way up. He bared the other arm. That was mottled too. He opened the front of his shirt. Altogether, he can boast of more than four hundred scars.

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And, naturally, so hazardous is his work that no insurance company will write a policy on his life.

When he tackles a fire, Tex puts on an asbestos suit and sometimes a gas mask. Then the fight begins. He darts into the fire, placing cables on the remaining metal parts of the rigging—which the flames have reduced to twisted masses. The metal is then dragged away. Not a scrap of iron can be left near the fire, for the heat might again ignite the well after the fire has been blown out. The ground is wet down all around.

When the way is clear, a shell containing nitroglycerin is either taken in by Tex or pulled in on a line and pulley until it is about eight or ten feet above the mouth of the well. The fire generally burns that far from the top, blowing out as I've already said, like a gigantic gas torch. It's the inflammable gas that causes the fire in an oil well. The explosive is set off, and —"puff!" the fire is out, whiffed out much as you would blow out a candle flame with your mouth.

NITROGLYCERIN is one of the most powerful of explosives. A tap equivalent to a sudden pressure of twenty-eight pounds to the square inch, or exposure to fire for about three minutes, will set it off. It is a fluid, slightly yellowish in color. Three quarts of it would blow a five-room house into splinters.

Tex often uses from ten to sixty quarts of nitroglycerin in putting out a fire, and when he is "shooting" a well—an entirely different process which I will explain later—he sometimes uses as much as twelve hundred quarts!

"Nitroglycerin has given me many a thrill, but it is not so awfully deadly if you know how to use it," Tex drawled in his inimitable West Texas manner, as we sat on his front porch in Amarillo, Texas.

"No use in running from that stuff. If it's going to go off and you are near it, it'll get you, no matter how fast you run.

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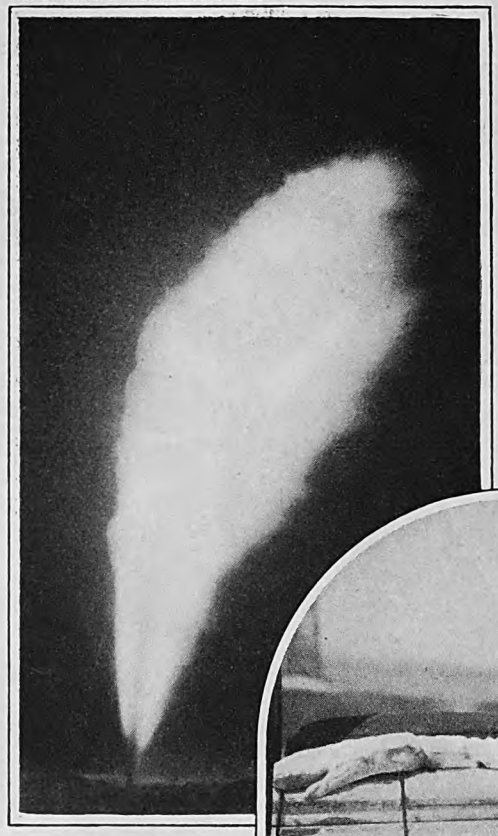

"I recall one time when I was shooting a well over in Hutchinson County. I'd put down five shells. As I let the last one down, a lot of gas somehow worked loose down below. It blew all those shells back up, one by one; and they each had thirty quarts apiece in 'em, too!"

"What did you do?"

"I caught 'em!"

To understand what happened, we're going to have to digress a moment and get a few pointers on how a well is "shot" to make the oil flow, or, as they say in the oil fields, to "put it on production."

Before I talked with Tex, I thought that when the drill hit the oil, the fluid at once started bubbling up. But that is rarely the case. What is struck is the oil *formation*, the stratum of sand which holds the fluid, like a great underground sponge.

Now, down at the point where it taps the oil, a well is usually not more than six or eight inches in diameter. It tapers down to that measurement from twenty inches, which is the standard width at the top, the casing being graded down to a smaller size

(Above) Not an ostrich plume, but a three-hundred-foot torch from a burning gas well. (Right) "Tex" Thornton, daring oil-well fire-fighter and "shooter," in the asbestos suit which he wears while putting out oil- and gas-well fires. He is carrying his asbestos helmet in his left hand. The long objects under his right arm are the shells which he uses to drop nitroglycerin into burning wells. (Below) Fighting a serious fire in a Texas oil well

every few hundred feet. Obviously, a little six- or eight-inch hole isn't going to let much oil through. The well must be "shot" to make it bigger at the bottom.

Shells containing nitroglycerin are let down into the hole by means of a winch and line, operated (*Continued on page 125*)

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Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

Last Instalment

Big Matt

By Brand Whitlock

WHEN the newspapers announced that Matt Holt had been indicted by the Grand Jury, the prevailing wind of public sentiment was indicated by that infallible weather vane, Senator Morris, who, repairing to the Fathers of the Republic as a source of constant inspiration, paraphrased Patrick Henry, and said:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and John Blake has his Matt Holt!"

It was Pedley who brought about the fall of Matt Holt. Pedley had failed of re-election, and had ascribed his defeat, not without reason, to Matt's machinations. And as Matt had never before taken any action in politics that did not have Blake's sympathy and approval, Pedley did not hesitate to hold Blake morally responsible for the conspiracy, and the irreparable disaster to the cause of reform.

Pedley employed the leisure with which Matt's efforts had provided him to bring about Matt's indictment, and he hoped, in the course of Matt's trial, to bring to light evidence that would involve Blake in other of Matt's activities even more reprehensible, if that were possible, than those that had brought about Pedley's defeat at the polls that autumn.

When Matt was brought to trial, toward the close of the January term, Blake followed the proceedings of the court in the newspapers, where they were reported under alarming headlines that displayed the words "Big Matt" in black letters and gave a new and sinister connotation to the old and familiar nickname.

Blake remembered a time when everybody called Matt "Big Matt" in affection; but now that Matt was in trouble and no longer had any friends, the old nickname, by

Blake ran his eye down the column, picking out the important parts from the mass of words

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a subtle process of suggestion, was transformed into something ugly and invidious, and became the synonym of all that was mean, base, and corrupt in politics.

Day after day, as the trial moved remorselessly on, Blake pored over these reports. He heard the testimony commented upon, elucidated, and explained in the gossip that was brought to him, from the lobby of the Stanley and from the cloak-rooms of the House and Senate, by Squire and by friends in both Houses, but they could find small encouragement; things were looking pretty black for Big Matt.

This new prosecutor, Whateley, was smart as a steel trap, and hard as nails, and went pitilessly on, day after day, piling up his evidence, making his case.

And, what made it all the worse, every now and then in the reports of the testimony, Blake would come across his own name, standing out as in a very spotlight for conspicuousness for all the world to see: it was Governor Blake this and Governor Blake that all the way through.

Then, one morning, Squire came in with the grave and ominous face he always put on when he had some particularly bad news to tell.

"Calkins has been given an immunity bath, and told all he knows. He's to go in the witness box to-morrow morning."

Calkins? Who was Calkins? And what did he know? Calkins? Oh yes, he remembered, when Squire reminded him. Calkins was the old friend for whom Matt had got the job in the office of the Commissioner of Public Utilities.

Calkins testified the next morning, and Judge Wilkinson, for the defense, subjected him to a cross-examination—a gruelling cross-examination, as the reporters described it—that lasted the whole day; but Judge Wilkinson couldn't break him down. That evening, the State rested.

"But don't give up yet, Governor," said Squire. "Wait for the defense to put in their case; wait for Matt to testify. He'll make monkeys of 'em."

BLAKE waited. If Matt took the stand and testified in his own behalf, sentiment would swing the other way. He remembered what a good witness Matt had made before the Committee of the Senate; he could see Matt raise that large, bald face to Fenshard, and to Pedley, making monkeys of them. Matt could do it again. They couldn't bluff old Matt!

The next morning, when the defense should have begun to put in its case, Judge Wilkinson asked for a recess until afternoon, and the Court granted it. In the noon editions of the newspapers it was stated that there was a hitch somewhere; the line of defense was in dispute; Big Matt had had a row with his lawyer.

What did it all mean? Should he call up Wilkinson on the telephone? No, he didn't dare do that. He rang for Squire. But Squire could only shake his head, more gravely and despondently than ever.

When Court convened again in the afternoon, Judge Wilkinson rose and said:

"If the Court please, the defense rests!"

Old Fox brought in the noon editions of the newspapers and laid them on the table. Blake picked them up and glanced at the headlines, stretched across the first page: "Big Matt goes to the Pen."

Blake ran his eye down the column, picking out the important parts from the mass of words: "Holt, stand up." . . . "Holt, have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon you?" . . . "No, Your Honor." . . . "Holt, you have been given a fair trial before an impartial jury of your peers, and found guilty." But what was the use of reading further? He let the paper fall to his table, and went over to the window and looked down into High Street.

IT WAS late in the afternoon before Matt appeared. Blake had dreaded the meeting, dreaded to see that change in Matt. But when Matt came, swinging into the room with his old manner, which for so long had seemed to sweep everything before it, he could see no great change in Matt—a little more grave perhaps, but himself once more, quite the same old Big Matt.

He sank into the chair, and glanced an instant about the room, then turned his face toward Blake.

Blake waited for Matt to begin; but when Matt gave no sign of opening the conversation, and the silence threatened to prolong itself and become embarrassing, Blake said:

"You know, Matt, how sorry I—"

"I know, Governor," Matt hastened to say.

And then, rasping his chin with the palm of his hand, Matt glanced out of the window and remarked: "Looks as if it might snow to-night."

"H'm, yes," Blake assented. And then impulsively he leant forward: "Tell me, Matt, why didn't you take the stand?"

"What was the use?"

"No, honestly," Blake insisted, "why didn't you?"

Matt rasped his palm over his chin again and replied:

"Well, you see, John, I didn't have Grant to deal with this time. I had this fellow Whateley, another proposition altogether."

"Matt," said Blake, "that wasn't the reason; you know it, and I know it. Tell me, frankly, what was it?"

Matt hesitated, waited a while, and then all at once he squared 'round in his chair to face Blake, and began, speaking out of the side of his mouth:

"Well, you see, John, it was pretty plain to me from the beginning that they were trying to drag you into this thing; all those questions, you know, bringing in your name whenever they could, and all that. I told you a good while ago, there at the first, when this thing broke—remember?—that they were after you.

"You see, when we came in—I mean when your administration came in—I thought things, politics, I mean, would be about what they had always been; I thought that was what we were here for. I was a fool, of course; I see it now. I saw it back there last summer, and afterward, especially when you made that last speech winding up your campaign.

"You showed me then, showed me where I was wrong, see? I saw that I had done you a lot of harm, thrown you down, practically. I didn't want to do you any more harm than I had, and I thought it was up to me to keep still, and take my medicine. It was all I could do. I don't regret it, and you mustn't feel sorry for me."

"But, Matt," said Blake, forcing himself to utter a thought that he would rather not have put into words, "if they are really after me—"

"Oh, don't worry; that's all over now. They've drawn blood, and they are satisfied. You've nothing to fear now."

Matt paused. It had grown almost dark in the room. Out through the window Blake could see the lights coming on in High Street. He felt that he ought to say something, but he didn't know just what to say, and before he could compose his thoughts and decide how best to recognize the sacrifice that Matt had made for him, he heard Matt's voice, a hoarse rumble in the still darkness of the room.

"If you could just feel, John," Matt said, "that I had squared myself!"

Just then old Fox entered and switched on the lights and laid the evening papers, those chronicles of disaster, on his desk. And on Fox's heels came Squire, and he said, in his most significant tone of warning: "The reporters are out there."

Matt rose to go, and they said good-by, Blake with a friendly hand on Matt's broad shoulder. And when Matt reached the outer chamber, where the reporters were, Blake heard one of them ask:

"What did you say to the Governor, Matt?"

And then came Matt's reply, prompt and incisive, delivered in his full, deep voice—he wasn't speaking out of the corner of his mouth that time:

"None of your damn business!"

Squire closed the door. Well, thought Blake, Matt might be going to the penitentiary, but he was free, at any rate; free now to say what he thought, and speak his mind, free of a thousand fears, and that was more than *he* ever could be, Governor though he was.

AS SOON as Matt's case had been taken on error to the upper courts and the judgment confirmed, and Matt had been imprisoned in the penitentiary, he was forgotten by the public; new sins in the meantime having provided new victims for the chase.

But Matt wasn't forgotten by Blake; Matt was in his thoughts more than ever, a preoccupation from which he was never to escape. Matt had been a source of constant anxiety during all that first term of office, and he was a source of even greater worry now. The thought of this old friend, the companion of his political adventures, shut up behind the gray walls of a prison, whilst he, Blake, was in the Executive Mansion, was intolerable.

There was nothing that he could do for Matt beyond hinting discreetly to Sam Wall, the warden of the penitentiary, to show Matt every favor (though he could have trusted Wall to do that without encouragement from him). And, even so, even though Matt were spared physical hardship and were not compelled to share the lot of a convict, Matt was ruined and disgraced, while Blake was successful and honored.

"Well, here we are," Matt used to say, at every step of their progress; they had come all the way together, thus far.

But there was, after all, one thing that Blake could do for Matt: he could pardon him. The idea had stolen upon his mind,

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or upon his conscience, gradually; it became a temptation, and before long an obsession.

He knew what the result in his own case would be, if he were to pardon Matt; already, in an article in "The Star," describing with some exaggeration and a great deal of moral indignation, the exceptional treatment that Matt was receiving in the State's prison, he had had a foretaste of what the newspapers would say. And yet, the idea tempted him.

One hot August day, slowly passing through the dim, cool rotunda of the State House, leaning on his stick, he encountered Wiley, the secretary of the State Board of Pardons, an old friend and protégé of Matt's, and he could not forbear to sound him.

"By the way, Wiley," he asked casually, "has an application for pardon ever been filed by Matt Holt or any of his friends?"

"Lord, no, Governor!" exclaimed Wiley. "No one would think of such a thing. I doubt, indeed, if the Board would dare to consider it if it were presented."

"Oh, I just asked for information," said Blake, carelessly, and he walked on, thinking that Wiley's answer had not helped him to a solution; it had only told him what he might expect.

AND then, one morning in September, he went to the penitentiary to see Matt. His arrival, unostentatious as he could make it, caused the sensation that might be expected; he was recognized instantly, and two or three "trusties" sitting in the office flew to notify the guard, and in another moment there was the warden hastening to receive him.

"Why, Governor!" cried Wall. "Glad to see you! But why didn't you let me know, so I could have had you received properly?"

But Blake waved the warden's apologies aside, and they went into the private office.

"I came out, Sam," said Blake, "to see Matt. How is he?"

"He's well."

"Does he suffer much?"

"Suffer!" The warden laughed. "I should say not! I make it as easy for him as I can."

"Did you put him to work?"

"Why, Governor, he helps me. Fact is, he helps me to run the whole shebang; he's introduced a lot of new things. I'll show you before you go; I couldn't get along without him. Shall I have him brought in?"

"No. I'll go to him; I want to see him alone."

"Well, he's sitting out there in the yard, I guess."

Matt, in his shirt sleeves, was in the yard, sitting on a bench against the wall, outside the cell house, bent over, the warm September sun lying upon his broad back; he was smoking a cigar slowly and reading a newspaper, his glasses perched on his high nose. At sight of him, Blake stopped; Matt, bent over as he was, and absorbed in his newspaper, hadn't seen him as yet.

"Hullo, Matt," he said, holding out his hand.

Matt looked up, with incredulity in his blue eyes; he gaped at Blake for a moment, and then, straightening up and getting to his feet, exclaimed:

"John! . . . I mean, Governor! What in—?"

"I just came out to see *you*, Matt," said Blake. But he couldn't go on. A momentary confusion seized them; Matt, after his first glance at Blake, had looked away, across the grimy quadrangle and then, glancing down dubiously at the bench, he said:

"Rather go inside, Governor? Sam would let us have his office, I reckon, if you want to talk."

"No," said Blake, "let's sit down here, in the sun."

They sat down, side by side.

"Well, Matt," said Blake, and then he found that he couldn't go on. The phrases with which one engaged in conversations, even with old friends, seemed, in this place, more than banal and absurd; they seemed inappropriate, a kind of mockery. They sat there in silence, until finally, to Blake's relief, Matt spoke.

"Looks good to see you again," said Matt. "Feeling all right, aren't you?" He thought that Matt's blue eyes were fixed on him in concern, as if inspecting and studying him.

"Oh yes, I'm all right. Feel better than I have in a long time."

"Well, you want to take care of yourself; don't try to do too much."

Matt paused, and was silent; he turned away from Blake for a moment. Then, presently, he said:

"How's the family? Mrs. Blake, and Joyce, and Eddie?"

"They're well."

"Joyce like living in the city? I see her name now and then in the papers. How's Eddie?"

"Oh, about the same." The less said about Eddie the better; he didn't like to talk about Eddie.

Beginning Next Month

Zane Grey's New Novel "SUNSET PASS"

WHEREVER the English language is spoken, the name of Zane Grey is known. He has immortalized, as no other writer, the Pioneer West of our America. "Riders of the Purple Sage," "To the Last Man," "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," "The Call of the Canyon," "Desert Gold"—they are magic names. And they are the names of only a few of the long list of Zane Grey's novels.

In his pages live again the color, the lure, the glory of mountain and desert—a fitting background for these epics of love and courage and devotion to the cause of Civilization against the Wilderness. In "Nevada," which appeared recently in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Zane Grey reached his high-water mark of achievement up to that time. But in "Sunset Pass" he has given us a story even richer in its store of romance and of drama.

We have the same historic setting—the frontier towns, and the cattle ranges with their "rustlers," their gunmen and their heroes. But surely not even Zane Grey has given us before a group of characters so fascinating as those which move through the pages of "Sunset Pass." Trueman Rock, famous on many ranges for his prowess in riding, shooting, and love-making; "that strange, wild, lovely Thiry Preston," daughter of the mysterious Preston clan; Ash Preston, leader of that clan and terror of the country all about. These are the three leading figures in the strange drama that is played out against the background of the wild and gorgeous beauty of Sunset Pass.

If you are interested in a faithful re-creation of those eventful days of the Pioneer West, when an empire was in the making; if you like a story of love and adventure, which moves swiftly and cleanly to its goal; if you thrill to the beauty of nature in its wildest and grandest aspects, you cannot afford to miss "Sunset Pass."

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From time to time, Matt studiously examined the end of his almost finished cigar, turning it about in the tips of his fingers

"What's he doing now? In college, I suppose."

"No, he's working for an automobile concern."

He realized that Matt was trying to stave off the discussion that was inevitable and, scarcely knowing what to say himself, he allowed Matt to talk on, and was not surprised when, presently, Matt veered 'round to the old subject that was never long out of his thoughts, and said:

"And how's politics? I see here in the paper—"

And they talked politics, somewhat as they used to do in the old days, and Matt seemed to forget his own trouble in those reminiscences and speculations and predictions that had formed the staple of their conversation during all those long years of friendship. But when at last he did remember again, he looked up humbly, and said:

"And your prospects, John, for the nomination—tell me, did—my trouble—hurt them so much, do you think?"

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Blake, though he was not so sure as he allowed Matt to think he was.

"You don't know what a relief it is to me," said Matt, "to hear you say that. I've wondered, and worried a lot; I've talked to Sam about it; he said it hadn't, that you were as popular as ever; but in here it's hard for me to tell. I've only got the newspapers to go by, and you can't tell much from them, though from what I could judge your popularity hasn't been affected."

He didn't want to hear Matt speak of his popularity. He had something else on his mind just then.

"Matt," he said, "how long have you been here?"

"Five months and twenty-seven days," Matt replied promptly.

"And you have to serve how much longer?"

"Fifteen months and three days."

Blake was silent a moment; he sat on the bench in the sunlight, and looked off across the (*Continued on page 149*)

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When You Pay For Experience Be Sure To Keep Your Receipt!

"I don't mind meeting the cost of anything I must learn from experience," says Elmer G. Biechler, "but I've always made it a point never to pay twice for the same piece of information—The story of a man who shaped his life according to the golf maxim: Direction first—then distance

By William H. Crawford

IF YOU had been driving along the Cincinnati Pike a few miles south of Dayton, twenty years ago, you might have seen a sturdy youth of seventeen digging post holes, or shinning up a telephone pole with a roll of wire over one arm. And if you had guessed what I am going to tell you in a minute or so, you probably would have wanted to stop and ask that boy a lot of questions.

You would have wanted to know what there was about him, or *in* him, that was destined to make his story different from that of the other young fellows who, like him, were drawing down their fifteen dollars a week as linemen for the local telephone company. You would have been curious to find out whether this particular lad, with the fun-loving brown eyes and the serious mouth, had any idea *how* he was going to heft himself up into the world of big achievement by the time he was barely thirty-five. And you would have been surprised to discover how simple was the program he had mapped out for himself.

To-day, if you were driving along the same road and halted at the identical spot where you were tempted to stop before, a stone's throw away you would see the biggest one-story factory building in the world. If you crossed the road and made inquiries, you find that its roof covers thirty-five acres. That freight trains run into it, pulling fifty cars at a time to be loaded. That thousands of workmen labor beside its miles of conveyor belts. That the plant, together with another factory owned and operated in Dayton by the same company, has an output of more than one hundred million dollars' worth of products a year!

And if you were lucky enough to find the boss on the premises, you would have no difficulty in recognizing him. At thirty-seven, Elmer G. Biechler, president and general manager of the Delco-Light Company, still looks very much like the sturdy, fresh-cheeked youth who twenty years ago was digging post holes along the Cincinnati pikeway.

Now, from a post-hole digger to the head of a great corporation is quite a distance for a man to travel in seventeen years. But then there are few men who move as fast or as decisively as Elmer Biechler does.

Not long ago, I spent the greater part of a day with Mr. Biechler. Early in the morning, we left his office in Dayton for the factory, five miles out. It was luncheon time when we emerged from the plant. As we stood for a moment on the steps before starting back to town, I put a question to him.

"How did you get from there to here?" I asked, pointing to the road a stone's throw away.

"If you can stand the truth," he said a little grimly, "I'll tell you. I did it by *main strength and awkwardness!*"

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, puzzled.

"Just this," he replied. "Like most young fellows in the world, I started out with a desire to be somebody; to get somewhere. And, like most other young fellows, I didn't know exactly where it was that I wanted to go. In short, I had my eye on no special goal. But the general direction in which I wanted to move was *upward.* I was mighty sure about that. Maybe that was one reason why I began my career by climbing telephone poles!

"The most valuable thing I learned at school did not come out of a book. I got it by watching the other youngsters in the classroom, on the playground, or in the street. It was this: It's not how much brains, or muscle, or knowledge you possess that hefts you upward; it's what you do with what you have.

"Make that statement to the first dozen men you meet, and the chances are that every one of them will say, 'Huh! Any fool knows that!' But any fool doesn't know it—not by a jugful! Of course a lot of folks know it with the surface part of their minds; but their knowledge fails to go deep enough to influence their actions. Deep down in his heart, the average man thinks that Bill Jones gets ahead because he has the gift of gab, or because his wife's cousin is on the board of directors, or because he has a way of kidding the boss along. Even Bill Jones's friends are likely to overlook the important fact that Bill plugs pretty steadily at the old job.

"LONG before I got as far along as digging post holes, I realized that I could never afford to leave any margin between my capacity and my output. No matter what the job, I threw into it every ounce of what I had to give. In short, I always fought like the very devil, even when I wasn't quite sure what I was fighting for! And when the smoke of battle cleared away, I usually found that I had inched up a bit.

"Of course, if I found myself barking up the wrong tree, or one that was too short to take me very far upward, I simply looked around for another tree more to my liking. It isn't fair to yourself or to your boss to stick to a job that doesn't hold a certain amount of challenge for you.

"I have worked with men, under men, and over men, but I have yet to find a man who could offer a satisfactory substitute for hard work. I have seen pull, luck, and even brains strike out when plain plugging would step up to bat and make a home run. Of course a lot of folks who work the hardest look anything but hard-worked. That is because they put so much fun into their jobs that they are bound to get some of it back.

"IT'S a tremendous advantage to possess a natural-born taste for work. I know, for I have it! Nothing puts a keener edge on my zest for life than the prospect of whipping a tough job into shape. But even if you don't like work naturally, you can cultivate a taste for it, just as you can cultivate a taste for olives or golf. And since most of us spend considerably more of our waking hours at work than we spend in playing golf or in eating olives, it seems to me that the moral is fairly obvious.

"One of the happiest and most successful men I know was a miserable failure at his job until he was nearly forty. In his middle twenties, he inherited a soap business from his father, and for the sake of a large family of minor brothers and sisters he had to carry on. Day after day, he drove himself to a job that he loathed. Then, after ten years of this, one fine morning he suddenly woke up to the fact that it wasn't making soap that he hated; it was the thought that he *had* to make soap. After that, both my friend and the soap business picked up amazingly.

"A lot of folks are like that. They don't actually mind work; it's the *idea* of work that they object to. And once they stop lugging around the perverse notion that work is a hardship, they find that they have twice as much energy to devote to the business in hand."

Elmer Biechler was born in Miamisburg, Ohio, a small town ten miles south of Dayton. He was the only child in the family; but he received none of the spoiling

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which is the proverbial lot of the only child.

"My folks are Pennsylvania Dutch," he told me. "Dad made a comfortable living out of his insurance business, so I did not have the spur of poverty to urge me on. However, when I reached the fourth or fifth grade at school the family encouraged me in my notion of getting a vacation job. In fact, Dad offered me two dollars a week to run errands and act as general handy boy around his office. I turned him down flat. I was only ten years old, but I was crazy about machinery. No office job for me!

"One of my uncles managed an ice factory in Miamisburg. I boldly asked him for a job in the engine-room. He said he would give me a dollar and a half a week to keep the valves clean and the brass polished.

"'But,' he warned me soberly, 'you'll have to earn it. In business, blood's no thicker than water!'

"I understood what he meant all right, and I acted accordingly. To this day, I'm grateful to my uncle for that speech as well as for the scrupulous exactness with which he made me toe the mark that summer. His attitude taught me at the very outset to count on myself and on my own efforts, rather than on any possible friend at court.

"YEARS of close observation have taught me that 'pull' is about the worst thing a boy can have. He is apt to lean on it when he ought to be hustling to make good. Personally, the only credential I want from a man is his own record.

"And that reminds me of something else. You remember that I turned down a two-dollar job for a dollar-and-a-half one. It's funny, but every time in my life that I've switched jobs, of my own initiative I've gone from a higher salary to a lower one. This was not because I wanted less money, but because I wanted more job.

"If I have any advice to give to the young fellow who is just starting out, it is this: When you pick a job, look at the size of the man above you, not at the size of your pay envelope. If the 'higher-ups' are doing something you would like to do, take off your coat and wade in. Given average intelligence and health and a determination to leave no margin between your capacity and your output, there is only one direction in which you *can* move. And that's upward!"

The fact that young Biechler always had a job during vacation time does not mean that he had no time or inclination for play. The truth is, he was a ringleader in all the hardy outdoor sports of the village. That is how he came by the strong body that stands him in such good stead to-day. Indeed, it was in the world of play that Elmer first showed his genius for organization.

Miamisburg is surrounded by hills, which in winter are usually covered with snow for two or three months. Now, hills and snow make an ideal combination for tobogganing. When Elmer was twelve, he and his gang decided that they were big enough to join the older boys and girls in this delightful sport. But there was one slight drawback—they had no toboggans. Worse still, toboggans were "out of sight" that year, and the parents of the "gang" refused pointblank to furnish the wherewithal to buy them.

Here was a clear case of demand and no supply. With true business enterprise, young Biechler proceeded to organize a company to build toboggans!

The company was a close corporation, as the members of the gang were the only stockholders. There were, however, certain collateral non-participating investors. These were the fathers of the boys. One was a lumber merchant; another a blacksmith; while a third kept a paint shop.

UNDER the leadership of young Biechler, the members of the gang pooled their nickels and dimes and bought lumber at cost from the lumber merchant. They next persuaded the blacksmith to allow them to use his shop. In the smithy there was a huge old kettle. This, Elmer and a trusty lieutenant filled with water and put over the forge. They then put the hickory into the kettle and pumped the bellows vigorously until the water was boiling. The hickory was kept in the boiling water until the wood was pliable. It was then taken out and the runners given that upward curve which is essential to a good sled.

The next step was to buy some iron bolts from the blacksmith and rivet the runners firmly together. This feat accomplished with the help of the smithy, who by this time was almost as interested as the boys, hickory cross-bars were riveted to the frames and iron rods added, to serve as handholds.

A visit to the paint shop resulted in the purchase at wholesale prices of a large can of brilliant red paint and a small can of black enamel. The following day, a whole squadron of giant red toboggans elegantly banded in black appeared on the longest hill around Miamisburg.

And the joke of it was that the owners of those sleds sold them to their parents at twenty-five per cent less than the market price, and had still cleared a hundred per cent on their investment.

"Those sleds were worth what they cost our dads, too," Mr. Biechler told me proudly. "Mine is as good as new to-day. Fact is, my eight-year-old daughter wouldn't swap it for the most expensive new one in the shops."

There was a (*Continued on page 155*)

Elmer G. Biechler is president of the Delco-Light Company, which, with its affiliated plants, has an annual output of more than one hundred million dollars' worth of products. The main factory over which he presides stands by the side of a road where, twenty years ago, he worked as a post-hole digger. Mr. Biechler was born at Miamisburg, Ohio, thirty-seven years ago. His office is in Dayton

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The "Just-As-Soon-As" Habit

By Ellis Parker Butler

SEVERAL million of us in these United States have reached the age where we can turn around and see a whole parade of years strung out behind us. A handful of us may let loose three whoops of satisfaction, and say, "Oh, boy! There's a perfect job of construction work!" But my bet is that most of us don't.

When we started out, we were going to build a boulevard of years as straight and handsome and wide as Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with superb structures; but when we look back at the years we have built, the route resembles the tracks of the cow that laid out Boston, and most of the elegant edifices are not there.

I don't know that this is much to worry about. We have all got to where we are, somehow, and not many of us have dirty alleys tacked in between the clean cow paths and macadam stretches of our lives; but to a connoisseur of lives our jobs of life-building must look fair to middling ragged. Many things have mussed up our good intentions.

Take my own case: The other day I wrote a novel. It is the first out-and-out novel I ever wrote, and I am very happy about it, because, being a writer by profession, it has always been my intention to write a lot of novels.

The trouble with me has been that I have always been going to write a novel *just as soon as* I got something else done. I decided to be a novelist thirty-eight years ago, when I was in the wholesale grocery profession and busy selling beans. "I will write a novel," I said to myself, "just as soon as I have sold all the beans." I referred, of course, to the small white beans that are called navy beans because enough of them are produced every year to sink a navy.

I never did get all the navy beans sold. Every time I sold a bushel of beans some eager bean grower produced forty bushels. Charley Fuller, who was my best bean customer out there in Muscatine, used to buy two bushels of navy beans from me every week or so, and now and then I sold a bushel to Sam Gordon or Peter Whippelhauser.

But in those days navy beans came in carloads, and cargoes, and trainloads, and by the ton and if we left the north windows of the warehouse open at night a couple of blizzards of navy beans would blow in from Wisconsin, and when we opened the front door a landslide of beans would pour out and stop the street cars. At the end of eight years, after I had sold beans until I was blue in the face, there were more beans on hand than when I began, and the "Western Grocer Magazine" said, in the August number, "Beans, Navy: The indications are for a phenomenally large crop this year."

"All right!" I said firmly. "This is too much beans. Eight years is enough. If I wait until I sell all the beans I will never be a novelist. I'll go to New York, and write my novel just as soon as I am comfortably settled there."

The just-as-soon-as habit already had me in its clutches. And it has had me ever since. When I reached New York I said: "I will write a novel just as soon as I get accustomed to living in a boarding-house," and I spent most of my time writing letters to my sweetheart out in Iowa. Then I said: "I will go back and marry my girl just as soon as I get a safe job as editor." Well, for thirty years I kept right on just-as-sooning that novel into the future, and I would probably have no novel now if a do-it-now man had not crowded me into a corner some months ago, and made me write it.

THE chances are that the world has not broken its heart because I wrote no novel for thirty-eight years. It has, however, made a difference to me. Even an easy-going novelist turns out two novels a year, and if I had not been a just-as-sooner I would have had seventy-six novels to my credit by now. Instead of saying, "Butler? Butler? Isn't he the man who used to sell beans for the Fred Daut Company?" the folks out in Muscatine, Iowa, would be saying, "Butler, of course; but Thackeray and Dickens also wrote some pretty good novels."

If I had not got into the habit of telling my publisher that I would write a novel just as soon as I got my hair cut, or bought a new typewriter ribbon, or was elected Queen of the May, or did any one of a thousand other things the just-as-soon-as man always digs up as an excuse, millions of intelligent citizens of this great republic might consider my name a household word. They would not refer to me doubtfully, saying, "Butler?

(*Continued on page 165*)

The Thing I Hate Most To Do

Prize Contest Announcement

"MOST of us are procrastinators about some things," says Mr. Butler, "some of us are procrastinators about most things, and all of us have the putting-off habit about at least one thing. Now, I've found that the best way to get over a bad habit is, first of all, to look it in the face."

There is not much argument possible on that statement, especially on the last part of it, so THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE invites you in this contest to haul out into the light the thing you hate most to do—the task you always put off. Maybe it is washing the supper dishes, writing letters, calling on a newcomer in your neighborhood, getting a hair-cut, oiling the lawn mower, taking out the ashes—whatever it is, write us about it. There are a thousand little tasks in life, and there's one that, more than any other, you put off. Tell what it is, how you came to despise it so, and what your habit of putting it off has cost you in friendship, money, peace of mind, energy, or in some other way.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes March 20th. Winning letters will appear in the June, 1928, issue.

Address Procrastinator Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned; so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Photograph by D. Jay Culver

Ellis Parker Butler

"THE trouble with me," says Mr. Butler, "is that I never can do anything until I have done something else. I'm one of those 'just-as-soon-as' fellows, which explains why I planned for thirty-eight years to write a novel, before I ever got 'round to starting it. I set myself to write a story, but go out to rake the leaves off the lawn. Raking leaves suggests fixing the lawn mower, and fixing the lawn mower suggests washing the car, and washing the car suggests washing the dog, and washing the dog suggests taking a walk in the fresh air, and taking a walk suggests loafing down the street—and the first thing I know the day is done, and the story isn't even begun."

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Sumner Studio, Northfield, Minn.

OLE EDVART RÖLVAAG, fisherman, farm hand, teacher, and author of "Giants in the Earth," came to the United States from Norway. He finally was made professor of Norse Literature at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, where he now lives. In the accompanying article, Lincoln Colcord, himself a former sailor, gives you the story of Rölvaag, the seaman, and the author.

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AMID such scenes as these Rölvaag grew up. The picture above shows fish warehouses lining the canal at Trondhjem, Norway; the one to the right is a Lofoten Islands harbor scene.

Photograph from Ewing Galloway

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Rölvaag The Fisherman Shook His Fist At Fate

By Lincoln Colcord

THIRTY years ago, a young fisherman sat on a hillside far up on the north coast of Norway, gazing off across the Arctic Ocean and debating the hardest problem of his life. He was faced that day with a tremendous decision: Should he keep on with fishing, and live and die up under the Arctic Circle? Or should he go out alone into the world, to fulfill a vague but powerful impulse that was stirring within him?

Something had happened to bring this question to an issue. He sat there all the afternoon, fighting it out with himself step by step. It was the crisis of his life, and he met it bravely and confidently. Against the advice of family and friends, he decided to refuse the fine offer that had just come his way, turn his back on the only life he knew, and go to America.

To-day, that unknown fisherman is internationally famous as the author of "Giants in the Earth," a novel of the pioneer settlement of South Dakota which has been received by reviewers and critics everywhere as a new note in American literature. His name is Ole Edvart Rölvaag, and he is a teacher in St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, where he holds the chair of Norwegian Literature. Since coming to America, in 1896, he has acquired practically all of his education, earning his way through school and college at all kinds of jobs. He has been a member of the faculty of St. Olaf College since the fall of 1906; and, in addition, has found time to write six novels of Norwegian-American life, a volume of essays, and three volumes of reading for preparatory schools and colleges, besides taking an active part in various activities within his own racial group.

Rölvaag's own story reads like romantic fiction of the most extravagant quality: Born in a lonely fisherman's hamlet in conditions of extreme poverty, he left school at the age of fourteen to follow the sea as a fisherman for the next six years. At the age of twenty, he came to America, without a word of English in his vocabulary or a penny in his pocket. In spite of all this, the man of fifty-one stands well across the threshold of one of the world's literary reputations.

Nowadays, when he talks of his youthful decision to come to America, his face often wears a look of astonishment, as if he wonders where he could have found the courage and audacity to do what he did.

"I had been a full-fledged fisherman then for five years," he reminds you. "I had left school as a pupil who could not learn, at the age of fourteen, and buried all hopes of an education. At fifteen, I had taken my place in the fisheries. All my people for generations followed the sea; there was nothing else to do. In summer, we fished in small open boats, going out every day from our little harbor. In winter we went in large boats, carrying crews of five or six men, to the historic fishing grounds off the Lofoten Islands, over two hundred miles away. That was much like the trips of Gloucester fishermen to the Banks of Newfoundland. Only our craft were so much smaller.

"It was a hard life, and I went at it hard. I'd been a failure in school; well, I had to show that I was worth something in other directions. And I am proud to say that I became a good fisherman and an expert seaman. I fought for my life many times on the open North Atlantic, caught out in storms in the winter darkness. I learned how to handle a boat, how to be reckless and still use good judgment, and how to pit one's small strength against the elements. I learned how to measure men and life, and how to value both.

"BUT, all the while, I wasn't satisfied. There was something else I wanted in life, yet I couldn't put my finger on it. In 1893, the twenty-fifth of January, to be exact, I remember, the whole fishing fleet was caught out in a terrible storm. Many of my friends and boon companions were lost that day. The man I sailed with was an old Viking, the finest seaman I have ever known. He brought us through the storm by superhuman efforts. How I loved and admired him for this and other feats. Yet, thinking the experience over afterward, it struck me that my way of living was awfully futile. I couldn't bear to think of myself drifting around, with life over before it had hardly begun. Something inside me struggled for release. What it was I didn't exactly know, but it made me vastly unhappy.

"In fact, that storm changed my nature. I remembered it vividly—the awful darkness, the terrific wind, the lashing seas. I couldn't get away from it. I had realized that both boat and crew were in dire peril. As the seas broke over us and I believed that death was inescapable, I felt a resentment against Destiny. Why was my life to be snuffed out just as it was about to begin? Fear I had not; only a dull, aching resentment. I probably cursed a little that day. I was going to die, without a chance to express my real self, to (*Continued on page 188*)

For That Man Who Told Me He Had Never Had a Chance

"THE Island of Dönna where Rölvaag was born is a barren rock, covered with gorse and heather," says Mr. Colcord. "As a boy, Rölvaag would go with his mother to gather kelp from the rocks. They boiled it and fed it to their cattle. An opening between low ledges of granite marks the cove named Rölvaag, from which the author took his name. At the head of the cove, the houses of the settlement stand out stark and unprotected against the sky line. A gloomy, desolate scene—a perilous stronghold on the fringe of the Arctic night. All the men in this settlement were fishermen. It was a life full of hardship and danger, with sorrow and poverty standing close at hand. The midnight sun shone on them for a season; during the winter they had the long darkness. Here Rölvaag's forbears had lived, going out to the fisheries, since time immemorial. Here he grew up."

I THOUGHT of this description of Rölvaag's background when a man said to me recently, "I haven't had a real chance in life. My folks lived away off from civilization. A fellow can't learn when he's isolated."

Rölvaag's distinguished career is the best answer to anyone who holds such views about early handicaps, isolation, lack of schooling, and lack of association with new persons and new ideas.

THE EDITOR.

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Her Husband's Son

A story

By Dorothy Sanburn Phillips

Illustrated by Frances Rogers

"MY MOTHER never hurries." Little Jim's voice was not accusing, or critical. It was dispassionate, merely stating an observation.

He stood in the kitchen door, a slim, wiry little figure in a brown corduroy suit, his dark eyes fixed upon his stepmother as she moved about the kitchen getting dinner.

At his words, she threw him a quick glance.

The short November twilight was over and dusk had fallen. Though the light was lit in the kitchen, Elizabeth McLaughlin had not drawn the shades. Outside, the lights of other kitchens gleamed across the small suburban back yards. A rising north wind moaned through the leafless trees.

But all Beth McLaughlin saw was that figure in the doorway, the son of her husband and another woman, who had been the wife of his youth, and who was still alive.

"Well, sometimes you have to hurry to get things done," she remarked pleasantly.

"My mother always gets things done," said little Jim.

Beth winced. She wanted to cry, "Yes, I know your mother gets things done. She does everything well. She's perfect, and I'm not; but I wish to heaven you'd shut up about her!"

But what she said aloud was, "There, I thought I heard your father's train whistle. You'd better run upstairs and wash your hands, and"—with emphasis—"your face."

After he had gone, she closed the kitchen door with a bang. Usually she left it open so she could hear big Jim when he came in, and could hurry to the hall to greet him.

She had married Jim McLaughlin three years before, and at that time she had known all about his former wife, and his son. In fact, long before they were engaged he had told her of his unhappy marriage. Her friends in New York had been skeptical of his attentions. "Don't waste your time on him, Beth. A divorced man with a son, and probably paying alimony—"

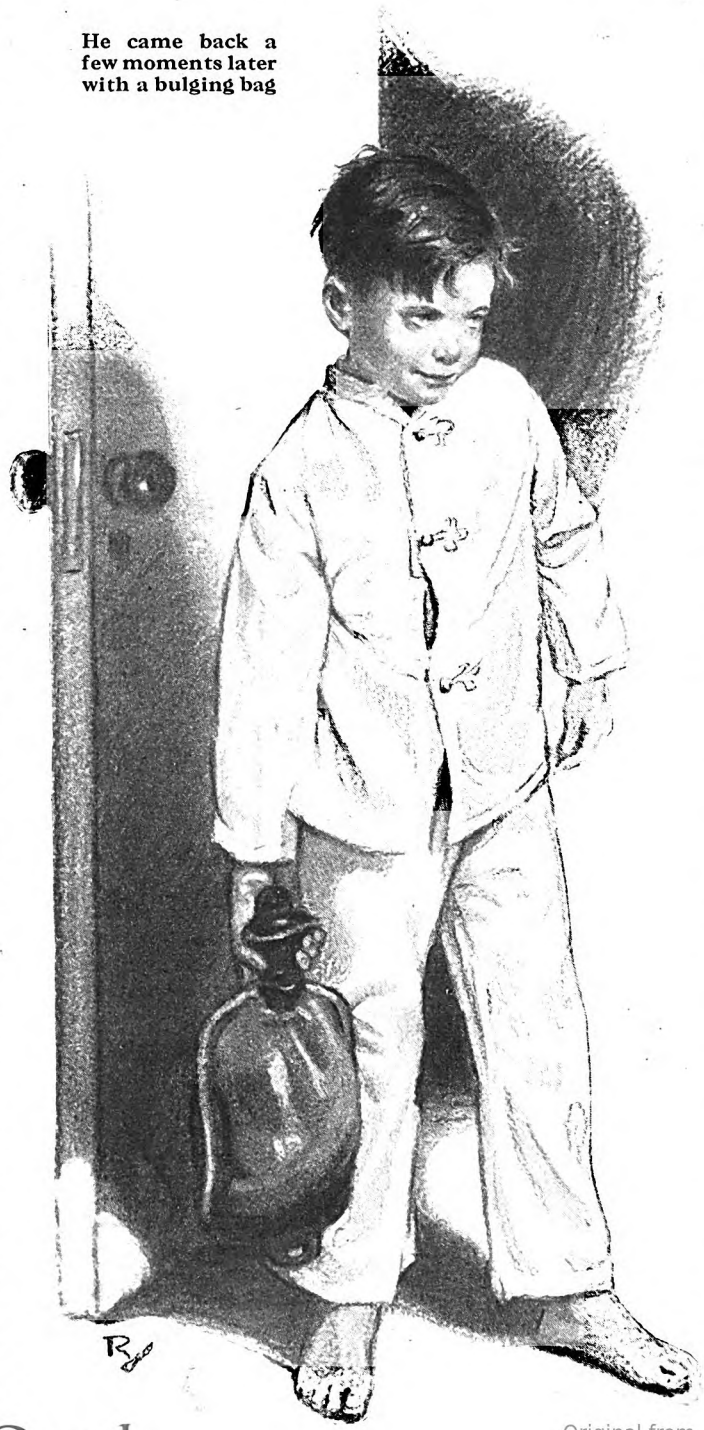
But Beth had loved him from the first—his big ungainly figure, his fair head, his blue eyes that seemed to be always searching, the little wistful curve to his lips as he smiled. And he had loved her.

"It will be something of a pull at first," he had said when they talked of marriage. "Jim lives with his mother, and she'll probably continue to keep him; but I pay the major share of his support."

During the first year Beth had kept on with her job. She was so used to working. And they had lived in New York, and saved systematically, painstakingly. Then they had had a chance to buy reasonably a house in the suburbs, a small house, it was true, but a real house with a yard and a garden and two apple trees, with a real kitchen, a real dining-room, and a room for a nursery. So they had moved out of town and Beth had given up her job.

How wonderful it had all been, almost too wonderful to be true, it seemed as she looked back on it. That year in New York—hurrying through breakfast, starting out to work together, coming home at night, lingering over dinner and talking of their jobs. Those first few months in their own house—the fun of fixing up a home—seed catalogues—materials for curtains—wall paper for the nursery, and plans for the baby that was coming in the spring.

But there had been no baby in the spring, and the nursery remained untenanted.



He came back a few moments later with a bulging bag

LATE one winter afternoon Beth had been rushed in an ambulance to the nearest hospital. There had followed forty-eight hours during which Jim walked the floor, and then—

"Well, I did my best for the race," she tried to smile at him from the pillow. "Better luck next time!"

The doctors were very insistent that many months must pass before the next time. She must regain her strength. It would be a slow process. And it was not until much later that they had told her that there would be no next time.

She had come home from the doctor's office that day, calmly got dinner, calmly

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"His other mother!" Those words echoed through Beth's mind. She stood there staring at him

met Jim in the front hall. But he saw from her face that she knew.

He took her in his arms and held her tight.

"Babies are an awful nuisance," he whispered. "I'm not so keen about them—honestly. Of course, I wanted one, because you did; but I don't care as long as I have you!"

She smiled at his awkward, loving words. "Jim, you're a dear," she answered. "There's no one like you in the world! . . . I don't mind—much. Only—"

Strange that that woman who had never really loved him had given him a son, and she, who loved him so, could not!

Then had come the letter.

JIM had tossed it across the dinner table to her one August evening. She knew well that small, square handwriting. Every month she saw it, acknowledgments of Jim's check, and reports of little Jim—impersonal, yet rather vivid reports. Not that she had ever read them herself, but big Jim always told her what was in those letters.

This one he wanted her to read.

Little Jim's mother was to be married again; would big Jim mind taking the boy for a few weeks in September?

"Well?" Big Jim's eyes were upon her.

"Of course," she answered, smiling.

He was Jim's son.

It had been fun fixing up the room for him, planning for him; fun, too, to have him there, his footsteps on the stairs, his young, happy voice. He was a regular boy, lively, frank, interested in everything. But he had been well trained, Beth had to admit; for the most part, he minded well. Jim was very happy. At night, he went up-stairs and sat on the edge of his son's bed, and talked to him. On Saturday afternoons they played ball together in the back yard, and Beth, coming to the kitchen door, smiled, as she watched and listened to their joyous voices.

If only he had not talked quite so much about his mother! They could not tell him not to. He did it very naturally, taking it for granted they were interested, giving details of his past life, rather cluttered details—an apartment in Boston, his grandparents' farm, summer hotels, his mother's friends.

If only, too, he had looked like his father! It had taken Beth a little while to get over the shock of her first sight of him. She had pictured him as a miniature Jim, fair-haired, broad-shouldered. Instead, he was dark and slim. No one would have picked him out for Jim's son.

"Yes; looks like his mother," was Jim's laconic comment when she questioned him.

Up to that time she had never thought very much about the other woman in Jim's life. But now, with little Jim there, she could almost picture her: slim, dark eyes, her head held high, sure of herself, and her charm.

Then had come the second letter. Little Jim's mother's husband was an engineer. They were going to South America—no place for a boy—climate—would big Jim take the boy and keep him indefinitely?

Their eyes met over that letter.

"It will be nice to have a kid in that room," said big Jim.

And Beth smiled. She was thinking: "His mother has given him up; she's gone; he'll be our child now."

But he wasn't. He loved big Jim, she was sure of that, but herself—? She had tried hard, very hard to win his affection, to get close to him. She had listened to his talk about school, had asked him questions about his play and "the boys," but she had never got beyond that cool, calculating look in his brown eyes. To him, she was just the person who lived in the house with his father and himself, who cooked for them, and who, unfortunately, delivered commands as to the brushing of teeth, and washing of hands. And always, always—"My mother." . . . "My mother."

BETH gave a little cry and raised her shoulders as if to ward off a blow.

The door into the kitchen opened.

"Why, hullo, honey," big Jim's voice rang out. "What's up? The door closed? No wife to meet me at the door?"

She hurried over to kiss him, smiling quickly.

"I was just busy with dinner. I didn't hear you come in."

But he peered into her face.

"Everything all right? Kid been good to-day?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly, desperately. "He's been fine."

For a moment big Jim said nothing, his eyes upon her, searching. Then gently he pushed her out of the kitchen.

"You go in there and finish setting the table. I'll cook the chops. You're tired, and it's close in this kitchen."

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That evening, while Jim was up-stairs with his boy, she sat in the living-room, trying to read. But their two voices came to her plainly through the open door of the bedroom, down the stairs and through the wide double doors from the hall into the living-room. She could hear big Jim's low rumbling voice, then little Jim's laughter. She felt shut out, and alien. Slowly her book dropped to her lap.

She took it up quickly when she heard big Jim close the boy's door. Smiling, he came running down the stairs.

As he entered the room, she looked up at him, smiling too. But there was something in her eyes that made his smile fade. Gently he took her book from her hand, sat down in the big chair and pulled her onto his lap.

"NOW," he said, "tell me all about it."

"Oh, Jim, it isn't anything, really. I just got a little tired to-day."

"Yes; it is something. I can tell by looking at you—something about the boy. What's he done? Please tell me, darling."

She looked down, playing with a button of his vest. "It really isn't anything—it's sort of foolish—but sometimes I just can't help wishing he wouldn't talk quite so much about *her*."

There was a little silence, then Jim spoke gently. "Well, she's his mother, dear. And he's knocked about quite a bit for an eight-year-old—she's always on the move; he's seen lots of people and lived different places, and I suppose he's come to cling to her, perhaps, more than some other children might. It's only natural."

"Oh, yes, I know it is!" she cried. "It isn't that so much. It's—it's—" She grasped the lapels of his coat convulsively. "I never used to think about her—and now, now—with him, talking and talking, I can't help thinking and remembering. She's his mother and he's your son! And when you go up-stairs at night with him, I feel so shut out—"

He held her tight. "Shut out? You from me? Darling—as if you ever could be! You mustn't brood about her. That's all over, long ago. She hasn't been anything to me for years, and you—you're everything—everything in life!" His voice rang out passionately. There was a silence before he went on, "As for Jim—he's seen me before; he feels as if he knew me. He's a rather reserved sort of kid. He likes you, but you're still a little strange. As soon as he gets to know you better— His Christmas vacation will be starting soon, and he'll be home more and you'll see more of him; and then there'll be Christmas—Christmas, darling, with a kid in the house!"

Beth smiled. Jim was so dear and understanding and patient. She must be patient too, and understanding too. She must remember how hard it would be for a little boy to be suddenly thrown into a new home with a new mother. She must be content to wait. Jim was probably right: when the boy knew her better he would come to love her, he would be her child, too.

Christmas, as Jim had said, seemed to bring them all closer. She and Jim had such fun sitting together in the evening and planning little Jim's presents and the tree. And little Jim consulted her about the present for his father, and when they went shopping together asked her advice about the cuff links. After they were bought, he insisted on her letting him go off by himself.

She waited, her heart light, by the door of the big department store until he returned, coming toward her through the crowd, a little important, self-conscious look on his face, clutching tight in his hand a small, square package. She smiled, thinking it was his present for her.

But it wasn't. The next day she came upon him, trying with painstaking but clumsy fingers to do up the parcel in wrapping paper. Eyes earnest, face flushed, he looked up at her:

"I can't seem to do it!"

His face was worried, appealing, and the impulse swept over her to put her arms around him and kiss his flushed cheeks. She had never made any display of affection toward him, always those cool eyes had repulsed her, but now— She took a step forward, then—

"It's for my mother," he said. "I want it to get there. It's beads. My mother likes beads."

Without a word she took the package, folded the paper, knotted the string. He gave a little sigh of relief and stood there close beside her, watching.

Christmas Day itself was a very joyful occasion. Big Jim was gay and laughing, and Beth smiled at his joy, smiled at little Jim's excitement, and smiled too at the bright-colored pincushion he had picked out for her.

"I thought you'd like it," he explained. "You can put it on your bureau."

Yet it seemed to her that he was most pleased over his present from his mother, an elaborate train of cars.

"Look at what my mother gave me!" he cried more than once. "All the way from South America! My mother always gives me grand presents."

DURING vacation Beth saw a lot of the boy. He was in and out of the house, and she talked to him about his school, his books, the comparative merits of "Treasure Island" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

The day the snow came she even went out in the afternoon, after the storm was over, and played snowballs with him. The sun came out from beneath the clouds and under its rays the snow glistened. Little Jim's cheeks were red, and he laughed, his eyes bright, warm. She laughed too, and chased him down the half-clear walk. Then he chased her, pelting her with snow.

"Gee!" he said, as he came alongside, "you can't run at all. Why, my mother—"

Beth's laughter died.

"And she can dance too. You ought to see her. Sometimes at the hotel she'd let me stay up a little while and watch."

Beth hardly heard. The sun had vanished behind the houses. The snow had lost its sparkle; it seemed a dead white pall. She turned away, shivering.

That was the way it went. Whenever it seemed as if she were getting close to little Jim, that mother would rise up between them. She was everywhere, everywhere—slim, dark, lovely, mocking. She even rose up to defend him from discipline, to ward off disagreeable duties.

"Jim, wash your face for supper, as well as your hands."

"But it'll just get dirty again. My mother never made me wash my face."

"Well, you don't want him to forget his mother, do you?" was big Jim's comment, when she told him how omnipresent was that mother.

"No, I don't," she answered. "But sometimes, Jim, I can't help thinking that he talks that way on purpose to annoy me."

"Oh, kids!" Big Jim shrugged his shoulders. "They say the first thing that comes into their minds. They don't mean anything. He'll get over it. I'll give him a talking-to."

"But he minds you without being talked to," she retorted. "He's all right when you're around. It's only me—"

Big Jim was silent, then he gave a little sigh:

"I wish you wouldn't take things quite so personally, dear. He's like all little boys. He doesn't mean anything. But you're so sensitive; you're reading things into what he says and does; you're just ready to be hurt."

"Well, I can't help it!" she flung back at him. "I am what I am, and I've done my best for your son—done everything I could."

"Oh, I know you have, dear," his arms went around her quickly. "It's been hard to have an eight-year-old kid just thrown at you like that, and you've done wonderfully. I was just thinking of you. I don't want you to get all worked up over things, and hurt." His eyes were worried and in his voice was a little weary note.

Her flare of anger died away.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "I try not to. He's a dear boy, and I know he does not mean to hurt me."

After she was in bed that night, she lay awake thinking of that look in Jim's eyes, that note in his voice. A queer feeling of fear swept over her. She and Jim had been so happy, nothing had ever come between them before—would little Jim? . . . "No, no!" she cried in protest.

She tried to put the thought from her, but the next day it kept coming back.

"Don't be foolish, Beth," she told herself. "Of course nothing can happen. Naturally, it's sort of hard for Jim not to have you get along so well with his son. But he's right. It's all your fault. Little Jim doesn't mean anything. He's just a regular boy—a dear boy, and you love him."

Yes, she did love him. He came in for lunch, flushed, excited, his eyes bright, and as he sat across from her at the table he told her about the snow house that he and the other boys were making. And she smiled at him.

BUT the next day little Jim refused to come to lunch when she called him.

He and the other boys were still busy with their snow caves. She stood shivering on the edge of the sidewalk, her bare hands shoved into the cuffs of her coat. He did not pause in his shoveling.

"I don't want to come now," nonchalantly he threw the remark over his shoulder. She could see his bent, supple figure. "I'm not hungry. My mother doesn't make me eat when I'm not hungry."

Beth turned and walked away, back up the path and into the house. She was trembling, trembling with anger. Behind her she heard laughter, and she could almost feel the mocking voice of that slim, dark woman.

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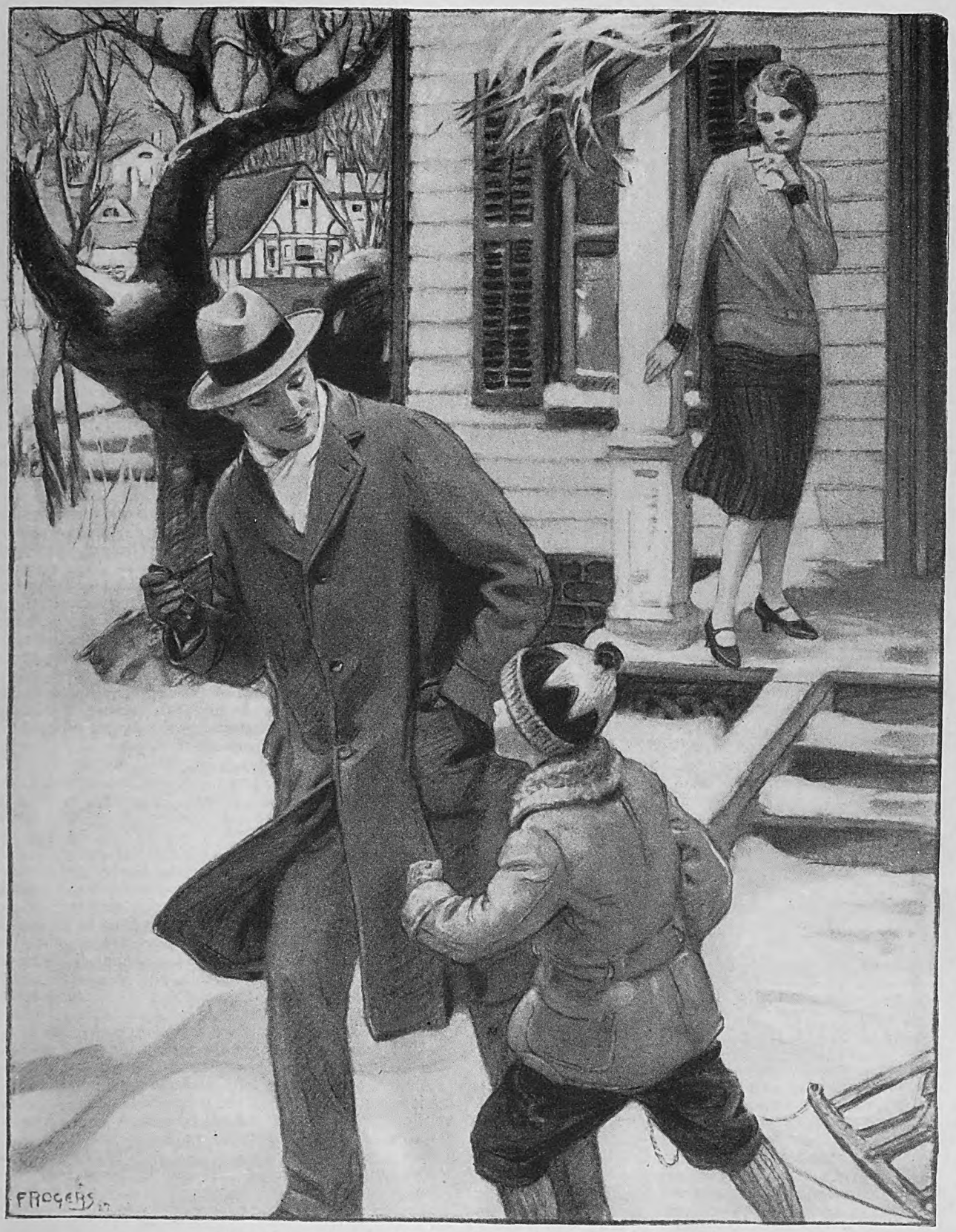

She watched the two figures trudging off together—father and son

That afternoon she would not let Jim go out to play. Calmly, coldly, she told him her reason. She took him down-town with her when she did her marketing, and many times during the walk she wished she had not tried to enforce discipline. At first he sulked; then he grew talkative, criticizing the food she was buying. It was as if he were bent on punishing her for punishing him.

"Well, naturally, he was mad about it," she told herself at home in the kitchen, getting dinner. "Naturally, he wanted to play with the boys."

But somehow she could not get away from the idea that there was an imp within him, spurring him on—a slim, dark-eyed woman imp. He seemed no longer a boy, Jim's son, but an enemy, an enemy bent on hurting her, an enemy whom she must conquer.

"Will you please get out of this kitchen." Her voice was crisp and cool and well-controlled. "I'm busy. Your father will be here soon. Go and wash your face and hands."

After he had gone, she stood in the middle of the kitchen floor: "I can't stand it! I can't!"

"Everything all right to-day?" asked big Jim as he came in the door.

"Oh, yes," she lied desperately, and her heart smote her at (*Continued on page 170*)

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I Don't Know What Happened At These Séances

But something did and, even after thirty years of scientific study, I cannot explain the strange phenomena to my own satisfaction—I can only report, as I do in this article, what I have seen and heard

By Hamlin Garland

FOR more than seventy years the scientific method has been applied to the study of mediumistic phenomena, and learned men and societies are still debating whether such phenomena are wholly, or only partly, imaginary. Therefore I shall not begin by promising a solution to this problem. I shall only report, with as little prejudice as possible, the facts as they have met me in the course of a personal investigation extending over more than thirty years.

Part of my study of psychic phenomena has been as an officer of a psychical society, but for many years I have investigated as an individual, and (so far as possible) I have dealt with non-professional mediums. What I shall say here in no way involves the American Society for Psychical Research, although I am at the present time chairman of its Research Committee. This article reflects my personal opinion only.

I came into this field of investigation in 1890, when, as a man of thirty, I was invited by the directors of the American Society for Psychical Research, of Boston, to become one of their number. I was at once appointed to act with Amos E. Dolbeare, professor of physics at Tufts College (and author of several books on matter and motion), as a special committee to study the physical phenomena of mediumship.

One of the directors of the society told me that he had urged my election because I was a young man with a taste for scientific reading, and it remains to say that I went into the work with an open mind. I approached the problem gravely, but in no sense solemnly. I was not bereaved. It was not a religion. It was, with me, a problem of "unexplored biology." I was curious to know whether the human organism had unknown forces which could, at certain times and under certain conditions, upset all the known laws of the physical world. I wanted to know, as Dolbeare quaintly expressed it, "whether a particle of matter could be moved from A to B without a known push or pull. We'll stump the spirits or they'll stump us."

We were both "stumped" by a gentle little woman who offered herself to our tests with most praiseworthy confidence. "You may handcuff me or you may put me into an iron cage," she said quietly. "All I ask of you is that you follow the advice of my guides while I am in a trance."

This psychic (who had already mystified me by causing a closed piano to play while my hand was on the lid) readily consented to sit with us in Dolbeare's own library, with conditions entirely our own. We came to the test with keenest interest. At the sitting which I am about to describe, no other persons were present but Dolbeare, Mrs. Dolbeare, and myself.

With all our wits about us, we set to work to prevent any deception on the part of the psychic. In those days, women wore long sleeves tight at the wrist, and our first precaution was to nail the psychic's wrist bands to the oaken arm of her chair. I then passed around each sleeve a loop in the middle of a long tape, and Mrs. Dolbeare stitched it fast with strong thread. I put a long tack down through this doubled tape and the psychic's sleeve, and hammered it home. We then carried the end of the tape away from the chair and nailed it to the floor. Mrs. Dolbeare tied the ankles of the psychic with a similar tape, and the ends were carried to a point several feet behind her chair, and stoutly nailed to the floor.

NOT content with this, Dolbeare then suggested tacking the hem of the psychic's skirt to the floor. This we did, using ten or more tacks. To make still more improbable any undetected movement on the part of our prisoner, we ran a silk thread about her wrists and passed it under the arm of her chair. While Dolbeare held the spool of this thread, I took the other end and, looping it around my little finger, kept the tip of my first finger on the taut thread. It was absolutely impossible for the psychic to move without causing a tremor in the thread.

As a final indignity, Dolbeare pinned a spread newspaper over her knees, so that if she moved it would crackle. On a small table before the psychic we then placed a tin trumpet or cone, some pencils and paper. The windows were already darkened, and as we took our seats Dolbeare turned the light nearly out. Mrs. Dolbeare sat at the end of the table opposite to the medium; Dolbeare was at her left and I at her right. "Now," said Dolbeare grimly, "let things happen."

They did! First of all, after a period of moaning and sighing, the psychic apparently died. She made no slightest sound. In this profound silence, and while my thread remained without movement, the cone rocked on its base, rose in the air, and a man's voice came from it.

Thereafter, for three hours, we were in constant intercourse with two of the psychic "guides." One of these was a solemn professor, but the other, a younger man, was a good deal of a "cut-up." They both professed the greatest desire to coöperate with us in proving the genuineness of the mediumship, and readily responded to all of our requests.

In order to make it still plainer that the trumpet was not handled by the medium, I asked the guide to place the large end of it over my right ear, the ear entirely out of reach of the psychic. This was done. I then asked "it" to reverse the cone and to touch me on the right nostril with the *small* end of the trumpet. This was done with such precision that it was like a caressing touch. Dolbeare then held up his fist, and said, "Tap me on the knuckle." This was done without a moment's hesitation.

We heard a rustling along the bookshelves behind the psychic and, following that, two or more books were dropped on the table without disturbing the trumpet, which had been returned to its position. Several more books were brought. From my seat I could see hands dimly at work over the table, and at my request the "spirit" held up a book and thumbed it so that I could see his hands against the light. As a still more convincing test, he presented both his hands with *the tips of the fingers toward the psychic*. These hands were large and about three feet from the face of the psychic. During all this time, our threads remained undisturbed, although the table was shaken and moved toward Mrs. Dolbeare. No movement could be detected in the psychic's knees. The paper made no outcry, the thread remained unmoved.

IN THE midst of these baffling physical phenomena we held intelligent discourse with the elder "spirit" and listened to a series of jokes and stories by the younger one, who told us his name and where he had "passed out." He said, "I was a soldier in the Civil War." "On which side?" I asked. He laughed, and hesitated a little: "Reckon I'd better not tell you that." "Never mind; the war is over," I urged. He then told us his rank in the Confederate service, where he had served, and where he had been wounded.

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Meanwhile, the psychic remained as one dead, and Mrs. Dolbeare began to be alarmed about her. At last we turned on the light.

We found her exactly as we had left her. Not a tack was disturbed, and, in further proof, the thread was so deeply sunk in her wrists that we experienced some difficulty in getting a knife under it. She was in collapse. Her pulse was almost imperceptible, and her breathing so faint that I could feel it only when I put my ear close to her lips. She came back to life slowly. It was more than half an hour before she was recovered sufficiently to allow Mrs. Dolbeare to lead her from the room.

As I closed the door after her, I turned to Dolbeare and banteringly said, "Well, Professor, what are you going to say about *that?*"

He was busily examining the rings which he had chalked on the floor about the legs of the chair and table. The chair had not moved a hair line, but the table had been shoved away from the psychic a foot or more. Ten or twelve books lay piled upon the table and several messages had been written on the pad. We had not imagined that part of the performance.

Looking up at me with an expression of profound bewilderment, Dolbeare replied, "I don't know what to say about it. I guess I won't say anything about it for the present."

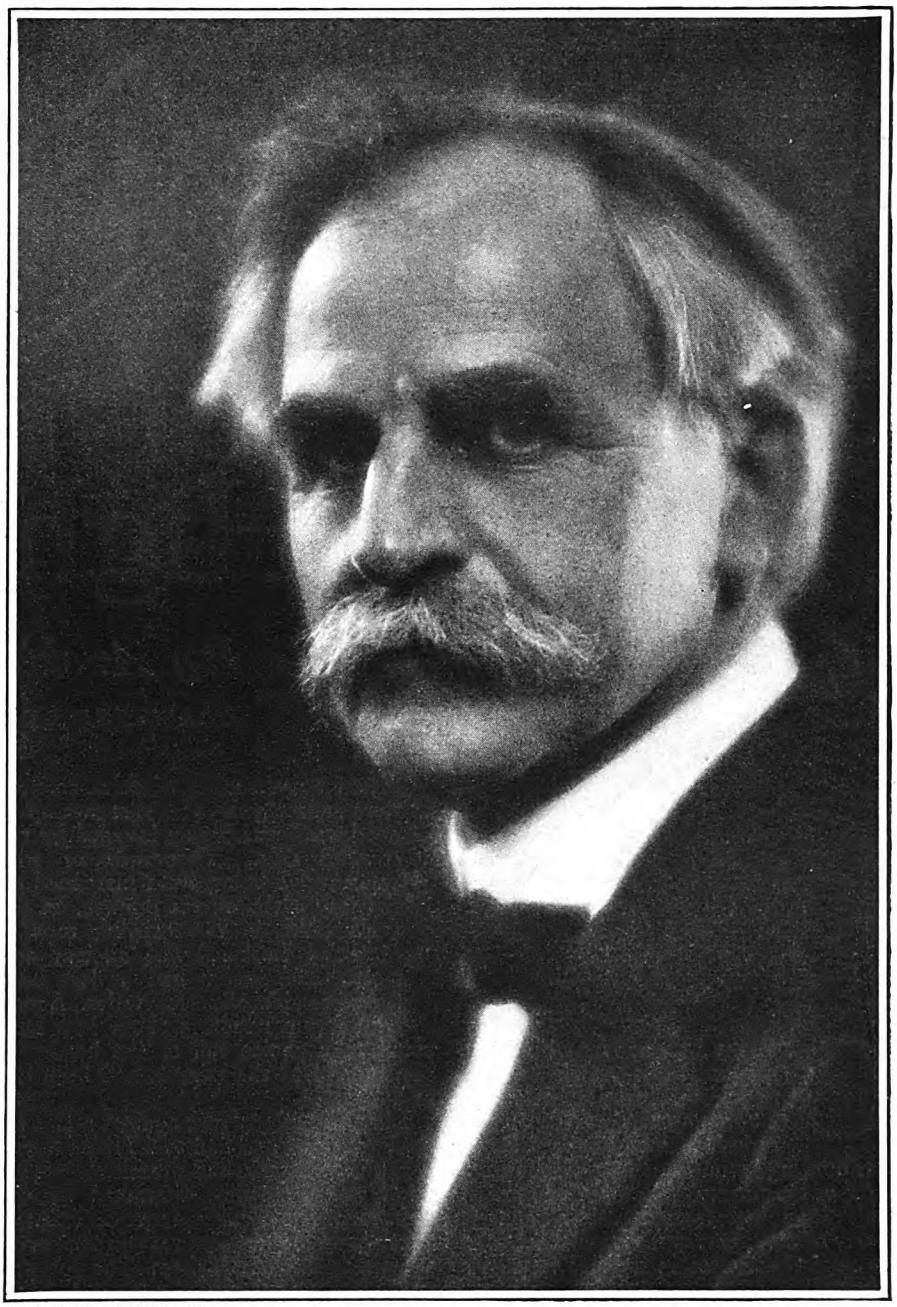
Nearly twenty years afterward, when my own psychic book, "The Shadow World" was being reviewed, he wrote to me to say, "I am just as much mystified now as I was then."

ONE of the facts which most strongly impressed both Dolbeare and myself in this (and in subsequent sittings) was the almost unerring precision manifested by the hands of the "guides." Through all similar experiments during many years this amazing power to "see" in deep darkness has been a never-failing puzzle. It does not clarify the situation to say that the psychic frees herself, for the swiftness and precision of the guide's movement is like that of an X-ray.

In many experiments in recent years, I have verified over and over again the power of the psychic guides to name small objects in the dark, to locate each member of the circle, and to indicate the position on the floor of the fallen trumpet or cone. Seemingly, darkness is no bar to their perception.

For example: one of the most inexplicable of all my experiences came in the midst of a series of sittings which I was having with a psychic in a Western city. I was being assisted by my friend, Henry B. Fuller, the novelist, and we were receiving "messages" on closed slates in our own hands, in a sunny room at about eleven o'clock in the morning—certain bars of music—which were being set down by the alleged spirit of a dead composer, a dear friend of mine.

The psychic, a woman still on the pleasant side of life, was sitting on the opposite side of the table with her hands folded in her lap. She didn't appear to be very much interested in our experiment. Her mouth was closed in a slightly smiling line and, so far as I could detect, her lips and throat were without motion—and yet a voice, apparently coming from a point above her head and a little to the right, was speaking to us—telling us what "it" wished done with the music "it" was putting on the closed slates. It was a whispered half-tone, but it had curious resemblance to my dead friend's manner of speech.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIE MAC DONALD

Hamlin Garland, one of America's best known novelists and short-story writers, was born in Wisconsin in 1860. He spent his early years on the farm, but shortly after he was twenty he began to write. Since then he has written more than a score of books, including "Main Traveled Roads," "Her Mountain Lover," "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," and "A Son of the Middle Border." Mr. Garland's present home is in New York City

AT ONE point, this voice said: "Fuller, that is not right. The eighth note in that last bar should be a sixteenth note. Try again."

Closing the slates, which were of the flexible sort for school use, I placed them between Fuller and myself. The psychic sat at ease on the other side of the table. She seemed to consider this beyond her comprehension. She did not touch the slates at any time after we began to get the music.

Upon opening the slates, I found that a small white flag had been added to the stem of the note in question, changing it into a sixteenth note. *The little flag had been put exactly on the right spot.*

"Now draw a line below the staff," said the voice. We did so, and again I laid the folded slates in my own lap. In the same mysterious manner a needed note was placed exactly on this line. In this way, we received several bars of a very strange and lovely melody, which the composer repeatedly asked Fuller to try out upon the piano. Some of it was so technical that I, like the psychic, remained a mere onlooker. However, the precision of the process was within my powers of appreciation. It appeared that darkness and the closed slates were no barrier to the manifesting intelligence, and yet a very curious interruption took place:

While Fuller (*Continued on page 142*)

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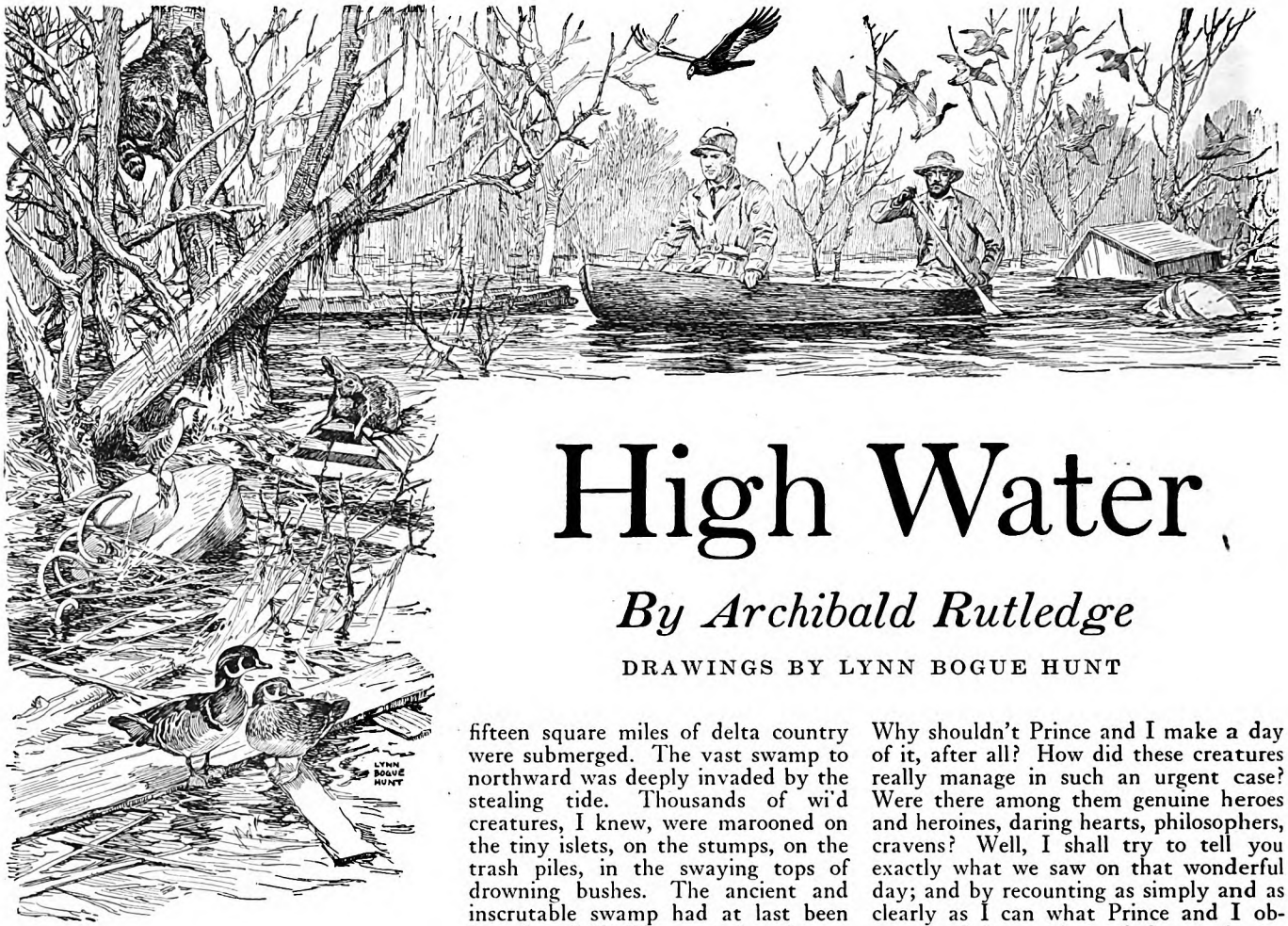

High Water

By Archibald Rutledge

DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

ONE day I set out for a big hunt, my only companion being a negro woodsman with whom I've enjoyed a sporting comradeship since boyhood days. Our hunting ground was to be on the great delta of the Santee, in South Carolina. A high flood had inundated the country. A day of rare sport was promised us. But to cross the Santee in flood is to take a chance.

When we were half way across the stormy and treacherous river, I reached back for my gun, though I did not turn to look back. When one feels in a dangerous position, the eyes in the back of his head begin to function; at least, I felt sure that my good negro boatman needed help. And a man can do something with the stock of a gun, properly wielded as a paddle. But my weapon was not in its familiar place, along the gunwale. As the business of shifting my weight in the tippy craft was perilous, I sat still until the canoe finally slithered through the yellow marsh that fringed the farther side of the river. Here, beside a broad raft of dead sedge, drifted tight against a canebrake, we came to a halt. I then looked back at my boatman.

"The gun, Prince—where is it?" I asked. "I told you to put it in. You surely haven't forgotten it, have you?"

When a negro is guilty, his expression, instead of being one of contrition, is usually only one of amused bashfulness.

"I is fergit," he confessed.

Here, indeed, was a pretty situation! The wide Santee was in flood. Ten or fifteen square miles of delta country were submerged. The vast swamp to northward was deeply invaded by the stealing tide. Thousands of wi'd creatures, I knew, were marooned on the tiny islets, on the stumps, on the trash piles, in the swaying tops of drowning bushes. The ancient and inscrutable swamp had at last been forced to yield all its mysteries. A man with a gun paddling about in a boat could take choice toll of the hordes of fugitives. But the weapon had been left at home.

I had leaned my gun against a tree by the back door, and had told Prince to put it in the boat. He had promised; but his mind was somewhat distracted by the sickness of two of his younger children; as a result, we found ourselves weaponless on the wrong side of the river. The gun was at home, miles away, across a fairly desperate stretch of water. . . . Before us was the strange drowned delta country, always a fascinating region because of its almost prehistoric wildness—and now superbly so because of this primeval disaster to its inhabitants. The deluge had recurred. Such a catastrophe divulges blankly the creepers and the crawlers, the insidious crafty ones, the skulkers and the dodgers—not to mention myriads of less serpentine behavior.

THE river that we had just crossed looked entirely too threatening to recross for the sake of a gun. Not only was it menacing because of the affluent rupture of its powerful tides, ramping in barbarous abandon to the sea, but also because it was wildly freighted with huge snaggly trees, ponderous cypress—timbers, monster yellow-pine logs—runaways from lumber camps in the swamp to northward. A good ram from any one of these would make a canoe look as if somebody had spilled a box of matches.

But why, I wondered, shouldn't I take advantage of the situation to observe the distracted wild life without harming it? Why shouldn't Prince and I make a day of it, after all? How did these creatures really manage in such an urgent case? Were there among them genuine heroes and heroines, daring hearts, philosophers, cravens? Well, I shall try to tell you exactly what we saw on that wonderful day; and by recounting as simply and as clearly as I can what Prince and I observed of the conduct of these refugees from the flood, I hope to be able to share with you some of the vivid enjoyment of what was really my most exciting and unusual outing.

MY BOATMAN agreed to my suggestion: the sentiment of it had an appeal for him. The negro's understanding of animals is profound, almost occult; and my aid on this occasion was a man who, from the time when both of us were boys, had taught me many a lesson in wood lore.

The very first refugee we saw repaid us for our crossing of the dangerous river. The marvel of her really got me. That sounds romantic, I know. But of all wild mothers that have ever come under my observation, she was the finest and the ugliest. This fugitive from the flood was a full-blooded wild razorback—all bone and bristles and lean bacon. Her snout was so long and sharp that it gave her the appearance of smoking a pipe. Her sides were plainly slatted. Her *ensemble* was, for all her uncouthness, indescribably fierce. Her startling fringe of bristles was a sort of menacing triumph. Formidable indeed, she looked—morose and vindictive—standing gingerly there on a sodden log, wedged precariously by the freshet-tide into the low crotch of a water oak.

Brush and sedge and the tree's limbs had made a tremulous islet that swayed in the rushing waters. Behind her, under her, quaking in the shelter of her mighty flanks, were her little ones—nine of them. She could easily save herself. But she would not leave them to perish. I wondered much what would now happen. These hogs, you understand, were per-

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fectly wild; therefore we approached behind a fringe of cypresses, in order to watch their natural behavior.

Knowing that the old mother could swim miles to safety, I made up my mind to save at least some of the pigs. They were only about two or three weeks old; and in their present situation they looked to me doomed. . . . But perhaps no living thing is doomed as long as it has a mother.

YOU really ought to have seen this one. The waters were fast rising. The old savage creature knew well that she and her trembling brood must soon be dislodged from their quaking, frail support. About a half-mile away, across a clear stretch of water, there was some high ground known as the Pine Ridge. I saw her looking at it. She was appraising the risk incurred to reach it. She had, I knew, determined to swim to the Ridge. But she wasn't going alone! Lowering her hideous, formidable head, she tenderly nuzzled the pigs, one by one. To them she grunted deep and placid reassurance. She kept nudging them until all of them were in a huddle.

Then suddenly I saw her plunge off the log into the stormy tide. About thirty feet she swam—fiercely and with head high, as a hog always swims; then she headed around, and in a few moments had returned to the log. She climbed it, streaming. As surely as I was watching her, I believe that she was instructing her babies as to how the thing was to be done; and she was showing them how easy it was. Again she took gentle counsel with her nursery.

Slowly now, and with infinite caution and patience, she herded them down toward the water. She was actually in it, among the stranded sedges, for a moment or two, before she was satisfied that all her brood were with her. Then, grunting easily, very slowly she began to swim. She didn't swim like a hog; for she was now the solicitous mother. All her tiny pigs were in the lee of her great flank. Seeing to it that they started on that side, she broke the current for them, and they swam as if they were in a backwater. She did not appear to be trying to save her own life, but theirs. It was a beautiful sight to watch—that grim old monster mothering her babies across that stormy tide! Self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature. But from the operation of that law shall we not have to make an exception of mothers?

An hour later Prince and I found our gallant old sea-going heroine on the Pine Ridge. She had every little pig safely with her. I looked with genuine admiration at the gaunt, grim creature; but Prince, remembering his empty smokehouse, regarded her with an economic, languishing glance.

A somewhat similar evidence of a wild mother's crafty solicitude I saw one day in the pinelands near home. I was on a deer-stand, and heard a great outcry in a small thicket near me. One member of the oncoming pack of deer hounds had encountered an old razorback sow; and within a few moments the traveling circus, heading my way, came into full view. The old mother had with her five tiny pigs. Close behind this semi-wild family the hound bawled—eager to close with his apparent game, yet seemingly wishing for his comrades to join him, so that the contest would not be too unequal. Deciding to interfere, I stepped forward and drove the hound back into the deer thicket. Then followed a very pretty and amusing sight.

THE razorback eyed me with hardly any less scornful apprehension than she had manifested toward the hound. She faced me truculently, champing her lantern jaws. But I knew that all her savagery was but the sword and shield of her heart's affection.

Quietly I withdrew, watching her. Feeling that she was fairly safe from her two enemies, she began to give a series of peculiar grunts. At the first of these, the tiny pigs behaved as if they had been acted upon by magic. They suddenly ranged themselves in single file in front of the mother; then, at another grunt, they broke into a full run. The five were in perfect line, about two feet apart; each had his tail screwed up tightly on his back; each be-

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haved as if he had suddenly been wired for.

The strange part about it was the fact that these babies led, with amazing certainty and celerity, this elfin escape. The grim old mother, merely by trotting along, could keep up with her infants' flight. She kept up her admonitory grunts, and they got the full meaning of her message. She sent them ahead, of course, so that she could cover their flight. She was the rear guard.

A FLOOD makes strange bedfellows. However high a freshet may rise, there is always dry footing on the Pine Ridge of the delta. And the great community of the wild knows this. This long sandy elevation is almost bare, and it has a giant pine sentineling its northern end. Certain bushes give a sparse undergrowth; but this is kept severely down by the myriads of refugees that overrun it in time of high waters.

In order to get an idea of their heterogeneous character, and also to estimate the number, I had my negro put me off at the southern point, directing him to paddle to the Lone Pine, and then push the canoe along the edge, driving the fugitives before him. At this particular time the ridge was exposed for three hundred yards, and for some fifty yards across. I could see a confusion of creatures from my stand; and as Prince moved down alongside the ridge, these took shape and identity.

Of course the first thing to appear was a wild turkey. This great bird is supersensitive to inspection; and while raccoons snooze unconcernedly in the face of danger, and while deer pause curiously to look back, a wild turkey, exercising the occult art of shadowy avoidance, slips away. I once heard an old woodsman declare: "When a wild turkey says, 'Put! Put!' he's serving you notice that he's going to quit the world!" Surely, when it comes to a sleight-of-foot vanishing act, this splendid bird has no equal.

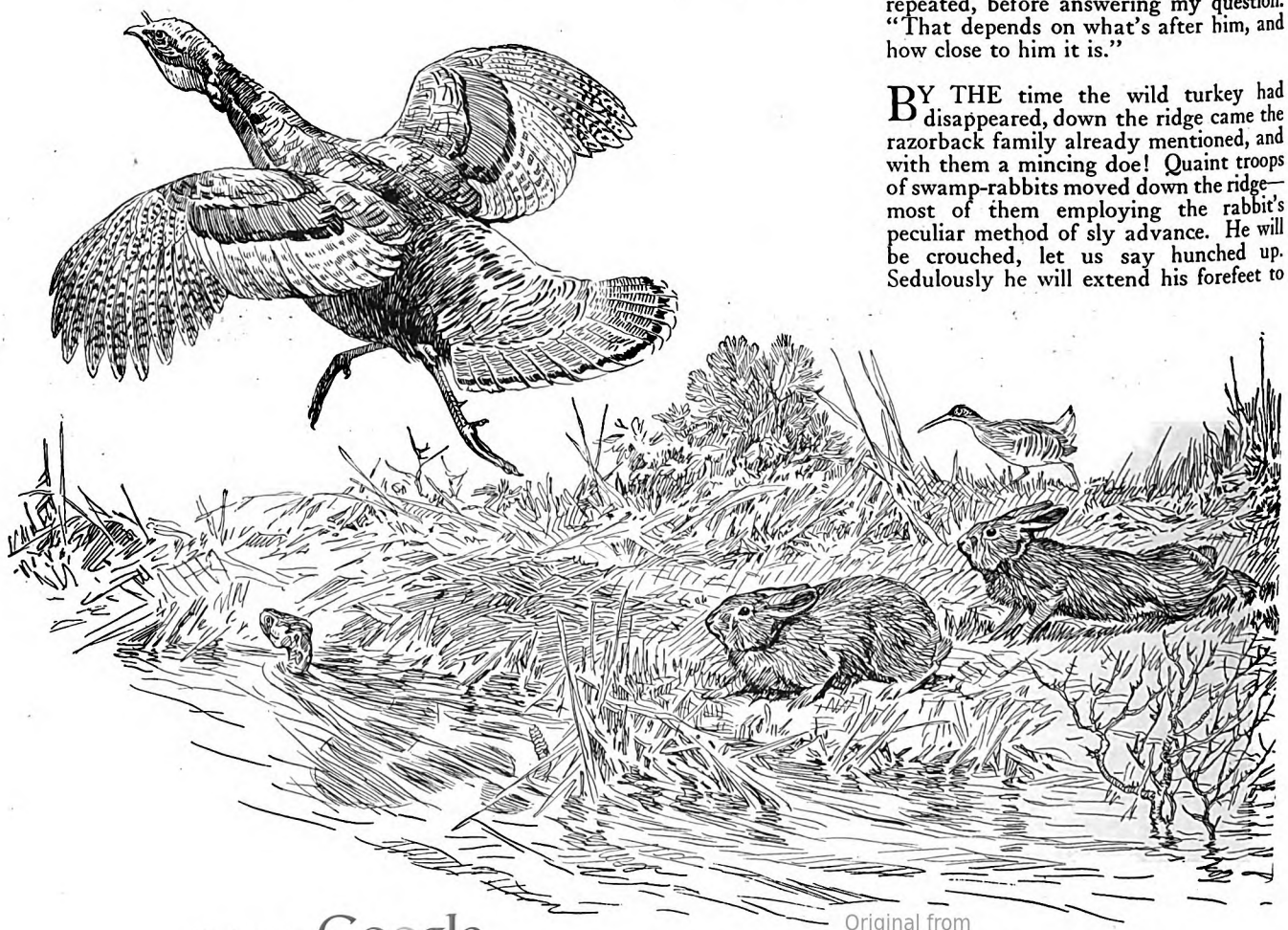
My turkey, coming down the ridge, was alarmed; therefore, he had drawn himself up very erect, and his form was slim and trim. His matchless eyes searched avidly for the slightest movement that would betray the presence of the enemy. I was standing against a black stump—which afforded me less effacement than it would have afforded a man of my paddler's complexion—and delicately toward me the wild bird came. His neck shed iridescent colors; and from his wings and back rippled and waved away a bronze sheen. He was far ahead of anything else on the Ridge. Silently, gorgeously, he came stealing along.

He was within thirty yards of me when I must have made a slight movement; a wild thing nearly always identifies a man by sound or scent or movement—seldom by recognition. Without the least hesitancy, the mighty bird, after a little run, took wing, rising until he was seventy or eighty feet above the yellow freshet-tide. He was heading for the far-off mainland, more than a mile away. His flight was so superb and swift that I knew he would be there in less than two minutes.

I have timed turkeys flying down a mountainside, and have found them "doing" a little better than a mile a minute. In straight flight, as nearly as I have been able to estimate, after a turkey gets fairly started, he does not go at a rate less than forty miles an hour. . . . But in making such a hazard, I always recall, by way of reservation, a wise saying of one of my old woodsmen-friends:

"How fast does a wild turkey fly?" he repeated, before answering my question. "That depends on what's after him, and how close to him it is."

BY THE time the wild turkey had disappeared, down the ridge came the razorback family already mentioned, and with them a mincing doe! Quaint troops of swamp-rabbits moved down the ridge—most of them employing the rabbit's peculiar method of sly advance. He will be crouched, let us say hunched up. Sedulously he will extend his forefeet to



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the limit of his reach, resting them gently on the ground; then, for all the world like a measuring-worm, he will draw his body up to his forefeet. I had often seen a rabbit perform this sort of maneuver, especially when stealing silently in or out of a thicket. But I had never seen the thing done in concert before; it seemed that a procession of accordions was approaching. The impression that it gave was very odd—as if some dim rite were being performed.

After the animals came birds—woodcock and Wilson snipe, flying and lighting down—king-rails walking. The woodcock behaved like proud little turkey-gobblers. I saw several of them strut, with wings lowered and fan tails spread.

When Prince came within sight, I motioned him away from the Ridge, as I didn't want the fugitives driven into the water. He fetched a semicircle and picked me up. But even while I was waiting for him to come, I saw approaching a visitor whose presence every refugee except two would dread—these two being the deer and the hog. This new voyager was a rattlesnake, an old inhabitant of the moldering swamp that was now flooded. Superbly he swam; indeed, there's hardly a more expert swimmer. I noticed that his sheaf of rattles was held high above the water—to keep the sinister chime dry, of course. I have never yet seen a rattlesnake swimming that he did not have his rattles out. His head, too, will be somewhat elevated.

An aquatic creature often behaves like a submarine, showing now the periscope, now the turret, now the back—now nothing. A land creature that is forced to swim always seems to elevate as much of himself as possible.

LEAVING the Ridge, we paddled up to a small bushy-headed cypress, among the limbs of which my paddler had located an acquaintance. Snoozing serenely among the branches, utterly oblivious to the world and the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" was an old raccoon. Early in life the 'coon becomes a philosopher; and he has a calm acceptance of things that reminds one of Kipling's requirement for a man:

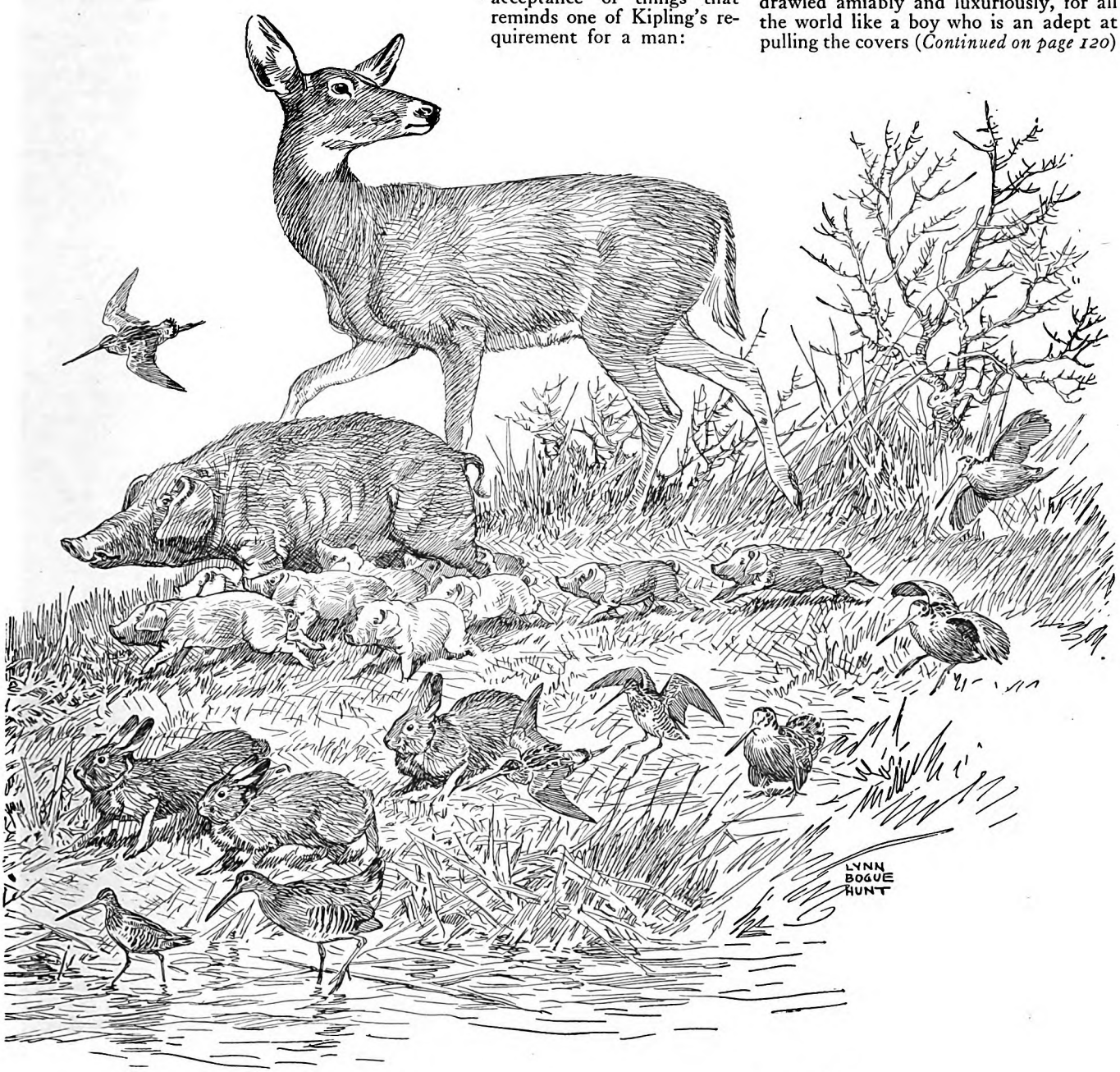
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same . . .

Here, indeed, was ample cause for excitement, for haste, for frantic effort. But a raccoon prefers to amble, to snooze, to insinuate his indolent, genial way through the world.

As we approached them, most of the fugitives from this flood fixed upon us their beady black eyes, or their liquid, imploring ones. But this fellow was profoundly, absurdly asleep. I told Prince to lift him into the boat.

Holding a cypress limb with one hand, Prince took the sleeper by the scruff of the neck with the other. There was no wild struggle, no hectic awakening. The 'coon complained drowsily, and seemed intent upon maintaining that snuggly position into which he had been curled. The only thing which really appeared to perturb him was the fact that we were arresting his slumbers.

In the bottom of the canoe the raccoon curled himself, there to resume his dreamful ecstasy. What did he care about men and floods? When I touched him, he drawled amiably and luxuriously, for all the world like a boy who is an adept at pulling the covers (*Continued on page 120*)



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That Tired Feeling And How To Get Rid Of It

An interview with Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, medical director of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium

By Albert Edward Wiggam

MY DOCTOR says I need a tonic. It seems as if I cannot get over this tired feeling."

"I'm *so* tired. I feel as if I never *would* get rested again. I think I shall have to take a vacation."

"I wake up *so* tired. I simply can't start the day until I get my cup of coffee and a cigar."

It occurred to me recently that I had been hearing these plaintive exclamations for many years. I had heard them in offices, banks, boards of directors meetings, sales conventions, church conferences, women's clubs, department stores, in factories and machine shops, and even on farms. I had heard them from office workers, executives, lawyers, men and women of leisure, preachers, schoolteachers, and, strangest of all, from doctors.

What struck me suddenly one day was that some of these people work very hard, while others, who say they are equally tired, do not work at all. "Must be something besides work," I thought. "I wonder what it is."

After casting about in my mind among scientific men who might answer this question, I wired my friend, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, medical director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium:

I want to interview you on why the tired business man and woman are tired.

At once he replied:

Come ahead. I think I can tell you. We have treated thousands of them. We have several hundred here now.

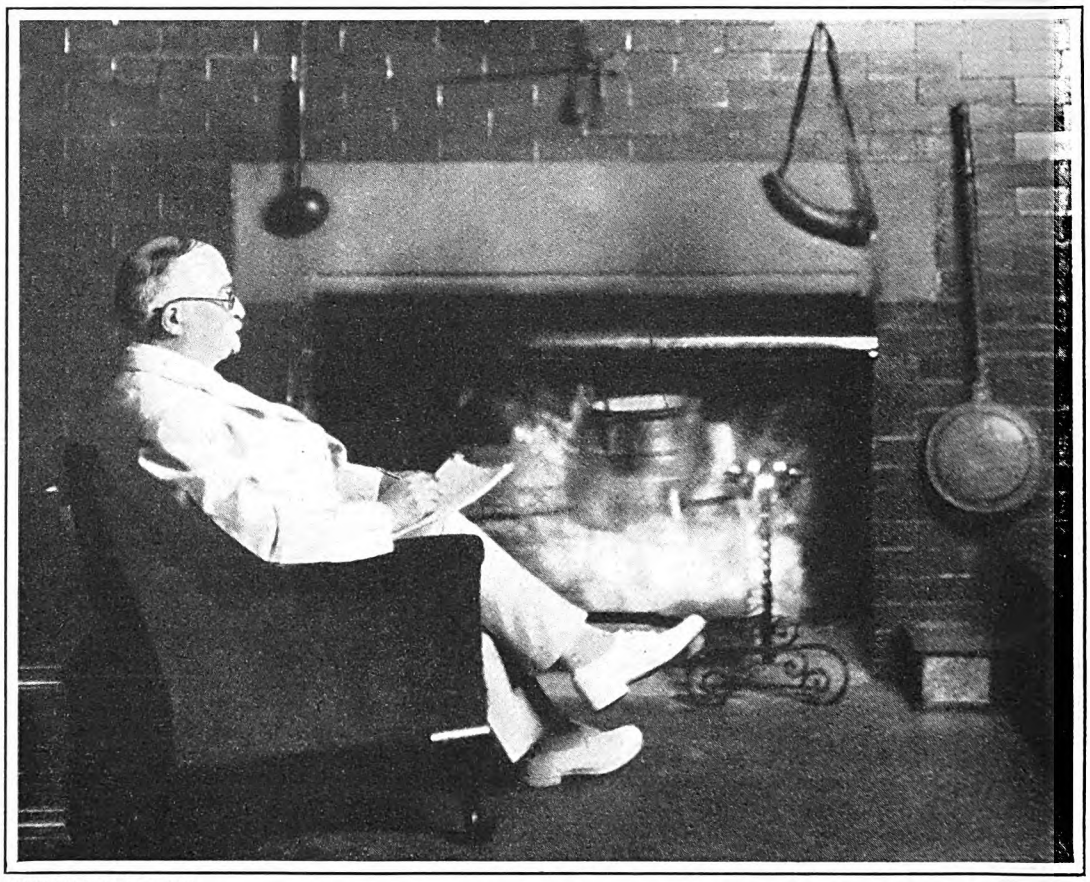
I found the doctor, at the age of seventy-five, making big plans, as usual, for the future. Before we began talking he showed me a new three-million-dollar wing which was being added to what was already the largest sanitarium in the world. He pointed out that they were equipping this building with the new glass which admits the ultra-violet ray, which is shut out by our ordinary window glass.

Then he took me for a short drive into the country, where he showed me a tract of several hundred acres of primitive forest land, which he had recently purchased for a wild-life preserve and bird sanctuary, to be used in connection with the biological department of Battle Creek College, of which the doctor is the chief promoter.

On returning from the drive, the doctor lay down on a comfortable sofa, and for six hours without interruption we talked about the causes of fatigue, chronic tired feeling, nervous exhaustion, and the like.

"I think better lying down," said Doctor Kellogg. "The prone position relieves tension and enables me to concentrate better. Besides, in the horizontal position the brain receives more blood than when standing. Since I work all the time when I am not asleep, I find it worth while to practice even small economies in energy conservation.

"You ask me to tell you what makes the tired business man tired. There are so many different kinds of tired business men, and women too, and there are so many things to cause fatigue in our complex life that it is difficult to know where to begin. We have treated nearly two hundred thousand persons here since I organized the Battle Creek Sanitarium, fifty-one years ago, and I should say one



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. W. YOUNG

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. Doctor Kellogg was graduated from Bellevue as a doctor in 1875. He is the inventor of many improved appliances for medical and surgical purposes, and has written extensively in the field of dietetics, his books including "New Dietetics" and "The Natural Diet of Man." Doctor Kellogg was born in Tyrone, Michigan, in 1852. When he was four years old his parents moved to Battle Creek, which has been his home ever since

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fourth of them were tired business men and another fourth tired women. They range all the way from those fighting a tendency to lie down and surrender, to those suffering from so-called nervous and mental exhaustion.

"AFTER studying these tired people with great care for many years, I am convinced that *these tired people are seldom tired through overwork.*

"Oh, yes, they are really tired, and they *think* they are overworked. Work is a convenient and dignified alibi for our bad habits. But work usually has nothing whatsoever to do with the weariness of which these people complain. A man working eight or even ten hours a day, unless he expends his energy in a most violent manner, cannot possibly be permanently tired from that cause. Even football players are usually restored by a single night's rest. Woodchoppers, blacksmiths, and men doing other heavy manual labor go on year after year performing an enormous amount of work without this permanent exhaustion."

"But, Doctor Kellogg," I interjected, "the tired business man claims it is mental work."

"That is another alibi," replied the doctor. "The popular notion is that mental work is very exhausting. But observations made by Doctor Benedict, of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory, of Boston show that even in severe mental work the actual expenditure of energy is so small that it is difficult to measure it with the most exact scientific instruments.

"The real reason why so many business men think they are working hard is because they find it so difficult to work. They find concentration difficult; they cannot make decisions about important matters, large or small. Do you know why it is extremely hard to make up your mind firmly when you are tired? The reason is that your brain cells are intoxicated. Your memory cells are drugged with poisons. This intoxication of the brain cells is just as real as that produced by alcohol or any other drug."

"But once again, Doctor Kellogg," I remarked, "your tired business men or women say they are suffering from nervous exhaustion."

"Just another alibi," said the doctor. "'Nervous exhaustion' sounds so fine, so respectable, so important. Why, it is practically impossible to exhaust a nerve by work! Experiments have been tried of stimulating a nerve to react by electricity or other means, and after thousands of stimulations it is still almost as efficient as at first. But if you apply to it a solution of fatigue poisons, such as the products of food putrefaction, no amount of stimulation will make it react normally.

"This so-called nervous exhaustion, tired nerves, neurasthenia, or whatever you like to call it, is rarely real nerve exhaustion; it is nerve poisoning, auto-intoxication, or self-intoxication.

"Now, the first question for your tired man to ask himself is this: '*Is the fatigue with which I wake up in the morning, and which I carry around all day, really due to overwork or to some other cause?*'

"There are two distinct kinds of tired feelings: First, normal, natural, healthy fatigue induced by actual work; and, second, abnormal, false, unhealthy fatigue that comes from wrong habits of living. You can easily tell which kind you have. If, say, two good nights and a day of rest—for example, from Saturday evening until Monday morning—do not make you feel fit and eager for work, you may be sure it is not honest work-fatigue that you have but false, toxic-fatigue.

"In the latter case a rest will do you little good. Indeed, by decreasing your already sluggish elimination of poisons, rest may make you worse. *Nothing* will effect a cure except a radical change in your habits.

"For securing this beneficial change, I can outline for you *six helpful habits—six methods of fatigue control*—which anybody, anywhere, can put into practice. And I know from thousands of successful cases that you can follow these methods of fatigue control with great assurance of complete cure.

"These six fatigue controls are as follows:

1. Maintaining the normal chemical balance
2. Avoiding an excess of protein
3. Promoting elimination
4. Changing the intestinal flora
5. Sunlight (natural and artificial)
6. Physical measures, including posture, exercise, bathing, sleeping, fresh air.

"It is difficult to treat these methods separately, since the body is a unit and they all overlap. But control number one, what is now called the 'chemical balance,' is something rather new in medical science. Everyone has heard, of course, about the need for a balanced diet. But recent laboratory researches have revealed the necessity for another sort of balancing, termed the chemical or acid-base balance. In some respects it is the most important of all.

"IN ORDER to understand what this means, we should first ask, *What is fatigue?* Why does a muscle get tired when exercised? It is because every movement of a muscle burns up the body fuel and leaves a residue, or ash. This residue is always acid, and causes discomfort, which is nature's warning to rest. The body is an engine; food is its fuel, and these fatigue acids constitute its smoke and ashes. The amount of acid produced in one day by all the external and internal bodily movements is considerable. For instance, a sprinter, running at top speed, produces nearly a half-pint of lactic acid in a minute.

"Unless these poisons are rapidly removed they cause exhaustion. In order to prevent the accumulation of acids, the blood and tissues are slightly alkaline. It is the function of the kidneys to remove acids, and thus maintain this constant alkalinity of the blood stream. The urine of a healthy person should be slightly acid; but I have met with many of these chronically tired persons whose urine was more than fifty times as acid as it should be. How could they help being tired?

"Now, the excess of alkali over acids in the blood is known as the alkaline reserve, and this margin, called the chemical balance, though very small, is of vital importance.

"When there is a normal alkaline reserve, the acid toxins from burned-up food are effectively neutralized; but when the reserve is diminished, we have fatigue, inefficiency, shortness of breath, and other symptoms of auto-intoxication. The chemical balance of chronically tired people is disturbed, and their tissues are full of acid. This condition is known as acidosis.

"Professor Henderson, a physiologist of Boston, has suggested a simple test for finding out for yourself whether acids are in excess. It is to hold your breath as long as you can. A person whose tissues are not poisoned from acids, whose chemical balance is normal, can easily hold his breath forty seconds; but a person whose tissues contain an excess of acids cannot hold his breath much more than twenty, or even less, without great effort; and he becomes short of breath when he exercises."

"WHAT can the tired man do to build up his chemical balance?" I inquired.

"He can do a number of things; but the main thing is careful regulation of his diet. In chemical literature, the alkalis are called bases, so that when we speak of a basic diet, we mean one rich in alkali, or one which will leave an alkaline residue in the blood. Strange to say, acid fruits afford one of the quickest ways to build up the alkali reserve. Most people imagine that in eating acid fruits they are likely to create acidosis. On the contrary, fruits are one of the best cures for this condition.

"The reason is this: There are in foods two kinds of acids: One class consists of acids such as citric, malic, and tartaric—the common acids of fruits. These soon disappear when the fruits are eaten, being oxidized, and thus destroyed, in the body. The other class is made up of inorganic acids which the body cannot oxidize, such as phosphoric, sulphuric and hydrochloric acids, and a few unoxidizable organic acids, such as benzoic, acetic, oxalic, and butyric.

"The acids found in fruits are in combination with the alkalis, soda and potash. When the acid portion is destroyed, the alkali is left, and so the ultimate effect of eating fruit is to increase the alkali of the blood and tissues.

"A good many years ago research work disclosed the fact that most of our vegetable foods, and particularly fruits, with the exception of prunes and cranberries, were powerful agents for lessening the acidity of the urine.

"Most ordinary foods have now been studied, and are classified as alkali-producing or acid-producing.

"If a person has high blood pressure or diseased kidneys, he should eat sparingly of foods with high acidity. And in passing, let me say that a non-acid diet is the best diet for people in middle life—it helps to hold old age at bay. Here is a partial list of acid-producing foods: in the order of their acid content.

Egg yolk	Codfish, salted
Oysters	Beefsteak, round, lean
Beef, round, free from fat	Chicken
	Turkey
Beef, dried	Flour, entire wheat
Oatmeal	

"In the following list is found the most basic or alkaline foods in the order of their alkaline content which should be partaken of freely by persons who desire to maintain a (*Continued on page 101*)

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I USED to be awfully simple when it came to honesty. I actually used to take it for granted that everybody who didn't get sent to prison, was honest. Of course I meant this only in big matters. I've always known that in the smaller things, you had to allow yourself a little leeway. Why, take Mother, for instance; she'll hold up a story while she makes up her mind, for absolute certainty, whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday that it happened, and yet one of the earliest things I remember is her trying to sneak me in on the street car as under six when I was almost eight. Of course if the conductor asked her point-blank, she wouldn't tell a lie, but if he just passed me by she merely felt it was a blessing that I looked so young for my age.

As we all grew older, though, it got harder to draw the line, once you started noticing it at all. In our own young married crowd, for instance.

The Songola agency got out a marvelous new talking machine. The records played much louder, and yet without being the least bit blary, and you didn't have to stop the machine at the end of each one. The demonstrator wanted to give one to Rosie for a couple of days on trial. The new machine cost over three hundred dollars, and Rosie, who has four babies, told the man she'd be as likely to buy a private fire engine. He said that was quite all right, that if she would just let him leave the machine for two days and give her husband, and any of her friends who happened in, a chance to hear it, that would be all he'd ask.

"Of course he thinks once we've had it in the house for two days we won't be able to live without it," Rosie told me; "but it's not my fault that he can't tell I'm strong-minded, just by looking at me. All the time he was setting it up in our living-room, I kept telling him I'd never buy it, so my conscience is clear."

The one night she had it she had us all over and gave a dance. As a matter of fact, that was while young Mrs. Sam Porter was in Montrose, and she really did buy one of the machines from having heard it there at Rosie's, so the demonstrator was well pleased.

Now, this seemed all right; but I couldn't make myself feel that it was quite the same when, a month later, Mrs. Frank Kirsted decided to have a party, and called up the Songola agency and said she was thinking of getting one of their new machines and "would they send one up for a couple of days on trial?"

That started a perfect epidemic of getting things on demonstration. Ruth had a washing machine sent up on trial, and did all her spring blankets. Corinne's mother, who still has Miss Waters come a week, spring and fall, to do her dressmaking, had an electric sewing machine on trial for that week, and then decided that she didn't want it.

Dulcie and I were discussing this one day, and Dulcie said, while she didn't exactly approve of it, she thought it could be worse.

"Why, take Corinne, she's worse," she said. "When

I am positive that a couple from Detroit decided it when the twins happened to be quarreling over

"... Loved I Not

A Dot and

By FANNIE

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against the bungalow just because they looked at the cap of a ginger ale bottle and were raising the roof

Honor More"

Will story

KILBOURNE

T. K. Hanna

Corinne was unpacking that dinner set that she sent to Chicago for, the baby knocked two of the cups off the table and broke them. And Corinne sent the pieces right back to the Chicago store with a complaint of the packing. Of course they immediately sent her two new cups. And Corinne was actually proud of herself for being so resourceful. She told everybody about it.

"I'm sure," Dulcie finished disapprovingly, "that if I'd done such a thing I'd at least have been honest enough not to tell anybody."

Then there was Mrs. Long and her brown bread. Nobody in Montrose could make brown bread quite like Mrs. Long's. People always got her to make it for church fairs and the different society suppers and to sell at bazars. People always raved about it, and it gave Mrs. Long quite a little social standing. She would never give anybody her recipe.

A lot of people would have given a good deal to get hold of the recipe, and when they decided to get out the Water Street Church Cook Book, they knew that their chance had come. All the members gave their choicest recipes to be published in the book. The proceeds were to go to building a new church. Mrs. Long is one of the pillars of the Water Street Church, and she wouldn't dare refuse any recipe to the Lord. I was on the recipe committee and Mrs. Long was in my district.

I SHALL never forget her face when I told her that we wanted her brown-bread recipe for the cook book. Honestly, she looked like a trapped animal. Of course she tried to get out of it by offering me a recipe for sour cream cake, but, mercy, everybody's got a good recipe for sour cream cake, and I was very firm.

"Why, Mrs. Long, we expect to sell an extra hundred copies of this book, just on your brown-bread recipe alone," I said, thinking, of course, that this would flatter her.

But she looked about as flattered as though a cannibal chief had told her that he expected an extra hundred people to come eat her for dinner. Honestly, I felt sorry for her; but I didn't dare go back to the committee without that recipe, so I held as firm as Gibraltar.

After a while, she gave in, saying bitterly that some of those women in the Water Street Church would take the pennies off a dead man's eyes. As she walked across to her desk to write down the recipe she looked like a broken woman.

Suddenly, on her way across the room, it was as though she had an inspiration. Her shoulders straightened, her step got lighter and quicker, and she seemed to have taken ten years off her life. She wrote down the recipe almost gayly, humming under her breath as she wrote. She came back and handed it to me with a smile.

I took the piece of paper with a very peculiar, uneasy feeling. Her smile was a little bit like the smile of the cat that has just eaten the canary. I had an odd sense of premonition that people who used that recipe never would have good luck with it.

The cook book was a huge success. It made over a hundred

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dollars for the new building fund. And practically every woman who bought a copy went home and made brown bread the first of all. But nobody's tasted anything like Mrs. Long's. It was good enough brown bread, but just like anybody else's. The women were so disappointed, and they all tried again, thinking they hadn't followed the recipe closely enough. But the closer they followed it, the less the bread tasted like Mrs. Long's.

Lots of them spoke to her about it; but she said she couldn't imagine why they should have the least difficulty. Were they sure they had caramelized the sugar? When they said they certainly were, she just shook her head as though completely baffled.

"IT'S a funny thing," she said, complacently, "I always did seem to have a certain twist of the wrist with my brown bread."

"Twist of the wrist, her grandmother!" said Mother Horton, who is very suspicious. "She can't tell me. She's left something out of that recipe!"

"Oh, I don't see how she could close her eyes in sleep," said gentle old Mrs. Westerley, who is very conscientious, "if she really had done such a thing as that, and to the church of all people!"

And yet dear old Mrs. Westerley will swear that black is white, to keep from hurting somebody's feelings.

And that's the way it goes. Actually, it used to seem to me that nobody in Montrose was entirely honest, except Will. About Will's complete and utter honesty, I had never had a single doubt. That is why the affair with R. T. Moffatt nearly killed me. Honest—why, I'd always thought Will was too honest for his own good.

He would do and say the most tactless things, and seem to think that if they were true that was all there was to it. If I ever tried to put on the least bit of dog when we had company, for instance, I could depend upon Will to spoil it all. Like the time Mrs. Curtis was calling late in the afternoon and, her husband being out of town, I asked her to stay for supper.

The Curtises live beautifully, and I fairly broke my neck getting that supper—it's not so easy with twins to give bread and milk to and get to bed at the same time. If I do say it myself, I achieved quite a result, too. Just the combination I wanted of simple elegance and casualness. Especially, casualness. Of all things, I wanted to give Mrs. Curtis the impression that I hadn't done a thing differently on account of her being there.

Fortunately, I had made a gelatin salad that morning—which always looks elegant way beyond its cost—and I added little hot crackers with butter and paprika, and fixed my sweet potatoes with a marshmallow meringue, and put little puffs of whipped cream on the tomato soup, and added ripe olives and coffee, served in the living-room afterward—all the little touches.

Mrs. Curtis was so sweet and appreciative.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Horton, I don't often have such a supper as this," she said, beaming on Will.

And if he didn't grin and say:

"Neither do we."

And then, with the pleased look of making everything smooth and pleasant, he added:

"But Dot never minds—she just loves fussing for company."

Honestly, I could have killed him where he stood! After I'd fairly burst a blood vessel to give the very impression of not "fussing for company!" Oh, as every married woman knows, a perfectly honest husband isn't all beer and skittles.

But at least I had got to taking Will's being honest as the merest matter of course. Almost, as you might say, like one of his faults. If anybody had warned me ahead about the affair with R. T. Moffat, I'd have said it simply couldn't happen.

R. T. Moffat is one of the richest men in Montrose; but someway nobody ever mentions him along with the Burrises and the Scogginses. All the Burrises and Scogginses have wonderful reputations and, for all his money, Mr. Moffat hasn't exactly. Neither, though, has he what you could exactly call a bad reputation. Maybe if you're rich enough, you don't get a bad reputation—only that kind which Father calls Mr. Moffat's, neither black nor white, a sort of taupe.

"You know," said Will, "Moffat realizes that himself. He practically admitted it, to-day, when he asked me to handle the Pike property for him. He said he'd got a wonderful, straight, clean proposition out there that he wanted presented to the right people. And his coming to me was as good as admitting that he couldn't put over a perfectly straight proposition himself.

"That's the trouble," Will went on, interestedly, "with having one of those taupe reputations. When you strike something that you want to be absolutely straight about, people are afraid of you. You've got to tie up with somebody whose standing is A 1."

WILL was proud of having Mr. Moffat come to him at such a time, and well he might be. Father Horton had at last really pulled out of the business—he and Mother Horton had gone to Los Angeles for the winter—and the other real estate dealers in Montrose, and Verblen, and Dawson, were all older men than Will. "Horton, Real Estate and Insurance," had always had a good standing; but you can't support a family on standing alone, and some of Father Horton's clients had thought Will was too young, and had taken their business elsewhere. A real plum like this Pike property couldn't have come at a better time for us.

Along with scads of other property, Mr. Moffat owned about five hundred acres in a narrow strip along the Pike, the other side of Verblen. It was mostly woodland and not worth much. The Pike, from Verblen on, wasn't paved and most of the traffic went by the Sawmill River Road.

And now, suddenly it had been decided that the new Three State Parkway was going to take over the old Pike all the way from Dawson to the state line. This would mean, of course, that it would be made into a beautiful, wide, paved road.

"I ought to have seen that coming myself," Will said to me, half disgustedly. "It's the obvious route. If they went through Millertown, as they first planned, they'd have to blast or else go 'way 'round those old quarries. This way is shorter. It takes in the lake drive. Why, the old Pike is the only way for the Parkway to go."

Mr. Moffat showed Will letters from the State Road Commissioner and the head of the Parkway Commission, saying that it had been decided to use the Pike for the new boulevard, from Dawson to the state line. This would make that woodland strip of Mr. Moffat's, that had been practically worthless, into really good property, and Mr. Moffat told Will that if he wanted to push the proposition, he would let him handle it exclusively.

It was really very flattering. I didn't wonder that Will was pleased.

AND by the end of the third week, I was even more pleased. That land sold like ice-cream cones on a hot day. Mr. Moffat hiked the price a little, but, even so, people could see that for property right on the Three State Parkway, it was a bargain. After the way Will had had to work to sell a single lot in Montrose, this was almost like finding money. He said honestly he felt as though his commissions were being handed to him.

"I believe," he said suddenly one evening, "that this is the psychological moment for us to buy a new house."

I dropped my magazine in excitement. Of course, we had planned to get a new house some day, for our bungalow wouldn't be big enough after the twins had to have separate rooms; but we had never mentioned this except as some pleasant pipe dream a million years away. But Will's suggestion sounded very definite and immediate.

"I don't believe in running up your overhead just because you happen to be making some extra money," Will explained; "but this isn't. We can afford to swing a little bigger place now, once it's paid for. And by the time I've finished up Moffat's property, the commissions will pay for it. How would you like to cast the old eye about a little and see what we can see in the way of bigger places?"

How would I like to! Ask any woman that. Will, of course, knew about every house in Montrose that was on the market or, so to speak, even half on.

We hadn't been out two times before we knew the house we wanted. It was a lovely little English-type house in the block beyond Rosemary's. It had been built only four years and was in fine condition. The owner was with the J. D. Harvester Company, and had been transferred to the Chicago office, which was why he wanted to get rid of it.

Will said the home was a real bargain. It wasn't much bigger than our house, but just enough so. There were two small rooms across the back with a bathroom between that would be perfect for the twins. There is a certain undeniable air about a house that has two bathrooms. There were bookcases built in on each side of the fireplace in the living-room; and it had the sweetest up-stairs porch, and the most stunning electric light fixtures were in every room.

Will nearly died at the things I looked for in going over the house.

"You'd buy an automobile without even looking at the engine," he declared, "if you liked the color of the upholstery or thought it had a cute-sounding horn."

"Well, all you look at in a house," I

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retorted, "is the condition of the sills—whatever they are—and the property values in the neighborhood. You're just thinking about putting over a real estate deal; but I'm considering buying a home. And I don't care if a house is the best buy in Custer County, if it hasn't got windows two ways in the kitchen and a linen closet, I don't want it."

However, we didn't have to have any row, because the English house absolutely suited us both. Nobody else was considering it right then, so we felt we could take our time a little. However, Will started right in trying to sell our bungalow.

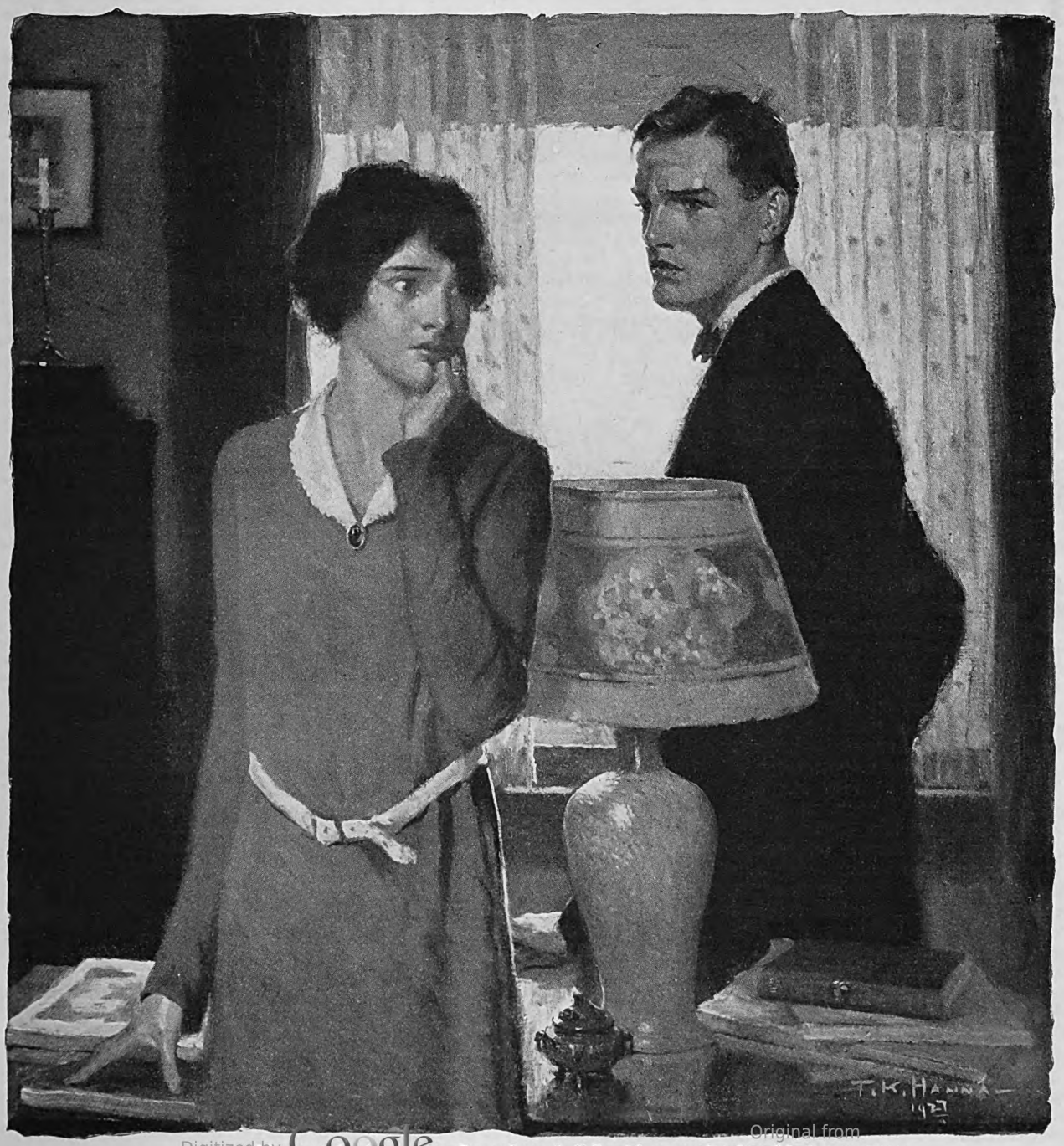
No human being who hasn't gone through living in a house that is for sale, knows what it is. I never had just got both the twins in the bathtub, with the kitchen full of dirty dishes and our beds still unmade, that Will didn't arrive with somebody to go through the house. And while he insisted that nobody looked at things like that when they were looking at a house to buy, I knew better. The men might be merely concerned with the condition of the plumbing and so on, but, believe me, I'd see the women casting their eyes about at other details.

I TRIED to explain to Will that these things have a subtle effect. I am positive that a couple from Detroit decided against the bungalow just because they looked at it when the twins happened to be quarreling over the cap of a ginger ale bottle and were raising the roof. The man told Will afterward that his wife thought it would be a noisy neighborhood. She never had sense enough to figure that when *we* moved out, so would the noise.

But the worst of having your house for sale is the way it begins to look to you. Why, I'd lived in our bungalow for four years and thought it was lovely. Our friends always said such pleasant things about it—"What a lovely living-room!" and, "Isn't that a cunning little bedroom!" and, "I simply adore your kitchen; I never saw dish cupboards painted Chinese red before." And I'd have to pretend to be modest about it, say that the red cupboards were just a little idea I'd picked up out of a magazine, and be pleasantly deprecating when they raved about the porch or the dining-room. I'd got to taking it comfortably for granted that we had an unusually perfect little place.

But, believe me, you don't have to show a house to strangers who are considering buying it very long to have the conceit taken out of you. You find out every little thing that's wrong with your perfect little place in short order.

"This is the living-room?" they'll say. "M-mm." And, "What a small bedroom!" And, out in the kitchen, "Why, I never saw dish cupboards painted red before." And they say this in a tone very different from the pleased surprise of your friends. They (*Continued on page 183*)



"I—just don't see how I can bear it," I said, my voice breaking

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"Isn't That A Funny Business For A Woman To Be In!"

Mrs. Astrid Rosing Sawyer deals in sewer pipe, brick, tile, sand, gravel, and other heavy construction materials—She organized and is the active head of her own company, a big one; and she also finds time to run a happy home for her husband and child

By Neil M. Clark

THIS starts out to be the amazing story of Astrid Rosing, a slip of a red-headed Danish girl who established herself in this country in a business so lacking in feminine appeal that women readers will wonder, "How did she do it?" and men will marvel that she could persuade hard-headed business men to buy from her.

Then, later on, it changes into the still more amazing story of Astrid Rosing Sawyer, a woman who successfully combined her business career with the duties of a wife and mother.

It is an inspiring and unusual story. If it were a man's it would be reckoned a career of stern obstacles overcome, of a skimped education, of an alien tongue, of the severest competition, of poverty, of a physique none too strong. But as a woman doing a man's work, she encountered twice the obstacles any man would have met. She founded, built, and heads her own company, dealing in clay products and heavy construction materials, a business in which probably no other woman ever started a company or made a notable record.

Among the products on Astrid Rosing Sawyer's price list are hollow building tile, drain tile, fire brick and clay, face brick, vitrified sewer pipe, fire-clay flue lining, wall coping, sand, and gravel. Would you think a woman, good-looking, auburn-haired, and young, would engage deliberately in such a business, with all the world to choose from? Astrid Rosing (she had not tacked on the "Sawyer" then) not only made that choice, and managed to keep her business bark afloat, but actually made her company one of the largest—if not the very largest—firms of the kind in Chicago, capitalized at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and doing an annual business of between one and two millions. She sells as far east as the Hudson River, as far west as Wyoming. She has supplied materials for great buildings and construction undertakings, including the Chicago Tribune Tower, Grant Park, and any number of factories, office buildings, motion-picture theatres, stores, hotels, and warehouses.

It is a little hard to believe, but you can't get around facts. And when you listen to Astrid Sawyer's story as told by herself; when you hear about not only the competition but the antagonism she was up against, you begin to realize that a woman, in order to do as well as a man, has to expend just about twice the amount of effort.

Meeting Mrs. Sawyer for the first time, you would never cast her for the part of a building-supplies contractor. Rather slight, with rapid movements, it is through her features and manner that she reveals herself. Her hair has turned an early iron-gray. Her facial line from forehead to chin is strong. Her manner is reserved, questioning, wholly business-like; yet her speech is shot with quick, appropriate humor. Feminine? Most assuredly. She has been known to burst into tears upon not getting something her heart was set on! But there is a quiet determination and courage about her that makes you feel you are meeting a real personality.

Astrid Rosing was born in Copenhagen, Denmark. I do not know the year, since it is considered impolite to ask a woman her age; but, hazarding a guess, I should say she is in her early forties. (May she forgive me if I've guessed wrong!)

HER father was an inventor in the old country, but, although he was keenly intelligent in his profession, in the management of his private affairs he was far from practical. The consequence was that when he died, as he did before Astrid reached her teens, the family was left in straitened circumstances. Fortunately, since there were eight children to bring up, the mother was strong, forceful, and thoroughly practical.

"Being a very self-reliant woman," said Mrs. Sawyer, "Mother expected us children, too, to rely on ourselves. Whenever we lost anything, she would never tell us where it was, even if she knew, nor would she help us hunt for it.

"'Look for it,' she'd say, or 'Stand in the middle of the floor and *call* to it. Maybe it'll walk up and bite you!'

"Perhaps such methods made us children, at the time, think her rather harsh. But I know now her way was kindest; it made us take care of ourselves."

About the time Astrid's father died, a close friend of the family left Denmark for the United States to establish a store in Chicago. It was his letters to his family that first gave Mrs. Rosing the idea of bringing her own family to America.

"Since Mother had to make her own way," said Mrs. Sawyer, "she thought the opportunities would be greater for her and for us in a new country. Our friends, however, were horrified at the thought.

"But we came, just the same, and headed for Chicago, since that was the only city we knew anything about. Mother opened a dressmaking establishment, and I was sent to school."

School in the new country proved anything but simple and easy for Astrid. In Copenhagen, she had attended excellent private schools, and in the regular curriculum had studied French and German—but no English. In Chicago, because of her lack of English, she entered public school with grades no higher than the fourth. Even when she at last could speak the language the teachers would not accept her in a higher grade than the fifth, because her promotion card was from the fourth.

So she plodded along, far behind others of her age. A stranger seeing her then might easily have thought her a dullard. The feeling that others had this opinion of her helped to make her shy and self-conscious, traits already encouraged by the fact that her mother, dreading swelled heads in her children, kept them under with a strict hand.

After three years of plodding, Astrid gave up the public schools, having advanced only to the sixth grade. At the age of fifteen, her mother sent her to a business college to learn shorthand and typewriting.

"It is still a mystery to me," said Mrs. Sawyer, "how my mother discovered that was the thing to do, for she knew almost nothing about business in this country. You would hardly credit it, but when I took up stenography I didn't know what it was for. I was told to learn funny, curlicue marks, and to operate a strange machine; and having been trained to be obedient I did what I was told!"

ASTRID finished the course at business college without making much impression on her teachers. It was in the contract that they would secure her a position upon graduation.

"I'm quite sure," remarked Mrs. Sawyer, with a reminiscent smile, "that the manager of the school thought me an awful dummy. He got me the cheapest sort of job, where I had nothing to do but

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address envelopes. Perhaps I didn't know much, but something told me that I hadn't learned stenography merely to address envelopes. I quit after one week and got another job, lasting only a little longer in it.

"Looking back, I realize I must have been terrible. If you have ever hired an ignorant, incompetent stenographer, you know exactly what I was like. I knew nothing about business English, so it was nearly impossible for me to write letters correctly. Moreover, my spelling and punctuation left much to be desired. My second employer had reason enough to dismiss me, and soon did."

But Astrid was learning. Her mettle began to show itself.

"I hated to feel so ignorant," Mrs. Sawyer went on. "I wanted to be of some use in the world. So I made up my mind that I was going to read and study, and try to discover what I was good for—a habit, by the way, I've never sworn off! I formed another habit at that time that also stays with me: whenever I met a word I didn't know, or couldn't pronounce, I looked it up."

After losing her second position, Astrid busily set to work to find a third, and by letter and in person answered numerous advertisements. With the next job her fortunes changed.

"IN REPLY to one of my letters," she explained, "I was asked to come to the office of a certain dealer in building materials and construction supplies, to take a test, and see if I would do for a position he had. A curious thing happened. I didn't know about it till later, and I cannot explain it yet; in any event, it proved to be the turning point in my life.

"When I reached the office, several girls were waiting on the same errand as myself. My turn came, and I found in the inner office two elderly gentlemen, one of whom was the proprietor. The other, a friend from out of town, kept in the background.

"The proprietor dictated a letter. I transcribed it at a desk near by.

"At our business school, they provided various kinds of machines, but I learned on an old-fashioned contraption that had separate keyboards for the capitals and small letters, instead of a single keyboard with a shift key. As luck would have it, the machine in this office was modern, and I didn't know how to operate it. I pecked out periods instead of commas, and question marks where capital letters were intended. I'm positive my letter must have been *the worst* turned in by any applicant. 'I'm not used to that machine,' I explained. 'But,' I added, 'I could learn it pretty quick.'

"He glanced at the letter, smiled, thanked me for coming, and dismissed me, promising to let me know his decision in a few days.

"I never expected to hear from him. But to my great surprise I shortly received a card telling me to start to work on a certain day.

"From what I learned afterward, it was the proprietor's visitor, who sat in the background without saying anything, who picked me out of the bunch.

"And the curious part about it," said Mrs. Sawyer, with a smile, "I still don't know to this day why I was the chosen one."

I could have told her that the proprietor's visitor evidently had the gift of second sight, but I did not wish to interrupt her story.

"Another curious thing happened in that office," she continued. "When the bookkeeper handed me my first week's pay, he said:

"'Miss, I don't know how you managed it. The boss always claimed he couldn't afford to pay a stenographer more than ten dollars a week; and you're getting twelve!'

"I couldn't account for that, either. I had said I must have twelve dollars, because my father was dead and the family depended on me for what I could earn. I know now that it was a very poor argument to use. But the Lord takes care of fledglings! In a few weeks, without any urging on my part, I was raised from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

Presumably, it was not merely the kindness of his heart that prompted Astrid's employer to do this. A girl who would look up each strange word in the dictionary was likely to do other unexpected things. And Astrid did. Her eagerness to thrust back the mist of ignorance that she felt enveloping her amounted almost to a passion. Ambition stirred within her, and the red-headed foreign-born girl, in her desire to make something of herself, reached out and undertook far more than her assigned duties in the office.

IT WAS a small office at first, with just three people inside: the proprietor, a bookkeeper, and Astrid. The girl found ways to finish her own work quickly, then she helped the bookkeeper with his. By posting occasional entries, checking bills, and doing other odd jobs, she soon had a superficial knowledge of bookkeeping.

One day the bookkeeper quit. Another man took his place. Astrid helped the new man too. Soon *he* quit. Then her boss said to Astrid:

"Young lady, do you think *you* could keep these books?"

"I'm sure of it," eagerly.

"All right, the job is yours—at the last man's pay."

"I couldn't believe my ears," Mrs. Sawyer told me, "for the bookkeeper had drawn a hundred dollars a month. For the rest of that day I just lived up in the clouds.

"But when I reported my good luck at home, I came down to earth with a bump. My brother, who had studied bookkeeping at a regular school, scolded me severely.

"'You can't accept that job,' he said. 'Why, when you keep books, you have to take off a trial balance every month. You don't know how.'

"'I guess I can learn!' I replied.

"I enrolled at (*Continued on page 137*)

PHOTOMAT

"When a woman enters a man's field, men act as if they were from Missouri," says Mrs. Astrid Rosing Sawyer. "They expect her to fail, which makes it harder for her to establish herself." But a woman can do as well as a man, as Mrs. Sawyer's record proves. She was born in Denmark, but came to America and after a fight founded the large construction materials company of which she is still the president

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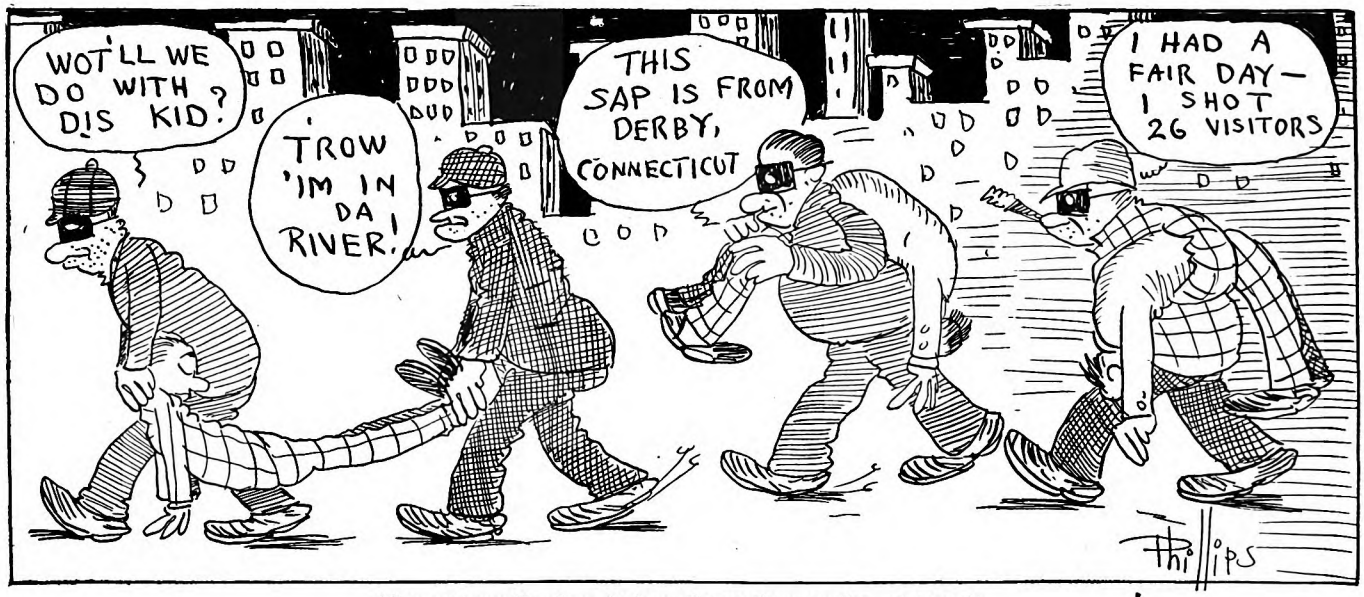

The metropolis after dark as the author used to picture it

Who Says The Big Burgs Are Only Icebergs?

By H. I. Phillips

THERE is an almost unanimous idea that the heart of a great metropolis has the general proportions of a cold-storage egg, the temperature of a North Atlantic iceberg, and the soothing, rhythmic beat of a blackjack against an iron hat.

The spirit of the big town toward the stranger within its gates is almost universally pictured as that which might be encountered by the less expensive expedient of stepping into a meat market refrigerator in one's union suit.

There exists a notion throughout the country that getting off a train in any great city, particularly Chicago and New York, is much like stepping out of the peace and security of the moss-covered old homestead into a bewildering jungle operated on a coöperative basis by the Forty Thieves, the James Boys, the Wild Men of Borneo, the Head Hunters of Nigeria, the Cannibals of Polynesian islands and the survivors of the Whittemore bandit gang.

In the wide open spaces you will find that the prevailing idea of a typical New Yorker is that of a composite Bill Sykes, Shylock, Nero, Dick Turpin, Bluebeard, Jeremy Diddler, Billy the Kid, Beelzebub, Goliath, Jack Sheppard, Geronimo, Judas, and the villain in any of Owen Davis's early mellerdrammers.

Thousands of mothers and fathers in villages and towns believe that the only difference between a big city and the Bottomless Pit is that the latter doesn't play such up-to-date music, has fewer tall buildings, and doesn't have so many of its inhabitants injured in revolving doors. They regard Manhattan Island, for example, as very much like Hades, except that in Hades it is harder to get drugs, "hard likker," revolvers, sandbags, and large red motor cars. There are countless people in the far-away places who are convinced that in most skyscrapers in New York is to be found the sign, "No Opium Smoking in These Elevators," as reported by a famous Broadway "wise-cracker."

SO ACCEPTED are these notions that many an intelligent, successful business man, old enough to know better, never visits the big city without first providing himself with a money belt, or fastening his wad to an inside pocket with a safety pin. Probably a majority of these visitors still regard it as risky to ask or answer questions of strangers, expose a watch chain in public places, wear a diamond ring with the stone turned out, allow a taxicab driver to take any route through a dark street, or expose more than six dollars in bills openly anywhere on the island.

Up to the time I was twenty-five years old I sincerely believed that an overnight visitor to a big city was extremely lucky to escape without being held up by bandits, assaulted by taxicab drivers, fleeced by card sharps, robbed by pickpockets, lured to Chinatown by a bee-oo-ti-ful actress, drugged during the bird's-nest soup course, and then dropped through a trap door into the river.

I had been led to believe that Pa Knickerbocker's New York street corners were populated by pasty-faced, wasp-waisted men who could make you a drug addict, sell you a gold brick, and steal the gold out of your teeth while they apparently were merely asking you for the right time.

I used to get up courage enough to visit New York about twice a year; but I never boarded the train without grave misgivings. When the train got within twenty-five miles of New York I began to watch my day-coach companions furtively, and view with alarm any faces not impressively angelic. I always kept five rules uppermost in my mind from the moment I stepped off the rattler:

1. Always keep coat buttoned so watch chain doesn't show.
2. Don't forget to feel and see if wad is still where you put it when you started out.
3. Don't get into any conversation with strangers, no matter how honest they look.
4. Peer around every now and then, and make sure you are not being followed.
5. Under no circumstances look up at the tall buildings as if impressed.

I SUPPOSED that few passengers made a trip from the Battery to Times Square in the subway without having at least one pocket picked. I imagined that the bellhops in most of the hotels sneaked through all rooms during the night to ransack each guest's trousers, vest, and packages. I was certain all taxicab drivers were desperadoes who liked to slit passengers' throats to break the monotony of things.

I believed that Chinatown buses were really traps baited and set by Mott Street opium joint proprietors, to get fresh victims, and I was positive that the only two rooming places in New York that didn't make a practice of putting knockout drops

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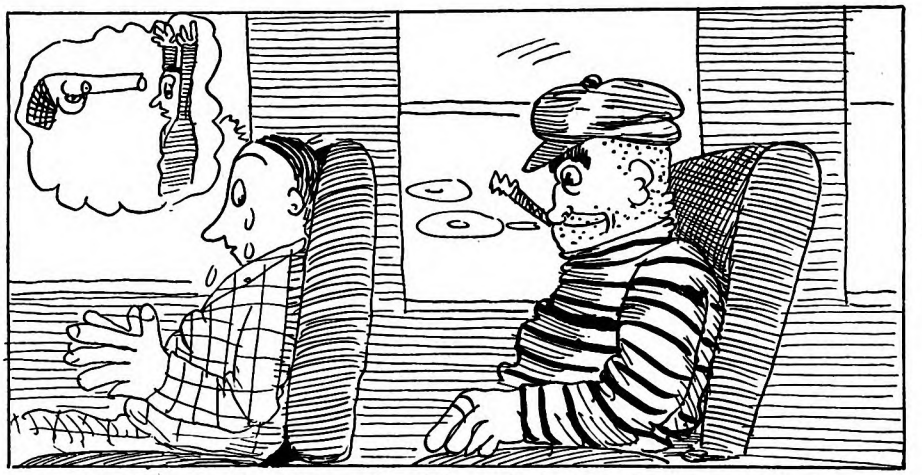
in the soup were the Y. M. C. A. and the Martha Washington Hotel.

I thought that crooks in organized bands kept tabs on new arrivals with heavy gold watch chains or alligator bags, that all hotel lobbies swarmed with pickpockets, that it was suicidal to wander within four blocks of either the East or Hudson rivers after sunset, that City Hall Park was always full of newspaper men who had succumbed to the swift pace of life in a great city, and that it was possible to stand on any busy corner, any hour of the day or night, and see a dozen taxicabs speed past carrying three or four "gorilla men," a quart of chloroform, and a "beautiful kidnapped heiress."

Nobody could tell me that Broadway wasn't the wickedest street in the world, that there were not two or three murders a night on any representative hotel roof, that there was not a continuous cross-fire between rival gangs of gunmen in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street, and that all lunch-rooms and cigar stores were not held up at least once a day by men who shot first and spoke afterward.



On the train for the big town, with rough company in the seat behind

I REMEMBER very well my first prolonged trip to New York about ten years ago. It lasted three (3) whole days. I had determined to visit the Hippodrome, see the new Strand Theatre, and "do" Coney Island. Realizing that this might entail a tremendous expenditure I had saved up $60, which was to cover everything, including the railroad fare, hotel room, and food.

How to protect this $60 against the pickpockets, bandits, and sneak thieves of a great city was my problem. I gave the matter much thought. Finally I decided to carry but $15 in my pockets and to stuff the remaining $45 (all in five-dollar bills) in the bottom of one of my shoes. Hiding money in a shoe when the shoe is off is an old trick; but I think that in deciding to secrete it in this manner while wearing the shoe, I must be credited with hitting upon an original if dumb idea. I placed the bills in the bottom of my right shoe before taking the train for New York in the forenoon. Arriving in New York I walked around town, took in a show, went to Coney Island in the evening, and got back to my hotel in Times Square feeling that I had outwitted the crooks as they had never been outwitted before.

Then came the shock. When I took off my shoe I found that constant tramping will wear away a five-dollar bill, in truth even nine five-dollar bills. The three top ones had been pretty well worn through, and the bottom ones had begun to show unmistakable signs of heavy travel. Another mile, and I would have been out fifteen dollars at least. It was with difficulty that I got a bank to give me new bills for them the next morning. That was the last time I ever tried carrying money in a shoe while the shoe was occupied.

During the rest of my time in New York I carried the money in a handkerchief in an inside pocket of my vest, and worried considerably because I could not find a bell small enough to attach to the handkerchief and yet big enough to ring when jostled.

"WELL," I thought after I had reached home safely, "the big city is all right for a little flying visit; but imagine having to make a living in a hard-boiled place like that, where everybody's out to rob the other fellow!"

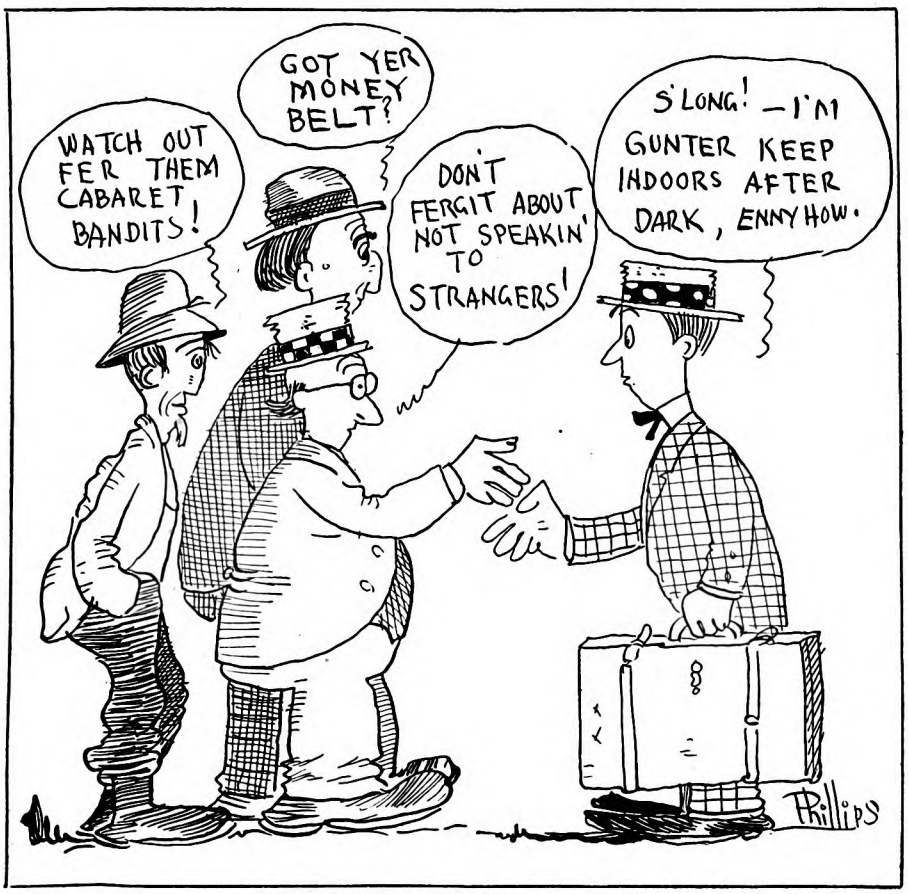
Nothing used to annoy me more than the "big city feller" who blew into town regularly with his story of how much he liked the big burg, and how human it was. I joined in the community cry of "smart-alec!" and in the whispered comment that he was probably finding the big town the merciless place the folks all pictured it as being.

Whenever any home-town boy left for New York to seek his fortune it was the custom to wish him well, but shake our heads and predict that he would never be able to stand the gaff.

"Willie is a fine boy and a smart 'un, but he'll be back before long. Nobody can make good in the big city unless he's a hard-boiled egg with no sentiment and no regard for the other feller. It ain't no place for a good, honest lad."

The impulse to leave the home town and strike out in New York had often come to me, but it had always faded out in a total eclipse before the picture of a merciless, arrogant, swashbuckling, loud-mouthed community, whose slogan, handclasp, and lodge-grip were summarized in the battle cry of "Every man for himself and never give a stranger an even break!"

That a big city might be warm-hearted, generous, fair, considerate, and kindly never seemed to me to be possible. I had never doubted the home-town theory that only the ruthless, thick-skinned, and (*Continued on page 158*)



Off to the big city and its many perils

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Sixth Instalment

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

ALMAYNE, on Nunda the Moon-Face, rode in the lead. Behind him strode the Muskogee warrior, Little Mink, who, soon after the flight began, had stepped suddenly from behind a tree trunk and joined the fugitives. Jolie Stanwicke, on Selu, rode next, and Lachlan, on Tuti the Snowbird, brought up the rear.

They followed no trail. For some miles, after leaving the pack train, they had raced along the Great Path; then they had turned to the right into the forest.

In the woods their pace was slower. Almayne turned in his saddle to speak with Little Mink in the latter's tongue, and Jolie studied the tall hunter's thin, hawklike face, his deep-set gray-blue eyes gleaming above his white mustache. Suddenly it came to her that her first distaste for him had passed, that now she liked him profoundly, counted him her most trusted friend in this, her hour of trial.

She glanced momentarily at Lachlan, riding ten paces behind her, his long rifle cocked over his shoulder. He was like a fairy-tale, she reflected, this young Indian Prince.

Who in England would believe her if she told the story there: That in the wilderness of America there was a nation or group of nations—an empire in miniature, the Confederacy of the Muskogee—which an old Scotchman ruled as king, dwelling in barbaric splendor in his great house at Talasé, waited upon by his scores of slaves, teaching his copper-skinned subjects the arts of peace and war?

WHO would believe her if she told of the young man who was heir to this wilderness empire; this young Lachlan McDonald, who had in his veins the Indian blood of the Family of the Wind—the most exalted of the Muskogee clans—the stanch blood of Scotland, and the fiery blood of France; this young Indian Prince, whose speech and manners were those of an English gentleman, whose woodcraft was that of a red hunter and warrior, and whose swordcraft would do credit to any young gallant of the English Court?

Yes, they would laugh at her in England if she told them about Lachlan McDonald, Prince of the Muskogee Confederacy, Chief of the Family of the Wind. They would set it all down as mad romance. Yet he was there, riding behind her, in the flesh.

She felt his eyes upon her. She knew how he watched her, how he studied her when he thought himself unobserved. Well, she must not be too hard with him. He had ventured his life for her and had all but lost it. He had done her good service, and he was serving her still. He had named her the Lady Sanguilla, so Almayne had told her, after some sweet-voiced, beau-

She could not move, she could not cry out. Utter terror held her rigid, dumb

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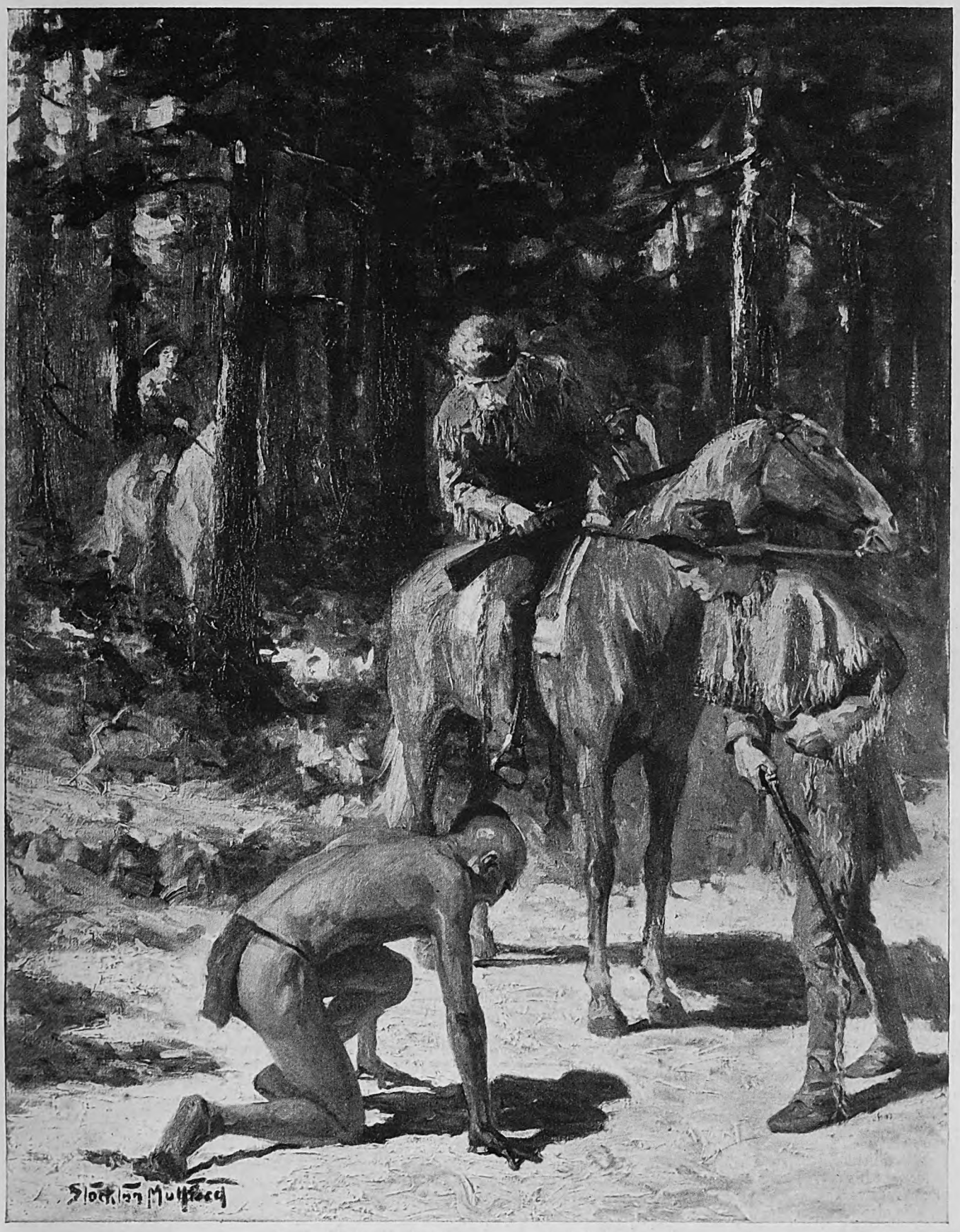

Little Mink, stooping low, was examining the ground

tiful bird, and she liked the name and was somehow glad that he had so named her.

For an hour or more they rode steadily through the forest, while around them the panorama of the wilderness unfolded. Suddenly Almayne reined in, and held up his hand to halt the others. The hunter, bending forward in his saddle, was gazing intently at the bare sandy soil in front of his horse's fore feet, and Little Mink, stooping low, was also examining the ground. Lachlan rode forward past Jolie, dismounted and stooped beside the Muskoger.

Jolie waited curiously. The three men talked briefly together, and presently they came toward her. Lachlan was frowning; Almayne's thin face was grave.

"We think it well that you should know," Lachlan said to her. "In the sand yonder are the tracks of a great war party

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of Cherokees, perhaps three hundred braves. It can mean only one thing, that the Cherokees have begun their threatened war against the Province."

She nodded calmly, inviting him to go on.

"This war party," he continued, "was moving eastward. They left the Great Path to the northward and came through the forest to shorten the way. Probably they struck the Path again at about the point where we left the pack train."

"Our friends—Meg Pearson, Mr. O'Sullivan—they are in danger then?" asked Jolie quickly.

"We can't tell, Mistress," Almayne answered her. "The war party may have missed them. But the chance is slender."

"Little Mink will go back to warn them if they are still alive," said Lachlan. "We must think of ourselves. Almayne believes that we had best lie for some while in the swamp of the Santee, and decide later what we can do."

"Let us do what you and Almayne think best," Jolie answered. Turning in her saddle, she saw Little Mink striding through the ferns behind her, following the back trail. As she watched, his tall, copper-brown form faded amid the straight trunks of the pines.

FROM the spot where they had found the tracks of the war party the land sloped gradually until the trees thinned, and Jolie saw in front of her a rampart of tall, dense canes. For miles they threaded the narrow, winding game trails of a vast canebrake, emerging at last in the heart of the great Santee Swamp, where, just as the night was shutting down, they made camp on a dry, grassy knoll in the midst of a wilderness of lofty moss-bearded cypresses.

Next morning they breakfasted on cold venison, on certain roots, which Almayne prepared in the Indian fashion, and on corn cakes made from meal, of which both Lachlan and Almayne carried a supply. Almayne was telling her of the wild vegetables of the woods, and of the fine bass which they could kill in the lagoons with improvised cane arrows, when suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped.

He was listening to some sound which had caught his ear. Jolie saw the sudden light in his eyes, his quick glance at Lachlan, who also was listening, his black eyes bright, his thin lips compressed. Presently Lachlan turned toward her.

"That was a logcock calling yonder," he said, with a smile, "a logcock which was not really a logcock. It was Little Mink's signal. He is coming."

A few minutes passed; then Jolie saw an Indian emerge from the woods. Close behind him appeared a horseman, and a half-smothered cry burst from her. The man on horseback was Lance Falcon.

Lachlan and Almayne were on their feet. She heard the hunter's oath of amazement, saw Lachlan leap for his rifle, and halt midway. The Indian walking in front of Falcon had raised his hand above his head, palm outward. Jolie saw now that the Indian was the Muskogee, Little Mink; and now behind Falcon she saw another horseman, whose great shock of white hair told her at once that he was Mr. O'Sullivan. Behind O'Sullivan walked the other Muskogee, Striking Hawk.

They came on slowly. Almayne's face was still blank with amazement. Lachlan was frowning. Jolie stepped quickly to his side.

"Mr. McDonald," she said, "there is one thing which I wish you to remember. I fear Captain Falcon even more than I loathe him—and I loathe him as I have never loathed any other man!"

She was standing beside Lachlan when the four who had come out of the forest halted in front of them. It was O'Sullivan who spoke the first word.

"Thank God you are safe," he said soberly. "They attacked the pack train. Meg and Jock and four more are dead; the others are fled toward Charles Town."

He paused, and glanced at Falcon, sitting erect and self-contained on his big roan, his arrogant eyes fixed on Jolie Stanwicke's face.

Mr. O'Sullivan frowned.

"I owe my life to this man," he said shortly, nodding toward Falcon. "I ask you all to bear that fact in mind."

They listened breathlessly while Mr. O'Sullivan told them of all that had happened since they had left the pack train, of how Falcon and himself had fought, of how the Indians had attacked, of how Meg and Jock Pearson had been killed. When the story was finished, there were tears on Jolie's cheeks, Almayne was cursing softly, and Lachlan's black eyes were smoldering above lips that were tight and stern.

Almayne was the first to speak.

"Jock was my good friend," he said, "and Ugly Meg was worth a dozen ordinary women. But we can't help them now."

His eyes rested a moment on Falcon's face.

"Mr. O'Sullivan," said he briskly, "you tell us that this man Falcon saved your life. Maybe that's true; but he did it to save his own skin. If the Cherokees had seen you standing there, they'd have rushed you, and they'd have got his scalp as well as yours."

"I have already pointed that out to Mr. O'Sullivan," Falcon interposed quietly. "He owes me nothing."

"That's settled, then," continued Almayne, with evident satisfaction. "In that case, I shall ask Captain Falcon to let me have his sword, after which he can go for a walk in the woods with Striking Hawk and Little Mink!"

Jolie failed for an instant to catch the meaning of the hunter's words. Suddenly their grim significance came to her, and her breath quickened. She glanced at Almayne, saw the deadly purpose in his eyes. Hitherto she had not once looked at Falcon. Now her eyes, as though some irresistible fascination compelled them, sought his face.

His smile had faded. Perhaps from his tanned, florid cheeks a little of the blood had drained. The half-contemptuous, half-whimsical insolence was gone from his eyes. Yet even while she watched the smile came back and the dark eyes under their overhanging brows gleamed with sudden fire.

"I thank you, friend Almayne," he said dryly in his deep voice, "but I am not in the humor for a woodland ramble from which I should never return. You are five to one here. If you want my sword, come and take it!"

Mr. O'Sullivan opened his lips to speak, but a gesture from Lachlan checked him. Lachlan drew Almayne aside, spoke earnestly in his ear. Jolie studied the hunter's frowning face, heard his grumbled remonstrance, "We've got the rattlesnake under our heel. Why not mash his head? If we don't, we'll be sorry." She saw him spread his hands at last, in reluctant acquiescence. Lachlan stepped back into the circle and stood facing Falcon.

"Captain Falcon," he said, "we are six men and one woman in a country alive with enemies. I believe that I can count on you to do your part in defending that woman from the dangers that surround her. I shall expect you to obey my orders and those of Almayne, and at the first sign of disobedience or treachery we shall shoot you instantly."

The old insolence flared in Falcon's eyes again. He bowed low to Lachlan.

"Mr. Lachlan McDonald," his deep voice boomed, "there was a time not long since when you served me faithfully and well aboard my brig. I engage, upon the honor of a soldier, and for the sake of this sweet lady, to obey you as faithfully now as you obeyed me then!"

THEY remained for three days on their green knoll in the heart of Great Santee. On the evening of the third day they held a council of war. Almayne was for staying where they were, and then, when the way was safe, returning to Charles Town. Falcon seconded this policy. Lachlan and Mr. O'Sullivan were silent, because both had been watching Jolie's face while Almayne had been speaking. When the hunter had outlined their position as he saw it, and Falcon had supported his proposal, Jolie spoke to Almayne:

"If there were no woman with you," she asked quietly, "would you fear to push on through the inner country of the Cherokees to the place where Gilbert Barradell is held captive?"

The hunter pursed his lips.

"You may not understand, Mistress," he said gently, "the fate which would befall you if we were taken by the Indians."

"I do understand it." Her eyes looked straight into his. "But Gilbert's danger is greater than mine. I am not afraid."

For a long minute Almayne gazed at her intently. Suddenly light flashed in his deep-set eyes.

"By Zooks!" he exclaimed. "You are teaching me something about women! We will ride onward to-morrow."

At gray dawn they started. Almayne led them back to the inner edge of the great canebrake which bordered the river

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swamp. Into the brake they plunged, and day after day they followed the winding paths through the canes, seeing no sign of their foes. At last, among the foothills of the inner country, where the canebrake had narrowed to a mere strip of evergreen along a swift-flowing stream, they turned out of the brake and rode for hours through a stately forest of oak, hickory, and other broad-leafed trees.

They were in the heart of the Cherokee country now, and there was danger everywhere, every moment. Again and again Almayne saw signs of their enemies—signs which were plain enough to Lachlan also—and slowly the conviction grew upon him that they were attempting the impossible.

In mid-afternoon of their second day among the foothills Almayne beckoned Lachlan to come to him, and the two talked earnestly together. Lachlan returned to Jolie presently, nodding to the others to draw near.

"Almayne believes," he told them, "that we cannot reach Fort Prince George now. There are enemies on every side. We must do what we did in Great Santee—find a safe place, and wait there for a time."

"And where, lad, shall we find a safe refuge?" Mr. O'Sullivan asked him.

"Almayne knows of one," Lachlan answered, "the peak of Sani'gilagi. He thinks we may gain it, and he thinks it is our best hope."

He turned to Jolie. "Can you ride all night?" he asked.

She smiled at him bravely.

"I think that I was never so strong or so well," she replied. "I think that this wilderness of yours is transmuting me into a man."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mr. O'Sullivan fervently; and "Heaven forbid!" Lachlan echoed him, then flushed to the roots of his hair upon realizing that he had spoken the words aloud.

She flashed him a smile which was like a miracle. To the last of his days he was to remember her as she was at that moment—sitting at ease on Selu's back, her buckskin jacket open at the throat, her broad hat with its jaunty feather pushed back above her red-gold hair. Lachlan turned from her with a pounding in his ears and a mist swimming before his eyes.

Of their long ride from the foothills to the great mountain which the Cherokees called Sani'gilagi, Jolie knew little. All the rest of that day and all the night they pushed on through a forest which seemed to have no end. She did not know when at last they began the ascent of the mountain. By that time she was asleep on her horse's back, and Little Mink and Striking Hawk, walking on either side of her, held her in her saddle as Selu struggled up the steep slope.

It was noon of the next day when she awoke, to find herself lying under a shelter of bark and hemlock boughs above the brow of a vast precipice, while the men busied themselves in various ways some few yards behind her.

They did not observe that she had awakened. She moved presently as close to the edge of the precipice as she dared and looked down and out, but she could see only clouds and mist.

Lachlan McDonald, watching Lance Falcon keenly, saw that the man was drunk with the beauty of the girl

Lachlan and Almayne came hurrying toward her, and she learned from them that they were on the summit of Sani'gilagi, and were safe for a time. Then, because by now she knew Almayne's moods, she waited for him to tell her more.

The hunter stood silent, puffing at his pipe. Then he turned to Jolie with a short laugh.

(*Cont'd on page 176*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

He Finds Sermons in Stones, and Then Writes Them

THE first time I talked with Archibald Rutledge he asked me what kind of article THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE wanted.

"The kind," I answered, "that will make a man walk faster after he has read it, in his eagerness to get home and tell his family and friends about it."

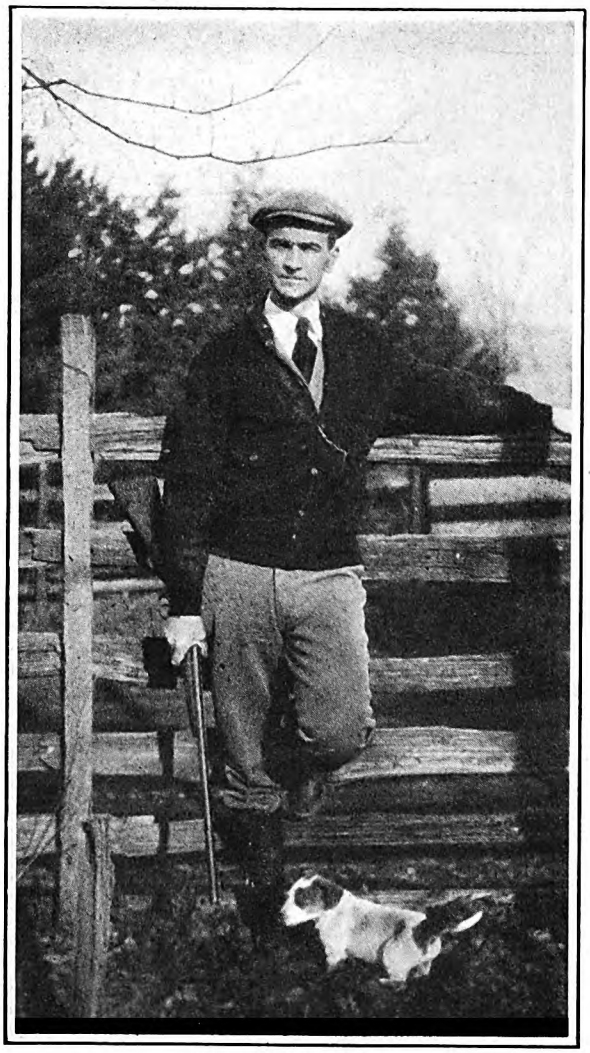
"I think I understand," said Rutledge. And he did. He understood so well that he has made his articles talked about in hundreds of thousands of homes where THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is on the reading table. Through these articles, he has taught people how to get more than exercise out of a walk, how to see the beauty, the mystery, the evidences of God that are everywhere. He has given them countless anecdotes about wild life, and about his own adventures in the woods, swamps, fields, and on the streams upon which he has paddled his homemade boats. He has done more than merely recount natural events—he has interpreted them; and that fact, coupled with his great ability as a story teller, accounts for his popularity as a writer. After each article appears, he is flooded with letters of appreciation, spontaneous letters, asking nothing of him except that he keep on writing. And he will keep on: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has now on hand many of his finest pieces of work, and others will come, a fact that this magazine takes pride in announcing.

"Who is this fellow Rutledge, anyway?" a delighted reader recently asked me. Many others have asked the same thing. They have been asking it regularly ever since his articles began to appear. But the answer to that question cannot be given in a sentence, for it is a many-sided answer. For one thing, Rutledge is a leading naturalist of the day. For another, he is the great-great-grandson of John Rutledge, once Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court; and a great-great-grandnephew of Edward Rutledge, signer of the Declaration of Independence. For another thing, he is the owner of "Hampton," the ancestral home of the Rutledges, near McClellanville, South Carolina—a magnificent old house that was built in 1730, that served as headquarters for General Francis Marion during the Revolution, and that sheltered President Washington on one of his visits to the South. For still another thing, Archibald Rutledge is the son of Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge, a distinguished officer of the Confederate States Army, friend of General Robert E. Lee. To continue the delineation: Rutledge is, and has been, since 1904, a teacher of English literature at Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania; he is a collector of Indian relics, and has in his home at Mercersburg some of the rarest and finest specimens of Indian sculptural art, all of which he and his sons have found in the woods and fields; he is, by avocation, a worker in wood, a hunter, fisherman, roamer of the hills and valleys about his home. and a poet of parts. He has given readings of his poems on many platforms. He was married, in 1907, to Florence Hart, of Winchester, Virginia, and they have three fine boys, two of whom are now in Princeton University. And, finally, he has lived this rich life, these twenty-odd years, on a school-teacher's salary, plus what he earned by writing in his spare time. The Rutledge wealth went down with the Confederacy.

Such is an outline of the man who writes those beautiful nature articles.

Rutledge was born in 1883, at McClellanville, South Carolina, a tiny seacoast town some forty miles north of Charleston. This town is ten mi'es from Hampton, where the family lived in the winters. After the fashion of large Southern planters, Colonel Rutledge had two homes, one on the plantation, another on a sand ridge or on the coast to escape the humid heat of the low farm lands.

"From the time I was a child," says Rutledge, "I had a consuming passion for the world of nature, and both on the coast and on the Santee River, which flows by Hampton, I had a great chance to indulge my favorite pastime. For five years, during my boyhood, I rode six miles to school through the woods every day, and six miles back home. These woods were original forests of yellow pine, cypress, sweet bay, tupelo and the other trees of the Southern low country. All the time I was growing up, I was acquiring two kinds of education: one in school, one in the woods; and I liked the forest education more than the other! My parents were sometimes distressed because, upon returning from school, I was more likely to relate something I had seen in the woods than something I had learned in the classroom. But I loved reading too, and on our remote plantation there was plenty of time for reading, as well as for hunting, fishing, loafing, looking, living. Dickens, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, and Thackeray were the favorites in my home. I learned much from them, and much from the negro boys with whom I roamed the woods."



Archibald Rutledge

Rutledge attended Porter Academy, in Charleston, and, later, Union College, from which he was graduated in 1904. For a few months he worked as a newspaper man in Washington, D. C., and then joined the Mercersburg Academy faculty, a position he has held ever since.

"But I always go home to Hampton on my vacations," he says. "I recently acquired full ownership on this ancestral place, and if I have a major aim in life it is to restore the old place, or, at the least, preserve it."

Hampton, like most other old

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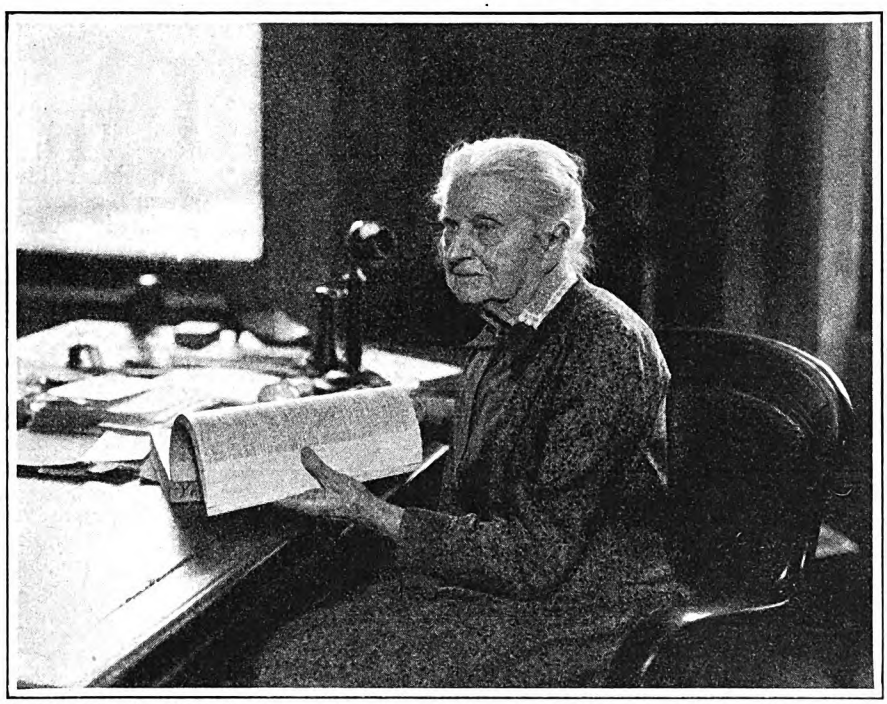
plantations of that section, brings no income to its owner. Many negro families live on the place; but they pay no rent for cabins or farm lands.

You have noticed in all of Rutledge's articles a distinctly religious note. This is characteristic of him, for he is a profoundly religious man. You have also noticed his love for simple things, and simple, elemental people. "You know," he said to me once, "of all people, I like those of elemental character best—mountaineers, farmers, sportsmen, negroes. I understand them. They seem to me closer to Truth than most other people. And the creatures of nature seem to me to point out fundamental Truth. 'Through nature to God' is a phrase I believe in, for, if taken aright, it may be the key that will unlock for humanity untold spiritual riches."

JAMES C. DERIEUX

This 90-Year-Old Quaker Woman Runs a Real-Estate Firm

DIRECTLY across the tree-shaded square from the mellowed brick building known to history as Independence Hall, a silver-haired woman who recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday, sits daily at her desk in the real estate and insurance office of S. W. Black and Sons, 522 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. This energetic ninety-year-old business executive has been directing the affairs of this long-established firm for the past twenty-two years in an able and successful manner.



THE NEWELL STUDIO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mrs. Edward Black, of Philadelphia, took over her husband's real estate business when she was sixty-eight years old. Now, at ninety, she is still head of the firm of S. W. Black and Sons, and goes to work every day

At an age when most people retire from active duty and take to easy chairs, Mrs. Edward Black made her bow to the business world. Without any training for her new sphere, she showed remarkable courage and initiative when, at the death of her husband in 1905, she decided to take his place in the firm founded over eighty years ago by her father-in-law.

Mrs. Black placed her household affairs in order, and boarded a trolley for the commercial center of the city, an almost unknown land to her. Every day for years she rode ten miles each way to and from her home in Fox Chase. A tiring trip to people half her age, but a pleasant little jaunt to this mistress of the art of growing old gracefully and gallantly.

"I knew nothing about business when I first came to the office," she told me, as we sat in her spacious office; "but I wanted to keep my mind occupied. I think every woman who is left alone should try to find some sort of employment. It makes her forget her troubles.

"I felt timid about taking over my husband's business, for I thought perhaps the clients might feel that, because I was a woman, I wouldn't be good at buying and selling properties. But," and she smiled, "they seemed to have faith in me, for not one withdrew his account from the office. It made me very happy, and has encouraged me to keep on so long. I've always tried to take as good care of their affairs as I would want people to take of mine."

"If I couldn't come to my office now, I'd feel lost. It means more to me than anything—except my family, of course. I haven't any children, but I live now with my niece, Rebecca Ellis Harrop, at 1731 Oxford Street, and I am very happy with her. I ride in and out on the street cars, and never get tired seeing the sights of the city and the people passing by. Do I stay home when the weather is bad? Not unless the streets are very icy; I'd like to go out then, but I feel I should take some precautions. But when the wind blows hard, and it snows, nothing can keep me indoors! I'm rather imprudent at times, I suppose," and she smiled. "I always forget I'm an old lady."

Mrs. Black comes to her office at nine and stays until three. But she takes no time for lunch. Breaking into the day's routine by taking a noon recess, she believes, interrupts her schedule. She eats a hearty breakfast and enjoys a cup of tea when she reaches home in the afternoon.

To reach the scene of her daily duties she has to climb two steep flights of stairs to the third floor of the building. Close to the big desk, with its modern efficiency helps, stands a quaint rocker with a bright shawl thrown across its stout hickory back. Mrs. Black likes to rest occasionally from her strenuous activities.

"I love this old section of the city," she told me. "It is more like the Philadelphia I knew when I was a girl and drove in from my home across the Delaware."

Not only have old clients of the S. W. Black and Sons firm remained faithful to this veteran real-estate dealer, the oldest woman conducting such a business in the state and country, perhaps, but her conscientious and wise administration has attracted many new ones. Property holders who have removed from Philadelphia leave their affairs in her capable hands with perfect trust. Business is transacted in this office with clients scattered over the entire country, from California to Maine, including Oklahoma, Ohio, Florida, and many other states.

Although her assistant, Samuel J. T. Ware, takes charge of showing prospective patrons through new buildings and pointing out land sites, Mrs. Black interviews them all and learns the type of service they desire. It is her firmly written signature that concludes all deals made through this real-estate and fire-insurance office.

"No one has ever tried to take advantage of me since I came to the office," she says. "I hear a lot of criticism about modern business methods and sharp dealing, but I am glad to say I have always met with fair, courteous treatment."

Popularly known as "the city of homes," Philadelphia is gradually "going apartment." Although thousands of houses are built every year, Mrs. Black has noticed a tendency toward compressed living quarters More people come seeking apartments; contractors are kept busy building this type of structures, and turning old houses occupied formerly by one family into dwelling places for several families. The nationalities of her clients have changed considerably in the past twenty-two years, Mrs. Black told me: the foreigners make fine tenants, pay promptly and take care of the properties. Thrifty, too, they work hard to become owners instead of renters.

A typewriter forms part of the office equipment, but is used only by Mr. Ware. The cheery, ninety-year-young executive prefers to transact her affairs in longhand.

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She writes an old-fashioned gracefully legible script. The telephone, however, is one of the modern business helps that she heartily enjoys, and uses frequently during the day.

Mrs. Black was born on a farm near Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1837. She came to Philadelphia as a bride in 1863, and has lived most of her married life in Pennsylvania. A firm believer in woman suffrage, she has cast her vote regularly since it became effective. She is a member of the Society of Friends, and an elder in the Hicksite Meeting, and she worships at the meeting house at Seventeenth Street and Girard Avenue every "First Day" morning. She walks both ways, being an ardent advocate of this form of exercise. She delights in motoring, however, and feels fresh after a hundred-mile ride.

Happy as the head of the business, a prosperous and progressive one, Mrs. Black expects to continue coming to her office for many years. She possesses remarkably fine health, and can read without glasses unless the print is unusually small. The clock of Independence Hall, a square away, tells her the time of day. All her faculties are alert.

MARY THERESA COLLINS

Anthony Jawelak's Blindness Does Not Dim the Music in His Soul

BLIND almost from birth, Anthony Jawelak has, through persistent application, developed his talent for music to an astonishing degree. As an infant of two years, the piano was his favorite toy. He learned to play little tunes on it even at that early age. At fourteen, he was giving private recitals before talented musicians. Just a year later, he appeared in concerts as the assisting artist with two famous symphony orchestras.

That was fifteen years ago. To-day he is regarded by critics and musicians as one of the most skilled pianists in America. He plays the most difficult arrangements of the great composers of piano music with ease and abandon.

Anthony Jawelak was less than two years old when the Jawelaks got a piano. When he heard others play it, he used to try to reproduce what he had heard.

One day, Caspar P. Koch, a prominent Pittsburgh musician, visited the Jawelak home. He went to play an accompaniment for a song that the boy's father was preparing as a part of a choral program in which Koch was interested. The father and the musician repeated the number together several times, without thought of the two-year-old child lying on the floor in the room.

The practicing ceased, and the blind infant crawled over to the piano, climbed up on the stool, and began playing the accompaniment he had heard. From that moment, Koch, as teacher and adviser, has made it possible for Jawelak to get the best musical training available.

Until he was ten years old, however, the child was too frail and nervous to have formal lessons. Until then, he was his own teacher, reproducing whatever he heard that pleased him.

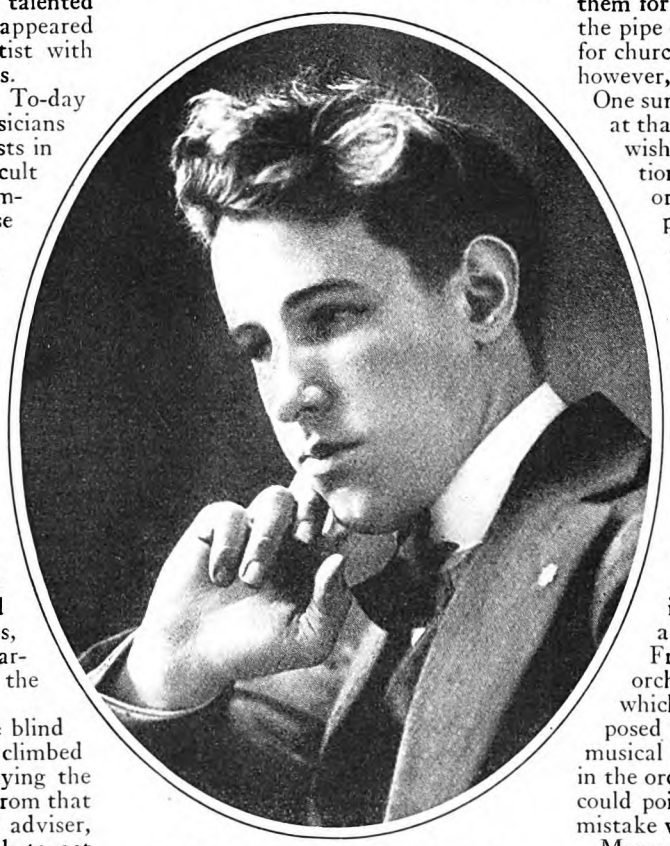
When Anthony was a boy of five or six years, a group of musicians and newspaper reporters visited him. One of the musicians played the minuet from Mozart's "Magic Flute" a few times. This piece was entirely new to the child.

"Now play what you have heard," he was told.

His little hands fluttered over the keys, and he sounded a few chords until he struck the proper keys. Then he played the composition through to the end, just as he had heard it.

When he had finished, the musicians took turns at sounding chords on the piano. The boy listened intently, then, stepping over to the instrument, and running his hands lightly over the keys, he reproduced those chords perfectly.

Jawelak's first recitals were given when he was a lad of fourteen. His programs at this age were made up of the compositions of Chopin, Liszt, and Beethoven. They were programs which would have taxed the abilities of the most seasoned concert artist.



Anthony Jawelak, blind pianist, made his first public appearance at the age of fifteen. Now, at thirty, he is one of this country's well-known concert performers

It is difficult to imagine a fifteen-year-old blind boy appearing in concerts with famous symphony orchestras. But that is what Jawelak did. In 1912, he appeared with both the Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra and with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, playing concertos from Grieg and Mendelssohn on these occasions.

Not only is Jawelak a pianist of first rank, but he is a composer of music for the piano as well. His compositions are extremely difficult. Of twenty-five or more numbers he has written since 1914, none has been published. Music publishers offer but one objection—the compositions are so difficult that none but perhaps a dozen of the most talented pianists in America would play them.

In his studio I found many instruments lying about, and he played several of them for me. Next to the piano, he likes the pipe organ. He often plays the organ for church services. Until he was sixteen, however, he had never touched an organ. One summer, his piano teacher, who was at that time playing cathedral services, wished to leave the city for a vacation. So he coached Jawelak on the organ for three weeks. The pupil progressed rapidly, learning to locate keys on the multiple keyboard, and manipulate the stops and pedals. With this brief period of instruction, he was able to carry on the work of his teacher.

This experience interested Jawelak in the organ. He wanted to learn more. For the next four years, he was a student in a school of music, giving his whole attention to the organ.

When he had finished this course, a recital was arranged, in which he was accompanied by a student symphony orchestra. From the rehearsals with the orchestra, Jawelak learned the part which every instrument was supposed to play, and its relation to the musical score for the organ. If a player in the orchestra made a mistake, Jawelak could point it out and tell just what the mistake was.

Many people think of a pianist as having slim, delicate fingers and rather a fragile hand, but Jawelak's hands are heavy and muscular, and so large that he can span twelve notes on the piano keyboard. He is one of the few living pianists who are able to play the compositions of the famous Liszt as the composer intended them to be played, for Liszt had just such hands.

Being sightless, Jawelak must carry his entire library of music in his memory. If he does not know a composition, all he requires to memorize it is three or four repetitions of the music by a competent pianist.

Jawelak's studio is arranged to suit his convenience, and he moves about in it at will, answering the telephone, tinkering with the radio, seating himself at the piano, playing the phonograph, or even tuning his piano.

GLEN U. CLEETON

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SOUP

and the woman "from Missouri"

ALL PRAISE to this worthy housewife. Nothing but the best will do for her family. One can picture her working with relentless zeal, laboriously going through all the tedious and troublesome steps of making her soups in her own kitchen, just as her mother did before her. And you can be sure her soups are good—make no mistake about that.

BUT JUST across the street, or in the house next door, no doubt, is a neighbor with just as particular tastes and notions about the quality of food she puts on her table. Only she has had the wit to "try" those soups that are sold at the store. She knows that this is the age of the automobile, and not of buggy rides. To her delight, and often to her real astonishment, she has discovered that the Campbell's condensed soups are just as delicious, and often even more so, than she herself makes. For soup-making is only one of her many duties, while the makers of condensed soups equip enormous and spotless kitchens and they give their chefs a life-long training, all devoted to the fine art of soup-blending.

"OUR REPUTATION is in every can." The soup-maker who says that realizes how critically his soups will be judged. The tremendous, national success of condensed soups truly proves that they only doubt who have not tasted.

Add an equal quantity of water. Then bring to a boil. Simmer for a few minutes. And that is all. The soup is ready for your table. Twenty-one different soups—each a masterpiece—and the full list printed on every Campbell's label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

That I am keen is plainly seen,
I've brain and muscle, too.
From Campbell's meal I get my zeal
And deeds of daring-do!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Youth and Health are priceless gifts

Protect them now by guarding

The Danger Line

To the modern woman, youth and health are priceless gifts. On them depends the vitality, the energy, the "aliveness" that can lift her out of the dull routine of life and fill her days to overflowing with gracious, joyous activity.

Are *you* one of these women who knows that it is *health* which must be guarded if youth and beauty are to be preserved?

Take mouth hygiene, for instance. Doctors and dentists both tell us that premature old age, lack of vitality, tiredness and dangerous diseases also, are developing as the result of decayed teeth and infected gums. But what do we do to guard against this danger? Give our teeth a brushing or two daily, perhaps with some ineffective toothpaste, and dismiss the matter.

Brushing is not enough! And here is the reason. Every time you eat, food particles lodge in the pits on your teeth and in the tiny V-shaped crevice around each tooth formed by the meeting of tooth and gum—The Danger Line. These particles ferment. Acids are formed. It is these acids which cause tooth decay and also irritate the gums, causing dangerous infections.

Guard against these acids

You cannot brush these acids out of the crevices at The Danger Line. So you must use a dentifrice that can *neutralize* them. So, countless men and women are turning to Squibb's Dental Cream because it is made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—a safe, effective antacid. Particles of the Milk of Magnesia remain in the crevices along The Danger Line for a considerable period and neutralize dangerous acids as they form.

In addition, Squibb's Dental Cream is mild, non-abrasive, non-irritating. It soothes the delicate gum tissues and polishes the enamel, leaving it clean and lustrous. Guard your teeth and gums. Health, youth and beauty may depend upon it. See your dentist regularly. Begin the use of Squibb's Dental Cream today. 40 cents a large tube.

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SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation

The strength and energy we use up every day must be renewed if we are to remain at our best. And this renewal depends on alimentation. Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its twofold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food. At druggists, only 25c and 50c.

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The Greatest War of All Time—Man Against the Insects

(*Continued from page 15*)

as confront them in the United States to-day.

"Any farmer, anyone who has a little garden in the suburbs or a few fruit trees, knows that he can't get a perfect or a near-perfect crop without taking protective mechanical or chemical measures against the pests. When you put in a window screen, or tack up some mosquito netting, you are playing a defensive part in this warfare. When you buy fruit, vegetables, cereal products, or even a Christmas tree, you pay, indirectly, toll to the insect hordes, for the price includes the expense of protection against them.

"You will get a better idea of the meaning of what I have just said if you stop to realize that, annually, the manufacturers of wire screening sell thirty million dollars' worth of their product to American consumers! And the orchardists of California alone spend forty-five million dollars fighting insects!

"What is this warfare as a whole costing us? The figures are enormous. The Bureau of Entomology spends in the neighborhood of three millions a year in field work and in scientific investigations, to discover the best *strategy* to use against pests. But this sum does not include special appropriations to meet emergencies. A conservative estimate of the total cost is around sixty million dollars. Even so, the best way of estimating our losses is in the terms of lost labor. In dollars we figure the annual loss at *two billions. In other words, every year, the damage wrought by insects nullifies the labor of a million men.*

"Presently I want to tell you something about the ways insects have of fighting us and about our ways of fighting them. But first let me point out a few facts that have to do with the nature of this conflict as a whole.

"HOW many different kinds of insects do you suppose there are in the world? It is estimated that there are more than 2,000,000 species, of which only about 600,000 have been studied by scientists.

"How many insects (not species but individuals) do you suppose there are to the acre in our forests and meadow land? On the basis of studies made in the vicinity of Washington, it is estimated that on the average there are about 1,600,000 insects to the acre of forest floor and 13,500,000 to the acre of meadow land, where food is more plentiful!

"Even so, neither the number of species in all, nor the numbers of insects to the acre, gives a fair picture of the significance of insect life on the earth. Consider their amazing powers to multiply!

"Years ago, Huxley estimated that in the course of ten generations, supposing all the individuals to survive, the progeny of a tiny insect known as the aphid would 'contain more ponderable substance than five hundred millions of stout men, that is, more than the whole population of China.' Not long since, a scientist put this observation to a thorough-going test, watching the life cycle of the tiny cabbage aphid through a period of slightly more than a year.

"He found that from March 31st to August 15th, the aphid had twelve full generations, and each female had twenty-one young. Suppose that all these individuals had lived to October 2d, when sixteen full generations had occurred, how many would have been present then?

"The answer, obtained by a simple problem in arithmetic, is staggering—564,087,257,509,154,652! How much would they weigh? The answer is equally surprising. Since the aphid weighs on the average 1.4 milligrams, the 564-odd quadrillion aphids would total 822 million tons, or, reducing it to human terms, almost ten times the weight of the total population of the earth. Huxley's estimate, therefore, was far short of the truth. And the capacity of the cabbage aphid to multiply is only about *half* that of the melon or cotton aphid!

"I have conducted experiments which establish the fact that a single house fly which passes the winter safely in Washington may have *six trillion* descendants by the following September 1st!

"And these insects want what *we* want. They eat a proportion of everything we harvest, attack our stored food, destroy our clothing and buildings, affect all our domestic animals, and attack us personally. And, besides destroying our crops, they carry diseases from plant to plant.

"WHAT are we doing to hold them in check? In answering that question, I shall confine myself mainly to the pests of great economic importance.

"We have always had numerous native insects to fight, such as grasshoppers, chinch bugs, plum curculios, and potato beetles. They are not the ones of greatest menace, however. Our really dangerous enemies have come from foreign lands, usually by accidents of commerce—with imported plants, seeds, bulbs or other produce. We are now more or less protected against further accidents of this kind by embargoes and by inspection under government supervision of all plants and seeds admitted into the country. But already we have from a dozen to fifty foreign insects, each of which is costing us millions a year.

"Glance at this verbal map, and you will see what may be called the chief battle fronts in America's insect war:

New England	gipsy moth and brown-tail moth
Central States	corn borer
Cotton belt	boll weevil
Texas and Arizona	pink boll worm
Rocky Mountain District	alfalfa weevil
Northwestern forest area	bark beetle
Southern California	scale insects
Florida	scale insects and white fly
Pennsylvania and nearby states (New Jersey, Delaware, and recently parts of New York and Connecticut)	Japanese beetle

"Each of these insects requires a different sort of campaign. What the strategy of that campaign shall be is determined after a thorough, scientific study of the insect's life secrets. Suppose we take the gipsy moth as an example.

"One of the first things you discover on delving into the life secrets of the gipsy moth is this: Unlike numerous other moths, it does not spin its web in tree tops. It lays its eggs in clusters of about four hundred on trunks of trees (particularly oaks and elms), and in the crevices of rocks and old fences. Having passed through the winter as an egg, the caterpillar hatches the following spring, crawls up the trees and begins eating the tender young leaves. Eventually they turn into moths.

"NOW, the female of this species has well-developed wings, but she can not fly. Her body is too heavy. How then was it possible for the moth to spread so rapidly throughout more than four thousand square miles of New England territory? The moth had been studied for more than thirty years before the real answer to this question was discovered. Strange as it may seem, though the winged female moth cannot fly, the wingless caterpillars *can* fly.

"When small and light, the caterpillars have an abundance of fluffy hair. At the root of each hair is a tiny gas bag. By means of these bags they float on the air. Having spun themselves a bit of rope, they hang suspended from the tip of a branch until a wind comes along strong enough to break it and carry them perhaps a mile away. In that way they are broadcast.

"What if the moth should get into that rough and densely wooded area, the Adirondacks? The assumption is that it would go like wildfire—more rapidly than it spread throughout New England!

"So to-day we have what is known as the gipsy moth barrier zone, east of the Adirondacks and twenty-five miles wide, extending from the Canadian border to Long Island Sound. Here, in the fall, you see our scouts at work hunting for the egg clusters, which they kill with a daub of creosote. In the spring you see our crews out with a gigantic spraying outfit specially constructed for this kind of work. Through a hose a mile long it can throw a poison liquid, arsenate of lead, in a stream that reaches the top of a tree a hundred feet high before it breaks into spray. When the caterpillars eat the leaves covered with this poison they die. So, from year to year, their numbers are kept down. For the time being, the rest of the country is safe.

"But that is not the whole story: we are attacking the gipsy moth in another way. Bear in mind that half the insects of the world live on plants; the other half live on insects. Some insects are internal parasites in their early stages. And some are predatory, attacking, and devouring.

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"Now, when a foreign insect is introduced into a new environment, it tends to develop rapidly and become a great menace because, in the new country, it is free of the predatory or parasitic enemies that prey upon it at home. Study the gipsy moth in its native environment, and you will discover that ninety per cent of all the moths that hatch are destroyed by these natural enemies. In the United States these enemies did not exist, so we sent out hunters to find them. When found, we had to import them, breed them, and assist them in getting started.

"In Japan, we have found a number of enemies of the gipsy moth. One of them is a fly known as 'Schedius.' Millions of these flies have been raised in our laboratories and put out in colonies of ten thousand throughout New England, and to-day they are breeding rapidly and spreading. Another enemy of the moth brought from Japan is a tiny wasp known as 'Anatatus.' When an Anatatus comes upon a cluster of gipsy-moth eggs, it pierces each one with a sharp, sting-like thrust, and in this cavity of the larger egg lays its own much smaller egg. When the baby Anatatus hatches and begins eating, it consumes the contents of the shell! Other imported wasps attack the living caterpillars after they have developed and are feeding. One of these lays as many as a hundred eggs in the body of a caterpillar, which is later consumed by the new-born wasps.

"In America, we have many varieties of beetles, some of them warlike. Against the gipsy moth, they have been of no assistance, for the reason that they travel on the ground, while the gipsy moth caterpillars work in the trees. But there is in Europe a beetle that climbs trees. After some years of failure, this valuable fellow, 'Calosoma sycophant,' became quite at home in New England.

"And what an ally Calosoma has proved to be! It has flourished and multiplied prolifically. More agile than a monkey among the branches, it climbs New England's shade trees and eats its fill of gipsy-moth caterpillars day after day. In August, it goes to sleep for ten months, then wakes for another onslaught.

"UNDER ordinary circumstances, our allies, the so-called beneficial insects, cannot be relied upon absolutely to exterminate a pest. But we *can* depend upon them, under favorable conditions, to keep the numbers of a pest down to a comparatively harmless minimum. In one instance, however, American entomologists were astonished by the complete victory of a little insect from Australia over one of the scale insects of California.

"Do you know the nature of these so-called scale insects? They attack apples, figs, quinces, pomegranates, roses, and many other trees and plants; but those on orange and lemon trees are especially injurious. The so-called 'Fluted Scale' sinks its beak into the bark and sucks the sap, exuding a waxy substance through the pores in its back. This substance congeals and covers its eggs.

"Some decades ago, the Fluted Scale, or Icerya, appeared upon some acacia trees at Menlo Park, California. An insignificant creature in itself, resembling a small bit of fluted wax a little more than a fourth of an inch long, it took possession of those trees, swarming over them until the bark was completely hidden. They spread from orchard to orchard of oranges which were worth thousands of dollars an acre. They sucked the sap through their minute beaks until the trees became feeble, the leaves dropped, and a black fungus crept over the twigs. The fruit growers of California faced ruin.

"When government entomologists began their study of this insect's life history, they discovered that it was a native of Australia. There, it was not particularly abundant and was not a pest. So it was assumed that in Australia the Icerya had some natural enemy which kept it in check. This assumption proved correct, and the enemy of the Icerya proved to be a little beetle, black with red spots, known as the ladybird, scientifically, the 'Vadalia.'

"Packed in tin boxes, quantities of the little beetles were shipped to California, where they were liberated upon orange trees enclosed in gauze. With appetites sharpened by the ocean voyage, they fell upon the Icerya, devouring them. Then they began to lay eggs. In a few days these hatched into active, grublike creatures, which also began devouring scales right and left. In another month these grubs became beetles, and so the work of extermination went on!

"Each female ladybird lays on an average three hundred eggs. Assuming that half the larva from the eggs produce female beetles, then in five months a single ladybird becomes the ancestor of 75,000,000,000 other ladybirds, each capable of destroying innumerable scale insects. Thus, in less than a year from the time the first of these hungry Australian immigrants were released, the orange trees of California were again in bloom, resuming their old-time verdure. In five years there was hardly an Icerya to be found in the state!

"THE *first* object of a campaign against any insect pest is to bring about relief from great damage as quickly as possible. Hence, at the start, we usually resort to a variety of expedients, such as poison sprays, poison dust, chemicals that kill by contact, or even fire. Not infrequently, when we are called upon to find the quickest means of holding an insect in check we run into curious difficulties.

"As you doubtless know, the arsenical poisons are the ones most commonly used to destroy insects. But now and then we have to deal with an insect that *will not eat* leaves or plants sprayed with these substances. Recently, we were faced with that difficulty in dealing with the Japanese beetle, which was brought into the United States more than a decade ago with iris bulbs imported from Japan. Making rapid headway, it spread from a nursery in New Jersey to Pennsylvania and nearby states. As an adult beetle it menaces our apple, peach, and cherry trees. As a grub, it eats the roots of grasses, ruining lawns, putting greens and golf courses. In all, it attacks two hundred different plants.

"When our study of the pest began, in 1916, we assumed that it could be controlled by spraying with arsenate of lead the plants it attacks. But we soon discovered that, instead of eating the foliage so treated, it went to plants that had *not* been sprayed. How could we fool the beetle into eating enough of the poison to kill it?

"To answer this question, our experts made hundreds of experiments, and finally discovered that a small quantity of lead oleate of soap mixed with the arsenate of lead disguised the poison to a certain extent, so that a fair proportion of the beetles ate and were destroyed. Still, they were increasing in numbers, and additional measures had to be found.

"After numerous experiments, we discovered that geraniol, an oil of geranium and sassafras, was as pleasing to the beetle as cologne or lavender is to some people. When geraniol was sprayed over the plants, the odor carried by the wind, often as far as half a mile, would attract the beetles to them. In regions where they were prolific, billions would be drawn by the scent in the course of a few hours, literally covering the trees. It was then a simple matter to destroy them by spraying the trees with an extract of pyrethrum, which kills by contact.

"HOWEVER, the entomologist regards all such expedients as this merely as stop-gaps for emergency use. His *real* objective is to discover ways of combat that will do away with the necessity for the expensive spraying or dusting measures that have to be resorted to year after year. One of these permanent remedies I have already described—the use of predatory and parasitic insects. That is known as *the biological method of fighting insects.* Another, of equal importance, is the *agricultural method.*

"Frequently, when we study the life history of an insect that has become a pest, we discover that its enormous increase is due almost entirely to the way in which some particular crop is grown. In such a case, a modification in the method of growing or harvesting the crop is the surest preventive.

"Back in 1892, the boll weevil crossed the Rio Grande for the first time, entering the United States at the tip of Texas where the Rio Grande flows into the Gulf of Mexico. Having come from Mexico, where cotton grows wild, it got into a few fields near Brownsville. The first fields attacked were completely ruined. Spreading northward and eastward, the weevil alarmed the whole cotton world.

"As the first step, this Bureau recommended a plan for stopping the weevil where it was. We drafted a bill which proposed the suppression of cotton in the comparatively small areas already infested, and the absolute eradication of the weevil by doing away in that region, for a year or two, with any cotton upon which it might breed. Unfortunately, this measure, though approved by the governor of Texas, was not put into effect. *Had* it been, the weevil would have been wiped out at this stage.

"So far, our efforts to find effective parasitic enemies of the weevil have failed. At the start, efforts to poison the weevil also failed, partly for the reason that poison dust (arsenate of lead) failed to stick to the plant. We have now found a method of dusting cotton plants that is successful where it can be utilized. The dust is applied by airplane. Blown out by the propeller in a stream fifteen feet above the ground, the dust settles on the plant and *sticks*, owing, apparently, to

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Millions *can't be* Wrong

Join this Multitude of Happy Shavers—but Don't Switch till You Let this 10-day Test at Our Expense Prove Our Case to You

GENTLEMEN:

Rarely is a new product received with such acclaim as has greeted Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Literally millions who have tried it have been won from lesser methods. Most of them accepted our invitation to shave ten days "on us" before they made a switch.

That test does the business. That settles all doubt. After ten days of perfect shaves very few ever return to old methods. Won't you, too, give us a chance to prove what we have done for you? Just mail the coupon for your free test.

The 130th Formula Won

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a triumph of one of the world's greatest soap laboratories. Sixty-five years' experience stand behind that name.

When we first set out we sought the advice of 1000 men on what they thought a shaving cream should be. They told us four things—we added the fifth. But not until formula after formula had failed to satisfy in one way or another.

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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience . . . to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1456, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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some electrical phenomenon which takes place in the course of the dusting operation. When eaten, this dust kills not only the weevil but also the cotton-leaf worm.

"Shall we lose our campaign against the European corn borer as we temporarily lost that against the boll weevil? This conflict is only just beginning. It is now at a stage where the borer can be controlled by following the proper agricultural practice, just as we could have stopped the weevil when it first appeared at Brownsville.

"The borer was introduced into the United States in broom corn. In 1909 or 1910, ten thousand tons of the corn were imported in one shipment from Hungary and Italy. One large consignment went to Everett, Massachusetts, where it was stored in an old ramshackle building. The moths developed while the broom corn was in storage, found egress through crevices of the building, and laid their eggs on corn in nearby fields. Other shipments of that imported corn have been traced to Amsterdam and Buffalo, New York, and to St. Thomas, Ontario, and an outbreak of the corn borer has occurred at each of these places. It spread, and last year the most serious infestation of all was discovered in our Great Lake region on the very edge of the great corn belt, a menace to the staple crop of that whole territory.

"A small yellowish moth, with a wing spread of three quarters of an inch, it multiplies and spreads with great rapidity. Owing to the fact that it flies at night, it may exist for a time in great numbers in a farmer's corn without his knowing it.

"IT IS the larva of this moth which works the great havoc, tunneling the stalks, not only of corn but beans, celery, beets, rhubarb, and other products, including flowers such as chrysanthemums and gladioli. In sections of Ontario the borer has already ruined as much as *seventy-five per cent* of the corn crop; in our Lake region it has damaged the crop in a very few places twenty-five per cent.

"It is easy to foresee the losses that will ultimately result if the corn borer is not controlled. It will run into billions. Last year, Congress appropriated ten million dollars for use in checking the borer's spread this season. Nothing like a war of extermination could be attempted with even this large sum of money. It proved sufficient, however, to cover the expense of a gigantic clean-up campaign. One way of checking the borer is to destroy the stalks left standing after harvest, and all the debris. More than two million acres have been thoroughly covered in this way, with the farmers and representatives of the States and the Federal Government coöperating.

"Can we rely on such means as this to exterminate the borer? The answer is—"No!" A billion dollars might be spent, and that result would not be accomplished. Yet there is a comparatively simple way by which the borer *can* be subdued. We have learned that for seven months of the year the borer lives in the lower part of the cornstalk. Hence, there is a chance to get at it by a new agricultural practice in handling the crop.

"In the past, it has been the custom to cut the cornstalks high or not at all, and to leave them in the field throughout the winter. This affords the borer its chance to hibernate. The new method of cropping corn requires that the stalks be cut close to the surface of the ground, and either used in silos or destroyed; for when the stalks are destroyed the borer is disposed of.

"Will we do this? Machinery has already been designed for this new method of cutting the crop. The change means some trouble and expense, but amounts to little in comparison with the ultimate enormous losses if the borer is permitted to become a perpetual pest. If the new method *is* put into practice, either because our farmers see it as their salvation, or because the States require it, then the borer will cease to be a menace.

"I SHOULD like, at this point, to digress for a moment: In the Bureau of Entomology we have more than a hundred laboratories. It is impossible here to do more than indicate the vast amount of information, developed by our experts, about methods that the individual can use to protect himself and his crops from insect pests. Whatever *your* problem is you can obtain from the Bureau of Entomology, by asking for it, practical information that will assist you in meeting the difficulty in the cheapest and most convenient way.

"In case you find that some of your farm or garden crops, or your shade trees, are suffering from extensive and extraordinary injury, I will make this suggestion—act promptly! If possible, send specimens of the insects that have done the damage. If that is impossible, furnish leaves or portions of bark that have been injured. In this way, you will not only make it possible for the Bureau to advise you what to do, but you may enable it to recognize a pest that is new or unusual in some particular section.

"*Sixty-five different diseases of men and domestic animals are carried by insects, including malaria, yellow fever, bubonic plague, cholera infantum, and typhus fever!* In our cities, since the automobile banished the horse, we are troubled much less than formerly by the house fly. In the country, it still is a menace. Among the diseases which may be transmitted by the house fly are typhoid, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and scarlet fever!

"In order to eradicate the fly, it is necessary to do away with its breeding places. Garbage should be kept covered until it can be burned or buried. Meanwhile, it should be sprinkled with kerosene or common borax. All foods should be protected, as flies carry micro-organisms of disease on their bodies, especially on their legs. Solid food is contaminated by their crawling over it, and liquids when they drink or fall into them.

"In our cities, the German roach is one of the most common pests, and may be a conveyer of typhoid, tonsillitis, and some other diseases. They spread disease by carrying the organisms on their feet and in their intestinal canals, disseminating these over foods, books, and other articles of daily use. Where plentiful, they appear at night after the lights are out, and overrun everything in the room. They can be quickly, cheaply, and completely exterminated by the use of sodium fluorid. As this powder is poisonous, care should be taken that it does not come in contact with food.

"The domestic mosquito breeds around houses in any small collection of water that may be present. The malarial mosquito may also be found breeding in such places; but it usually prefers the margins of ditches and lakes, especially where reeds and water plants are abundant.

"All buildings in places infested with mosquitoes should be screened. No water should be allowed to stand in containers around the dwelling. The grass should be cut short, in order that it may not serve as a hiding place. Low places in the ground should be drained. Cisterns and rain barrels should be screened, or kept covered with a film of oil, which prevents the wiggle-tails from coming to the surface to breathe.

"Reeds and plants around the edge of streams and lakes should be cut away, in order to allow fish, which feed upon the larvæ of mosquitoes, to gain access to them. In slow-running streams, you can use oil as a temporary measure to stop the breeding of mosquitoes.

"PERHAPS I am *too optimistic* about the outcome of this war between man and the insects. But happily, in our country, there is no pest of great menace against which we have not found measures, more or less effective. We know *what* to do and *how* to do it. But will we do it in time?

"Bear in mind that insects were at home on this globe millions of years before the human species existed. They are probably the most perfectly adapted of all creatures to survive under all sorts of conditions. *All the higher animals and plants might be exterminated, yet some insects could survive.*

"Why, if human beings were as well equipped for living on this planet as the insects are, some groups of people would be purely vegetarian and some purely carnivorous! Some would have appendages especially designed for grasping in a way that far excels the facility of the human hand! Some would have baskets for carrying things! And some, a special apparatus for breathing under water!

"Some insects live in wood, some in water, some in the ground! There is absolutely nothing that insects won't eat! The waters of Great Salt Lake are so alkaline that any other form of life appearing in them would perish; but there are insects which survive in them! We use kerosene to *kill* some insects; but there is one insect in California that lives and *prospers* in kerosene!

"And what cunning ways of concealment and of defense they have!

"Yes, we must keep in mind the cunning of this relentless foe. Much as we have been doing against it, we have not been doing enough.

"What we really need is information on all the fundamental facts of insect life. There should be scores of able men, with the most advanced technique, occupying themselves exclusively with the study of those things about insects which the economic entomologists have not as yet had time (nor the means!) to investigate thoroughly."

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The framed samplers forming the background are from the Whitman Collection

Background — Eighty-six years of making the finest candies, reaching back to sampler days, provide the background of experience and tradition. The success of the Sampler was not an accident. The Sampler's contents are the public's choice of favorite pieces from eleven of Whitman's packages famous since the beginning of the Whitman business in 1842.

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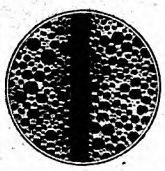
Here's a new, quick way to shave that gets whiskers off clean and smooth . . . without razor-pull, sting or smart.

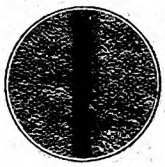
Already millions have adopted small-bubble lather. Thousands buy it daily. From coast to coast the news has spread like wildfire.

And now, to broadcast the good news even further, a unique test is offered. It's a seven-day trial that doesn't cost you a cent. See details in coupon below.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



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The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Please don't take our word for all this. Make us prove what we say.

Compare Colgate's for seven days with the shaving cream in your bathroom now . . . we'll cheerfully stand the expense. Please mail coupon . . . *now!*

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Colgate & Co., Dept. 501-C, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name_____

Address_____

A Mighty Little Woman But She's All Grit!

(*Continued from page 16*)

hair and dress, might have been Fifth Avenue born. It was "homey" in the little bungalow, with neighbors dropping in, the coffee boiling, and the ex-judge filling the place with laughter as he recounted tales of the "good old days."

"We had one doctor," he related, "who kept office in a room above the dance hall. Slept there on an old cot hidden behind a screen in one corner. One day I noticed that the whole bottom of the cot was covered with sheet iron.

"'Doc, what's that sheet iron for?' I asked.

"'It's armor plate,' he said. 'Got to have it. When the boys down-stairs get to shootin' it stops stray bullets that come up through the floor.'

"That's a fact," concluded the ex-judge, and his blue eyes twinkled.

HE BEGAN to tell me, in low voice, about Doctor McGraw. "All nerve," he said. "And I know nerve when I see it. She is alone in this county of less than two thousand people. News travels fast here, and bad news fastest. She daren't make a mistake!

"The Doc is alone here, as I said. If she's in doubt about a diagnosis, she can't call in an associate to help her out. It's up to her, and she's *got* to be right. Maybe she'll be twenty miles out, with no nurse, no assistant, no equipment such as your city doctors have available in every hospital. But a life is in her hands and she has got to act alone, ever alone. That takes nerve, my friend, and Doctor McGraw has got it."

The ex-judge gazed out of the window, far out over the endless hills he loved. "Of course, I may be prejudiced in her favor," he confessed slowly. "You see, she probably saved my boy's life."

"Thank you," smiled Doctor McGraw, and stepped softly into the room, for dinner was over. "There was a time, not so long gone either," she said, "when a motto and a hope—the hope that some day another would be able to say what you've said—were all that kept me going."

"What was the motto, Doctor?" I asked.

"'Commend him who with aid and encouragement of friends succeeds; but the man to be admired is the one who succeeds in spite of Hell!'" she answered.

She stood there, a mere slip of a woman with snow-white hair, though she is only in her forties. There were faint lines in her face that in themselves told a story. Almost from birth, her life had been one long fight against odds, and the fight had left its scars.

"'In spite of Hell!'" she repeated. "I read that motto one day on a card in the window of a Bible store in Lincoln. I was without money, hungry, blue, and discouraged. I couldn't buy the card, but I memorized the motto."

Harriet McGraw has needed such a motto.

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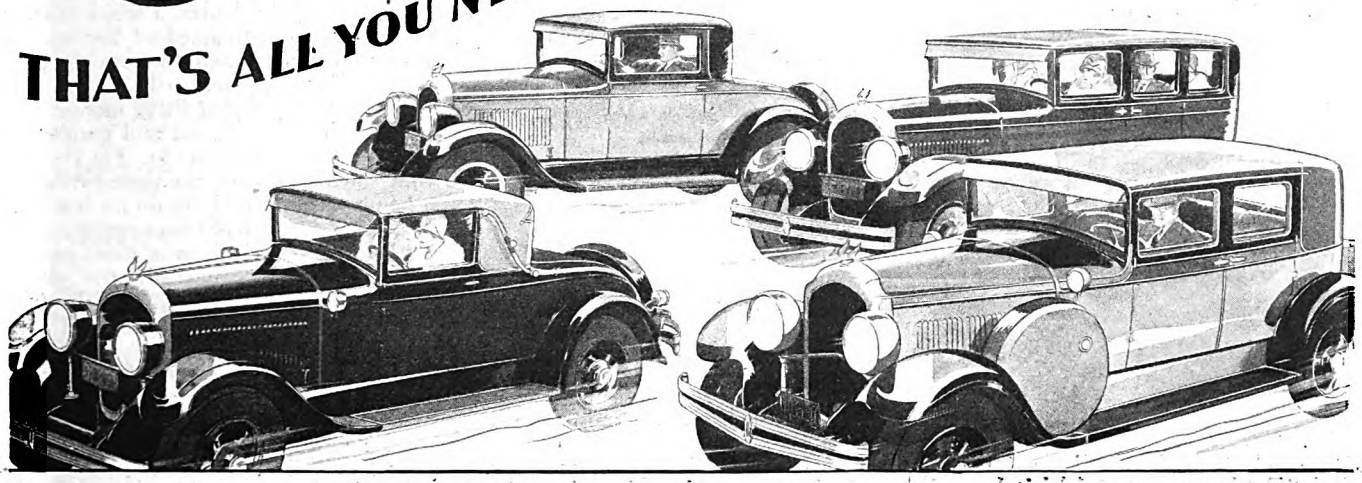
CHRYSLER—

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A MOTOR CAR



REGARDLESS of what you may intend to invest in an automobile—or what your demands may be in style, size and performance—you will find complete satisfaction in a Chrysler.

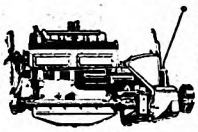
Because Chrysler has extended its extraordinary standards of performance, appearance, design, dependability and long life to all four of the principal price fields.

Today there are four distinctive Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and 112 h. p. Imperial "80"—in more than 40 body styles—covering the entire price field from $670 to $6795.

Every car that bears the Chrysler name is the product of that famous Chrysler Standardized Quality of engineering and precision manufacturing which from the beginning has pioneered and developed countless betterments for its cars of higher price and has applied them to its cars of lower price.

Under such a guarantee of superiority—there is none like it in the motor car industry—you can buy any Chrysler with full confidence that it represents supreme quality and value in its price field.

Compare the specifications—test the performance in any way you choose—you'll find a Chrysler, whether "52," "62," "72" or 112 h. p. Imperial "80," that will meet your needs and means better than any other car.



New Chrysler, "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability, with increased fuel economy, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and all models of the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles, $670 to $790. *Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles,* $1065 to $1235. *Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Ten body styles,* $1545 to $1795. *New 112 h. p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron,* $2795 to $6795.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER

"52~62~72~ 112 H.P. IMPERIAL 80"

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"Where the Big Ones Rise!"

SOME PLACE—far off the beaten track, there's a shimmering lake or a cold, rushing stream where the "big ones" lurk. You know the place!

Pack up your old kit bag—take a friend along in the chummy sidecar, and be on your way to a holiday crowded with happy, care-free sport.

The Harley-Davidson takes you wherever you want to go—comfortably, swiftly and *economically*. Upkeep? *3c per mile pays for gas, oil, tires, and all!* Front and rear brakes, and other great features are built into the new 1928 models.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. A. M. Milwaukee, Wis.

The Single—the famous Harley-Davidson solo mount that travels *80 miles to the gallon of gas.* Priced at $235 complete, f. o. b. factory.

Prices as low as $310 f. o. b. factory, and your dealer's convenient Pay-As-You-Ride-Plan makes the Harley-Davidson easy to own. You'll enjoy a demonstration. Send coupon for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON *Motorcycles*

Mail the Coupon!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in ☐ Twin ☐ Single.
Send catalog and complete details.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

Born in Iceland, the seventh daughter in a family that prayed for a boy, her parents immigrated to Canada when she was five. One week after their arrival the father died. The widowed mother took the seven girls on to Winnipeg, where friends were, and in a forlorn attempt at investment lost every penny she possessed. Then, in a slip on the ice, she fell and crippled herself, so that she could no longer work. There was nothing left for her to do but to scatter her children among whatever families cared to take them. Little Hrefna found herself in the home of an English lawyer.

"MY MAIDEN name was Hrefna Goodman," Doctor McGraw explained, "but because of the difficult pronunciation of the Icelandic given name, I soon became Harriet to everybody, and later I adopted it as my name."

The lawyer who took the child fully intended to adopt her, but he did not understand the Icelandic spirit. The Northmen settled Iceland, an independent and proud race, and Harriet had Norse blood in her veins. She rebelled at being pitied and called "a poor orphan." Small as she was, she noticed that she was treated as a servant. One morning, early, she stuffed her few clothes into a pillow slip and ran away, back to her mother.

The mother could not keep her. A tag was tied to the child, and with her pillow-slip valise she was shipped to a great-aunt down in North Dakota. The pillow slip and all its contents were lost in the journey, so Harriet McGraw arrived in the United States with only the clothing she had on her back.

A summer was spent with the aunt. Then an Icelandic immigrant family who "felt sorry for her" took the child for the winter. In spring, she was shipped back to Winnipeg to an older sister, who was working. At the age of seven, Harriet, as she had become, also went to work as the assistant to a chambermaid in an English home. Thus she supported herself until she was eleven.

"I was nurse to a child as old as I was," smiled Doctor McGraw. "I was 'bell-boy' in a high-class private hotel. I made beds, washed dishes, helped the cook, and waited on table. It was a hit or miss life. What schooling I got came second to the task of keeping a roof over my head."

Four of her sisters banded together, moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and opened a home laundry. Harriet joined them and was given charge of a washtub. Two, three years of this followed—back-aching years, heartless years of drudgery. Then into the girl's life came her first ambition:

A Danish minister became interested in her plight. At his home, nights, he taught her the Danish language and to read the Danish Bible. He sent her to public school, and talked to her about God and of men who preached His gospel in far-away lands. He told of God-inspired courage and martyrdom that made the blood of the girl's Viking ancestors run hot in her veins. He dwelt on the nobility of sacrifice, and of service to mankind.

"I'm going to be a missionary, a sacrifice to God!" said the girl, who was now fifteen.

On to Minneapolis. Another minister saw her entered as a pupil in a denominational school. Then she went to Lincoln, Nebraska, to a second school, all the time earning her own way. She did domestic work in the mornings and evenings, and got up at two A. M. to study until work summoned her again. The preachers had fired her and she studied with burning eyes.

The training of a nurse was to conclude her missionary preparation, and Harriet went on to the Nebraska Sanitarium, at College View, as a student. There the unexpected happened that was to turn the whole trend of her life. She met and fell in love with John Kurtz, a fellow student of nursing who dreamed of becoming a doctor. Upon graduation from the sanitarium, they were married.

Kurtz had saved a little money. He took his bride westward and enrolled in the University of Colorado. For the first time since childhood, the young wife had a home and somebody to do for her. She forgot, for a month or two, everything but her happiness. Then, even more quickly than they had vanished, the clouds returned. Kurtz was taken ill with a fatal malady. Their little money melted away under a rain of debts and needs. Harriet went out to nurse, even while at home she nursed her husband, in an effort to hold man and home. The crash came a brief eight months after the wedding, when John Kurtz died.

She was lost for a time after that. It was as if the world had ended, she told me. But only sixty dollars intervened between her and starvation. She had to do something, and all there was to do was to resume her lone road where she had quit it. As a graduate nurse of the Nebraska Sanitarium she was entitled to a post-graduate course in nursing at a famous sanitarium in Battle Creek. She enrolled for the course, and to her surprise found that her doctor superior at Battle Creek was a woman.

"Why, you too may become a doctor if you will it," said the superior. "Doctors are missionaries, as well as preachers are. No profession demands greater self-denial and sacrifice."

The young widow's thoughts went back to distant Iceland. Her grandfather had been a doctor. Upon his death, she now remembered from chance words of her older sisters, her grandmother had taken up medicine and gone on with her dead husband's work. She was the descendent of a woman doctor and the widow of a man who would have been a doctor! And a seventh child! At last, the way into the future seemed indicated. She would do as her grandmother had done.

SHE was without money, but that was a trifling obstacle. When had she ever had money? Through a friend in Lincoln, Nebraska, and a Lincoln physician, she gained an appointment as head nurse in the City Hospital, at Lincoln. The wages were sufficient to pay her tuition into Lincoln Medical College. For her living, that first year, she practiced massage with private patrons, earning ten dollars a week. The second year she paid for her room and board by this means; in the final year of college at Lincoln she opened treatment rooms of her own, specializing in woman patients sent to her by local physicians.

At last, a qualified and certified Doctor of Medicine, she opened a little office on West

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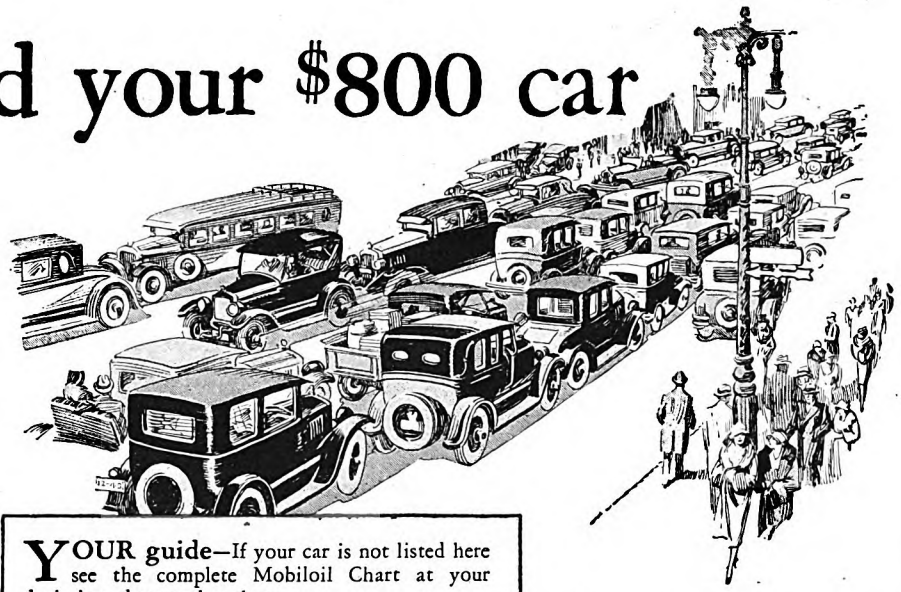
Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

"Oil"—and your $800 car



Why today's "average" car needs more than average lubrication

In 1920, the price of the average automobile was $1,281. Five years later the average price dropped to $878.

This 31.4% price reduction has crowded the highways with motor vehicles. And the majority of today's 20,000,000 cars are the new, less expensive models.

In today's automobile you get greater value per dollar than ever before. But you can't expect an $800 automobile to be made with *quite* the same precision, or of *quite* the same materials as one that costs twice as much.

Hence correct lubrication is far more important to the lower-priced car—the car which makes up the great majority today.

★ ★ ★

In 1920 Gargoyle Mobiloil was the best oil our 52 years' experience told us how to make—*at that time.*

Then the trend toward lower-priced cars became still more pronounced. Engine speeds were stepped up. Compressions were increased. Driving became faster. Winter driving increased yearly mileage. Congested traffic multiplied starts and stops.

Every one of these changes meant a new load for lubrication—for the $800 automobile even more than the costlier car.

Step by step we put a new and still greater margin of safety into Mobiloil—until finally we had the Mobiloil that lubricated the engines of Commander Byrd's plane on his flight to the North Pole; the Mobiloil that brought Lindbergh's engine through without a single slip on his flight from New York to Paris and from Washington, D. C., to Mexico City; the Mobiloil that carried the U. S. Army Fliers and Arthur Goebel successfully to Hawaii.

Today Mobiloil is used by more automotive engineers than any other three oils combined. And it is recommended in more automobile instruction books than any other three oils.

It will pay you to drain your crankcase now and refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil as specified on the Mobiloil Chart. Any Mobiloil dealer has this Chart.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	...	....	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	. . .

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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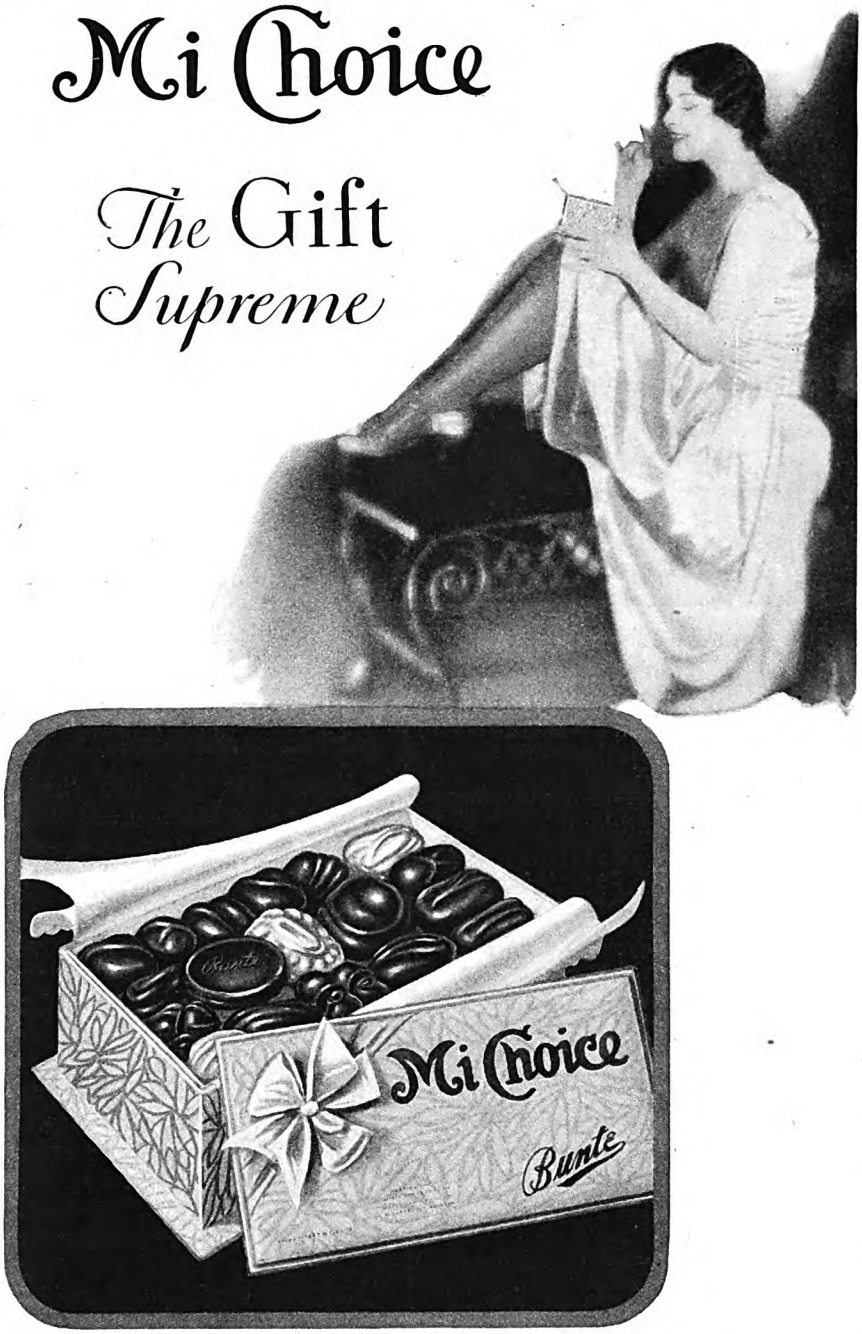
Mi Choice

The Gift *Supreme*



NOWHERE on earth is the famous Mi Choice gift package equalled in beauty, purity and quality. Truly, Mi Choice is the perfection of all package chocolates—the perfection of all gifts.

BUNTE BROTHERS *Est. 1876* CHICAGO

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

Madison Street and hung out her sign.

"I nearly starved," said Doctor McGraw, and grimaced in memory of West Madison Street. "I probably would have starved had it not been for the fact that I was a graduate nurse."

"I was a failure in Chicago, for the simple reason that no sick people gave me a chance to cure them," she went on. "So, back I went to Lincoln, where my work as a masseuse had made me friends. Too, one of my sisters was there. On her endorsement, a bank loaned me fifty dollars, with which I paid for my Nebraska certificate and the advance rent on a little room in O Street. The room became my office."

One friend loaned her a chair and another a couch. These two articles constituted the "office" furniture, and the couch became a bed at night. For months it was the experience of West Madison Street over again—no patients. The sight of that bare office drove away what few patients that came.

"My friends were good; but they, too, had no money, at least none to spare me," said Doctor McGraw. "The most they could do was to invite me to their homes for meals. Ethics forebade me to go out, as a business solicitor does, and I dared not advertise, for the same reason. All I could do was to sit and wait, and hope. I did more than merely hope—I prayed to God to help me to a chance."

It was on one of these days that she paused before the window of the Bible store. She was wandering aimlessly, dejected and discouraged, too proud to subsist longer at the tables of her friends. It was a dreary, chill day, and in her worn coat she made a sorry figure before the window. Idly she began reading the motto cards on display.

". . . But the man to be admired is the one who succeeds in spite of Hell!" she read, and read it again.

She transposed it, making man to read woman. The card suddenly seemed aimed right at her. Her head went up, and now she recalled the words of one of her college professors at graduation: "What you do in the world will be dependent upon the quality of the stuff that is in *you*. Don't rely on friends; don't trust to luck. Face this job ahead, depending only on yourself!"

SHE went back to her room and prayed, not for help but for courage. She was still praying when there was a knock at the door, and a moment later an old friend stepped into the room. To her astonishment, he placed one hundred dollars in cash in her hand.

"Fix up the place," he said. "Get some decent furniture in here, so it'll look like a doctor's office. And don't worry about the money or where it came from. Pay it back when you can."

The woman buried her face in the money, and cried and laughed together. She believes to-day as certainly as she believes in life that the friend was God's answer to her prayer.

The tide turned after that in Lincoln. Shortly she was able to move to a better office. Patients began to fill her waiting-room as, in Lincoln and for miles about, folks began to hear of "the little woman doctor." Sandwiched in with her work, she kept up her studies. In the ecstasy of

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"Teeth sound, a feeling of freshness and cleanliness,"

writes Mrs. F. C. Lord of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have been using Pebeco Tooth Paste for the past seventeen years. I have experimented with various other tooth pastes, but in every instance I have returned to Pebeco and now I feel I could not be induced to change.

My reasons for admiring Pebeco are, first, it has kept my teeth beautifully white and sound and my gums in perfect condition; and, second, it imparts a feeling of freshness and cleanliness to the mouth which also assures me that my breath is sweet.

I am one who annually visits my dentist for an examination and advice and have many times been complimented by him upon the splendid condition of my teeth, the absence of tartar or any discoloration and the sound, healthy condition of my gums, all of which I attribute to Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) MRS. F. C. LORD

Enthusiastic letters tell how PEBECO *has safeguarded people's teeth. Try it yourself. See how healthy and young it keeps your mouth.*

Your teeth feel so clean, your mouth so fresh, you want to smile

Your mouth sweet . . your teeth protected

TO BE CONFIDENT all day long of a clean healthy mouth. How few of us after our early youth know this experience! How few can be proud of unimpaired teeth!

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found a slowing up of the mouth fluids to be the great cause of modern tooth trouble. And so he devised the famous formula of Pebeco.

Taste Pebeco. Instantly its salty tang wakens the mouth fluids. Effectually they wash away food particles, sweeten the breath, neutralize the acids that cause decay.

For hours your mouth stays dewy and sweet, protected through the day by the morning brushing with Pebeco, made safe for the night by the bedtime brushing.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Free Offer:

Send coupon today for generous tube

Keeps the mouth young . . .

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-36, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH, 1929)

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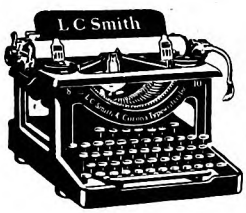
Are you tying up the most valuable pair of hands in your office?

Fatigue can tie your stenographer's hands as effectually as a cord—ask your stenographer.

Fifty thousand times a day the delicate nerve centers in her finger-tips are shocked as her typewriter keys hit bottom. The result is a steady drain of nervous energy that may even result in *Functional Neurosis*.

This never happens with an L C Smith. Its ball-bearing action is supremely easy, light and swift—and the keys never touch bottom. You are investing a lot of money in her hands. Give them the typewriter that's easiest to operate.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
Established 1903
302 East Washington St.
Syracuse, New York
Sales offices in all principal cities of the world



We have prepared a brief explanation of the effect of fatigue on stenographic costs. We will send you a copy, together with our latest catalog, upon receipt of name and address.

L C Smith

THE BALL-BEARING OFFICE MACHINE

Corona, the Personal Writing Machine

Now finished in beautiful DUCO colors.

having work to do she kept at it night and day. Her second marriage, to Mr. McGraw, took place. She was established, a rising and successful young physician and surgeon.

Then Fate, which had been dozing, woke up. Doctor McGraw was taken ill with a mysterious malady. She was hurried out to Rochester, Minnesota, to the famous Mayo brothers. "It's overwork," declared the Mayos.

That year she fought the illness off, resumed her practice. The next year it was back again, and in the third year, and fourth. Fight as she would, the disease returned as surely as the seasons—intestinal influenza, for medicine had discovered for it a name.

In the winter of 1917, Doctor McGraw suffered her seventh and most serious attack of the malady. During months there was little hope for her life. Her own earnings had stopped, and those of her husband were swallowed by the expenses.

"I was sitting in my office one day when another patient came in," said Doctor McGraw. "He had come all the way from the cattle ranges of McPherson County. He knew of my plight.

"'Why don't you try our country a while?' he suggested. 'We haven't electric lights and steam heat, but we have the finest air and water in the world, and plenty of space in which to breathe. What is more, we haven't any doctor. We need a doctor.'

"It was eleven o'clock in the morning when he left. What he had said kept returning to my mind. All I knew of McPherson County was that it contained a town called Tryon, and cows, and dry air. But what appealed to me was the name, 'Tryon—try on.' I couldn't put that challenge out of my thoughts.

"AT NOON my husband came home. I told him of Tryon. 'But in the fall I'm going to take you to California to live,' he reminded. We had already made our plans for California. 'Yet there is a whole summer ahead,' I insisted. 'I could spend the summer at Tryon and then go on to California. It wouldn't cost much; and there's no doctor in Tryon, so I'd have something to do.' He left the decision to me, and before long I was on a train bound for North Platte."

"Then you never intended to remain in Tryon?" I asked.

"I had no more intention of settling down here than I now have of moving to the moon," she answered. "When I got here the country frightened me, the space frightened me, and the loneliness made me want to run out of it as fast as I could go. My fear was not only physical but mental as well. I realized how far I was from a hospital, that in all of these miles I was the only one of my kind. I was afraid for my own professional courage, afraid that I might make a mistake that would cost a life."

"What made you stay?"

"My first ambition was to be a missionary in far places," she said, after a moment. "Perhaps some of that ambition remained. But there was something else—the hospitality of these people. In all of my life I have never felt so much at home, so close to people's hearts, so appreciated, you might say, as I have here in Tryon. They needed me, and, yes, I

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You may have tuberculosis

Watch for these danger signs=

- too easily tired
- loss of weight
- indigestion
- cough that hangs on

Let your doctor decide

TUBERCULOSIS can be cured more easily than any other dangerous, chronic disease. Some doctors say "arrested", others say "cured"—it amounts to the same thing. If it is detected in its early stages it can be stopped before serious damage is done.

For thousands of years, tuberculosis has been mankind's great scourge. Whole families have been blotted out. Even now, when science knows exactly what causes tuberculosis, how to prevent it and how to cure it, one family in every 50 pays toll to this disease. These tragedies are largely due to ignorance or neglect.

Young people of high school ages, and young women up to the age of 25, are especially susceptible. Tuberculosis exacts heavy penalties from men and women between 25 and 50—at the time when most needed by their families.

The danger signals of tuberculosis are usually plain to be seen and the danger is great—unless the signals are heeded.

Tuberculosis is like a fire started by a match. Stepped on immediately, the fire is stamped out completely. But if permitted to gain too much headway, it sweeps on to destruction.

In the month of March 1928, a nation-wide campaign for the early diagnosis of tuberculosis will be conducted by more than 1500 tuberculosis and health associations of the United States. They will organize meetings where information will be given, motion pictures and posters will be shown and pamphlets distributed, all emphasizing the importance of early diagnosis.

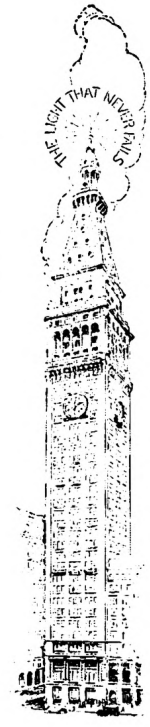
People will be told to watch for the first signs of tuberculosis. They will be asked to answer these four questions:

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Are you losing weight?
3. Do you suffer from indigestion?
4. Have you a cough which hangs on?

There will be many instances, of course, in which people may have all four of these weaknesses without having contracted tuberculosis. But if the answer is "yes" to any one or more of these questions, act instantly. Go to your physician for a complete medical examination. He will not merely put his ear to your partly covered chest and then give an opinion. With stethoscope on bared chest, perhaps with X-ray photographs and other diagnostic tests, he will seek to discover definitely the condition of your lungs. Then he will advise what should be done for prevention or cure.

Hopeful, but ill-advised sufferers have wasted millions of dollars on so-called "remedies" for tuberculosis, in spite of the fact that all great medical authorities agree that not one person has ever been cured in this way. But, on the other hand, many thousands of tuberculous patients who have gone to a sanatorium and had the benefit of scientific medical care in addition to Rest, Fresh Air, Sunshine and Nourishing Food, have come back to their families—cured. Every modern sanatorium that is built to care for tuberculous patients helps to reduce the deathrate.

The big, life-saving message to the nation in March will be, "Find out—don't wait".



The war to prevent and cure tuberculosis is one of the brilliant triumphs of modern science. The deathrate from tuberculosis has been reduced almost two-thirds during the past 40 years.

Now statisticians boldly predict that during the lifetime of the majority of the readers of this announcement tuberculosis will be under such thorough control that it will be an infrequent cause of death.

Think what it means. Twenty years ago the principal cause of death—twenty years from now *an infrequent cause of death.*

At first the fight was a stubborn one and at times discouraging. When cases reached physicians they had usually advanced too far for successful treatment. Later, when cases were discovered in early stages the tide turned. Today—thanks to greatly increased knowledge of preventive measures and to the widespread cooperation of individuals, as well as official and private organizations, with the medical profession—tremendous gains are in sight.

The Metropolitan urges people in all parts of the country to give whole-hearted support to the March campaign of the national and local tuberculosis and health associations for early diagnosis and immediate action. A copy of the Metropolitan's booklet, "Tuberculosis", will be mailed free to every person asking for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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More lovable . . .

more difficult to manage every day

So many ways in which he needs your guidance!

THINGS he neglects . . . things he forgets . . . things he doesn't understand . . . He cannot even guess how much his health and vigor, his whole success in years to come, depend upon your guidance.

Now, beginning to act and think for himself, he grows more lovable every day—but more difficult to look after. The food he will or will not eat at breakfast, for instance, what problems it gives you!

So widespread are bad habits of eating among school children today, particularly at breakfast, that they have become the subject of a nation-wide health campaign.

This rule now hangs on the walls of over 70,000 schools.

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are today urging all mothers to see that their children eat a *hot cooked* cereal in the morning. It is now definitely established that children work better and learn more when they are given a *hot* cooked cereal regularly for breakfast.

How confident you yourself feel that your boy is well fed when you see him putting down a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat before school.

For over thirty years, health authorities and mothers have found Cream of Wheat ideal for growing children for these reasons:

First, it is unusually rich in energy—in just those food elements needed most by little minds and bodies. Second, it is exceptionally easy to digest, containing none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat. Third, children love its creamy richness so easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking it.

It is easy now to care for your children in this little thing that means so much to their success. The simple plan described below will help you to arouse their enthusiasm for a *hot* cooked cereal breakfast. Start them off to school really prepared for a good day's work. Give them regularly a *hot* bowl of good old Cream of Wheat. All grocers have it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

FREE *— Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A plan that makes your children *want* to eat a *hot* cooked cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a new enlarged edition of the booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Just mail coupon to Dept. P-12, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....
First name *Last name*

Address.....

needed them. Also, I needed this country.

"The air *is* wonderful, the water is wonderful, the range with all its openness is wonderful. My first night here, despite all my fears, I slept like a child.

"I left once," she confessed. "We went on to California, as we had planned. My health had improved, and after nine months in California we decided to go to Ord, Nebraska, to make our permanent home. Our tickets were bought and our baggage checked to Ord. On the way to the station, we stopped at the post office to pick up the last bit of mail. Among the letters were three postmarked at Tryon and they were from patients I had treated there. 'When are you coming back?' asked the first. 'We miss you,' read the second. And the third said 'California may be fine, but McPherson County needs you more than any other place in the world.'

"We looked at the letters and then at our tickets. I felt ashamed at even having thought of going to Ord. 'Maybe there's room for a lawyer in Tryon, too,' said my husband, and we both laughed. I didn't have to tell him to change the tickets. It was good to be so needed—and missed."

DOCTOR MCGRAW'S first office in Tryon was a little one-room, one-story building that had been used as an ice-cream parlor. The rent was eight dollars a month; the furnishings were the tables and chairs which had been used for serving ice cream. She herself scrubbed up the room, cleaned the windows, and arranged it in order. Her first patient was a rancher, in acute pain.

"All I had brought with me on arrival was a small hand-grip," the doctor explained; "and the nearest drug store was at Stapleton. You see, my husband was to bring out my medicine kit and he had not yet appeared. Here was an emergency in which my early training saved the day. I gave the rancher hydrotherapeutic treatment, and he got better almost at once. He was so grateful that he took me out in his car and introduced me to all of his friends.

"The following Sunday a boy broke his arm. I administered chloroform and set the arm to everyone's satisfaction. A daughter of the presiding judge fractured a rib in a fall, and she was brought to me. It seemed that every new patient became a friend and supporter."

Mothers brought their children to the new doctor; but still the majority of the men stayed away, unable to find confidence in a woman. Then, that same month, a seventy-two-year-old farmer was caught in his mowing machine, dragged, and horribly mangled by the knives. Doctor McGraw drove eighteen miles to his aid over the worst trails the county had. With no other help than that furnished by neighbors, she sewed and dressed the man's wounds. His recovery became the talk of the county.

"Wait until the winter comes," bade the remaining skeptics.

Winter came, one of the worst the range had known in years. And during the worst week of that winter eight babies were born in McPherson County. One night, during a blinding snowstorm, one of these "stork" calls came in from a farm eight miles from Tryon.

The liveryman refused to go out, saying

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From Girlhood Days

she used this dentifrice and now her smile is envied everywhere

AS a child, that radiant smile, revealing two rows of beautiful white, clean teeth, brought her admirers, invitations, friends. These things gave her a confidence, an assurance, in everything she tried to do.

And, as a child, she began using Colgate's. "It is so long ago," she declares, "I cannot remember when I bought my first tube."

The photograph shows you the kind of smile she has today, and in that smile you see how little change the years have made in that stunning set of teeth—teeth that are convincing evidence of the value of this *cleansing* dentifrice.

Ever since the days of hair-ribbons, Miss Lynch has brushed her teeth with Colgate's

Miss Lynch as a school girl

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file. Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. These people did nothing that you cannot easily do.

They visited their dentist for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

CLEAN!

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream — designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Also wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered below.

Send for a Free Sample Tube Today

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201-C, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

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RUB in Absorbine, Jr. at once . . . at the first indication of trouble. Relief will be prompt. For a persistent pain or ache, additional applications may be required.

Absorbine, Jr. is soothing and comforting. It keeps muscles limber and takes out stiffness and soreness.

Though a powerful liniment, it is pleasant to use . . . is not greasy and does not stain the skin.

There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions", in each carton.

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size $2.50. Send for free trial bottle.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

for rheumatic pain *rub in*

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

it was certain they would be lost if he did.

"If you send a team for me, I'll go back with it," Doctor McGraw telephoned the farmer. "You can surely find Tryon, and we can trust to your horses to find the way home."

The farmer sent a son with the team. He reached Tryon after two hours of driving, picked up the doctor, gave the horses the reins and let them go as they would. The horses turned for home, and Doctor McGraw was in time for the big event. The baby of the storm lived, as did all the other babies born during that week.

That first year Doctor McGraw did not lose a single patient. She did not refuse a single call, regardless of weather, roads, or who made it. Folks found they had a doctor who came without fail, and who trusted them to pay when they got the money. Rarely did they fail to make payment.

MCPHERSON COUNTY was won over that winter to unshaken faith in its woman doctor. A farmer's wife gave me an insight into the extent of that faith. This wife was down on her back, deathly ill. A male physician who was summoned told her that if she was operated on she would die.

"I called Doctor McGraw," said the woman, "and *she* told me that I'd die if I wasn't operated on, and at once. She made no ifs about it, and I was operated on. You can see that I'm alive and pretty husky to-day, and the one person I can thank is Doctor McGraw."

"What I like about the 'Doc'," a native told me, "is that she comes in spite of Hell."

Yes, in spite of everything. March, a year ago, the so-called roads were impassable for three days. People stuck to their firesides. The mail carrier was unable to get through from North Platte. Twenty-six miles away was an expectant mother, waiting for the arrival of the doctor.

"She'll never get here," said a neighbor at the bedside.

"She said she'd be here," insisted the prostrate woman. "She promised, and she'll come."

In company with a son of the hotel keeper, Doctor McGraw left her little bungalow at Tryon at two-forty-five o'clock in the morning, by automobile. Since the roads were impassable, they took to the open range. The boy had wire cutters along, and when they came to a fence he cut through it. The wind had blown the snow shallow on the hill tops, so he guided the car from crest to crest, thus avoiding the drifts that closed the regular trail. Through drifts that were between the hills, he shoveled their way.

At ten o'clock that morning Doctor McGraw reached the farm, to find that the case was not one to be trusted to the facilities available there. She improvised a bed in the auto, had the woman put on it, and the journey back to Tryon began. They didn't reach town until that evening.

The baby, a girl, was born in the doctor's house, and with the mother was nursed there for two weeks, because Doctor McGraw could get no other trained nurse than herself. Both patients lived—and the girl is named Harriet.

For the more serious operations, Doctor McGraw takes her patients to a hos-

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FRED SPENCER, Jr.

Champion Six-Day Bicycle Racer, *writes:*

"During my rest periods of the six-day bicycle races nothing is so soothing to my nerves as a Lucky Strike Cigarette, because they are cool and never irritate my throat."

Fred Spencer Jr

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"As a boy, I played in my father's Tobacco barns. I learned how to cure Tobacco. The study of Tobacco has been my life's study. I buy Tobacco for LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes and I buy the best smoking types of Tobacco—the sweetest Tobacco that is grown—'The Cream of the Crop.'"

D B Strange

Leaf Buyer, at Glasgow, Ky.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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WHEN CRINOLINES WERE ALL THE RAGE!

Lucas Paint Products were already the vogue for color, beauty and home decoration.

In these colorful times, more people are turning to color decoration, not only in furnishings and hangings, but in walls, floors and furniture, as a cheerful ensemble.

That is why so many home owners and painters use Lucas Paint Products for smart, modern interiors as well as for bright colorful exteriors.

Lucas Paint Products have kept apace with the change in style, with the demand for color—but their high quality has remained constant. The same integrity has won and retained the approval of America during 79 years.

Wherever paint, varnish, enamels, lacquers or stains are required—for whatever purpose—there's a Lucas Product especially made for the purpose. When you need paint, for any surface or condition, insist upon Lucas.

FREE—Series of six booklets telling the practical "Do's and Don'ts" of painting. Ask your dealer or write us for them.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1849
Philadelphia

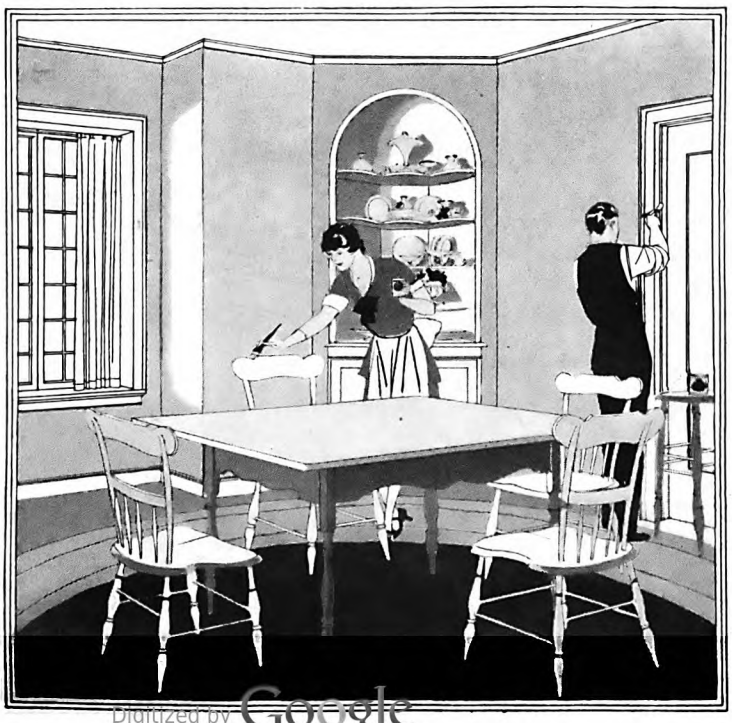
Save the surface and you save all

Lucas Paints

Lacquers-Enamels-Varnishes

Purposely made for every Purpose

© J. L. & Co., Inc.



pital either in North Platte or Omaha.

"What temperatures do you get here in the winter?" I asked the ex-judge as I was preparing to go.

"Oh, twenty-six, thirty, degrees below, he answered. "That is cold weather. The snow gets from one to five feet in depth, and in the drifts it is from ten to twenty feet deep."

"What does she earn?" I asked.

"Not a penny more than twenty-five hundred a year," said the ex-judge. "Out of that, she must run her car and buy her medicine and supplies, for she doesn't charge patients for medicine as the others did. She is a member of the American Medical Association and of the association at North Platte, to which she must pay dues. No; she isn't here for the money that's in it."

"Why is she here?" I asked.

"She belongs here; they need her here, and she knows it," he replied. "It is her mission in life. She was made for it."

NEXT month this magazine presents two widely different men: George J. Higgins has made more than a million dollars in the motion-picture business, yet he sticks to his job of station agent in a small town because he loves it. John Kane, a house painter, untutored, poor and alone, is striving to express his dream of becoming an artist. Yet throughout their personal stories runs the same thread of idealism, and the same fine understanding of life and its values, that The American Magazine is always looking for in the material which it prints.

Ramon Novarro Gave Me the Surprise of My Life!

(*Continued from page 19*)

to my religious adviser and told him that, instead of entering the monastery, I wanted to go out into the world—because I believed I had something to *give* the world.

"He was very kind and understanding; told me not to be troubled about it but to let the matter work itself out.

"To a certain extent, that is what happened. The revolution had made a great change in our own family fortunes. It was plain that my father would need my help; and this was one factor in helping me to decide. But, even without that, I should have done as I did; because I was sure, in my own mind, that I had some talent which I ought to develop.

"For a long time, I could not convince anyone else that I was right! I had a constant succession of discouragements. I worked hard. I almost starved. But I never lost faith."

"Do you believe there is a God?" I asked.

"There is!" he said, with quiet earnestness. "It is inconceivable that this marvelous world should not have had a Creator. People reject religion because, as they say, they cannot understand it.

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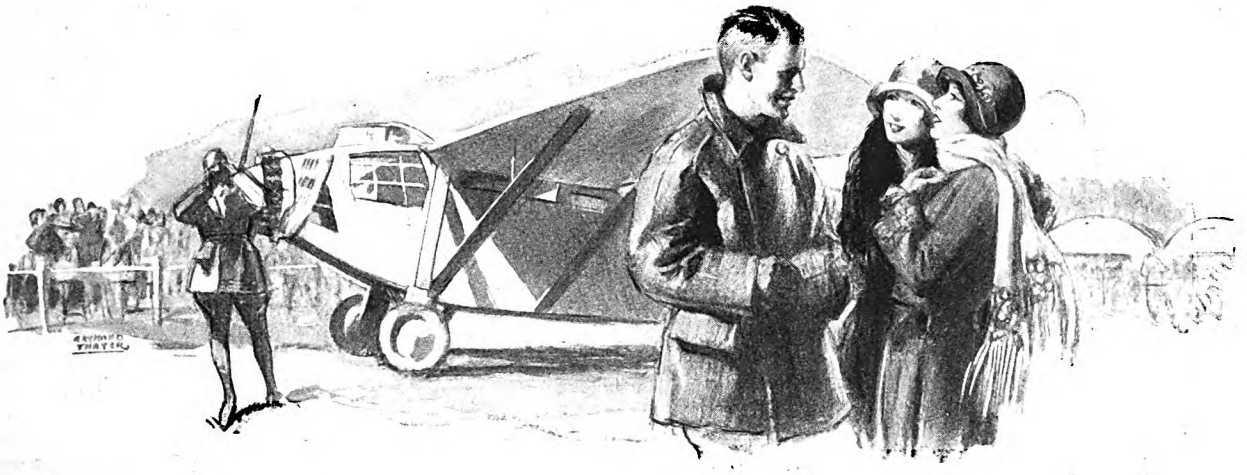
The Airman commands the world's admiration



COURIERS of the air—dashing, confident men of adventurous spirit. Day after day they wing their fearless way across the sky. They fire the imagination—they symbolize progress.

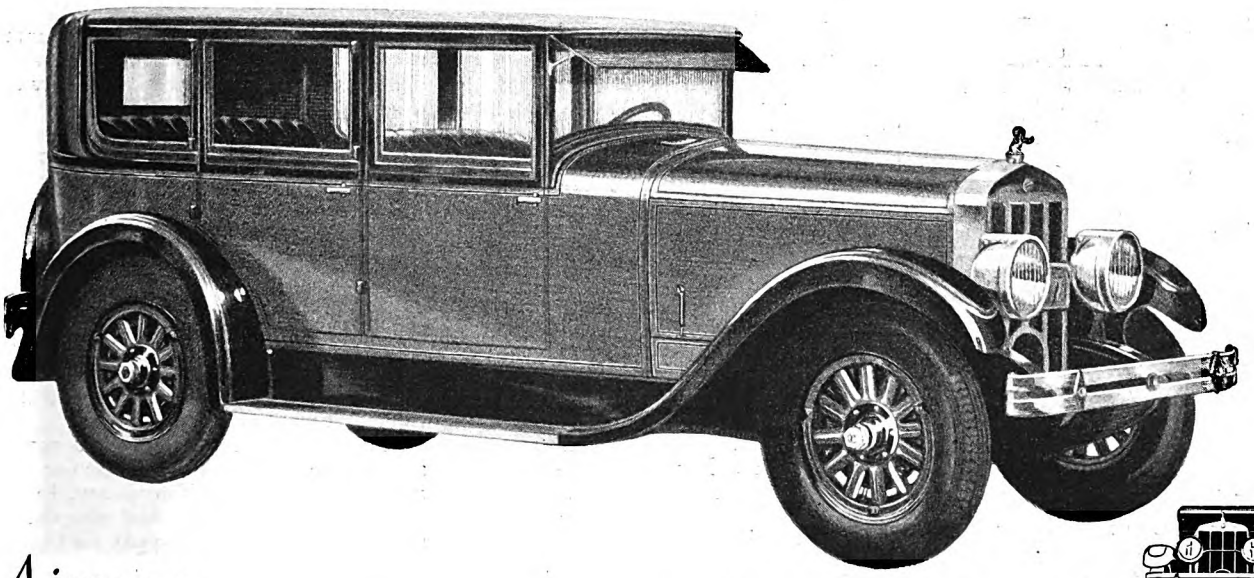
In their epoch-making flights, America's airmen have supplied the final endorsement of air-cooling—the advanced engine-cooling principle so thoroughly proven by Franklin Owners. And now, in the new Franklin Airman, the air-cooled engine is presented to the world in its finest setting—a motor car designed and built throughout, in the advanced spirit of the airplane.

Its abundant power and instant acceleration—its long-sustained high speed of a mile-a-minute or better—command the admiration of all who drive fine cars. Scientific light weight construction and synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes guarantee easy handling and sure control.

And the world's fastest car in a day's run affords a greater degree of riding comfort than you have ever experienced.

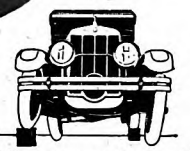
You want the car you drive to reflect the foremost advancements in engineering and performance. Join with the leaders of the new age of fast travel—drive an Airman. Franklin dealers are glad to demonstrate for you—and to explain the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE



Airman

Series FRANKLIN



Flexibility *accounts for Franklin's long life and freedom from rattles and squeaks*

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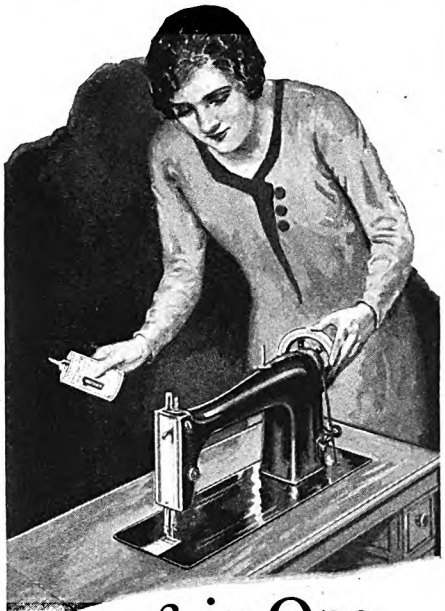
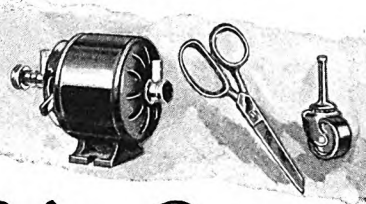


3-in-One
For Economy

Every time you oil your sewing machine with 3-in-One, you put off that sad day when expensive repairs or a new machine will be needed.

3-in-One provides a protective layer of high quality oil between the parts of the bearings, almost eliminating friction and wear. Oils electric motor, too. Polishes and prevents rust on nickeled metal parts. Makes enameled metal and wood shine like new.



3-in-One
Prevents Rust-OILS-*Cleans & Polishes*

Pure, clean, different. A scientific compound of several high quality oils with unusual oiling and cleaning properties combined, that no single oil can have. Ask for it by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

At good grocery, notion, drug, hardware and general stores everywhere in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a Postal.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

A Third of a Century of Continuous Service

A Dustless Dust Cloth is easily made by lightly saturating a yard of cheese cloth with 3-in-One. Before using allow time for oil to permeate thoroughly.

LR316

But if our human brains could understand God, He would not *be* God! He would be no greater than we are.

"As soon as we know—or think we know—all there is to *be* known about any one thing, we lose interest in it, and pass on to something else.

"Now, take love itself. It is a common experience that a man's love for a woman becomes less eager, less absorbing, when he has learned to read her every thought, to know exactly what she will do and why she will do it.

"It would be the same thing with religion; with God Himself. If we were capable of comprehending Him, He could not satisfy us."

THROUGHOUT the interview, Novarro was natural and unaffected; but never more so than when he talked of religion. The only difference was that his *interest* was greater whenever we discussed "the things of the spirit."

Yet he is a perfectly normal, well-balanced young man. He is fundamentally serious; but he has a nice sense of humor, plenty of physical energy, and a definite attitude on practical matters. He is neither a dreamer nor a pious fanatic.

Going on with the story of his life, he told me how he finally persuaded his father and mother to let him follow the purpose he had in mind.

"I wanted to come to the States," he said, "because this, above all countries, is the Land of Opportunity. So, in November, 1916, I went to Los Angeles. I remember that I arrived on Thanksgiving Day—which seemed very appropriate then. But," he laughed, "a long time went by before I had anything else to be thankful for.

"A certain degree of musical talent was the only asset I had. I sang, and I played the piano. This was fortunate, for it helped me to earn a little money by giving piano lessons.

"But the thing I wanted most was to be an actor; so, day after day and week after week, I haunted the theatres and the managers' offices, begging for a chance to do *anything*, no matter how insignificant.

"It wasn't until March, 1917, that I had any success at all. Then I was hired as an extra in a motion picture studio. My services were not often in demand. I earned, in this work, only three dollars a day, three or four times a month; but with my few piano pupils I managed to scrape along.

"This went on for more than a year. Then I was engaged by Miss Marian Morgan for a pantomime vaudeville sketch called 'Attila and the Huns.'

"People had tried to discourage me by saying that I couldn't succeed in the United States because I was a foreigner. I could not even speak English well when I left Mexico. My father spoke it perfectly; but at home we always conversed in Spanish."

This was interesting, for Novarro not only speaks fluent English now but his vocabulary is one which even a highly educated American might well envy him. He has a very slight accent; but he never hesitates for a word and his choice of words is unerringly good.

"When Miss Morgan engaged me," he went on, "my English had vastly improved, but this was of no importance in pantomime. The real reason for my getting the part was the fact that I *was* a foreigner.

At that time, the war was not yet over; so Miss Morgan hesitated to engage American boys, because they might be called to military service at any moment. This was her chief reason for taking me. The engagement lasted a few months on the vaudeville circuit. When we reached Los Angeles, I decided to stay there.

"After a while I was hired as an usher in the Majestic Theatre at five dollars a week. I couldn't afford to go to a dramatic school, so I asked for this job as usher, hoping to make the theatre itself my school. If I could see the same play night after night, study the way the lines were spoken, and watch the action, I believed I could learn a great deal.

"It was a stock company, with a change of program every week, or occasionally after a two-weeks run. On Friday nights, the rôles for the next play were given out by Miss Wilkes, the casting director; and every Friday I went back to the stage, hoping to be given a part, no matter how small. No one ever seemed to pay any attention to me; but I went just the same.

"Finally, just because I was always there, Miss Wilkes became interested. She saw that I was at least persistent; which alone was worth something. So she began to question me, encouraged me to tell her my hopes and my purposes. She believed that they *were* purposes; not merely hopes. And so, at last, she actually gave me a part.

"In fact, two parts in the same play. But they were so small that the two together made a very inconspicuous total. However, it was the first step on the ladder, and I was as thrilled as if someone had given me a fortune.

"Financially, it was quite the reverse! The play was to last only a week and my salary was to be nine dollars. But in one part I had to wear a tuxedo; and in the other a waiter's suit. Also, I needed, for the first rôle, a pair of patent leather shoes. But as my scanty wardrobe contained none of these articles of dress I had to rent the suits, which cost me nine dollars for the week; and I had to buy the shoes, which also cost nine dollars.

"BY THAT time, my father had brought the family to Los Angeles and we were all living together. But my father's eyesight had begun to fail; and building up a new practice under these conditions was impossible. We were poor; really desperately poor.

"You can imagine, therefore, how my people felt when they learned that I was paying *eighteen* dollars in order to earn a salary of *nine* dollars! Naturally, they thought I was crazy.

"All I can say is that I could not do anything else. I felt that I must not only *work* for success; but, if necessary, I must be willing to *pay* for it. And nine dollars seemed a small amount to pay for Opportunity!

"Just as I had hoped, Miss Wilkes soon gave me another small part; this time for two weeks. She was beginning to believe in me and to want to help me.

"I can't tell you how much I owed to Miss Wilkes. She died a few years ago;

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more d.p.m.

—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute . . .

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

... keeps your rugs young

POSITIVE AGITATION

IF the sharp, cutting grit that saws so determinedly through rug fibers and shortens so disastrously the life of rugs stayed on the surface, ordinary cleaning methods would remove it.

But this, the most dangerous dirt of all, sinks heavily to the bottom of the rug and clings persistently.

It takes super-cleaning to reach it. This super-cleaning you have in the Hoover. Repeated tests under actual home conditions prove that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner. This dirt is made up of surface dust which ordinary cleaning methods remove and of the heavy cutting grit and lint against which these methods often fail.

"Positive Agitation" is responsible for the Hoover's ability to remove more *dirt per minute*. It reaches the deeply-buried dirt by the time-tried effective method—beating reduced to scientific exactness. To this exclusive cleaning principle of Positive Agitation are added sweeping and suction, with the result that *the oftener your rugs are Hoover-cleaned, the longer they last*, and the longer their beauty endures—due to the nap-lifting and color-restoring which "Positive Agitation" accomplishes.

We will gladly demonstrate to you in your own home that the Hoover does remove the most *dirt per minute*. Because d.p.m. represents the real gauge of electric cleaner capacity, you should see this test which is an accurate measure of efficiency before purchasing *any* cleaner. Telephone your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover Dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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To the man whose ship never quite comes in

"WHEN my ship comes in," you say—but your smile cannot hide the worry gnawing at your heart—

A fine sea-going vessel you had thought that ship of yours when you launched it on the business ocean—

Yet the days and months and years slip by—and though others see their ships ride triumphantly to harbor, still you scan the horizon anxiously for a ship that never quite makes port.

No one's *fault*, perhaps—but what a misfortune that so many business ships should founder on a hidden reef or a treacherous shoal, when the channels to Success are plainly charted *and a chart for every channel is available to every thinking man!*

How the Right "Chart" Increased E. T. Orcutt's Income 500%

Certainly *my* ship-of-fortune seems far off its course, said E. T. Orcutt, in effect, when as railroad clerk at $20 a week he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Traffic Management.

Before he had completed the training, however, came an opportunity with Hitchings & Co., Elizabeth, N. J., one of the largest manufacturers of greenhouses in the world.

Training had set his "ship" on the right course.

Later, as sales manager, he kept on training with LaSalle—in Business Management.

Since taking his first course, his salary has increased more than 500 per cent.

Recently he has organized his own company, capitalized at $100,000, of which he is president.

How G. W. Clason Placed His "Ship" on the Right Course

No bands were playing when G. W. Clason launched his "ship" on the business ocean.

Clason had left school at 14, and at 19 his job was to take care of the horses in the barn of a laundry.

"Never mind," said G. W. Clason, *"I'll make my opportunity right where I am!"*

So he learned the laundry business, and at 28 was operating his own plant. When fire wiped his business out, he started again. Unable to finance properly—*thru lack of business understanding*, as he testifies—he sold out and became superintendent of the Ideal Laundry Company, Spokane.

Right then he made up his mind to remedy his lack—and enrolled with LaSalle for training in Business Management.

Today, at 47, he is vice-president and a director of this successful company, and commands an income several times as large as when he started with LaSalle five years ago.

"I give all credit to my LaSalle training," writes Mr. Clason. "It has proved by far the most profitable investment I ever made."

No More Drifting! Send for These Free Books—Today

Are you letting your ship-of-fortune drift where it will—or are you charting its course to the Harbor of Success?

There's a route that will take it straight to its destination. LaSalle can help you find it.

Without cost or obligation, the coupon will bring you a special 64-page booklet fully describing the opportunities in the business field that most appeals to you, and showing you how you can fit yourself to grasp them.

As you value your future—fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW!

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Through LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 333-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Stenography: Training in the new superior Stenotypy
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Commercial Spanish

free! mail coupon now

Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

but not before I had justified, to some extent at least, her faith in me. She was a wonderful friend.

"After several months as an usher and of having small parts in plays, I was made stage manager. Of course I had Miss Wilkes to thank for that also. The salary was only ten dollars a week; or fifteen dollars if, in addition, I had a part in the play. But it was a splendid chance for me to gain experience; and I was willing even to starve, if necessary, for the chance to learn.

"As a matter of fact, I did almost starve. But this wasn't so hard as to see my family suffer privations! That was the severest test of all.

"I knew that other stage managers in similar theatres were paid as much as thirty-five dollars a week. So after I had held my position for eight months and knew that I had become competent, I asked the manager if he couldn't possibly raise my salary. He laughed rather scornfully.

"'You ought to know,' he said, 'that plenty of boys would be glad to take your job without *any* salary. They would even pay me for it! If you aren't satisfied, I will get somebody else.'

"I knew that what he said was true, so I told him I would keep the position as long as I could afford to. I did keep it; but I began to look around for another job.

"THE first opening that came was at the California Theatre. I heard that Mr. Rothafel was engaging a chorus there; so I went for a try-out and was hired at the—to me—stupendous salary of thirty-five dollars a week. With that, and with what I was paid by my piano pupils, we could at least have enough to eat.

"The next thing that happened was the reappearance of Miss Morgan. She was to furnish dancers for a motion picture production; and to my surprise she sent for me. Although I was not a dancer, I went to be tested.

"As I wasn't very satisfactory, another boy was accepted instead. A few nights later, however, Miss Morgan telephoned me at the theatre, saying that this boy had proved impossible, and begging me to take his place.

"I told her I couldn't do it if it meant giving up the job I already had. But she assured me that this wouldn't be necessary, so that night, after the performance, I went to her for a rehearsal.

"Fortunately, it was more a pantomime than a dance and I was able to do it fairly well. As a result, I had several opportunities to do the same kind of thing in other pictures.

"Up to that time, I had been thinking only of the 'speaking stage,' not of the pictures. But I became more and more interested in the possibilities of the screen, and finally began going to the studios and asking for parts.

"It had been in March, 1917, that I was first hired as an extra in a motion picture studio. And it was almost exactly four years later that I was given my first part.

"It was a very small one in 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' so small that I worked with the company less than a week. But that week decided what my career was to be.

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"OFTEN SO TIRED I could hardly finish the program"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"IN BUSINESS all day—then, every evening well into the night, practising with our little orchestra . . . no wonder I began to feel continually tired!

"What sleep I could get didn't seem to do me any good. My weight dropped to 112 pounds, my face lost all of its old healthy color.

"As our engagements became more frequent I was often so fagged that I wanted to drop out, but of course I had to see it through.

"This kept up till I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate a cake before each meal, and in less than three months my color had come back and my weight was again normal. Today, instead of dreading our engagements I look forward to them with pleasure."

Edward T. Brown, Jr.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food, as fresh as the tenderest home-grown vegetables.

Easily, naturally it cleanses the intestines of poisons—softening the intestinal contents and toning up the sluggish muscles. The result is prompter, more complete elimination—improved digestion—a clearer, healthier complexion.

Fleischmann's Yeast frees you from those stubborn ills that rob life of all its joy.

Order 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-50, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

MR. EDWARD T. BROWN, JR., of Philadelphia

LEFT

ENJOYING HER new-found health . . . Miss Margaret Berry, in action on the basket-ball floor. She writes:

"I used to be all tired out every morning before going to school. I was nervous and irritable, and even resented the fact that I had to eat.

"And I was bothered with a breaking out of pimples on my back.

"My friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and, doubting, I began to eat it before every meal. Soon I began to enjoy my meals again. I now feel better in every way. And my skin is better, too."

MARGARET BERRY, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT

"I HAVE BEEN a long distance runner for twenty-two years. Work hard all day, then go to the gym and run ten miles or more three times a week. When in training for a long run, as for my recent 70-mile endurance test, I eat several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day around meal-time or between meals.

"I have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast for twelve years. I carry a little case that holds three cakes, and I defy anyone to catch me when I haven't got at least one with me. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps you feeling fit."

HARRY DUELL, Minneapolis, Minn.

New health, new zest in life—this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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WORRY
shows in the face

AND you can't massage it away with cold cream.

First little lines, then heavier wrinkles, and tired, joyless eyes—you can't keep these out of your face—if you don't protect your health and youthfulness in the wise, modern way.

Nowadays, the truly modern woman *prevents* aging lines by keeping well.

Practise feminine hygiene regularly—and correctly—with "Lysol" Disinfectant. Do not follow well-meant but false advice. Send for the free booklet offered below. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth" and was prepared for women by a woman physician. Send the coupon now.

But in the meantime be safe, be certain. Get a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It is the thoroughly reliable antiseptic for this vital purpose.

Complete directions come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors,* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, *Sole Distributors*
Department 125 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, *your booklet,* "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name..... City.....

Street..... State.....

Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

"I received one hundred dollars for the week. After that, I played the juvenile lead in the screen version of the 'Rubaiyat,' which gave me five weeks' work at seventy-five dollars a week. Next I was in 'The Prisoner of Zenda;' and, following that picture, I was given a contract at one hundred a week.

"This seemed almost unbelievable good fortune! It meant relief from privation. Best of all, it seemed to prove that I had not been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp; that I had not been cheating myself.

"A contract made it necessary for me to do one thing which was very hard. It forced me to give up my piano pupils.

"I don't suppose this would strike other people as a difficult thing. But those music lessons had stood between me and starvation for so long that I had come to having a feeling of enormous gratitude toward them. To give them up seemed like being disloyal to an old friend—a friend who had furnished even my bread and butter!

"Signing that first contract, in 1921, of course did not mean that I was a star. But I played the lead in various pictures for the next few years, including some which I thoroughly enjoyed: 'Scaramouche,' and 'Where the Pavement Ends;' and 'The Midshipman,' many of whose scenes were made at Annapolis.

"I was especially proud that I, instead of an American-born actor, had been chosen for that part. The 'foreigner,' who had been told that he could not hope to succeed in America, had succeeded!

"MY BIGGEST opportunity came when I was given the title rôle in 'Ben Hur.'

"I had wanted that rôle more than I can express. But when the director telephoned me one Sunday night, at my home in Los Angeles, and offered it to me, it all seemed too good to be true.

"We worked on the picture a year and a half; although during that time, while they were building the sets for the arena, we also did 'The Midshipman.' The scenes for the chariot races were almost the last we made; and they were the most thrilling experience I've ever had."

"Were they dangerous?" I asked.

"Yes; I suppose they were," he replied.

"Did you have someone double for you?"

He shook his head.

"No, it was too glorious a thing to miss. It gave me a feeling of fierce exultation, of escape from the petty restrictions of everyday life. It was superb."

"How did you learn to race with chariots?" I asked.

"By doing it over and over again," he said. "When we were practicing for it, a trainer rode with us. But I already knew how to manage horses, for I used to ride when I was a boy. We children often spent our vacations at my uncle's *hacienda,* where each of us was assigned a horse for his own special use. I still ride; and I swim and play tennis. At my home in Los Angeles, I have my own tennis courts."

"What is your home like?" I asked, thinking of the gorgeous estates on which so many movie stars spend their money.

"It's an old house which I bought and remodeled," he said; "comfortable, but not at all a show place. I don't care for

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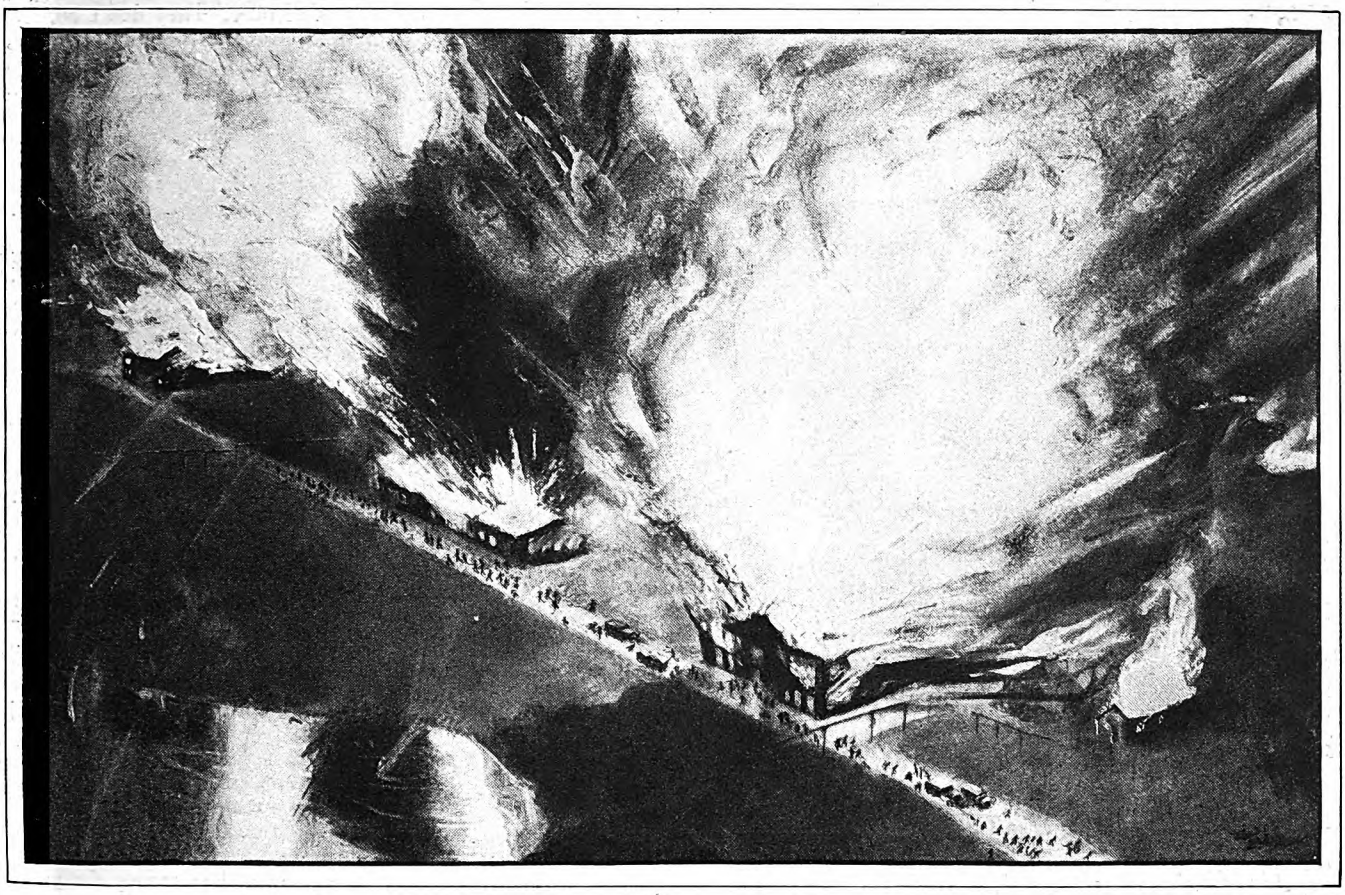

The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed. In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

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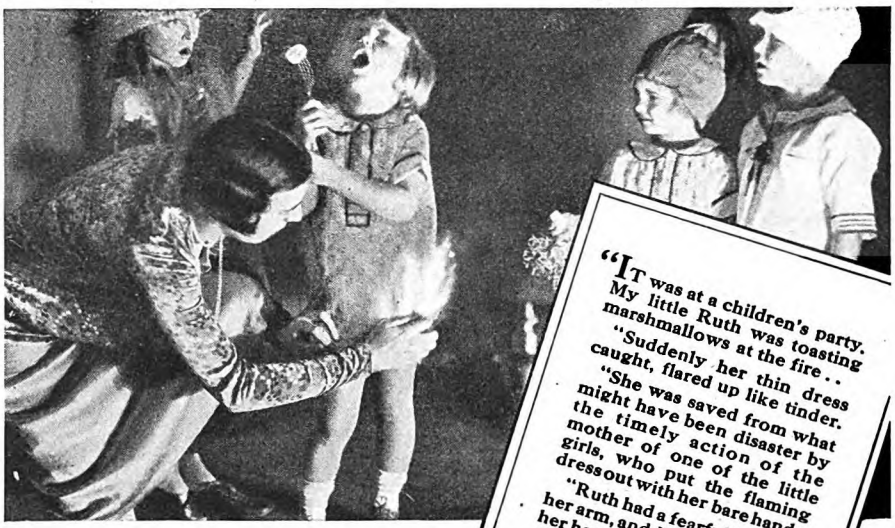
"We feared she would be marked for life!"



"IT was at a children's party. My little Ruth was toasting marshmallows at the fire . . "Suddenly her thin dress caught, flared up like tinder. "She was saved from what might have been disaster by the timely action of the mother of one of the little girls, who put the flaming dress out with her bare hands. "Ruth had a fearful burn on her arm, and Mrs. X scorched her hand badly . . . We feared the child would be permanently scarred. But Mrs. X knew what to do. She spread Unguentine liberally on the wounds at once. "Ruth stopped crying . . . The burns healed very quickly. And best of all (I had hardly dared hope), today not a sign of a scar can be seen."

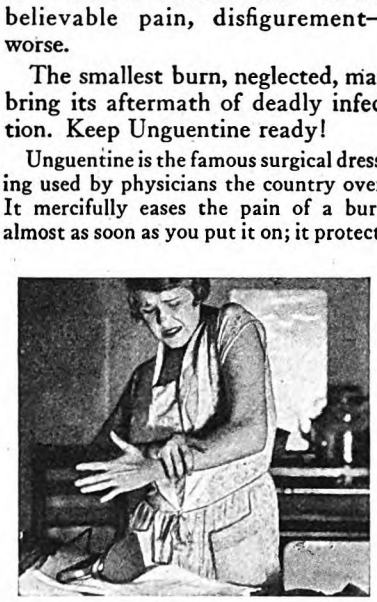
"There was a sudden burst of flame . . . a cry"

"SUCH an accident will never happen to my child," you say. Probably not. But the fact remains:—yearly, burns take their toll of thousands of little ones—in unbelievable pain, disfigurement—worse.

The smallest burn, neglected, may bring its aftermath of deadly infection. Keep Unguentine ready!

Unguentine is the famous surgical dressing used by physicians the country over. It mercifully eases the pain of a burn almost as soon as you put it on; it protects the wound, stands continually on guard against infection. Soon, normally, rapidly, the injured tissue is completely healed. Almost invariably *no scar is left.*

Spread Unguentine liberally on all burns, large or small: if necessary, bandage lightly. Invaluable, too, for scratches, cuts and bruises. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.



"ONE day last October, while I was doing some heavy pressing, my electric iron turned on its side. I was pressing with such force when my wrist hit the iron that the burn went very deep . . . The burn became terribly inflamed.

"A friend told me to use Unguentine. I got a tube and spread on a thick coat and bound with gauze. I kept this up night and morning.

"In a few days the burn was completely healed. *Without a scar!* I certainly do praise Unguentine.

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE—*a trial tube*—Unguentine

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY,
Department A-15, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Norwich

—A trusted name

luxury or display. They don't bring true happiness. But it is a real satisfaction to me to be able to make a home for my father and mother, and to help my brothers and sisters to get started."

"How does it happen that you've never married?" I asked.

"Well, he said, "I suppose there are several reasons. For a while, I was too poor. After that, I was too busy.

"You see, I don't feel that a man ought to marry unless he believes he can make a *success* of marriage. And I don't think he *can* make it a success unless he can give a great deal of time and thought to it.

"I mean, for instance, that I have no right to marry if I know that my work will compel me, to a very real extent, to neglect my wife. That wouldn't be fair to her. When the time comes that I am not, as it were, mortgaged to my work—"

"BUT will that time ever come?" I asked.

"Yes; if I carry out the plans I have now!" he declared with emphasis. "I've been having my voice trained by Louis Graveure, a great singer and a great teacher. My contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will expire next year. After that, I hope to make only one picture a year; a picture in which I can feel pride as a really fine production. The rest of the time I shall devote to the concert stage."

"It will mean less money for you," I suggested.

"But I don't *care* about money!" he exclaimed, almost impatiently.

"Then the published report that you are planning to enter a monastery was not correct?" I asked.

"I denied it before it was published," he said; "but they printed it, just the same. I can't understand how it was started; unless, possibly—"

He hesitated a moment, then went on; "When I am over-tired with work, and all the little details of life seem to become mountains, I go to a monastery near San Francisco, for what we call a 'retreat.' I see no one from outside. I do not read the newspapers. Every day I listen to short talks, or lectures, from one of the brothers. Talks about life and death; the shortness of life; the inevitableness of death; the right way to live and to prepare to die.

"Perhaps this sounds very gloomy to you. I don't find it so. It helps me to recover my *sense of proportion*, to realize the pettiness of the little things that have troubled me. It is a sort of spiritual house-cleaning. And I come out into the world again, feeling refreshed and reassured as to the *essentials* of life."

ALBERT LINCOLN SALT was a lad who prepared himself for the breaks spoken about in Bruce Barton's article, "I Believe in Luck," which will appear next month. The result is this erstwhile office boy is now president of the Graybar Electric Company, huge buyers and sellers of electrical devices and equipment. Salt says he is an average man—but he was ready and waiting when luck came his way. You'll read his personal story next month.

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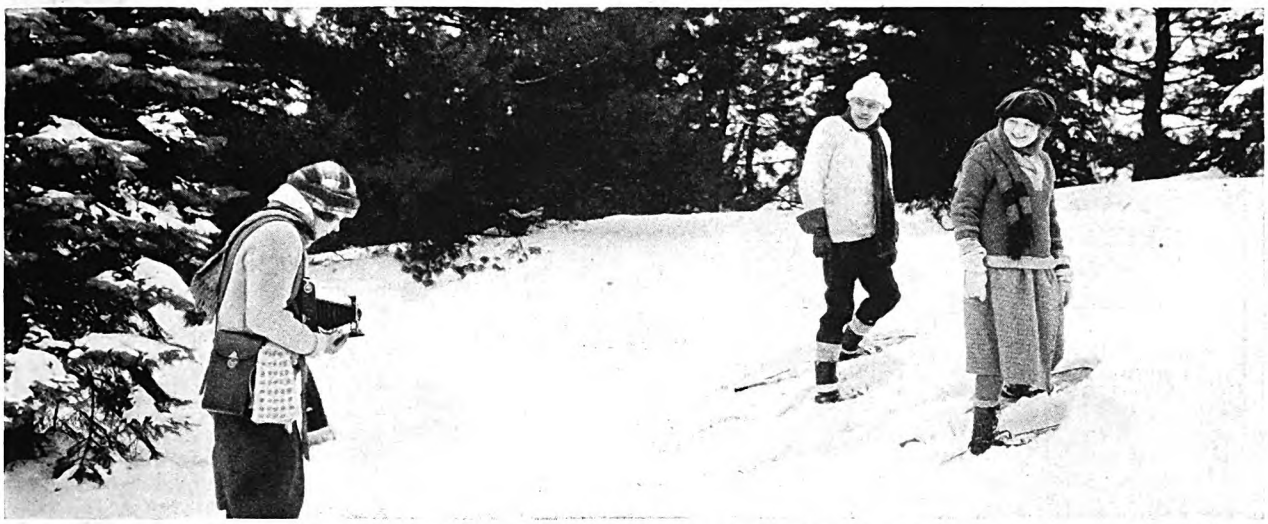

IF IT'S DARK OR CLOUDY, DON'T LET THAT CHANGE YOUR PLANS—GO RIGHT AHEAD AND MAKE THE PICTURE WITH A MODERN KODAK

PICTURES

YOU NEVER HOPED TO MAKE

Are Simple "Snap-Shots" Now

How the Modern Kodak takes the guesswork out of making pictures—multiplies the joys of photography. Why Snap-shots are easier to take than ever before

HOW often have you said to yourself, "There's a picture I'd like to make . . . but the light's too low."

How often have you waited for the rain to stop . . . or the sun to shine . . . just to get a snap-shot.

How often have you wanted to make pictures inside your house . . . of some favorite corner? Or on dark, cloudy days, of some favorite subject? *Now you can!*

For a remarkable new development in the making of cameras has brought a great change about.

No Handicaps Now

Please forget all of the old rules of photography. Discard all of your past ideas.

For with these new-day cameras most former handicaps have been banished completely. Amateur photography has been made simpler, surer, easier than ever before.

For example—on the $20 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40.

This means that you get a faster, better lens, for less money. A lens that makes good pictures under the most difficult conditions.

It takes the guesswork out of making pictures—opens up thousands of new photographic opportunities. Doubles the fun in taking snap-shots.

Almost Everything Automatic

The Modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "exposure guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . makes photography surer than ever before.

In addition, Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture.*

Get this new Free Book

At home . . . on trips . . . every day . . . there are many times you will wish you had a camera. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture-making opportunity.

The Modern Kodak will get the picture just as it is without your having to wait for the "right" time or setting.

Call on your Kodak dealer today. There's one right near you. Have him show you the Modern Kodaks. The moment you load your camera with Eastman film from the familiar yellow box you have started on a picture-taking experience full of pleasure and free from obstacles.

You start making good pictures at once, wherever and whenever they happen.

Clip the coupon below. It entitles you to a free new booklet about these Modern Kodaks.

Rainy day pictures now easy to make with the Modern Kodak

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. AM-3
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, your interesting booklet telling about the Modern Kodaks.

Name .....

Address .....

Interior pictures, once so difficult, are now easy to take

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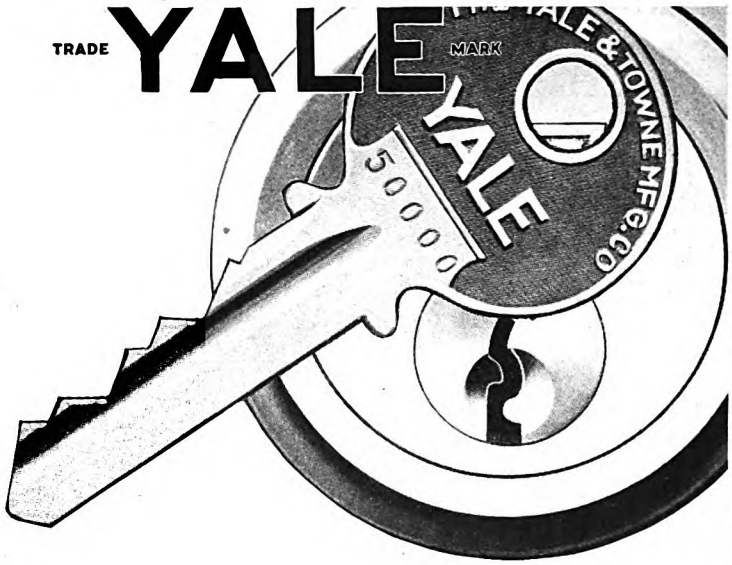
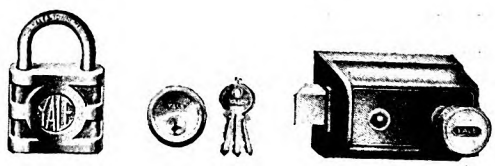
TRADE YALE MARK



SYMBOLS OF PROTECTION AND SECURITY IN A WORLD WHERE TEMPTATION HAS INCREASED IN PROPORTION TO PROSPERITY.

There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys. The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.



YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

Hard as Nails

(*Continued from page 23*)

From her heart it was a cry, though on her lips it sounded like the most conventional rejoinder.

"I must go in a few days. I can't tell you what a privilege I count it to have met you, Miss MacTay. It's been—you know I'll always remember it. And to-night was sheer luck—for me. More than you can guess."

"For me too," Jane replied, wondering why her voice had to sound so cold merely because she was trying to keep a sob out of it. "But I'm going to hope we'll meet again before you leave."

That night Jane did not argue with herself. She simply looked two facts in the face with what courage she could command: Alex Tillman was the only man she had ever met to whom her heart had gone out in longing; and he had nothing more than a polite interest in her. Surprise at it all was as futile as rebellion. One didn't love by the book. Who knew what deep forces drew one heart to another? Mystery, all of it.

No, it was only another big difficulty to be accepted and fought and conquered. All her life had been full of them.

SHE rose the next morning very calm and white. For four days she worked with dogged fury. Then one noon Hunter called her up. His conversation was quite characteristic:

"Jane? Are you free for to-night? Say yes at once, or I'm a dead man! Nancy has a dinner on, and she wants you, and I told her I'd ask you last night and I forgot it, as usual. She only got the thing up yesterday. She has a Countess something or other and that highty-tighty young Englishman that's just over—the one that wrote 'Eve's Garden'—and she wants our bunch to give the thing proper tone. I'm taking Alex, to show him how the other three-quarters lives. Well, I'll tell Nancy you're coming."

"You'll do no such thing. Tell her I'm awfully sorry, but I'm working like a fiend, and I really don't see how I can, possibly."

"That's fine! I knew you would. Well, I'll be 'round for you at a quarter to seven." And he hung up.

Jane had an angry moment. She hated the way Hunter did things. He needed a lesson. She would call him up at once, and tell him plainly she was not going to that dinner. She gave his number, and then abruptly hung the receiver back on its hook. If she went she would see Alex Tillman again, perhaps talk with him.

Besides, she was fond of Nancy, Hunter's sister, and she enjoyed her parties in the big house on Long Island, which good taste barely saved from reeking too violently of wealth. Their exclusive little group often dined there. It was part of Hunter's cult to revel in extremes. Either bacon and eggs Bohemian style in Ivan's studio, or a dinner with a chaste and elegant formality at such a place as Nancy's.

Now, in the case of Alex, she was sure the dinner that night would be as little to his taste as the rather messy studio

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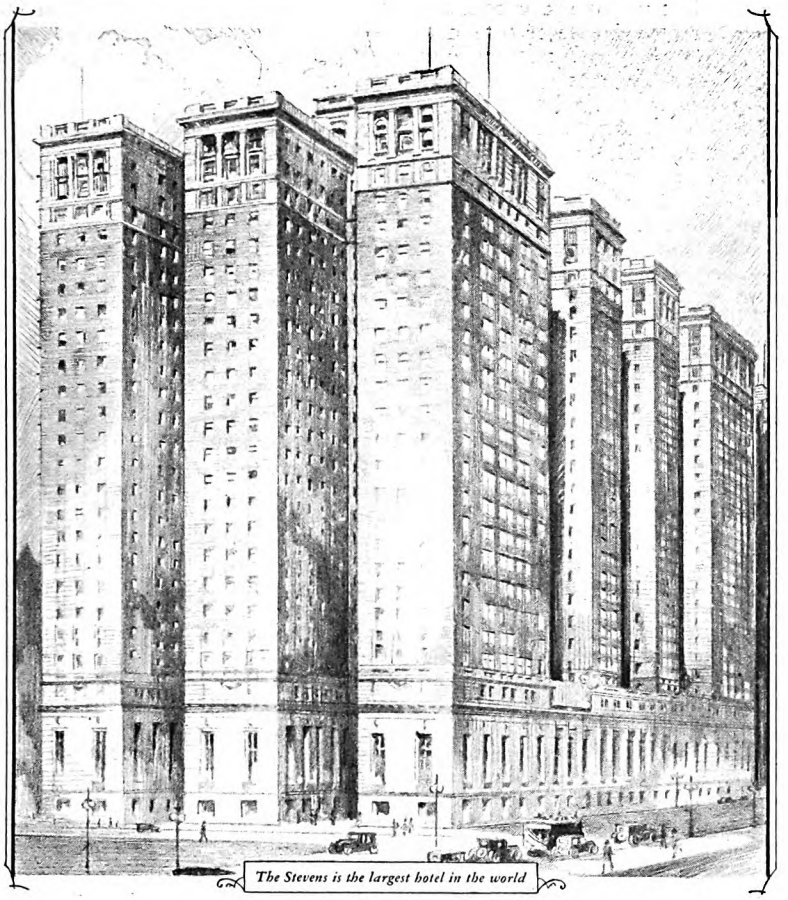

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56 *Miles of Johns-Manville pipe insulation in the Stevens Hotel*

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To fortify dogs against disease during the winter months dog specialists use and prescribe Glover's Condition Pills. As a tonic and digestant they are unequalled. They help to maintain the soundest condition of health. Sold by drug stores, pet shops, and kennels everywhere.

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Don't risk your dog's health by selecting medicines carelessly. Demand Glover's. Their scientifically correct formulas insure utmost protection. Endorsed by dog fanciers, breeders, and kennel men as safest and most efficacious for all breeds.

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Note: *Practically every dog has worms. Keep yours on the safe side of health. Give Glover's Worm Capsules or Glover's Vermifuge regularly—monthly to puppies and four times a year to older dogs.*

meal had been. And in between was the thing her own whole nature craved—a home. Simple and natural and real. Where one might rest and *live*. The thought of it sent a burning ache again through her heart.

She went to her apartment early and worked there on the review all afternoon with determined, concentrated energy. Then when it was done she reread it, struck again by her own daring cleverness, and put her face in her hands and wept.

Which brings us back to the point at which we started, and to the secret of Jane MacTay.

FOR outside of the new and terrible pain of love, the old, old trouble with Jane was simply this: From a half-dozen old Scotch Covenanting forbears she had inherited a mind as keen, as profound, as masculine in quality as that of any of those old divines who had spent their lives pursuing theology and logic; but along with it—Heaven help her!—she had inherited the heart of the little Irish grandmother who had left an earl waiting at the church while she rode blithely over the borders and away with the impecunious young man of her choice.

Now *there* was a heritage to give any woman trouble! And it had certainly done no less to Jane. For, whi e she was all the time acutely aware of that Irish heart in her bosom, from the outside, people seemed to see in her only the deadly mentality of those relentless old Scotchmen. It began away back in school days. She had solved all the hard problems for the boys as well as the girls. But for her guerdon, she saw all the budding, half-ashamed male gallantries go to the little fluffy heads who "simply *couldn't* understand arithmetic."

In college she had taken all possible honors; and sat up in her room on dance nights in a bitterness of longing as the dreamy waltz strains floated up—shut out because she didn t know a single young man well enough to ask him as her guest.

When college was over, she had come to grips with life suddenly. Double home sorrows left her alone, with her way to make. She got a job as reporter on a city paper.

There followed a long, hard struggle. She had to fight, to match her wits against the men who worked beside her. And because she won, continuously, through sheer braininess, they respected her; but they didn't like her. No man likes to be beaten by a woman at a game he should know best.

When first youth was over, and Jane emerged into full-blossomed womanhood, a new poise and assurance fell upon her. She was at the top now. She knew her own strength as well as that inner weakness which no one guessed. She could command open admiration now, if not love. She began to dress more carefully. People said Miss MacTay was beautiful, but cold.

There had even been offers of marriage. Once, a diplomat, whom she had come to know through being sent to interview him, had grown quite serious:

"With *your mind*, Miss MacTay, you could be of inestimable help to me as my wife."

Jane had flung herself out of the room where they were dining, leaving the gentleman, who felt he had done her a great honor, somewhat dazed.

It was all running through Jane's mind now in a hopeless summary as she sat crying her heart out. The night Ivan had come, quite earnestly, to suggest that they be married as some of his friends were doing: Keep their own apartments, meeting frequently just when they felt that they would react best on each other's work.

"You know, Jane, if I could have the stimulus of your companionship whenever I needed it, I feel I could produce a masterpiece. I have the soul, but you have the *intellect*. It would stir me up, set me going. . . ."

"And suppose I turned out to have a soul too. That would upset all the calculations!" Jane had told him acidly.

And then Hunter.

She could see him, as he had stood one evening in negligent grace before her tiny mantel.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Jane, that it would be a highly sensible thing for us to marry? We would get on each other's nerves less than most of the husbands and wives I observe. We are interested in the same things, know the same people, could go on with our work as usual. Don't you think the idea is worth considering?"

"I do not," Jane had answered promptly.

Hunter had made a slight gesture with his cigarette.

"Very well. That's a bona fide proposal, none the less, even though I haven't exactly swept you off your feet by the breath of my passion. However, I fancy you don't care much for that kind of heroics. Well, no harm done by merely making the suggestion, is there?"

All quite casual, light, urbane. Just like Hunter.

BUT in Jane's heart there was left from all these unamorous encounters a hurt which she tried to bury under layers of pride. It seemed that nothing about her mattered to people but her mind. No one, and, bitterest of all, no *man*, ever seemed to see below it to the heart and soul of her. No one, until Alex Tillman had looked deeply into her eyes and spoken to her as to *a woman*.

And now, with all the vague longing of the years sharpened to a rapier point, she had to turn it back into her own heart. She had just glimpsed the Valley of Delight; now she must keep on climbing her lonely height as usual.

When the sobs subsided, she bathed her face, and wondered, as she began to dress, whether the redness would be gone from her eyes by the dinner hour. She decided on a white lace gown and on one short string of the tiniest pearl beads for ornament.

She spent more time than usual over her toilet. She arranged her dark hair in a little softer fashion. She wondered how so many women of all ages managed to look so helpless and fragile and appealing. Her own eyes always looked out at the world with a straightforward glance.

When she had done her best, she admitted she looked rather lovely. But she sighed as she gave herself that much grace.

The whole matter of Alex Tillman for her

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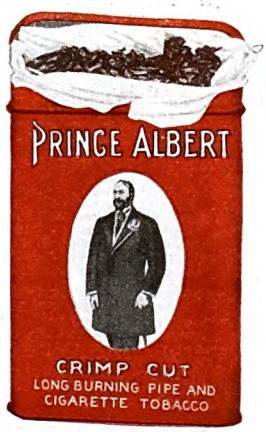
THAT'S one of the things that holds me to this faithful old brand. You can pack it for a trip to the wilds or a cruise around the Horn, without once wishing that you had brought some other brand along. Wherever you may be, P.A. is always the same—*and always good!*

As you open the tidy red tin, inhale that fine, fresh, stimulating aroma. Notice that P.A. is equally friendly as you smoke it . . . fragrant and cool and mellow and mild . . . just about everything a fellow could ask in a smoke. You never tire of tobacco like Prince Albert.

Is it any wonder that P.A. is known as the National Joy Smoke from coast to coast? Is it any wonder that pipe-smokers buy more P.A. than any other brand? If you can't answer "No" right off the bat, try a load of long-burning P.A. in your pipe. Then you'll know for yourself why P.A. is so downright dependable, so thoroughly enjoyable.



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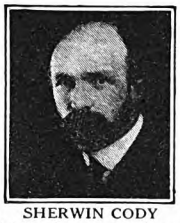
Free yourself of embarrassing mistakes in speaking and writing. Wonderful new invention automatically finds and corrects your mistakes; gives you a powerful mastery of language in only 15 minutes a day.


SHERWIN CODY

Many persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom" and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the **mistakes you yourself make**—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

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was ended. She must remind herself often of that.

When she answered the ring at a quarter to seven Hunter was there alone.

"I sent Alex down for Joyce. I thought maybe he had bored you enough the other night. Best chap in the world, Alex, but not just an inspired conversationalist."

"I believe I hate you sometimes, Hunter," Jane stated with apparent irrelevance.

"Quite likely," Hunter agreed imperturbably. "Anything from a lady but indifference!"

He spent the time on the way out discussing the reasons why Jane should try play-writing.

JANE did not even see Alex until they were going out to dinner. She had been swept into a small whirlpool of discussion in one corner of the big drawing-room, and kept there during the few minutes they waited for late guests to arrive.

But once at the table between the young English novelist and a Mr. De Voe, who was rather renowned himself in the world of letters, Jane saw Alex almost across from her, with Joyce West handing him small crumbs of her sprightly discourse. He looked up, and they nodded a greeting.

Then the Englishman turned to her, and the talk was on, brilliant, scintillating, as ever. But in a moment's pause which followed their discussion of the place of realism in modern literature, Jane heard the conversation across from her.

"How long are you staying in this city of iniquity, Mr. Tillman?" from Joyce.

"I'm leaving to-morrow, Miss West."

"What, so soon?"

"Well, you see I've got a farm. And while my head overseer is mighty good in lots of ways, he's always careless about the young lambs. Last year I lost eight. So I feel better to be down there looking after them a little."

He raised his eyes at that moment and found Jane's looking at him. And suddenly, without any warning, a great wave of color surged into her face. A hot, furious blush, such as she had not known since early girlhood. She looked at her plate, cruelly embarrassed. The men beside her were each busy for the moment. She felt the warmth in her cheeks subsiding. But when she raised her eyes again, Alex's were still upon her with a deep, questioning intentness.

She tossed a light comment across to Joyce, and then turned to the young Englishman as a haven. But her answers were somewhat random. She was terrified at herself. Her self-control was gone. She felt that any moment she might again burst into tears. The afternoon's breakdown was not over.

When Nancy gave the signal to rise, Jane had only one thought: She had to get away somewhere, quickly, before she was disgraced.

She loitered behind the other women. Then, catching up somebody's scarf from a chair in the wide hallway, she made her escape through the French doors at the rear and was out in the warm-cool darkness of the garden. In a moment she could see her way along the walk to a seat under one of the trees. She sank down upon it, trembling. In a few minutes she would have herself pulled together and be ready to go back.

The whole trouble was nerves. She had been thinking too much about herself. *But he was leaving to-morrow!* Her face was in her hands. Her shoulders shaking. What would they think if she went in with eyes red and swollen? What did it matter what anyone thought!

There was a soft sound of steps on the grass. Then someone bent over her. She knew, without looking up. She knew in the darkness. For the same strange feeling of utter peace, of having *come home*, crept over her.

"Miss MacTay! What are you doing out here all alone? You're in trouble. Tell me. Can't I help you?"

He sat down beside her. It could not be said that he took her in his arms, but somehow his arms were about her. She was very gently but surely drawn close to him. His voice was low and husky:

"I know you'll think I'm a madman; but I can't help it. From the moment I met you, I've loved you. I said to myself, 'Here is the woman I've been looking for all these years!' Then, when I heard how brilliant you are and how famous, how could I tell you? I have nothing like that to offer you. I'm the most ordinary fellow in the world. But somehow to see you weeping here all alone in the dark has made me brave. Brave enough to tell you that I want you . . . as I've never wanted anything in my life before! Jane, now since I've been fool enough to tell you . . . I *can't give you up!*"

He was breathing hard. He drew her closer and, without waiting for an answer, he kissed her in no uncertain fashion.

When he raised his head, he spoke with an awed sort of triumph.

"Jane, you *let* me do that!"

And Jane laughed, oh, so tenderly.

"*Let* you! How could I have helped myself! But, Alex, I didn't want to help myself. I've been yours since I first saw you!"

And with that, the little Irish grandmother in her took her place forever in the ascendancy.

A few minutes later Alex asked tensely: "When will you marry me, Jane? Oh sweetheart, make it soon!"

"To-morrow?" Jane whispered.

She felt the man start.

"Do you mean that?"

And then her arms suddenly reached up to him. Her fine, capable hands curled themselves tenderly about his neck, as though that was their only possible destiny.

"Oh, take me with you, to-morrow," she begged. "I can't stay behind you. And, besides, I want to help you take care of those little new lambs!"

BACK in the big drawing-room, the young Englishman spoke to Mr. De Voe:

"Brilliant person, that Miss MacTay! But, you know, she struck me as rather coldly analytical for a woman."

"Oh, that's the trouble with these women that run all to brains," Mr. De Voe agreed. "They're hard. Hard as nails."

And they turned to pronounce infallible judgments upon other matters.

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Listen! Whole wheat, cooked, drawn out into filmy-thin ribbons of fine-spun wheaten threads. Three whole yards of this ribbon wound round and round, layer upon layer, to muffin size and shape. Baked. Toasted butternut brown.

Light as a crumpet. Crisp as potato chips. Crunchy! Crumbles in the mouth. That's what a Muffet is!

You eat one for breakfast —with sugar and cream, or with fruit added—fresh-sliced, stewed or preserved.

You get vitamins, calories, roughage (bran), easy digestibility — all the health properties you'd naturally expect in whole wheat—*and* something mighty good to eat!

Is there any wonder people are saying that we've given them the first really new breakfast dish in a generation?

And just think! *You* can still be the discoverer of them for your home! My, my! We envy you! The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

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Little Spear Horner sat in the corner—
His pie all eaten up clean:
'Twixt finger and thumb he held Double Mint gum—
No brighter boy ever was seen!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

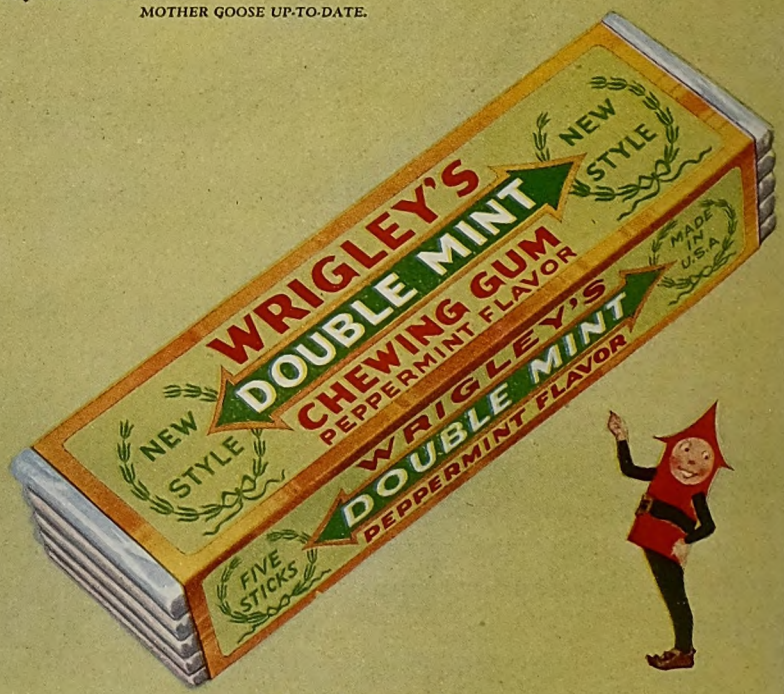
Easy to Remember:
DOUBLE MINT

There's a very good reason why Wrigley's Double Mint is a favorite with millions of buyers.

It has REAL Peppermint flavor, full strength, long-lasting, refreshing, soothing, deliciously cool.

Beneficial to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

H121 *After every meal*



The flavor lasts

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That Tired Feeling—And How to Get Rid of It

(*Continued from page 49*)

normal chemical balance, or to restore their disturbed balance to normality.

Figs, dried	Carrots
Beans, lima, dried	Cucumbers
Beans, soy	Potatoes
Garbanzos	Muskmelon
Spinach	Lettuce
Raisins	Sweet potato
Beans, dried	Orange juice
Chard	Tomatoes
Lima beans, fresh	Cabbage
Rutabagas	Peas, dried
Almonds	Peaches
Parsnips	Pears
Dates	Milk

"As a consequence of these great discoveries, we now know beyond all doubt or controversy that in order to keep healthy and efficient and cure that tired feeling, the alkali reserve must at all times be well maintained. Work has little to do with the tired feeling caused by low alkali reserve. Rest in many cases may even make the tired person worse, by increasing poor elimination.

"THE tired man's salvation lies in a diet in which vegetables and fruits are given preference.

"Many tired, run-down, nervous people resort to taking raw eggs to build them up. There is hardly anything worse than raw eggs for anybody. Raw egg albumen is very hard to digest, and often putrefies in the intestines. It digests better if cooked, but should be thoroughly masticated. White of egg, any way, is poor food. It lacks iron, lime, vitamins and almost everything else essential to a complete food except the one element, protein. Its use is to form the body of the young chick and not to supply it with food. Egg yolk, on the other hand, is a natural food-stuff, rich in lime, iron and vitamins—everything the young chick needs until it emerges from the shell. It is, besides, very easily digested.

"I remember a man some years ago whose blood pressure was 260—a man of fifty, who was such a physical wreck that he had closed his business, never expecting to be able to work again. After living on a basic diet for three months his blood pressure had dropped to 160, and he was so well and eager for work that he went back into business. Seven years afterward he came back for a check-up, and his blood pressure was still 160, and he was feeling fine.

"Not long ago we had here the famous swimmer, Johnny Weismuller, who holds the world's 300-meter record and has broken over fifty world's records. I suggested to his trainer, William Bachrach, physical director of the Illinois Athletic Club, that we try our diet on him and have a test in our swimming pool. We put him on a basic diet and gave him plenty of bulky foodstuffs to keep his bowels active, and also gave him foods that would cleanse his intestines of putrefactive bacteria. Johnny discovered that he had broken his own 300-meter world record, which had stood for two years, by *four and three-fifths seconds.*

"Several years ago Professor Irving Fisher, the eminent economist of Yale University, pitted a group of our *untrained* men nurses and doctors against the *trained* Yale athletes in a series of endurance tests. Our nurses and doctors, *without any preparation* except their ordinary healthy, biologic living, put it all over the Yale men in every contest. In one test, that of holding the arms out, fifteen of our men made an average of 90 minutes, while the fifteen Yale athletes averaged only 11 minutes. You see, *strength and endurance are two wholly different things. Strength depends upon size of muscle, but endurance depends upon the state of the blood.* And for great endurance the blood must be normally alkaline.

"Muscle work produces lactic acid, and this produces fatigue and exhaustion. A basic diet helps to counteract this lactic acid."

"But, Doctor Kellogg," I remarked, "your tired business man claims it is the rush of American life which raises his blood pressure and wears him out."

"Popular moonshine," ejaculated the doctor. "People who hustle and work hard have lower blood pressure and healthier arteries, kidneys, and livers than people who live idle or sedentary lives. A man's blood pressure is high while he is rushing and is vigorously active, of course; but it quickly subsides to normal after the strain is over. People who are tired because of the flood of acid toxins always circulating in their blood vessels get high blood pressure through the irritating effects of these poisons on the walls of the blood vessels.

"A diet in which acid-producing foods predominate, and neglect of the colon, of which I shall speak later, are probably the two greatest causes of premature old age.

"THE second great line of relief from that chronic tired feeling is in maintaining the proper ratio of protein in the daily ration.

"The proper protein ration, according to the 'Chittenden Standard,' which revolutionized the ideas of the entire medical profession on this subject, requires about 1.3 calories of protein per day, per pound of body weight. By this standard, if you weigh 150 pounds, you should eat about 200 calories or 1½ ounces of protein per day, and *no more.*

"You would get this amount of protein from 3½ pints of milk, or 8 ounces of porterhouse steak, or 9½ eggs, or 8 ounces of ordinary beans or peas, or 4½ ounces of soy beans, or 8½ ounces of almonds, or 7 ounces of peanuts, or 9½ ounces of walnuts.

"But, of course, no one would ever need to eat such large quantities of these foods, for the reason that most foods contain more or less protein, so that all the protein may be supplied in bread, cereals, and other foods which are only moderately rich in protein.

Pipe Lover Finally Discovers Tobacco Satisfaction

Everlastingly trying brings success, even in finding the right tobacco. Mr. Gaw's experiences prove that. He tried more than ten different brands of smoking tobacco, paid high prices, only to suffer the pangs of dissatisfaction. Finally he concentrated on Edgeworth, and it was then that he achieved true pipe-enjoyment. Read what he says about it:

Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I write you this complimentary letter because I feel that if any one tobacco company deserves praise for its products, it is your company.

During the two years that I have been a pipe smoker I have used more than one—in fact more than ten—different tobaccos. I have even invested as much as one dollar and twenty-five cents for a half pound of a well-known mixture, trying to find satisfaction in price; but it was all in vain. After the first few pipe-loads I readily discovered that even price and a reputation couldn't supply that bit of satisfaction that my pipe and myself crave.

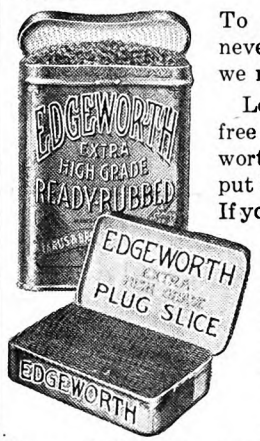
I had no other choice, so it seems, but to return to the most satisfactory pipe tobacco that I have ever experienced. That tobacco is none other than the Edgeworth tobacco.

Now the pangs of dissatisfaction and grief over exorbitant prices have entirely disappeared since I've concentrated my pipe smoking on Edgeworth.

I am taking this means of thanking you for curing my pipe ills as well as putting my mind at ease now that I have tobacco that satisfies pipe as well as man.

Your ardent well-wisher,
Samuel Gaw

There seem to be a lot of men who have an unsatisfied smoke-yearning. But those who persevere until they discover Edgeworth seem to be so satisfied that they want to tell the whole wide world about its goodness.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.

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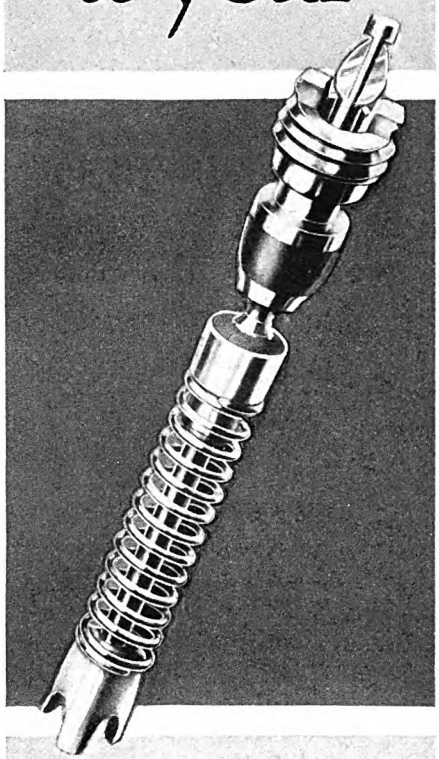
Replace *once* a year



NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with *genuine* Schrader Valve Insides in good condition screwed down tight.

To make sure the valve insides in your tire valves are in good condition, replace them once a year. No mechanism, however sturdy, will last forever.

Schrader Valve Insides are sold five in a red metal box costing but 25c. Buy a box from your nearest dealer today.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

"Moreover, not all of the proteins in these various foods are equally high in quality. The protein of milk and that of soy beans and some of the nuts, such as almonds and peanuts, are of very superior quality. The proteins of meats have the disadvantage of being accompanied by putrefactive bacteria, which in time tend to injure the colon and lead in some cases to auto-intoxication, high blood pressure and other disorders, unless counteracted by close attention to a balanced diet.

"Unfortunately, your tired business man often eats three or four times the proper ration of protein in steaks and chops alone. Then he thinks nothing of eating two or three eggs, drinking a pint or two of milk, and he often adds to his meat diet a plate of beans, a helping or two of peas, and possibly a nut sundae.

"Now, nature has provided no place to store this excess protein. It simply clogs the tissues and overworks the liver and kidneys. In addition, unless the residue is promptly expelled when it reaches the colon, it putrefies, and throws more acids into the blood stream. The body can store up fats and carbohydrates as adipose tissues; but proteins can be used only as repair material. Hence, most of this surplus protein eaten daily, instead of being assimilated, has to be converted into urea, and other waste products.

"When the blood, therefore, is overloaded with these waste products, the vital machinery is clogged, the brain and muscles are inefficient and have little endurance, and a person is always tired."

AT THIS point I put this question to the doctor: "Would fasting do your tired man any good?"

"No," he replied emphatically; "people who fast are not going without food, as they think. They are consuming themselves. They are living on an exclusive meat diet; namely, their own flesh. The effect of fasting is not to purify the body and blood, but the very opposite. Chemical examination of the urine of the famous Italian faster, Cetti, showed the presence of carbolic acid in the urine from the very beginning of his fasting, and the quantity increased from day to day due to increasing putrefaction in the colon."

"But what about people who wish to reduce?" I asked.

"*People who want to reduce should eat good, full meals like sensible people,*" said the doctor. "Their diet, however, should be low in fats and carbohydrates, but at the same time rich in iron, lime, and vitamins. They should eat cereals very sparingly and without sugar or cream. They should eat liberal quantities of spinach, carrots, beets, string beans, cabbage, lettuce, celery, and an abundance of fruits, especially melons. A reducing diet need not involve any hardship. Satisfaction in eating, that is, a sense of satiety, is felt when the stomach is well filled; hence a reducing diet should consist chiefly of bulky foodstuffs that have low nutritive value.

"Lean people who desire to gain weight need the reverse of the reducing diet, and often are benefited by special fattening foods.

"Another potent cause that makes the tired business man tired is intestinal stasis or chronic constipation.

"By the use of proper foods, such as dates, raisins, bulky vegetables and the like, accompanied by proper exercises, a satisfactory elimination can be maintained. Three daily movements seem a natural number, and they can do no possible injury, provided the movements are brought about naturally.

"The colon in many persons has been so crippled by long abuse that it takes some time to train it properly, and sometimes hot enemas are necessary for a period. Fortunately, the hot enema can be used indefinitely, provided care is taken to avoid too large quantities of water. The amount should never exceed two quarts, and the water should be heated to 100° or 112° Fahrenheit.

"Another most effective measure for relieving tired and nervous people is changing the bacterial flora of the intestines.

"Some of our foods, particularly game and 'high' meats, are practically always infected with Welch's bacillus, a micro-organism. It produces great quantities of gas, and highly virulent toxins. The poisons produced by Welch's bacillus, when absorbed, give rise to nervousness, headaches and tired feelings, and numerous other symptoms.

"Changing the intestinal flora is simply getting rid of these pernicious bacteria, and restoring the normal, acid-forming bacteria known as acidophilus which protect the intestines from typhoid and other harmful bacteria.

"The basic fact upon which the successful methods of changing the intestinal flora rests is that the putrefactive or *poison-producing Welch bacillus and others cannot grow in the presence of acids.*

"Now, the acidophilus germ is a friendly germ and grows normally in the intestines. With proper encouragement, it will develop in the colon in such numbers as to prevent putrefaction and the poisoning that results therefrom.

"The protective influence of acid-forming germs in the intestines is clearly shown by a simple experiment. I kept a piece of beefsteak in a jar of sour milk without a taint of putrefaction for seventeen years. But, unfortunately, the sour-milk germ needs oxygen and, therefore, will not grow freely in the intestines.

"A glass or two of acidophilus milk, taken daily, if found agreeable, will slightly hasten the change in the intestinal flora; but it should be avoided in cases of colitis. Lactose or lacto-dextrin will also hasten the change.

"TWO of the greatest boons that God has given mankind are sunlight and fresh air, and they are two of the hardest things to induce people to utilize.

"We have been using artificial sunshine and ultra-violet rays here at Battle Creek for many years, with most gratifying success.

"We also maintain two large outdoor gymnasia, one for men and one for women, where scores of our patients in fair weather bathe in the sunshine, and also a sunshine playground for children.

"New revelations are being made as to the effect of ultra-violet, as well as of other sunshine rays. It is a sovereign remedy for the rickets of infancy. Even exposing foods to ultra-violet rays produces vitamin D in them, and you can

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On Time—and Arrived Safely

Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons are built with many features of safety and dependability which women especially appreciate for hurried trips in bad weather. The riding on Firestone Tires is relaxed and care-free. No anxious tension: no strain on the nerves. In crowded traffic or bad corners you can start or stop instantly. For slippery places you can depend on the non-skid tread.

The Mark of Quality

Firestone Balloon Tires are made extra strong and flexible by Gum-Dipping which saturates every fiber of every cord in a rubber solution. This special Firestone process adds thousands of miles to tire wear and gives added luxury in riding.

The Firestone Dealer keeps up-to-date on all tire problems and is prepared to give you expert service or advice at any time.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER *Harvey S. Firestone*

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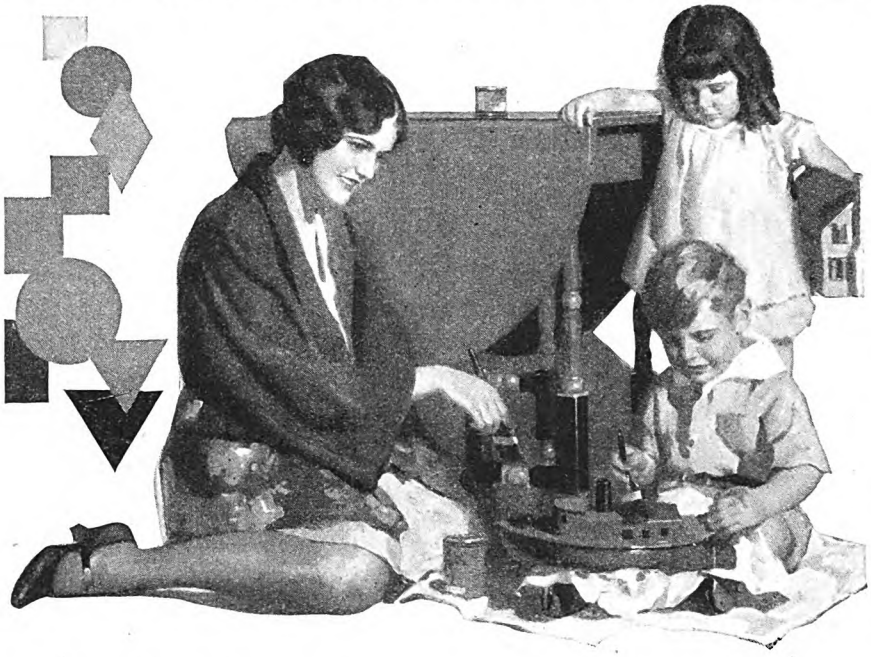
BERRY'S BRUSHING LACQUER



It's child's play to make ....
....old things beautiful

Fill your brush with Berry's rich, smooth-flowing lacquer.* Experience the thrill of seeing ugly things grow beautiful and old ones become modern.

It's a joy to use a finish like this. You accomplish in an hour what once required days and weeks.

Just flow it on any clean, smooth surface. Allow it to level naturally, free from sags and brush marks. When you are through it is dry—ready to give years of service.

Berry's Brushing Lacquer is suited for use on furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and countless other things. It won't turn white. Heat and water do not affect it. "Printing" never occurs. And like all other finishes made by Berry Brothers, *it wears.*

Dealers who do not have Berry's Brushing Lacquer can obtain it for you quickly—*if you insist.* It pays to demand what you want.

*Colors available include: Chinese red, jade green, turquoise blue, French gray, coral pink, ivory, etc.

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE TRIAL OFFER

Berry Brothers, Inc., 211 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps for ¼-pint can Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer, retail price 50 cents. (One can to a family). Also send color chart containing instructions for obtaining superior results.

Dealer's Name_____
My Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Color Preferred_____
[A-1]

1858—*70th Anniversary*—1928

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
Varnishes Enamels and Lacquers
Detroit, Michigan *Walkerville, Ont.*

actually swallow the sunlight in this way.

"Ordinary window glass cuts out nearly all the ultra-violet rays. Several types of glass have now been invented which admit the ultra-violet rays.

"We must also learn to wear light-colored and porous clothing, so as to permit the rays of light to reach the skin constantly.

"Another thing that would greatly benefit the tired man would be to learn to sit erect in his chair, with a support or cushion behind his back, his abdomen drawn in, his shoulders relaxed and his chest well up. Sitting all crumpled up, compressing the vital organs all day, overloading the liver circulation, and limiting deep breathing, are national sins. I have seen wonderful transformations worked on tired, down-and-out men and women merely by correcting their bad posture.

"AGAIN, factories and offices are too hot and too dry and not half ventilated. A temperature of 68°, with a humidity of about 70 has been found to be the best temperature for both mental and physical work. If this temperature is not comfortable, more clothes are needed. *The air should always be in motion.* Stagnant air prevents evaporation and elimination from the skin and is depressing. Moving air keeps the skin active, and freshens both body and mind. I do not mean a draft. That is dargerous. I mean air moving six to ten feet per second. An electric fan is a great help, if you cannot do better.

"Then, too, your tired man is often tired from lack of exercise. He shou'd do his daily setting-up exercises, and get in a good brisk two- to five-mile wa'k every day as a matter of religion. Especially should he employ plenty of stooping and bending exercises.

"Finally, various kinds of baths, which you can take just as well at home as in the finest sanitarium, are of prime value. Scarcely one person in a thousand knows how to take a bath properly. Prolonged hot baths are often weakening and should be taken only under expert guidance. A short hot bath, followed by a cold dash, is invigorating. A cold bath is a fine tonic. This does not mean that weak, nervous, or old people, should plunge into a tub of cold water or take a cold shower. Delicate persons should take cold rubs, rubbing each part till dry and warm before proceeding to the next.

"But one of the best baths for the tired, nervous, sleepless person, is the neutral bath. The water should be between 92° and 95° degrees, inclusive. Above 95° the pores open wide and the heat causes perspiration; below 92° the cold stimulates. Between these temperatures there are no thermic effects and the body soaks up water like a sponge. The water soothes the nerves and washes out the fatigue poisons. For nervous and tired people it is the most restful thing known, and for promoting sleep it is better than any sleeping powders made. Often twenty minutes in the tub before retiring will give a tired, nervous man or woman a restful night's sleep. In getting out of the bath, avoid the slightest chilling. Dry quickly, and get into bed at once, and you will probably quickly fall into a sound, refreshing slumber.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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SO ORIGINAL AND DIFFERENT

that Comparisons are Impossible

FRANKLY, The Victory has left current practice so far behind that comparisons are impossible.

Conservative drivers will never really discover the car's astonishing resources.

They will delight in its pick-up and low gas needs — its comfort and streamline beauty.

But the magnificent, all-day speed of the car — its faultless smoothness over clods and cobbles — are thrills that await the adventurer!

Six powerful cylinders are six powerful reasons for this. A *seventh* vital reason is the basic Victory idea!

For the first time in motor car history, chassis and body are a unit. Floor and seats are built in the chassis. The wide Victory chassis frame replaces the customary body sill — and eliminates the customary body *over-hang*. The body itself has only 8 major parts!

The result is 175 less pounds, 330 less parts; standard road and head clearance, yet a car that is extremely low, steady and safe — with a power plant stripped for instant and brilliant action!

And the *smartest* car at the price ever created!

$1095

4-DOOR SEDAN, F. O. B. DETROIT

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

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CHAMPION blazed the way to better engine performance

Anticipating engineering demands, Champion's persistent research has resulted in a vastly improved spark plug

Champion is now ready to inform the public about its most recent and far-reaching improvements in Champion Spark Plugs

The plain truth is that without this remarkable Champion progress, you probably would not be enjoying the vastly improved motor car performance which you *do* enjoy today.

Today, but for Champion's painstaking work in laboratory and shop, the high-speed, high-compression engine might still remain a future development.

In other words, the faster pick-up, the sustained speed, the cleaner performance in every way, which motorists today enjoy, is greatly dependent on improved spark plugs.

Sillimanite, from which Champion insulators are made, was first produced synthetically in Champion laboratories. Then Champion scientists searched the world until they discovered the only known commercial supply of this exceedingly rare mineral.

CHAMPION'S *Outstanding Improvements*

A remarkable new glaze on the exclusive sillimanite insulator, which prevents loss of current by resisting carbon formation.

Advanced method of heat treating insulator to withstand the terrifically increased temperatures of today's high-compression engines.

New compression-tight patented gasket seal for two-piece construction that holds absolutely gas-tight under the higher compression of the modern engine.

Improved special-analysis electrodes which provide permanently fixed spark-gap, resist pitting and burning most effectively, and are far more efficient in all operating conditions.

To these wonderful natural qualities, Champion ceramic scientists have added a structure which resists to the utmost the tremendous stress of modern engines and have protected this structure with a remarkable new glaze which prevents loss of current by resisting carbon formation.

This certainty of complete insulation insures proper sparking efficiency at all engine speeds — with sweet-running, superb climbing ability, lightning pick-up and easy idling.

Better engine operation and full power development are further assured by Champion two-piece construction, with its new patented gasket seal that holds absolutely gas-tight under the much higher compression of today's engines.

Through further scientific research, Champion developed the formula for special-analysis electrodes which not only resist pitting and burning, but provided a *fixed spark-gap* which gives positive and efficient engine operation at all speeds.

All of these remarkable developments in spark plug design and manufacture make the Champions of today by far the most highly perfected product in Champion history.

To all car owners Champion says, in all sincerity, that Champion superiorities are so pronounced as to warrant immediate equipment with the new Champions, no matter what spark plug you may be using now.

Champion further says that although Champions give better service for a longer period than any other spark plug, even Champions should be changed if they have been in service 10,000 miles, in order to maintain the high level of economy and performance which was built into the engine.

Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c.

Champion 3X—in the Red and Blue Box—standard equipment on the new Model A Ford—75c.

Champion X—in the Red Box—for Model T Ford—60c.

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

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Houdini—The Master Magician

(*Continued from page 9*)

came up there was solid ice above me, and I couldn't locate the hole. I went down again and looked, and I swam about under water a little, but that confounded hole had vanished as if it had suddenly frozen over—and, after a little, I began to need air. That bothered me; but I got an idea. I let myself come up gently, and, sure enough, my idea was a good one. Between the surface of the water and the under surface of the ice was a little air space, about half an inch wide. By lying on my back and poking my nose into this gently, I could fill my lungs.

"Of course this wasn't too easy. If I drew in water with the air I'd take to choking, and then—well, I didn't think about it. I'd get a little air, and then navigate around a bit looking for that hole, and then I'd have to get another breath. I couldn't see much, anyway, and it wasn't so warm down there.

"After what seemed about an hour, I saw the rope flash into the water, not very far away, and you bet I made for it. That was that."

SOMETIMES, in rare moments of confidence, Houdini would give an intimate friend a fleeting glimpse of his technique. Late one afternoon, at the office of his attorney, some months before Houdini's last illness, in the interval of waiting for some legal papers, the talk turned on the opening of safes, and the lawyer asked if it was really true that Houdini could open any safe.

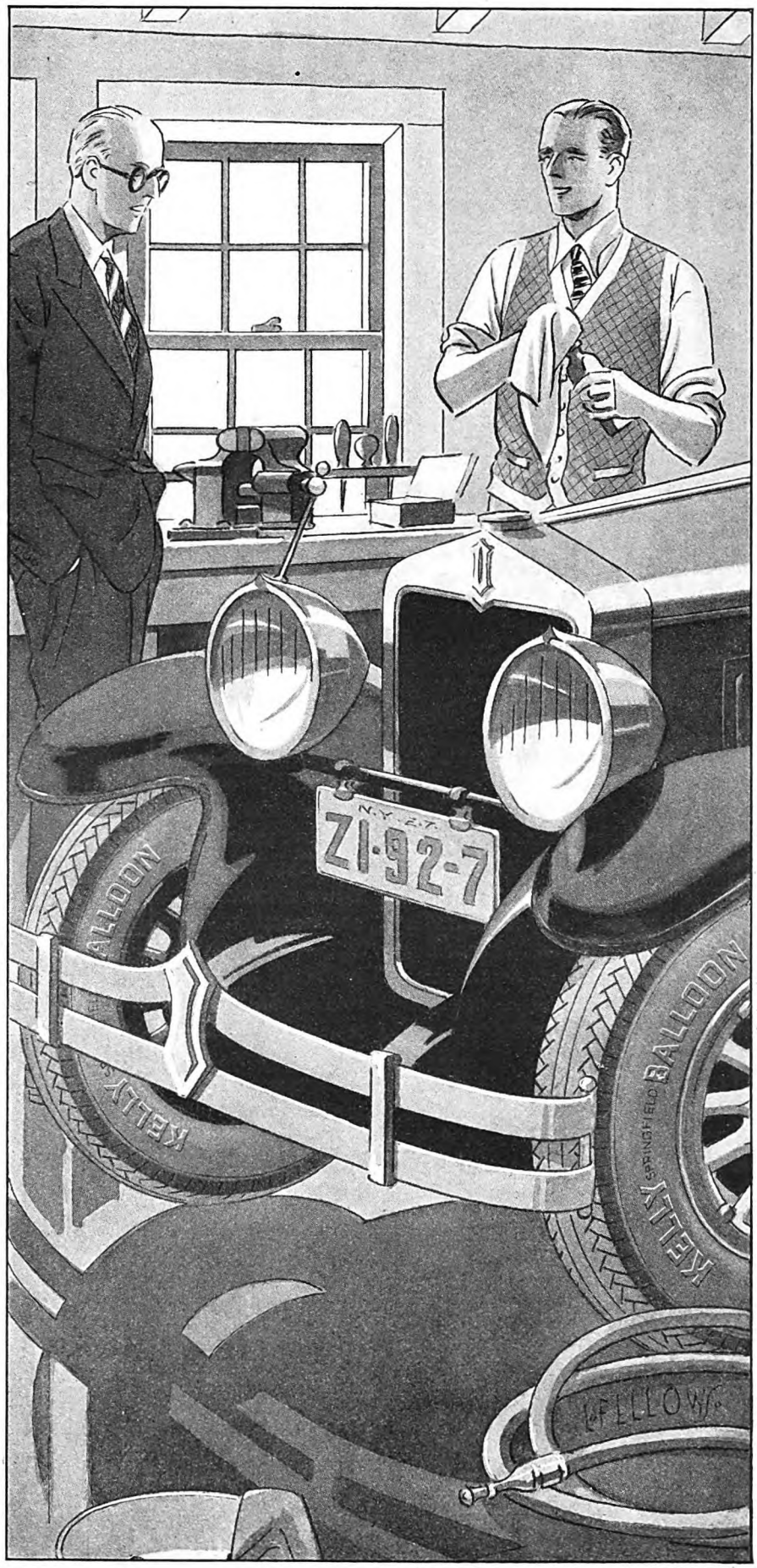
"Yes," said Houdini. "If everyone knew what I know about safes, safes wouldn't be worth very much. I sometimes wonder at the possible consequences if a clever hypnotist should get hold of me, dig out my secrets about safes, and pass them on to persons in the underworld. But it is a remote danger. I don't believe they would know how to apply the secrets, even if they heard them.

"When I was a youngster in petticoats, locks had a fascination for me. As I grew up I worked with various locksmiths. The study of locks led to the study of all sorts of locking appliances. In this connection, I took up physics, even dipped into chemistry a bit. You know, five hours is a full night's sleep for me. I can do with less. It's remarkable what a lot of work a fellow can get done during those three extra hours while the rest of the world is in bed. It's nearly eleven hundred extra hours a year. Maybe that's one of the reasons I am 'The Great Houdini' instead of a side-show piker."

"Can you open our office safe?" asked the lawyer presently.

"If you give me three minutes alone with it, I'll try," said Houdini. "But first let's make sure it's locked. It isn't any trick to open a safe that isn't locked."

The safe was a large one, such as is used as a repository for wills and other precious papers in a big law office. It had been locked for the night. The lawyer left Houdini in front of it, and retired to his private office. In a few minutes Houdini



"Do you think it pays to put so much money into your tires, Frank?"
"What do you mean?"
"Why, there are a lot of good tires that won't cost you as much as you paid for those Kellys."
"Not good tires. Any of the better-known makes will cost you the same price as a Kelly-Springfield."

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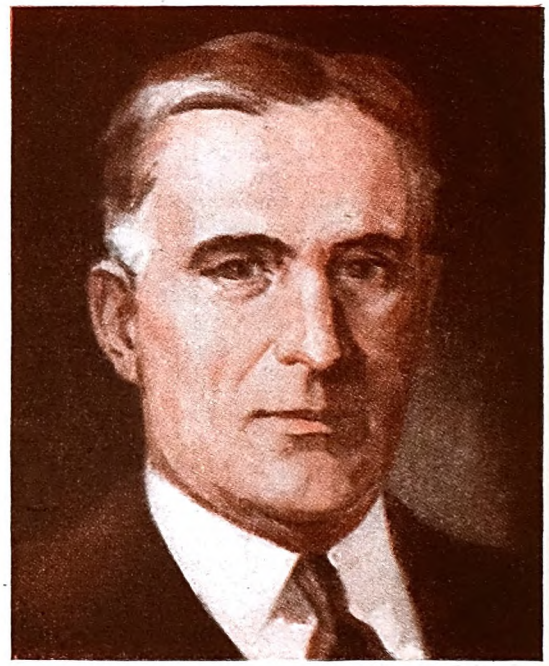
"Cheap" paint will *never* fool Jim Stewart again



He, like thousands of others now knows *that "You can't paint a house with apple sauce"*

IN every town and city—even on the farms—you will find "Jim Stewart." There are thousands and thousands of him. He typifies the man who has found out that *"cheap" paint isn't cheap at all.*

Last fall the particular "Jim Stewart" we have in mind found it necessary to repaint his house *AGAIN.* He decided to see just what there was to this rumpus about "cheap" paint.

So he bought $46.75 worth of fine old SWP House Paint from his local Sherwin-Williams dealer. A short while later he returned with $17.00 worth of the paint. And this is what he said:

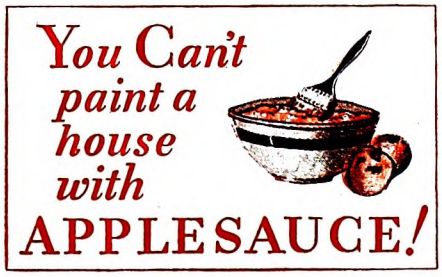
"I never in my life saw anything *cover* like this SWP. I figured this job on the same covering basis as the brand I have been using and *I had almost half of the SWP left over.*"

Is "Jim Stewart" *converted?* He is. Will a "cheap" house paint or any other "cheap" paint product ever fool him again? It will *not.*

If you are tempted by the "low price," the wonderful claims and eloquent promises of a "cheap" house paint, remember this:

"Cheap" paint is low priced for one reason only. It is cheaply made of *cheap* materials. Look at the formula. SWP House Paint, on the other hand, is a strictly quality paint. It costs more per gallon, because it is made of finest materials.

The white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate, zinc oxide, linseed oil and even the beautiful colors used in SWP are all made by Sherwin-Williams.



We could buy these materials on the open market, usually at less cost. But we could not control the superfine quality demanded by Sherwin-Williams.

As a result of these extra fine materials, and the famous Sherwin-Williams *"balanced"* formula, SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet per gallon (2 coats).

The average "cheap" paint, for obvious reasons, covers only 250 square feet per gallon (2 coats).

Where 11 gallons of "cheap" paint are needed for the average house *only 7 gallons of SWP are needed.*

Also, "cheap" paint and *cheap* colors have no stamina. Your cheap-looking "cheap" paint quickly fades,

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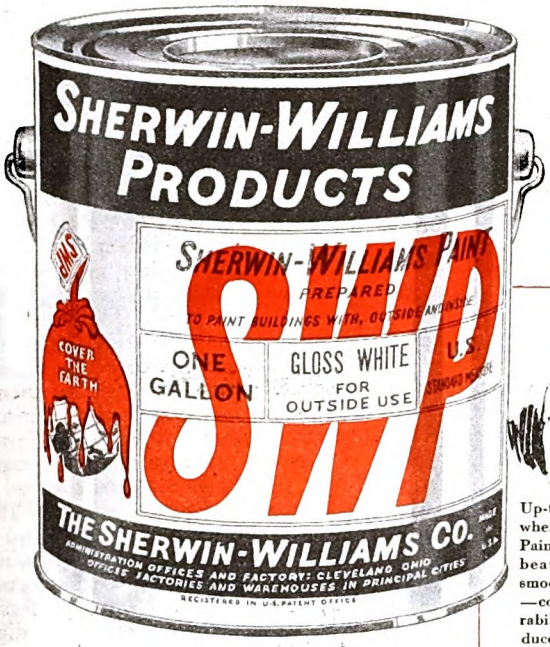

Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness — brushing ease —covering ability—and durability—can only be produced by scientific processes.

discolors, cracks, peels and chips. About two years sees its finish.

SWP House Paint, made of finest materials, with beautiful, sunfast and weatherproof colors, lasts on the average for five years—*and it looks rich to the very end.* This is vitally important today—when even our houses are radiant with color.

So there you have it. "Cheap" paint, with *cheap*, wishy-washy colors, actually costs you two and one half times as much as fine old SWP. *And there is no earthly way to beat it.*

The "Master Touch"

Often the question is asked, "Why is it that others do not make a house paint to equal SWP?" The answer is, "The Master Touch prevents it."

At the head of our great laboratories we have paint scientists who are in the paint industry what men like Thomas Edison and Marconi are in their chosen fields. These men have that rare *plus-ability*—the "Master Touch"—which lifts the great artist or scientist high above all others.

The "Master Touch" shows in the superfine quality of materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific "balancing" of ingredients—in the great, power-driven mills and grinders which produce the creamy-smooth SWP texture—in the critical testing and analyzing which guard every step.

This is the *vital* element of SWP House Paint and every other Sherwin-Williams product. No "cheap" process even comprehends such perfection. The most skillful cannot exactly duplicate it—even though the "balanced" formula is known to all. It is *Sherwin-Williams.*

Let "Paint Headquarters" save money for you

What is true of "cheap" paints is also true of "cheap" varnishes, lacquers or enamels. "Low-price-per-gallon" and economy are miles and miles apart.

If your house needs repainting see your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get comparative estimates on "cheap" paint and SWP House Paint. Base your choice upon *the cost of the job*—not the *gallon* price.

And do not forget that "labor" is not figured on the quality of paint used. It costs just as much to apply a "cheap" paint as SWP.

If you want the name of a painter in your vicinity who endorses SWP and will apply it for you, write us.

We will also send literature or information regarding any Sherwin-Williams *quality* paint product and a free copy of the famous "Household Painting Guide" which saves mistakes in painting. Write

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland . . Ohio

Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS, VARNISHES, LACQUERS, ENAMELS

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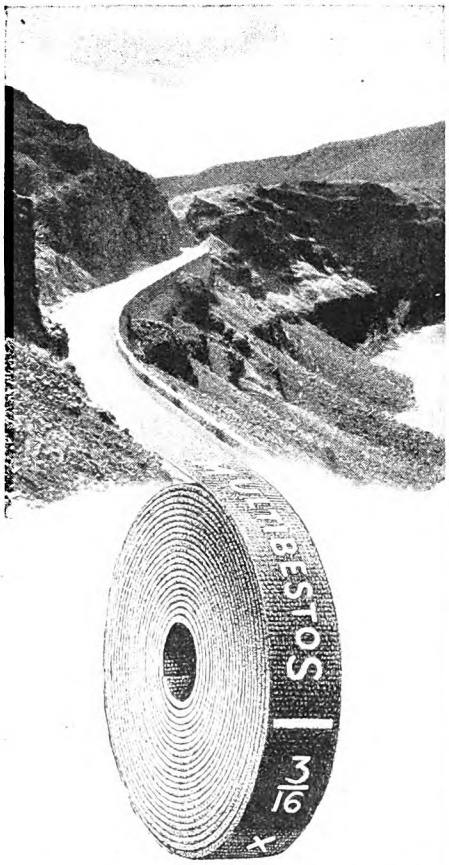

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summoned him. He walked up to the safe, without hesitation turned the knob to the proper combination, and the big steel door swung open.

Back in the inner office Houdini, on a sudden impulse, said: "I'll show you the secret. No one has seen it before."

He took from his waistcoat pocket something that resembled the case of a watch, save that within was a single sensitive dial instead of the two fixed hands.

"I made this myself," he said. "It is the only one in the world. If you knew what it meant, and how to use it, it would give you the combination of any safe anywhere."

He slipped it back into his pocket.

The two men left the office together. It was in a large building stretching to two streets, with entrances on both, the rear entrance being closed after six-thirty at night. Absent-mindedly, after they left the elevator, the lawyer led the way toward the rear entrance; but as they reached it he saw that the heavy, burglar-proof locking apparatus had been set, and the doors were closed for the night.

"I'm sorry," he said, turning. "We'll have to use the other exit."

He took a few paces, continuing the conversation, when suddenly he noticed that Houdini was no longer by his side. He turned back just as Houdini was starting to call him.

Houdini stood holding the "burglar-proof" door open, grinning like an urchin.

"What's the matter with this exit?" he asked naïvely. "It opens all right."

They passed into the street and then Houdini stooped over the lock a minute.

"I'd better leave this the way I found it, or your office might be robbed in the night," he remarked. A few turns of his wrist and the lock was adjusted again.

By a curious irony of fate, after Houdini died no record could be found of the combination of his own private safe in his home, and no one could open it. On a certain day it became necessary, rather unexpectedly, to secure immediately certain papers locked in that enigmatic safe. It was election day, a holiday, and the office of the makers of the safe did not respond to the telephone, when an attempt was made to get them to send professional aid. Finally, through some roundabout inquiries, an expert retired cracksman was secured. He labored for half a day over a problem which Houdini could have solved, even in the case of a strange safe, on the instant. Finally, he had to blow the thing open.

MAGIC is almost as old, apparently, as man. In primitive times, the sleight-of-hand artist found a credulous audience, and easily preyed on the wonder and fear of his tribal mates for his own elevation. He pretended to control both good and evil spirits, and thus secured for himself the prerogatives and emoluments of a supernatural being. Up to fairly recent times the most reputable magicians did not disdain to permit the humble folk to believe that they had supernatural aid, or even that they occasionally received counsel from Beelzebub himself. The elaborate gimcrack apparatus, the peaked hat and the decorative flowing robes affected by the old-time magician lent color to this common belief, and the robes were also useful for making objects appear or vanish unexpectedly.

For hundreds of years, crowds gaped at performers who could swallow fire, glass, or swords, who could walk on red-hot coals, sit serenely in a burning cage, tread unharmed over broken glass, or mount a ladder of swords. These things sound like marvels, but they are very simple; quite in the elementary grades of magic. No supernatural aid is needed for such feats. In one of his books, "Miracle Mongers and their Methods," Houdini gave a comprehensive description of the various methods of accomplishing these seeming miracles. Some of them are not without risk, but they are normally safe enough for the seasoned performer.

During the past century the higher-grade magicians have steadily shown a tendency to disavow all claims to supernatural aid, and stand on their own feet as artists. The flowing robes and the superfluous hocus-pocus have been discarded. The profession has gained correspondingly in dignity and public favor. Houdini was surely the most explicit and painstaking of all magicians in explaining that his magic had no supernatural attachments.

MRS. HOUDINI writes: "When Houdini made a five-ton elephant vanish from the stage of the Hippodrome, that was a trick, and only a trick. I know how it was done and I saw every step of the arduous months of planning and preparation that made it possible. No demons or angels whisked the elephant away, and, I may add, there was no trap door, nor was a trap door possible with a huge tank of water just beneath the stage floor.

"When, on the same stage, Houdini would swallow, or seem to swallow, a large spoolful of thread and a dozen packages of needles, and would subsequently draw the thread out of his mouth with the needles strung on it at intervals, until two hundred threaded needles from his mouth were stretched on a hundred feet of thread across the stage—that also was a trick, and only a trick. I know how it was done, and I was with Houdini when he discovered the germ of it in an old book of magic picked up in a second-hand bookshop in London. No visitor from the other world imparted the knowledge.

"When Houdini escaped from every sort of manacling device, from every sort of prison cell, from every sort of cask and chest and packing case devised by experts and nailed up and sealed by them, these things were tricks, and tricks only. They were performed as the result of long forethought and skill, and persistent, arduous training, by a man of steel nerves; but there was no supernatural agency involved."

Despite Houdini's constant disavowals, a legend persists that he exercised peculiar psychic powers. The legend was assisted by statements of mediums, exposed by Houdini, who would assert, after he had duplicated their feats, that he also possessed psychic powers, which he was either unaware of or deliberately chose to conceal. That honest believer in alleged psychic manifestations, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who was Houdini's good friend, in spite of their disagreement about spirit-

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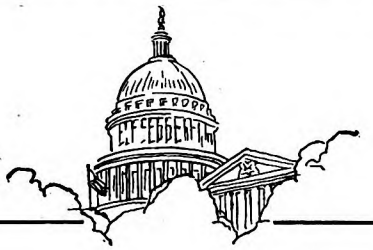

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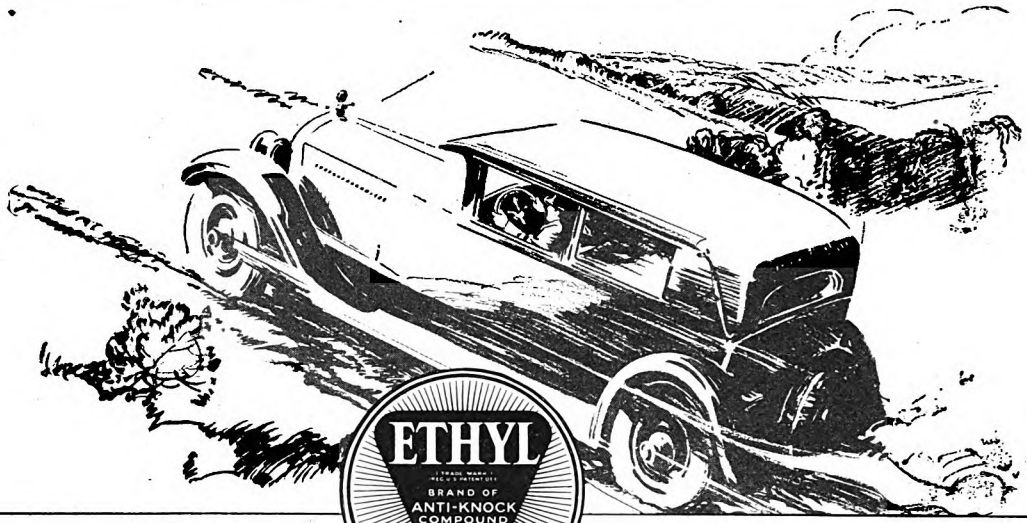

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ualism, insisted that Houdini's skill was largely supernatural. To the end of his days Houdini was unable to shake Sir Arthur's conviction.

J. Hewat McKenzie, president of the British College of Psychic Science, in his book entitled "Spirit Intercourse," was equally emphatic:

> Houdini . . . is enabled by psychic power (though this he does not advertise) to open lock, handcuff, or bolt that is submitted to him [he wrote]. He has been imprisoned within heavily barred cells, doubly and trebly locked, and from them all he escaped with ease. This ability to unbolt locked doors is undoubtedly due to his mediumistic powers, and not to any normal mechanical operation on the lock. The force necessary to shoot a bolt within a lock is drawn from Houdini the medium, but it must not be thought that this is the only means by which he can escape from his prison, for at times his body has been dematerialized and withdrawn.

Houdini's reply to this was thoroughly explicit. He wrote:

"I do claim to free myself from the restraint of fetters and confinement, but positively state that I accomplish my purpose purely by physical, not psychical means. My methods are perfectly natural, resting on natural laws of physics. I do not *dematerialize* or *materialize* anything; I simply control and manipulate material things in a manner perfectly well understood by myself, and thoroughly accountable for, and equally understandable (if not duplicable) by any person to whom I may elect to divulge my secrets. But I hope to carry these secrets to the grave, as they are of no material benefit to mankind and if they should be used by dishonest persons they might become a serious menace."

A PECULIARLY pathetic instance of belief that Houdini could reach into the hidden world of psychic aid was afforded by Sarah Bernhardt.

Early in 1917, during her last tour of the United States, after she had lost her leg, Madame Bernhardt was playing in Boston at a time when Houdini was also filling an engagement there, at Keith's Theatre. She invited him to visit her at her hotel, and there for half an hour Houdini performed for her some of his choicest mysteries. The next day he was doing one of his outdoor stunts, and he invited the Divine Sarah to watch the performance from a car, as his guest. Thus she saw him thrust into a straitjacket, and chained and locked up, and suspended head downward from the top of a tall building, and from this precarious position she saw him get free.

As they were driving back in the car she suddenly embraced him, and in the caressing tones which only Bernhardt possessed, she said: "Houdini, you are a wonderful human being. You must possess some extraordinary power to perform such marvels. Won't you use it to bring back my limb for me?"

Houdini looked at her, at once thrilled and amazed.

"You can bring it back, can't you?" pleaded the golden voice. "You ought to be able to bring it back, since you do these feats that mystify mankind."

There were tears in Houdini's eyes as he gazed at her appealing face and told her that he could perform only feats that

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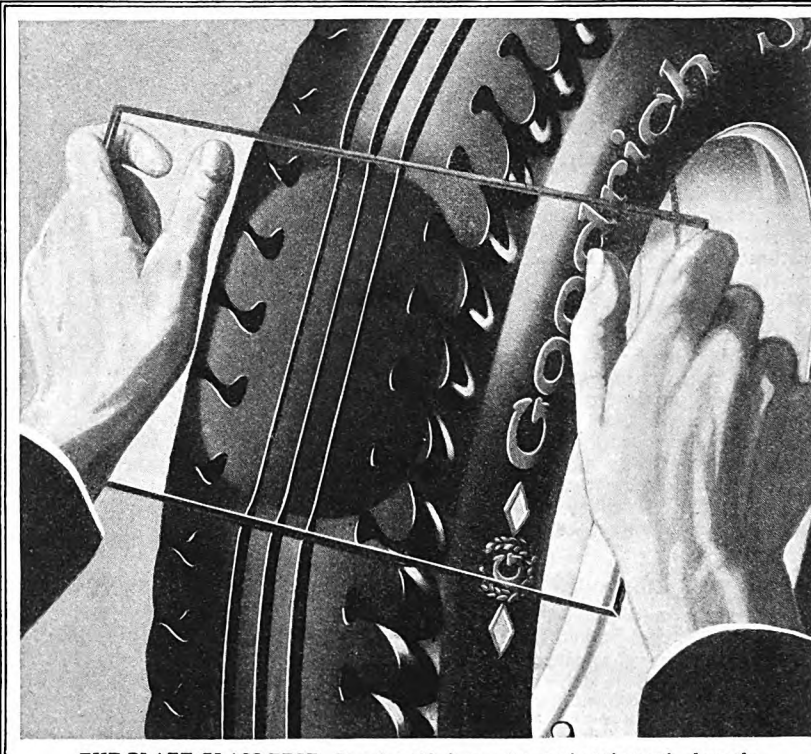

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could be explained in a natural way. During the entire ride back she kept her eyes on his face, lost in deep thought.

There is a more or less prevalent belief that certain East Indian magicians are endowed with supernatural power which enables them to perform feats which no Occidental can emulate. As a matter of fact, the art of the magician as practiced in India is a century or more behind the art as developed in the Western nations. No East Indian conjurer has approached in skill and resourcefulness the late Alexander Herrmann or our own Harry Keller of happy memory. None can be compared with Houdini.

At best, the East Indian fakirs have a few clever stock tricks, which they have perfected through successive generations of performers, and in which the illusion is assisted for the Occidental spectator by the exotic setting and the elaborate Oriental hocus-pocus. Master magicians have come out of the Orient—no one who ever saw the great Ching Ling Foo would have the temerity to deny that—but they have been few and far between.

This was Houdini's view, not infrequently expressed, and it was the result of the most exhaustive study of magicians and their methods ever made by anyone.

THE principal stock trick of the fakir is the basket trick. In this, a boy is tied in a net and pushed into a pot-bellied basket, on which a lid is placed, and the whole concealed under a sheet. After many incantations, the magician removes the lid, stamps in the basket and finally, jumping out, jabs into it rapidly with a sword. After some further hocus-pocus, the boy is made to reappear from the basket.

As Houdini has explained, the boy is a contortionist. As soon as he enters the basket, he coils himself against the bulging sides. When the fakir is poking into the basket with his sword, the boy is wriggling about in the bottom, keeping out of reach, often guiding the thrusts between his legs, as every movement in the act has been painstakingly rehearsed over and again.

The *pièce de luxe* of the East Indian repertoire, however, is the rope trick. This is indeed difficult to explain by natural means.

According to the description, the fakir tosses a rope into the air. Magically the rope remains suspended upward, so to speak, into space. One of his assistants climbs the rope, and vanishes in the air. In a short time his dismembered body comes crashing to the ground. The fakir gathers the pieces together and places them under a cloth. Presently, the climber jumps up from the cloth—smiling, whole and unharmed.

There is only one trouble with this marvel—it was never performed. It is one of those things that a friend of a friend of mine had described to him by a man who had heard that it was done in a neighboring province.

Had Houdini placed his marvelous abilities to evil uses he would undoubtedly have been the gravest individual menace ever known to organized society. He could enter or leave any building or chamber at will, leaving no trace of breakage behind him, and he could open the strongest steel vault as easily as a skilled second-story man could pry loose a bedroom window. No cell or jail could hold him, for he could solve any lock system in a few minutes, and pass through the most elaborate door. Had he chosen the crooked path, society would have been compelled to have him put to death for its own protection, for nothing short of the capital penalty would have served.

Doubtless, Houdini would have created an even greater havoc in human society had he perverted his genius for illusion to make himself the central figure of a new religious cult. He could have done this without difficulty. Moreover, he was aware of what he could accomplish in making himself the inspired prophet of a new mystical religion, and the full implication, in wealth and power and position, of such a great adventure. Those of his friends who were privileged to witness the occasional "séances," usually of a wholly impromptu character, which he sometimes gave for their edification during his later years, can understand his possibilities in this field.

The gorgeous and terrifying effects he could produce, in the course of an evening at a friend's house where he happened to be making a social visit, made the ordinary mediumistic phenomena seem quite childish. The intelligent spectator would be awed, in spite of the repeated assurance from Houdini that he was merely being tricked.

Had Houdini posed as one supernaturally inspired, one who could escape even into another world and return with messages and mandates and commands, and had he chosen to vindicate his claim by achieving seeming miracles for which no one could find a normal physical explanation, he could easily have established a formidable army of worshipers, eager to be lifted out of a humdrum existence by messages from the skies. The pseudo-prophet would have been a more terrible portent than the super-cracksman, because of his power to sway the minds and souls of men.

FORTUNATELY neither crime nor Black Magic had any lure for Houdini. He was a healthy-minded human being, apparently with no abnormal rift in his psychological structure. It was natural for him to play straight, and so he lived and died as a great showman.

Yet that description falls short of doing Houdini justice. Quite aside from his professional genius, he was a rabbinical Puritan, with much sentimentalism in his rigid make-up, and a streak of mysticism. While he devoted his life largely to devising methods for the breaking of physical bonds, he was also interested in breaking psychic bonds and communicating with friends who had passed through a door for which he had no pick-lock. After the death of his mother, this curiosity developed into a passion. His experiences with mediums led him to a stern warfare against frauds who strove to palm off phenomena of trickery and sleight of hand as manifestations from the dead. During the last few years of his life all his energy and skill and showmanship was summoned to the service of his crusade.

(*To be continued*)

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Proud Old Rooster

(*Continued from page 13*)

on a trip to the wood pile. "Say, mister! That snow came down so thick you had to tunnel to get through it."

But they didn't want his stories now. Not the crowd that fresh, lippy young Sammy bossed. They thought they knew it all, themselves.

He had vowed to stay away from Pilot Grove; but when the day of Luther's return came he hitched Dolly up. "Just dropping in to say hello," he told her.

Luther occupied the seat Sammy had had on the earlier visit. Talking to him was the young, inquisitive, good-natured fellow Lem had seen with Matt Kahler.

"Morning, Luther."

"Hi, Lem!"

Lem told himself he wished only to welcome his old friend back, but without any conscious change of purpose he found himself striking in another direction. "Say, Luther, I want to talk to you."

"Let's have it, Lem."

Lem glanced at the stranger. "Well, not now. I—"

"Oh!" smiled Luther. "Well, flop your old bag of bones onto a chair in the front of the store and wait a while."

Old bag of bones! Right in front of this stranger Luther was making fun of him! Lem's eyebrows came down in indignation.

"Have a seat," Luther repeated. "Y' ain't in a hurry, are you? Y' ain't tearing your shirt to get something off your chest, are you?"

"Oh, no," Lem managed. "Any time'll do." But he made straight for the door. Have a seat in a pig's eye! Joshing a man right in front of a stranger! Flop your old bag of bones on a chair! Y' ain't tearing your shirt? Joshing! In front of a stranger!

LEM turned Dolly homeward. "They can all go to Hell in a handbasket!" He tried to make the commitment vehement, but it had no more force than a falling ball of paper. The truth was that he could no longer be resentful or indignant. All he had left now of emotion was an aching desolation.

Back at the farm he bent under this as he prepared his noon meal. The bacon and eggs and the warmed-over potatoes had no flavor; and his coffee grew cold while he stared through the window, as at the future. He shoved the cup aside and went slowly out to Dolly.

"'F you kick me out, too," he said, "it'll be just what I expect." She nuzzled her soft nose against the bulge of his stomach, and he went on. "Everybody else thinks I'm an old rooster ain't worth bothering with." Dolly continued to scratch her nose against the satisfying texture of the overalls. There was encouragement in her nose. "They can all go to Hell in a hand basket!" Lem burst out.

This time the permission was a little stronger. And after a time he was able to repeat it with even greater force. "They can all go to Hell in a handbasket!" His shoulders took a brace. He bit off a piece of plugcut as big as a hickory nut. Pride was at last victor over humility. A stiff upper lip! That was the ticket. You bet your coat and pants! Nobody'd get a chance to say Lem Grow'd caved in.

An automobile turned into his barnyard. He listened, hesitated, then went out. When he saw Sam Brekke, the stiffness went quite out of his upper lip. It trembled between gloomy doubt and stubborn hope that Sammy was come at last to ask him into the show; although he managed to hide its trembling behind a pretended condescension. "Well, Sammy, m'boy! What can I do for you?"

"Why, the fact is," said Sammy, "that we want you in the show, Lem. Pa's resurrected an old stage-coach and we want you to drive it, pretending you're bringing the first mail from Minneapolis after the winter's break-up."

Lem chewed and spat and presented a calm face to the sky. "Just a minute, Sammy," he said, and hurried into the barn.

There, behind the door, he flung his arms up, and opened his mouth in dumb jubilation. "'J hear that, old hay burner?" he whispered. "'J hear that?" Dolly twitched her tail and seemed to wink. "They've come around. By Gol, they have! I knew they never'd get their show going without me." The plugcut was all but swallowed before he remembered it and coughed vigorously.

When he emerged into Sam Brekke's view he had a fresh chew and his manner was calm. "Thought I'd left a fork under Dolly," he explained. "Didn't want her to step on it." He rolled his tobacco until it fitted into a hollow of his jaw. "Le's see! You say you want me to do something in the pageant, Sammy?"

"Nothing hard," Sam said. "Just drive a stage-coach. You remember how the town used to be frozen in pretty near every winter? And how it used to celebrate when the roads opened up? Well, we'll have the field inside the fair grounds race track full of people, in front of stage scenery made to look like Pilot Grove about in the Seventies. It'll be at night, and things'll show up fine under the electric lights. And you'll drive in—with the first mails—from behind the grandstand. Get the idea?"

Get the idea! Lem spat. As if he didn't; better than anybody. Hadn't he been the one to bring that first mail, each February or March as it might be—Pilot Grove's first news in months? Get the idea! As if he didn't!

HE SHOWED scant interest, however. He wasn't going to let this fresh, lippy young squirt think he was doing anybody a favor. "Le's see," he said. "When is this pageant?"

"When—" Sam's eyes widened incredulously. "My lord! Even out here you ought to learn that much, Lem. It starts to-morrow night. That's the day after to-day. And we give the show three nights running—to-morrow, the next night, and the one after that." He shrugged impatiently. "If you don't want to drive, Lem, say so."

"To-morrow!" Lem said. "By Gol! I

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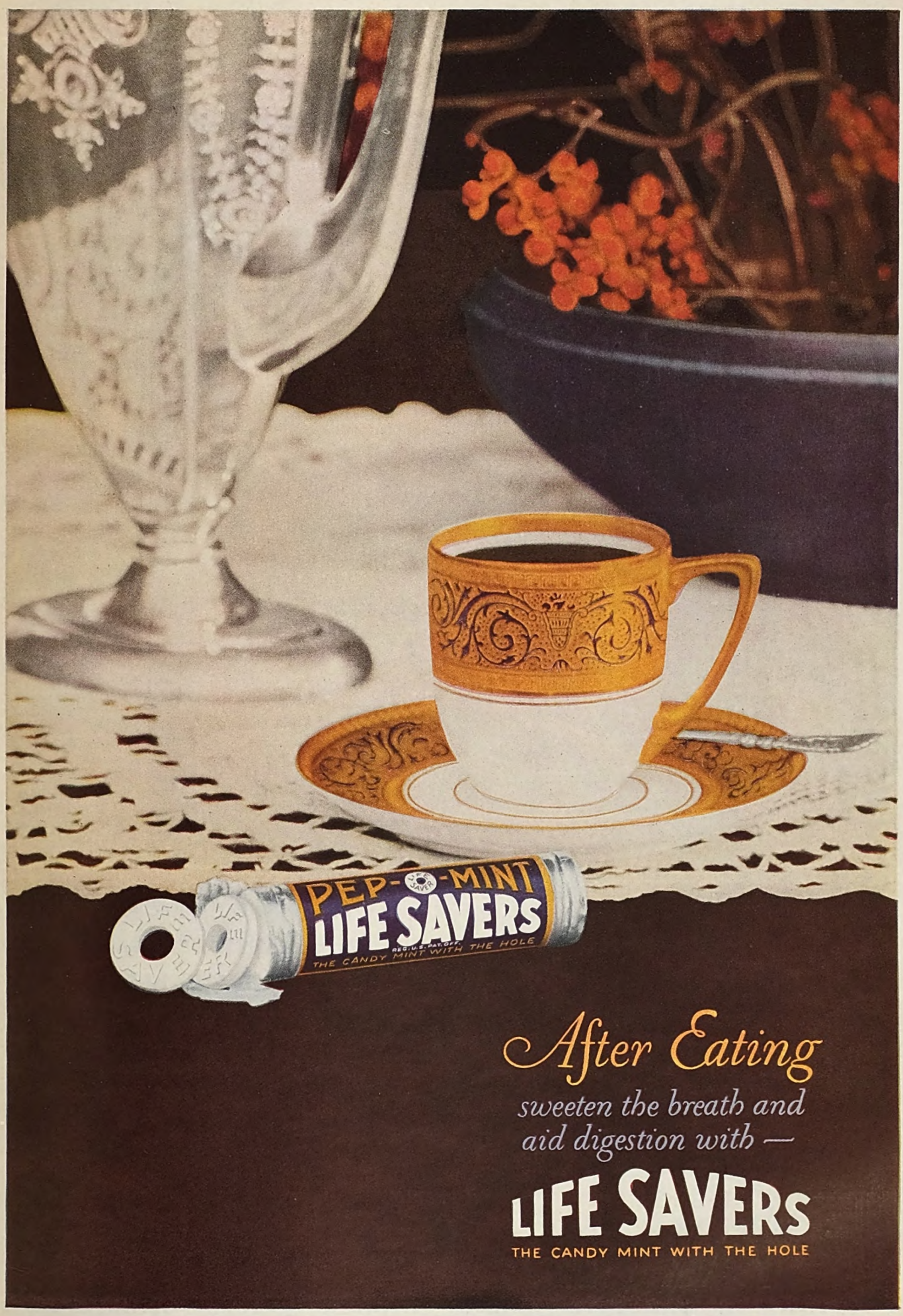

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THEY CERTAINLY DO KNOW THEIR CIGARETTES, THIS YOUNGER CROWD!

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SOMETHING ABOUT FATIMA—ITS GREATER DELICACY, ITS MORE SKILLFUL BLENDING OF FLAVORS — HAS MADE IT, AS IN OTHER DAYS, A CONSPICUOUS FAVORITE WITH THE YOUNGER SET.

FATIMA

OUTSTANDING FAVORITE AMONG HIGHER - PRICED CIGARETTES!

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figured to haul some feed to-morrow. But I guess I can change my plans, Sammy. Sure! I'll help you boys out."

"All right!" Sam turned to his automobile. "There'll be a rehearsal to-night, at seven. You be there on time."

"Just a minute!" Lem shifted his plug-cut. "What horses've you got for me to drive, Sammy?"

"Oh, we'll have horses for you." Sammy kicked the starter. "We'll have horses enough to haul the coach around from behind the grand-stand. You ain't going to make an endurance run from Minneapolis. Don't worry."

He was off, his motor thundering a contrast to the creak of wheels and the snap of leather that Lem's memory associated with departures.

Worry? Who was worrying? Lem returned to the barn. There, leaning against Dolly, he rubbed the round pod of his stomach as though he had just had an extraordinarily satisfying meal. He smiled. Finally he took out a red handkerchief and blew a tremendous blast.

"Ha!" He slapped Dolly's rump until she teetered protestingly. "Couldn't get along without the old rooster, after all. What'd I tell you?"

HE HITCHED Dolly up and sent her at a brisk trot into town. The rest of that afternoon, it seemed to him, could not have been improved upon. "Going to drive the mail coach in the pageant. Yep!" He told that over and over. There were dozens to whom that news must be of interest, and he missed none of them.

That, however, was the least of his pleasure. What counted far more importantly was his certainty that the rôle he was to play would make him the most prominent man in Pilot Grove. "See that old fellow? Last of the stage-coach drivers. You ought to hear his stories." Even after the pageant was over they would be talking that way. For weeks, months. Sammy had acted as if driving the coach didn't amount to much; but that young squirt didn't know everything.

With evening he turned Dolly's head toward the fair grounds. The strut was marked in his gait as he left her behind the grand-stand and marched, in the twilight, onto the field. All about, performers and workers made a hurrying welter through which he made a way with difficulty.

He was amazed and delighted when he saw the scenery of which Sammy had spoken. It was merely a canvas façade in imitation of frontier Pilot Grove; but under electric lights it looked real. And there would be nothing make-believe about the effect he would make when he swung his four horses up in front of it with a whole pack of folks hollering their welcome. "The real ticket. By Gol, it is that!"

He was some time finding Sammy, and when he did Sammy was busy enough for two men, instructing supernumeraries. In the background Lem noticed the same inquisitive, good-natured young man he had found on previous occasions talking to Matt Kahler, and to Luther Brekke.

"Holy Smokes!" Sammy cried. "Where've you been, Lem? We're waiting to try out your stunt."

"I'm here," Lem said happily. "Where's my rig and nags?"

"Fetch in that stage-coach!" Sammy's loud shout was directed at an assistant ten feet away. "Wait right here, Lem. I'll be back in two jerks."

Lem wrenched off a piece of plugcut. The crowd eddied. He found himself beside the stranger. He had been talking all the afternoon and it was natural to continue now. It was more natural than ever, for the stranger proved to be an unusually ready listener. The talk poured out in a clack as steady as a stick upon the spokes of a spinning wheel.

"HERE you are, Lem!" Sammy reappeared. "Here's your outfit. Now, the idea we want to work out is this—"

"Hold up a bit," said the stranger pleasantly. "I want the rest of this story, Sam. What was that," he kept close to Lem, "about the bear?"

Lem grinned and made a rapid end: "By Gol! You should of heard the lady from Boston holler!"

He turned quickly to his coach. He gave one look, then his jaw loosened in amazement, and he frowned at Sammy. "Sammy!" he protested, "You don't expect me to drive that outfit, do you?"

"What's the matter with that outfit?" Sammy asked.

"Now, look here, Sammy!" Lem was doing his best to be reasonable. "You've got a whole lot to learn: In the first place you've got me only two horses. I never drove anything but four in all my livelong life: no driver that thought anything of himself ever did. In the second place, I never drove anything but good horses." Although he tried hard, he could not keep an angry contempt out of the glance he turned upon the two ragged, bony plow horses hitched to the coach. "Crow baits!" he burst out.

"Don't act as if you were the whole show, Lem!" Lem recalled that the director of the other pageant had been stubborn; but this young squirt was downright pig-headed. "You won't be on long enough for anybody to notice whether you're driving thoroughbreds or plugs. And you know harness horses can't be picked up in every pasture nowadays."

"I've got to have good horses!" Lem spoke resolutely, although, inside his breast, that ominous pulse was again warning, "Look out! Look out!"

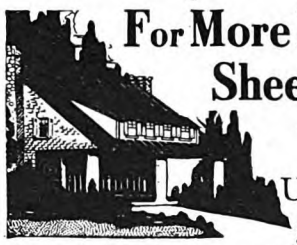
"Aw, blooey!" Sammy lost his temper. "I've got something else to do besides hunting horses. It'll have to be that rig or nothing. Let's go!"

"Listen, Sammy! I can't drive nags like that. I'd be laughed out of the county. I've got a reputation to—"

"Reputation!" Sammy cut in scornfully. "What do you mean, reputation? An old has-been like you ought to be glad to get into the pageant, without arguing about reputations."

Someone laughed in the deepening twilight. The warning pulse beat loudly. But Lem paid no heed. A has-been! Calling a man a has-been right in front of a whole crowd!

"A has-been, am I?" he cried. "Well, I ain't enough of a has-been to sit back of a pair of plugs like that." In an anger which rose above even the heavy realization that he was throwing away his miraculously given opportunity, he swung



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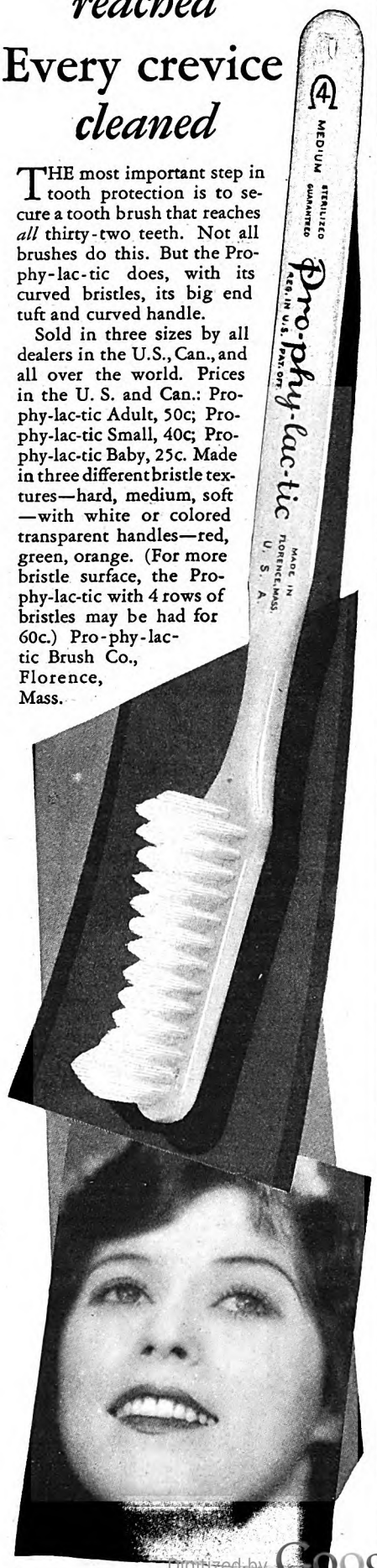

a trembling, rebuking hand against Sam Brekke's head. "Call a man old enough to be your grandfather names, will you!"

"Get off this field!" Sammy shouted. "Clear off before I have you thrown off."

"Just you try throwing anybody off!" Lem wheeled in a slow challenge that invited everyone. "Just anybody try to throw anybody off. I'm a proud old rooster, and I don't stand for any lip from fresh young squirts!"

Deliberately, with his whip cocked under one arm, he walked into the crowd and through it. Someone called, "Mr. Grow!" He looked around. It was the inquisitive stranger who had called. Beside the stranger stood another man whose head was bent over a black box. As Lem faced the pair his eyes met a blinding flash.

"Thanks!" the stranger called. "Come on!" He jerked his companion. "We can just make the bus for Minneapolis."

Thanks for what? Lem wondered. He untied Dolly and climbed into the buggy. Home, he stumbled into bed. He was too miserable next morning to get up. Dolly had hay, and nothing else mattered; but after a time the rattle of the mail man's flivver aroused him; and in a mood like that of ancient Christians who wore hair shirts, he decided to see what the paper had to say about the pageant.

He dressed in between long pauses and went out. The stories had always been on an inside page, "News of The State." He turned to that; no story was there. At the thought that on the opening day Sammy had failed to get a story, he could not quite down a feeling of satisfaction.

HE WAS refolding the paper when Page One caught his eye. Precisely, it was the caption over a picture which attracted him.

"Proud Old Rooster."

Lem read the caption, then he glanced at the picture, and then he stared.

"I'll kiss a pig!" he stuttered, and pelted for the barn. "Hi, Dolly! Look a-here." Before that intelligent horse's eyes he displayed a two-column likeness of himself, gazing truculently into the darkness of the race track. And while she munched hay and winked he read the story. It was, in the beginning, the story of his quarrel with Sammy.

A proud old rooster's crow, triumphant even in disaster, last night muffled the hammers which drove the last nails into the scenery of Pilot Grove's three-quarter-century pageant.

When it had died away all Pilot Grove knew what the rest of the world is being told now—that Lem Grow, sole survivor of the state's once colorful fraternity of stage-coach drivers, never will disgrace the memory of the blooded horses he has handled by driving a pair of crow baits. Not even at the price of a rôle in the Pageant, which he desired above pearls—

"It certainly makes Sammy out the fresh, lippy young squirt that he is," Lem told Dolly. And then he forgot triumph over his adversary in an elation stirred by the rest of the story. Everything was told. Everything. The blizzards. The raid. The bear. "By Gol!" he cried, "Dolly, it must of been this Special Correspondent that I talked with last night. And it was my picture the son-of-a-gun ran away with!"

HE WAS still marveling, with Dolly, over this discovery when Luther Brekke shouted from outside. He went out. With Luther was Matt Kahler. Matt held a copy of the paper.

"Listen, Lem!" Luther began. "That young pinhead of mine got off on the wrong foot last night. You're going to drive that coach. Matt's going to give you the gelding, and he's found three more horses almost as slick."

Lem's hands were stroking at his white beard, making movement to conceal their trembling. Luther mistook the deliberate pose for unfriendliness.

"Come on, Lem!" he urged. "We've got to have you. Everybody in town's talking. All the visitors'll think they've been bamboozled if they don't get to see you." He motioned to the paper in Matt's hand.

A rich, sweet contentment filled Lem. He swallowed, as if he had had the actual taste of it on his palate. "Why, of course I'll come," he told Luther. "Sure! Don't you worry about your show, Luther. I'll come."

Everybody talking! You bet your coat and pants everybody was talking. And he knew what they were saying, too.

"Hop in, then," said Luther. "We'll take you back in a hurry."

"No!" Lem stood firm. "I'll drive Dolly." He would not heed their protests. Not until they had gone would he set out.

He let Dolly go as she pleased. His own whole interest was centered upon a murmur which became more and more distinct. "See that old fellow? Last of the stage-coach drivers. You ought to hear his yarns!"

High Water

(*Continued from page 47*)

up over his head. While I admire an animal that is constantly alert, and that is radically so in time of general peril, I also admire a creature that possesses a certain stubborn geniality.

Not long ago I heard a rather pompous, absurd, individual say that he had never encountered a situation that he could not dominate. The raccoon is not of this dominant strain; but he gets vast enjoyment out of life. This one, for example, snoozing calmly in my boat: though captured by his arch-enemies, he must have his nap out.

Ancient civilizations depend much upon little customs: the Englishman must have his tea in the afternoon. . . . The raccoon belongs to an ancienter civilization than man, in a sense; and his siesta to him is a sacred thing. Man is developing all the time (so we understand); but from time immemorial the raccoon has been using his full mental and physical capacity. I am not one of those who believe that ere the advent of the automobile and the rifle wild creatures had an easy time of it. Civilization is the foe not only of the raccoon but of the raccoon's old enemies

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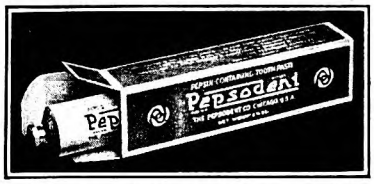

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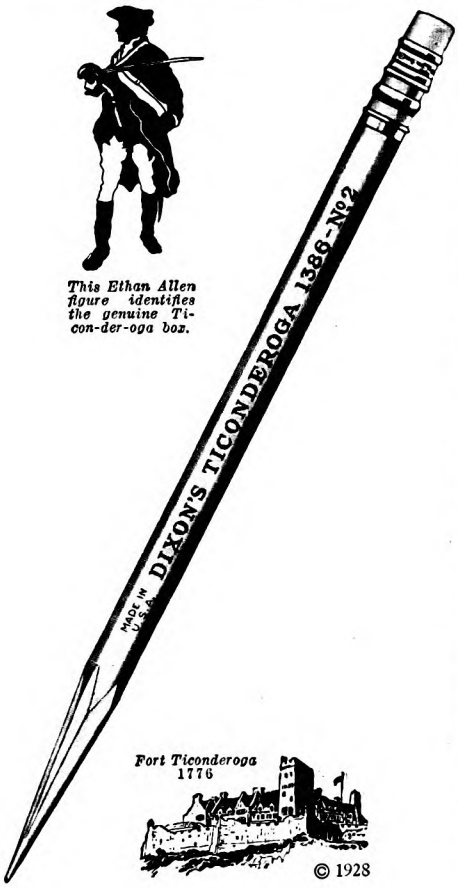

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as well. Nature's balance has always been kept; and where man is not, other grim enemies are found.

I recall another raccoon that equalled this one in his *savoir faire*. I was walking one winter down a causeway in Blake's Marsh, a vast reedy waste, now a part of a great game refuge. In a gnarled red cedar I came upon a raccoon basking in the genial sunshine. As he was in a low fork of the tree, I reached for him, and lifted him down by the back of the neck.

Snuggling him against my hunting coat, I walked on unconcernedly. At first I heard one or two low snarls of sleepy complaint. Then all was still. After a while I heard what seemed to be further growls. But my captive was fast asleep, and was snoring confidingly, contentedly in my arms! Somehow, that sort of experience with a wild thing "gets me" more than all the hunting and trapping in the world. I may have become too sentimental over that raccoon, but he made me think of Beaumont's beautiful lines:

They have most power to hurt us whom we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

THIS whole country, that was now submerged by the flooded Santee, used to be planted in rice; and where the ancient banks once were are now lines of trees and bushes, marking the limits of the fields with perfect accuracy. Some of the bushes were deluged, or lay level on the flood, like a mermaid's streaming hair. Wherever there was a tree top or a bush top showing, there was some wanderer lodged. We came to a sweet-gum tree over which smilax vines had rioted. The top of this was some seven feet above the tide. Crouched in it were three handsome king-rails, and five swamp rabbits!

These little brown bunnies, quite distinct from the jaunty cottontails, are famous swimmers, and they are good climbers as well. I have known one to go as high as twenty feet in a hollow tree. What interested me about these refugees was the fact that they had not only climbed out of the water but had not rested until they were high above it. Three of them were in the vines near the very top of the bush. It seemed to me that they had taken into account the possibility of a further rise in the water. Thus ensconced, a rabbit will sit for days, nibbling the twigs and vines within reach, with pathetic yet genuine patience, awaiting the subsiding of the waters.

I was interested in seeing how many of the refugees were real swimmers; and I dislodged a good many of them just to test their ability. There is honestly no such thing as a wild creature that cannot swim. The king-rails would step off into the tide, and go gliding away in a swift serpentine fashion; the bunnies would take a frantic, timid plunge; but, once in, they swam with remarkable speed and grace; we passed a drove of razorbacks heading for the mainland shore. They always swim as if they are racing, their snouts high, crowding each other—occasionally one overriding the back of another. They are powerful swimmers—and apparently tireless. Though I have known thousands to swim, I never knew one to drown, except by being caught in some kind of natural trap. I once found the body of one of these creatures fixed in the tight fork of a tree—wedged in such a way that it was clear, that, attempting to swim through the crotch at a time when the flood was flush with it, he had been caught. The subsequent rise of the waters had drowned him.

Cattle are good swimmers—and sheep also; goats, too, though they dislike water as much as cats, and are as canny about getting wet. I have also seen a wild turkey swim—not a wounded one, either. But Prince and I were now to come to a real master of the art.

A LITTLE inundated swamp was ahead of us; and as we entered this the trees made paddling difficult. I tried to pull the canoe along by catching the saplings and drawing on them. The waters here had a glassy glide, broken purlingly by the trunks of the trees—broken also by the swimming of fugitives. I had seen so many rabbits that I paid little attention to them; and when I saw what I took at a glance to be another bunny, I gave him no attention. But suddenly I heard Prince behind me say, "Otter!" The lithe swimmer was then within fifteen feet of the boat—a long, glistening creature, with head held high, with white whiskers gleaming. He's a swimmer *de luxe*.

For a moment I saw him thus, marking his sinuous grace, marking also his gorgeous rich fur; then he humped himself like a diver in a jack-knife dive, and was gone into the dim heart of the flood. His long furred tail made identification of him certain. We waited for him to rise; but he did not come up again. For under-water swimming, I don't think a fish has much on an otter; and of all wild creatures inhabiting the delta, this obscure, elusive, elegant aristocrat is to me one of the most appealing.

More than once I have found their "slides"—the long smooth slopes of mud on some remote bank, down which they glide gleefully. There is not a more playful animal. Once, near an old abandoned place on the delta called Tranquillity (fit name!), I saw a family of otters sliding. The slide was perhaps fifteen feet high, glisteningly smooth, and overhung by marsh. Not far from its foot were the mud-covered timbers of an old, abandoned wharf.

The otters would slither down the bank, strike the water with a joyous kind of splash, and then swim over to the timbers, which were almost flush with the tide. On these they would crawl and preen themselves luxuriously in the sun. I say "preen," that is the impression their toilet-making gave. An otter is very fond of licking his exquisite fur; and in the sunlight after such a burnishing it glows radiantly.

Few animals, barring the wild-cat, are so secretive in their habits; and otters may live for years close to human habitations without having their presence suspected. I love an otter. He is the most graceful and joyous of creatures; and I never see one in a lonely creek or on some solitary bank without feeling that suddenly the soul of the place has uttered itself in beauty, that the palpitant heart of the wastelands has suddenly divulged its most intimate secret.

Considering once more the flood, it is

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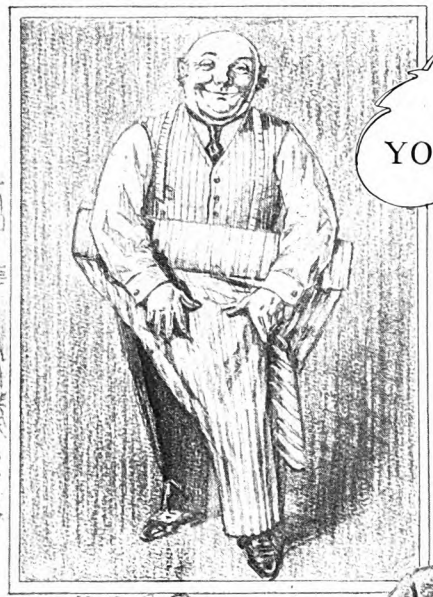

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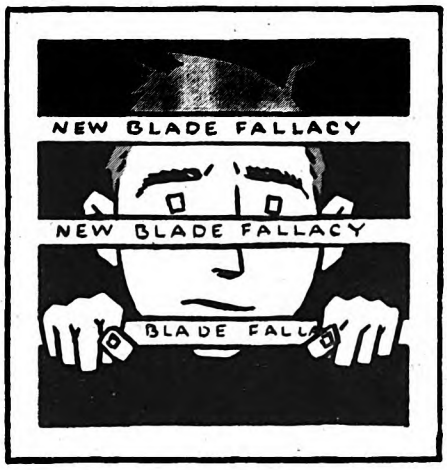

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interesting to know to what degree the more hapless of the mariners may be borne far away, literally into other lands. Having taken a curious interest in this matter, I can say that I knew of a buck to be caught by a drifting tree and drowned, and that his body was found a week later on a sea beach some twelve miles distant. Sea islands which formerly had no snakes have gradually become infested by them, because of the freshet tides that carry them, like so much flotsam, out into the ocean and then back upon the beaches.

Some thirty-five miles from the mouth of the Santee there is a popular bathing beach; and not long ago the seashore beauties were horrified to see a grim bull alligator riding the breakers as serenely as any summer-time Adonis of a bathing resort. He, of course, had been floated out to sea by a fresh-water flood; and, as he is quite as much at home in salt water as in fresh, he had journeyed on a sea voyage down the coast for his health.

Of those creatures that seem to love a freshet, none is more loud in its praise than the tiny marsh-wren—a little brown wisp of a songster. This frolic youngster lives, I imagine, in terror most of the time in the shadowy country of the marsh. But when it is flooded, and delightful rafts of sedge are drifting about, he is as engaging and as independent as our village "Central." He is the Ariel, as the alligator is the Caliban, of the delta. He bobs up and down on the sedge, carols a true-love ballad, inspects with refreshing pertness the sedges for the tiny insects that are his fare, and cares not a whit how the waters rage. Of course he has his wings. A thing with wings can afford, I think, to take life somewhat more jauntily, more angelically than we can.

IN THE presence of an ancient menace like a flood, our brothers of the wild have a certain native felicity of resource, a certain deft precision of judgment. When one of these mighty waters moves down the river, immersing the swamps and the low-lying lands, the life in those regions is very far from being terrorized. Indeed, the only things that I ever saw utterly demoralized by such a crisis were domesticated stock. In the face of a freshet's stormful, proud advancing, most wild creatures are resolute, resourceful, calm; they swim; they climb; they wait with infinite patience; yet I believe at such a time wild ducks are likely to be somewhat demoralized.

They are dependent upon sunny sandbars, reed-hung glassy creeks, well-defined regions. They do not seem to know what to do in a vast sea of rushing waters. I have observed at such a time myriads of wildfowl hurrying in long distracted lines, they knew not whither. In most cases, after much vague and circuitous flight, they betake themselves to the quieter backwaters of the flooded swamp, where they gorge themselves upon the luxurious foods that such a place offers. But when a deluge first takes the delta I have seen countless thousands of mallards, black ducks, and widgeons thronging wildly and tumultuously, embarrassed by a satiety of their native element. . . . Yet in the presence of its deadly peril a raccoon will enjoy his sleep serenely.

It was Mithridates, I think, who used to take small doses of poison, so that when some traitor should serve him with a spoonful of arsenic, he would not notice the delicate attention. He who knows of the troubles that one has to expect in life will be neither surprised nor stunned by them. They will be like things that he has long since experienced and sustained.

After we had left the Ridge with its inhabitants, Prince and I paddled northward over the drowned country, passing scores of groups of just such fugitives as I have described. We came at last to the gray, gloomy, but alluring margins of the great swamp, steeped now in this stifling tide. Here, we knew, were wild-cats, foxes, and bears; for the last, Prince had no especial relish. One thing we saw before we had skirted the swamp a hundred yards. A tall alder bush had a crown of smilax, and this was swaying in the current some six feet above the water.

As we drew up, we discerned a creature curled up in the vines. Of course we thought it to be a raccoon. But it was a fox! Doubtless, in swimming out of the submerged swamp, he had come to this refuge, and had climbed up into the cradling vines. He saw us coming; but he did not move. I could tell by his peaked ears that he was watching us intently; and soon I discerned his brilliant feline eyes. But he had no intention of moving if we passed him by. He seemed to me a very good sport—to hold himself in check while his fellest enemies drew near. He had been in the vines some time, I knew, for his fur was dry and fluffy. There he lay luxuriously—secure in a certain felicitous and admirable guile.

The fox, I think, moves in a mental orbit outside that of most creatures and of most men. His mental attitude is distinctly Oriental. Some people make a ponderous passage through the world by butting the bull off the bridge; others insinuate themselves around and over and under difficulties—secret and serpentine and delicately crafty, capriciously certain. To the latter class belongs the fox. Our cradled friend we left on the lonely swamp-edge, swaying in a hammock above the tide.

ON OUR homeward paddle, we picked up several rabbits that seemed worn out with swimming, two tame pigs, and another raccoon. All of these, upon reaching the plantation landing, we set free. Each in his own way left us: the pigs grunting unconcernedly, the raccoons pacing thoughtfully down the edges of the freshet, the bunnies hopping off among the leaves, pausing to lick their wet fur and to wash their faces with their paws.

Our hunt was at an end. It had been the most interesting one I had ever enjoyed. And we hadn't killed a thing! Like the liberated wild things, Prince and I made our way from the river to our hearths and homes—I to the big house near the river—he to his cabin amid the wistful autumn fields, fast fading now in the twilight, dewy and still and fragrant.

As I walked up to the plantation house, thinking of what my strange cruise had meant to me, I came upon my gun, leaning against a tree. Somehow I was glad that it had been left. For if a man takes a gun into the wilds with him, he may leave his heart at home.

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This is No Job for a Nervous Man!

(*Continued from page 27*)

by a gasolene engine. Many wells are from three to four thousand feet deep, so the shells, unless expertly handled, have plenty of chance to encounter a "twenty-eight-pound jar" before they reach the bottom. A premature explosion would mean destruction of hundreds of feet of casing, and clogging of the well. So expert is Thornton's handling of these shells that he has never broken a string of casing.

The nitroglycerin shells look like lengths of galvanized stove pipe. They are from three to ten feet long, and hold from ten to thirty quarts of nitroglycerin. If the formation to be "shot" is very tough, ten or even fifteen shells may be put down.

A bomb containing a clock set to go off at the time decided upon is let down on top of the last shell. When the bomb explodes, the concussion sets off the nitroglycerin. There is a low rumble, the earth trembles and with a roar the oil shoots out over the top.

IF YOU could see down into the well at the time of the explosion, you would see the powerful nitroglycerin pushing back the walls of the well, shoving the sand in all directions and creating a pocket, into which oil flows from every direction, accompanied always, in more or less volume, by gas.

"Sometimes the gas beats you to it, and starts coming up before you are ready for it," Tex explained. "That's what happened that time the five shells were blown up at me. I was just letting the fifth one down when I felt the line slacken and heard the gasolene engine speed up, because the load was taken off.

"Some of the fellows started to run. They knew that if that shell ever hit the top of the derrick—good night! The gas was sending it up like it was a feather floating over a hot radiator, and the odor was almost enough to knock a man down.

"I couldn't run. There was only one thing I could do: When that shell stuck her nose above the casin', I grabbed her. She was all covered with mud an' oil, naturally, an' it was like tryin' to catch a slippery fish.

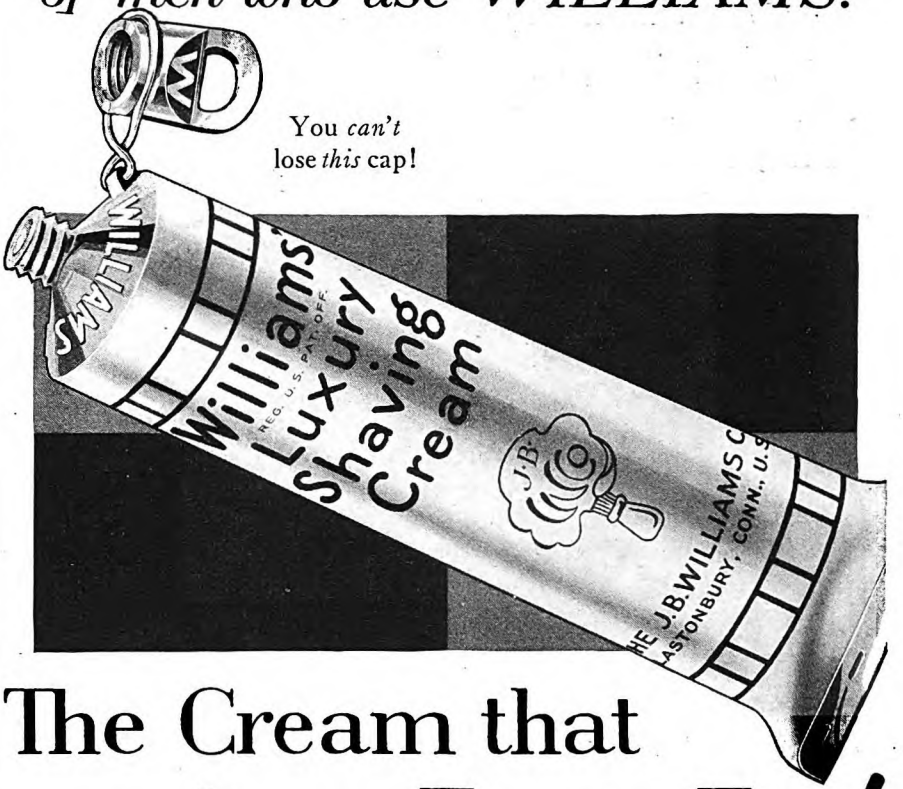
"I set her down as polite an' gentle as I could, and started to wipe the sweat off my face when along comes another one. I grabbed that one too. I just had time to lay her down, when the remaining three shot up, so close together that I was afraid they'd bump one another. By the time I laid the last one down, my helpers were all a hundred yards away, an' they'd done the distance in a little over ten seconds."

In that same period, Tex had caught and laid down a hundred and fifty quarts of nitroglycerin.

"It was a similar situation that caused the worst oil-well fire in my experience," Tex went on. "I had loaded up a well to 'shoot' it, and had gone into the engine-house, about sixty feet away, to get some rest before the bomb went off.

"I had been lyin' down about four

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"



The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

Williams Shaving Cream will leave your Face Fit! That's fully half its job.

The Williams lather,—abundant, softening every hair, supremely mild,—gives a shave that's quick and close and comfortable. *And it does far more than that.*

It gently cleanses every pore. Soothes and tones up facial tissue. Helps to maintain or restore the fine clear complexions that mean face health,—Face Fitness.

Williams is unique. There is no other quite like it. Perhaps because into every tube of it have gone 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—best to keep Faces Fit!

The drug clerk knows. Just ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . *. . . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream

please!

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EVEN TWICE WASHED Faces don't seem clean at night

Pore-dirt can never be washed away

A HARD-SCRUBBED face may *seem* clean enough when seen across the aisle of a car or over the desk in an office. But a face simply has to *be* clean when shown close up under night lights . . . or somebody's going to be the loser.

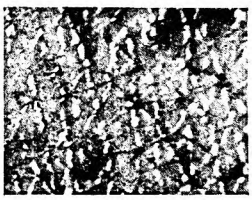
When you wash your face, the *surface* gets clean. But look in a mirror—now—and see the pore-dirt that *can't* be washed away. It's *under* the surface of your face this very minute.

Pore-dirt dulls the cleanest complexion. It needn't! And we'll gladly send a FREE tube of Pompeian Massage Cream to prove it to you.

Goes in pink...*ROLLS OUT DINGY GRAY!*

THESE amazing photos show what happens when Pompeian Massage Cream gets after pore-dirt. Number one shows a section of skin before using Pompeian. Number two shows the skin after a few seconds' Pompeian massage.

The cream was a clean pink when it went into the skin. But notice its color—*now!* Those dried pellets of cream are a dingy gray . . . gray with pore-dirt . . . dirt that couldn't have been dislodged by a heavy course of scrub-downs!



1. Photomicrograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

2. Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

And that's the sensational demonstration that turns men by the hundreds to this remarkable cream.

Make FREE test that convinces thousands

Will you try Pompeian on your own skin? Test it—please—at our expense. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us now, before you turn this page.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-C, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

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minutes when I heard an awful explosion. A shell had been blown into the top of the derrick. The side of the engine house swayed inward from the concussion like somebody steppin' on a paper box. About a second after the explosion it began to rain iron and timbers, rope and pieces of riggin' all over the roof of the engine house.

"I heard the well take fire, a big 'whooo-op!' like somebody shakin' out an enormous blanket.

"When I stepped outside I saw a surprisin' sight. The derrick an' riggin' was gone. The ground was covered with oil, an' the oil was a-fire. In the flames, near the well, I saw seven small round objects. I knew what those were. It was the crew. I rushed in, after soakin' my clothes in water, and dragged the men out. Every one was dead.

"That was about the worst fire I ever saw, but it wasn't the narrowest escape I ever had. That happened when a spark caused by friction in the machinery set a well on fire, and in some way the fire had shot out sideways. It burrowed into the sides of the cellar, and came out in three different places, making three big 'torches' to handle instead of the usual one. Mostly, there's a space where there isn't any flame, all the way from ten to fifteen feet up from the well casin'. This is the space where the gas mixes with the air to form a combustible mixture. But, in this case, the air was gettin' to the gas awfully low down.

"I was standin' over the well with a thirty-quart nitroglycerin shell in my arms, wondering how I was goin' to place my shot so as to get all three flames at once, when the piece of bank I was standin' on collapsed. I couldn't drop the shell. I didn't dare to try to catch myself. I had less than a second to decide what to do. I figured the best thing was to slide down standin' as nearly upright as I could. If I fell, the shell would go off.

"I went down slow, like a statue, with the crumblin' dirt. At the bottom of the hole, I toppled over—still hangin' onto the shell, so the nitroglycerin wouldn't pour out of it into the fire. I lay there a minute wonderin' whether I was dead or not. I expected the heat to set the explosive off any second.

"But I was as calm as anything. I says to myself, 'Well, here I am in the hands of the Almighty. If He wants me to die, I'm goin' to pass out now. If He don't want me to die, I'd better start movin'.' I made sure of my footin', an' walked up out of there. Some of the gang thought I was a ghost. . . . I don't believe in quittin' just because the odds look bad.

"THE biggest thrill I ever had was in a well that I was just gettin' ready to 'shoot.' I was standin' over the casin' lookin' down—hadn't even taken my explosives out of the car—when the gas in that well let go.

"It had a pressure of about six hundred pounds to the square inch, three times what they carry in an ordinary locomotive boiler; and all of it went up my pants legs!

"My clothes seemed to puff up around my head an' blow up like a paper sack. The next thing I knew, I was sailin' toward the top of the derrick accompanied by a lot of ribbons. I turned over a couple o' times, an' come down, a-sittin'. It knocked the breath out of me.

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"When I came to, I had to laugh with the rest of the boys. All I had on was my shoes an' socks, the cuffs of my sleeves an' the neck band of my shirt. Oh, yes—an' I still had my hat in my hand!

"I guess you wonder how, with the pressure so strong, an oil well can be shut off after it is 'shot,' or after a fire is put out. When you see a well puttin' out fifty to a hundred million cubic foot of gas a day, it looks like nothin' could ever stem such a flow. But, like most 'impossible' things, it's really very simple.

"Suppose you want to put a faucet on a pipe when the water is runnin'. All you have to do is *open* the faucet, an' screw it on. With the valve open, the pressure is hardly noticeable. That's exactly what they do with an oil well.

"When a well is ready to be shut off, they lower a gate valve down over the casin' with a pulley. The big valve, which is open, is screwed onto the casin', an' then they shut 'er off. When you shut off a roarin' well after listenin' to it for hours, the sudden silence is almost deafenin'!

"When a well fire is shot out at night, many of the spectators are surprised to find themselves in the dark. One time a big crowd turned out a little after midnight to watch me shoot a fire.

"The folks were on a little hill about a quarter of a mile away. I set the shell, an' fired 'er off. It was blindin' dark all of a sudden, and quite scary to anybody not used to it, because there was still the rushin' roar of the gas. But there was a louder noise that rose above everything else. Those people on the hill went into a panic! Some of 'em tried to get away, an' there was the awfullest mix-up of automobiles you ever saw. It was worse than a cattle stampede. But finally the calmer ones in the crowd got the rest of 'em quieted down, although not without some cussin' being done.

"You can't keep people away from an oil-well fire. Not long ago, up in Kansas, where I flew to a fire in my airplane, they closed up a little town near by, includin' the schools an' the post office, and everybody turned out to watch me. There is seldom less than a thousand people on hand when a fire is to be put out, and I have performed before as many as ten thousand.

"ONE of the funniest things I ever saw, although it was uncomfortable for the victims, happened at a well I was shootin'.

"We had herded the crowd back from the well, but a man and a woman in a brand-new, expensive automobile insisted on drivin' up closer an' closer, until, finally, they were almost in the shadow of the derrick. It was the zero hour, and the bomb down in the well was due to let go any second.

"I yelled at the woman. She was a pretty woman, all dressed up in a new white dress. The man with her was dressed up like a million dollars too. You could see they was people used to doin' about as they pleased. No, sir, she wouldn't get back—not more'n five foot, anyway.

"I felt the ground tremble, an' got out of the way.

"*That* well was a gusher. She shot out the gooeyest mess of oil an' mud you ever saw. It went 'way over the top of the derrick, at least a hundred foot in the air,

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER.

BARBASOL
SKIN FRESHENER
A Tonic Stimulant
After Shaving—After Bathing
Any Time
65c
At All Druggists.

Take your favorite shaving soap and lather up one-half of your face. Lather it well. Brush it up. Rub it in. Hot towel it, and lather it again. Give the Old Soap all the breaks!

Now wet down the other side of your face—with hot water or cold—and leave it wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Shave! Like this:

1—*Wash the face (and leave it wet)*
2—*Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)*
3—*Shave*

Do this for three days in a row, and compare sides while you're shaving.

Notice the difference between shaving the soap side and the Barbasol side. On the soap side there's *pull* and *drag* and *smarting beard resistance.* On the Barbasol side, all smoothness, ease and silky coolness!

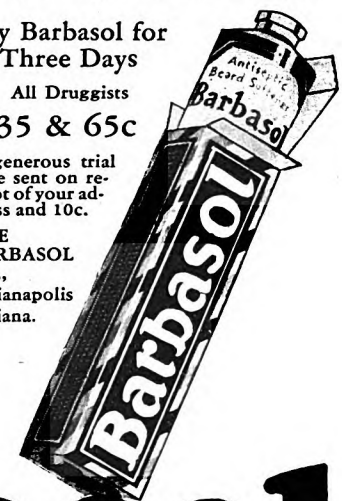
Note how *long* it took you to fix up the *soap* side for the slaughter, and how short a time on the *Barbasol* side for the shaving! That means good time saved when you *double* it for both sides of your face.

Let your face decide

You'll feel the difference. One side all hot and dry, where the soapy alkali worked on the skin. The Barbasol side all smooth and soft and cool, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. No after-smart, no sting, no burn, no ingrowing hairs with Barbasol.

Try Barbasol for Three Days
All Druggists
35 & 65c

A generous trial tube sent on receipt of your address and 10c.
THE BARBASOL CO., Indianapolis Indiana.



Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

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Is your hair as young, as thick as you wish?

After one treatment

you feel new life in your hair!

It *feels* good, the new vigor of scalp circulation which follows the very first treatment with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine.

And it *is* good for your hair!

Pinaud's goes to the source of hair troubles. It destroys the germ which causes dandruff and leads to thin hair or baldness. It brings rich nourishment to the hair roots.

If you are uneasy about your hair, if it is coming out heavily, or is not as thick and strong as it might be, use the Pinaud treatment.

If your hair is in good condition, use Pinaud's to prevent loss of hair health and to give the comfort of immaculate head grooming.

You'll be amazed at the difference this treatment, used every day, makes in the vigor, the thickness of your hair:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

A keen sense of hair health, the tingling feel of new life in the scalp, follow this treatment the first time you use it. Soon your hair is growing thickly and strongly!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at your drug or department store today and be ready to begin the treatment tomorrow.

Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

made a big, brown, slick arch, an' come down on top of that open automobile, like a cloudburst! Pfooie! The car an' the man an' the woman was just one big brown gob, like a fresh-dipped chocolate drop."

"Getting back to oil well fires," I suggested, "how long does it take to put a fire out?"

"All the way from two hours to two days," Tex replied. "I often work from thirty-six to forty hours on a fire without stoppin' to rest. The longest stretch I ever put in was forty-one hours. That was a tough job. I burned up fifteen hundred dollars' worth of asbestos suits on that job."

"How many suits would that be?"

"Fourteen; they cost from a hundred to two hundred dollars apiece. I said 'burn;' they don't really burn, but they get torn, and they wear out awfully fast. Many people ask me if I can feel the fire through them. I sure can. Sometimes I have my men play a stream of water on me when I go into a blaze, and even then it gets right tropical inside one of those suits.

"ANOTHER question that's often asked is, How do oil-well fires generally start? They start from lightning, and static electricity usually. There is lots of static here on these dry plains. When it's still an' sultry, with low-hangin' clouds in the sky—look out! The live electricity in the clouds is liable to come down close enough to meet the static in the earth—and there she goes!

"Then again, a well will catch fire without leavin' any trace of the cause. The oil fields are dotted with these mystery fires, an' I think I've got the mystery solved for a lot of cases. You know, there are often a lot of pebbles mixed in with the oil sands, an' I believe that sometimes these pebbles get thrown out by the gas. They strike the iron in the riggin', makin' a spark; an' that's all it takes, just a tiny little spark. I know of one well that was seen to catch fire in the top of the derrick, a big sheet of flame; an' afterward we found a lot of pebbles on the ground.

"Another very common cause of fire is friction in the machinery. A cable will rub another cable, or a piece of casin' bein' let down will strike the casin' already in the well, an' make a spark.

"Sometimes spontaneous combustion in old rags or waste left lyin' around will turn the trick. The rags or waste will generate heat an' smolder unnoticed until some gas filters down an' touches it."

"What would happen if an oil well were allowed to burn?"

"If it was a small well, not puttin' out much oil or gas," Tex said, "it would burn itself out; but if it was a large one, the increased draft, caused by the gas rushin' out to meet the fire, would gradually wear down the sides of the well—down deep where there's no casin'—an' the well would fill up, plug itself shut. A plugged well must be drilled out again, an' that sometimes costs almost as much as it cost to drill the well in the first place.

"An oil well fire is an expensive proposition. That's why I occasionally get paid up into five figures for puttin' one out.

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"The derrick an' equipment may cost all the way from $20,000 in a little well, to five times that much; an' the drillin' expense is likely to be more than $100,000 in any well.

"Then, there's the loss of the oil that's bein' burned, which may run as high as $5,000 a day, an' the loss of the gas.

"Take a well doin' fifty to sixty million cubic foot of gas a day, an' you're losing a lot of gas. That's enough, for instance, to make a daily supply for a city of a quarter of a million people. Natural gas, you know, is piped from the oil fields into the cities. There are pipe lines five and six hundred miles long carryin' the gas from the oil fields into the big Central West cities."

THERE is a saying in the Texas Panhandle oil fields that Tex Thornton uses nitroglycerin for almost every emergency he meets. "He'd use it to shingle his house with, if there were no other way to get the job done," one of his friends laughingly told me.

I learned of two unique uses Tex had made of his favorite high explosive:

Last fall the citizens of Amarillo wanted to raise some money quickly for their annual Tri-State and Auto Show. Tex was taken in on the problem. He decided to hold what he called a "Junkitqwik."

Twenty old automobiles were assembled at the top of a high cliff. One by one they were started up, and started over the cliff. As they reached the edge, each one passed over a small mound in which Tex had buried a quart of nitroglycerin. The old cars were sprinkled with gasolene.

When one passed over the mound, Tex would throw the plunger on his "hot shot." The nitroglycerin would explode, the car would sail into the air, and come down a-flame, to land, broken into thousands of pieces at the bottom of the cliff. Twenty thousand people turned out to watch the stunt, and ten thousand dollars was raised from the admissions for the fair and auto show.

On another occasion, Tex put his talents to a more important, if not more spectacular, use. A heavy rainstorm had left the Panhandle country spotted with "lakes" which had no outlets. One of these lakes covered a hundred acres, and crossed one of the main highways into Amarillo, shutting off all traffic from that direction.

"Let Tex go out and blow the lake up," someone laughingly suggested.

But Tex accepted the jest as a challenge. He contracted with the county officials to remove the lake within a week.

He went to the big pond, dug a hole ten feet across and ten feet deep, and at the bottom planted a hundred quarts of nitroglycerin. The hole was at the edge of the water. When the explosive went off, it cracked the earth clear down to the underlying porous sand stratum, thirty feet below, which was exactly what Tex wanted it to do.

With a mighty gurgle and swish, the waters of the lake drained down this artificial sink-hole, and rejoined the great underground reservoir that underlies that part of the country. Inside of a week the ground where the lake had once been was baked dry by the sun!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men
$8 to $40

FIVE REASONS WHY you should buy a Stetson

STYLE: Recognizing the influence of young men in the trend of style, Stetson designs hats in accord with the ideas of young men in the world's style centers: New York, London, Paris.

QUALITY: Stetson quality is the standard by which all other hats are judged. It is the result of careful selection of materials and years of experience in the manufacture of hats.

MATERIALS: The finest selections of beaver, nutria, hare, and rabbit fur are cut from the skins in the Stetson factory. The trimmings are woven by Stetson from the finest raw silk.

WORKMANSHIP: All Stetsons are made carefully by hand. The men who make them and the women who trim them have been trained by Stetson to adhere strictly to the Stetson standard.

VALUE: Divide the price of a Stetson by the number of days you wear it and you will find how economical a Stetson really is.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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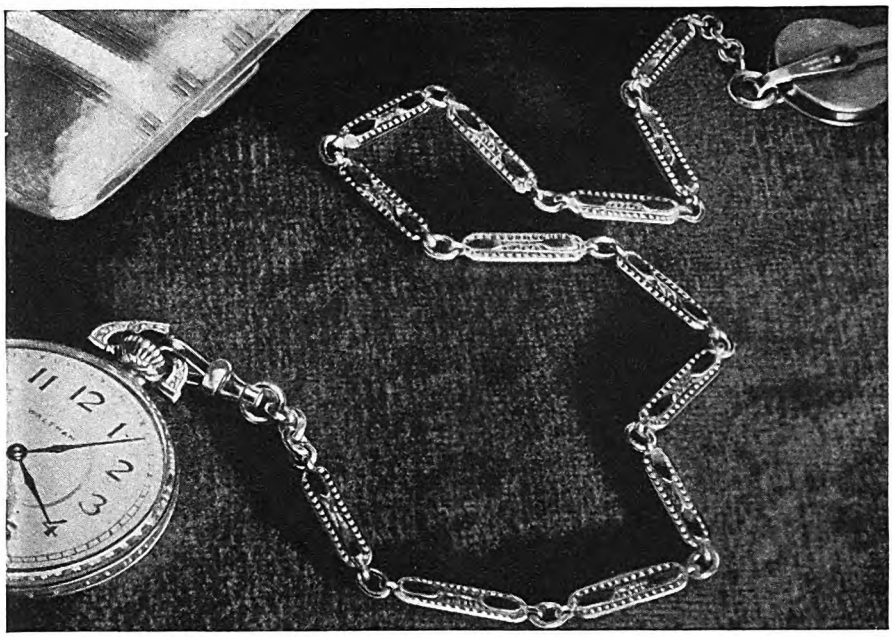

How modern is your watch-chain?

PERHAPS it isn't modern at all! How long have you been wearing it? . . . A new chain costs very little. . . . Ask your jeweler to show you his complete assortment of Simmons Chains—Dickens, Vest and Belt Chains as well as Waldemars. And compare the chain you're wearing now with the smart, new Simmons designs!

Especially notice the Bondstreet. This handsome Simmons Waldemar has established a new style trend for watch-chains. Its sturdy links are twice as large as the usual ones; yet the Bondstreet, for all its *extra* size, is graceful.

Simmons Chains are made of the finest materials. Our special process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout metal core assures years of service. . . . The chain shown here is a Bondstreet — No. 29589. Price, $11.25. Other designs are priced proportionately low. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

Why I Travel the S. & N.

(*Continued from page 25*)

attendance. (The devil is a very shrewd worker. Is there any church in the world where he did not plan the ventilation and construct the pews?)

As I grew older, I developed a smoldering resentment against our poverty and our piety. I loved my father in a vague boyish fashion, but I looked at his kindly face and stooped shoulders, and felt impatient. He was a college man. He knew more than the fathers of any of my playmates. But what did it profit him? Our house was worn and threadbare, lacking in all the comforts except books. Mother's clothes looked always as if somebody had sent them to her in a missionary box; and, indeed, many of them did come after that fashion, from a rich sister in New York. We were always neat, but patched and sewed up, and with trousers that never quite kept pace with our growth. And as for the pleasures of life—the circus and the theatre and trips on the railroad—these were entirely outside our world.

At the age of sixteen I had come to the conclusion that only one thing was worth having—plenty of good, hard money. Everything else would come afterward. And as for those who served the Lord, and traded away their success in this world on the chance of a golden reward in the next—they were fools indeed.

When I left home at eighteen it was to steer for the first bank that would give me a job. I wanted to be where there was money.

The next fifteen years of my life were merely a repetition of what happens in the careers of hundreds of thousands of American young men. It seemed a million miles from my humble job in the bank to the presidency. Men who supposed themselves to be wise in the ways of the world advised me that I was making a great mistake. "A bank is nothing but a graveyard," they said. "You will never get anywhere by sticking there." But banks grow, as every sound enterprise is bound to grow in this rapidly developing country. And men die in banks as elsewhere; and youth moves up.

But I am getting ahead of my story. At the age of twenty-nine I married the daughter of a prominent doctor. For ten years we were as happy as any young couple could possibly be. We had four fine children. We paid off the mortgage on a comfortable home in one of the best suburbs. We saved money. I was making steady progress in the bank. In short, we seemed to have everything that the heart could desire. At least, I was sure of it for those ten years. Then suddenly, as I came to my fortieth birthday, something happened.

I KNOW now what it was that happened. The same thing has happened a million times in the lives of other men. I was reading the other day the big red volume which G. Stanley Hall, the eminent psychologist, wrote on Senesence, which is the long word for old age. He has a chapter entitled "The Youth of Old

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Age," which is so revealing in its analysis of human nature that it ought to be read by every man and woman between the ages of thirty-five and fifty.

Doctor Hall says that there is a "dangerous age" for men and women which is far more destructive than the critical periods of youth. It comes at the threshold of middle age. Illusions have vanished. For the first time one begins to feel the limitations of physical powers. The job that was so exciting when one entered the business world has become a settled routine. One realizes that, while there will be reasonable progress in position and earning power, there will probably never be any great stroke of fortune. The girl whom one desired with so fierce a hunger is a comfortable wife and mother of fifteen years' experience, beginning to gain a little in weight and to take on streaks of gray about the temples. Money is more plentiful.

This is the stream of thought that flows through many minds on the verge of middle age, says Doctor Hall. Each man deceives himself with the notion that his own case is unique. He assumes that nobody has ever experienced quite the same sense of the futility of routine. He thinks: "I have worked hard. I have provided for my family. My youth is almost gone. I am entitled to a little fun."

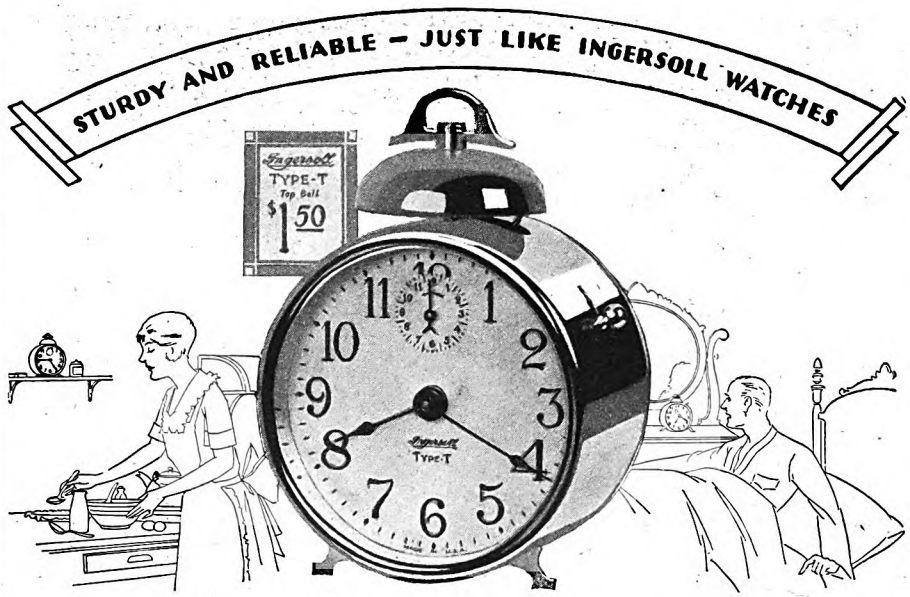
Perhaps a man seldom sets down his thinking in quite such logical fashion. I am sure that I did not. But the feeling is there; and it is fertile ground for the seeds that ripen into broken hearts and wrecked homes.

As president of the bank, it was necessary for me to make frequent trips to Chicago. One of the big banks there was our correspondent, and we had important interests. Things were going very well; I should have been very happy; and yet the restlessness was in me. The thought of being hurled into old age too quickly began to gnaw at my heart. Surely, there must be something else in life than I had found. Pleasures that I had not tasted. I had worked hard. I deserved a good time.

THIS was my mood one evening in Chicago, when I sat alone in the hotel lobby wondering how I should spend the hours until bedtime. I was lonesome and restless. And that evening I met Jeanette.

Our friendship began in a very proper and harmless fashion. I took her to the theatre and afterward saw her home to the little apartment where she lived, just north of the river. She was part owner in a beauty shop and made a very good income for a girl. There was no commercial taint in her friendship for me. She needed nothing. And because she needed nothing, and never asked, I had pleasure, as time went on, in giving her various presents. She was well educated, had traveled a little and kept up her reading, so that she was an interesting companion. Also, she was thirty-five years old, and admitted that she had no hope of matrimony. So I said to myself, when my conscience pricked: "I am not harming her. I am not keeping her from the society of a man who might give her marriage and a home. She is alone in the world and glad of my friendship."

Human nature is such that the relations between two people can never remain static. Jeanette and I began on a purely



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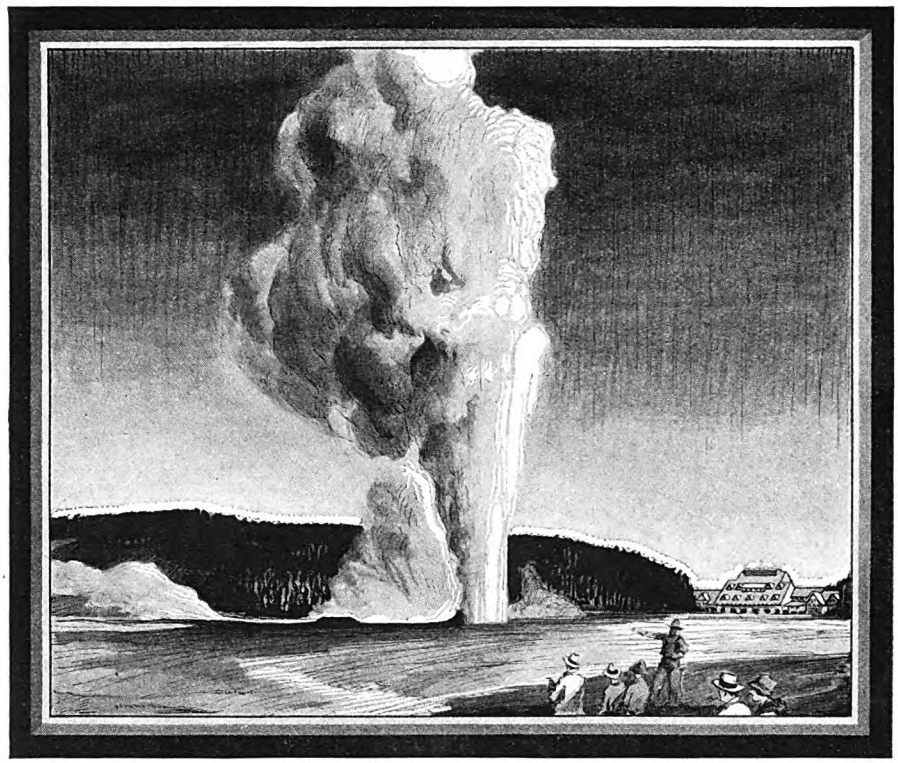

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Platonic basis, but in spite of our precautions we found ourselves drifting into feelings much stronger than friendship. I began to look forward restlessly to my trips to Chicago, and to prolong them unnecessarily.

Looking back I find it hard to select words that will describe the emotions of those two years. Those who have passed through similar experiences will understand without any long description. Those who have never known the strain and tension of divided affections will, I hope, find this frank personal testimony a signal of warning. It is for them that I write it. When I was with Jeanette I forgot everything else. I said to myself: "I am wonderfully happy. This companionship is given to me as a reward of my hard, honest work. It is harming nobody. There is no reason why I should not enjoy it." But immediately I got on the train and turned my face toward home, the doubts and prickings of conscience began.

SOMETIMES at home there were moments that sent a cold chill of apprehension down my spine. A good woman has an instinct that is far deeper than logic. She knows, without being told, when things are not right. Thus, my wife said one day, out of a clear sky:

"It seems to me you have to go to Chicago much more than you used to. Is it only business?"

I answered in quick irritation:

"Of course it is business. What else would it be?"

"Nothing," she answered. And then, in a quiet tone, "I sometimes hate business. It keeps you away so much. The children need you and I am lonesome. Why do you have to work so hard? We have enough. Why not play with me a little as we used to?"

"You don't understand," I said crisply, and left the room.

Another time she threw down the newspaper with an exclamation of disgust. "The Stonehams are getting a divorce," she said. "Mrs. Stoneham found him in New York with another woman. I thought they were perfectly happy. She is beautiful and adores him, and they have four wonderful children. How can a man be such a fool?"

I did not say anything. I was thinking of my last dinner with Jeanette in a secluded little restaurant in Chicago. A man from my own town, a hardware merchant, had come in with a garishly dressed, rouged and painted woman, and taken the table directly across from us. He nodded to me in a knowing fashion, as much as to say, "So you're doing it too, are you? Well, we old fellows have got to stick together." It made me hot to the very roots that he should put us in the same class; that he should have the effrontery to assume that his relations with this coarse creature and mine with Jeanette were of the same pattern. I was sore and scared. The fool! What brainless crack would he make when he got back home? How soon would the rumors begin to spread that something else than business was keeping me in Chicago?

The climax came in a strange way. I was walking one Sunday afternoon with my wife and little girl, aged ten. It was a beautiful day and our spirits were high.

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I was talking with the little girl about the future.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" I asked her. "A doctor, or a lawyer, or a policeman, or what?"

She lifted her blue eyes up to mine and spoke a single sentence, which was so unexpected that it cut to the very depths of my heart.

"I want to marry a man like you," she said.

A man like me! Suddenly the mask was stripped away, and I saw myself as I really was. What sort of man was I? A liar. A cheat. False to the wife who had struggled along with me for a start in life. False to the mother who had gone down into the valley of the shadow to bring me back our children. False to my little girl's ideal of manhood. False to my business associates, who were paying me for all my time and brains, and getting only a part of what I had to give. False even to Jeanette, who believed that I loved her, when my heart—in spite of all my folly—was still bound up in my home and children.

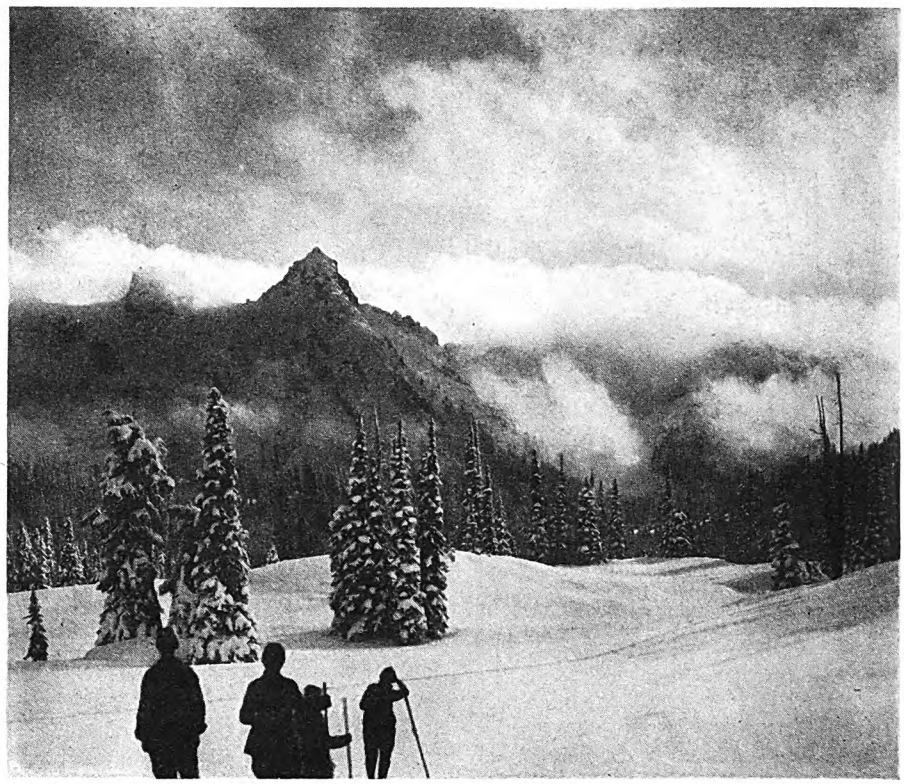
I need not burden this story with the details of my subsequent conversations with Jeanette. Has ever an illicit friendship failed to terminate except in tears? We thought we had been different from other people; we discovered how sordidly the same we were. There were reproaches and pleadings. There was bitterness and a heavy sense of self-disgust. I found that I liked Jeanette immensely, more than I had ever liked any woman except my wife. But her feeling for me was more than liking.

I had my home and my children. She had given her time and thought more and more to me, until I had unconsciously filled her life. I liked her. She loved me. I had done her the deepest injustice that a man can do a woman—I had let her care for me more than I could possibly care for her. Those are hard words to write, but they are true. They measure the depth of my bitter disgrace.

This is the story I told to the young man who came to see me in the bank that afternoon. The young man who had been trifling with the most sacred possessions that any man can have—his own reputation, and the affection and faith of his wife and children. He went away very thoughtful. Some weeks later he came in again. He simply gripped my hand and stood silent for a moment, and then went out. I knew that, because I was not a preacher but only a plain man, I had been able to do him good. And the feeling grew in me—and deepened until I could not escape from it—that, having helped him, I had to try to help other men.

There are some very simple thoughts which I would like to add by way of conclusion. I set them down in numbered form, like a balance sheet.

ONE: One of the truest sayings in the world is that "you can't have your cake and eat it too." Life is a series of choices. You can order this *or* that; but you cannot order both this *and* that, without paying an extra price. Some men consider the extra pleasure to be worth while at the price which is charged. I can only say for myself that, having tried it for two years, I know that in a single hour of remorse and self-condemnation I



Hair Health—the Facts

The American Magazine deals, in the main, with facts. Its readers, we assume, are people accustomed to dealing with facts, and able quickly to spot a fact or reject an exaggeration.

Take the health of your hair, for example. Goodness knows, there are plenty of modern Baron Munchausens talking about the hair! We all hear stories about curing dandruff — over the week-end. Stories of putting brand new hair on perfectly bald heads!

But there are a few simple facts. Here are some:

Doctors have studied the hair and scalp for years. They have watched the effects of various remedies on the health of the hair. And they have learned, for one thing, that pure pine tar, from the health-giving pine forests, is one of Nature's most effective remedies. As far as we know, there isn't a single medical work on the care of the hair that doesn't endorse pine tar.

However, doctors early learned that pine tar alone could not be conveniently applied to the scalp. So over 60 years ago Daniel Packer began to incorporate pine tar in soap—Packer's Tar Soap. And ever since physicians have been recommending Packer's because of the healthful pine tar in it.

Now, we never have offered Packer's as a cureall — and we never will, either. But we do promise you this: You can give your hair and scalp no more intelligent care than to wash it once a week with Packer's Tar Soap—and massage the lather in.

If you are like most of the men we know you will really enjoy your Packer shampoos. There's something about the out-door fragrance of those great piles of snowy Packer lather that makes a man like it. And there's something about a Packer massage that makes his scalp like it—and tingle and glow with health.

And so, if these homely facts strike you as sensible we suggest that you get a cake of Packer's this very day and begin tonight to give your hair and scalp the fine benefits of Packer shampoos. For your convenience, especially when traveling, each cake of Packer's is now packed in its own metal soap box. And, by the way, if you have never taken Packer's into the tub you simply don't know what a real man's bath *is!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book presents the most scientific thought on the care of the hair; suggestions for the care of dry hair, oily hair, falling hair and dandruff. Fill in coupon, clip and mail.

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PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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LASTING RESPECT

TRUE respect never can be manifested by a mere gesture. The salute to the flag must be founded upon patriotic citizenship.

Likewise, the farewell to a loved one should be followed by a conscientious fulfillment of the obligations due to those precious remains.

Thousands of families are solving this problem by using the Clark Grave Vault. They know it affords positive and permanent protection. They consider it as essential as a casket.

They know that this vault, being designed according to an immutable law of Nature, can not possibly allow any moisture to enter.

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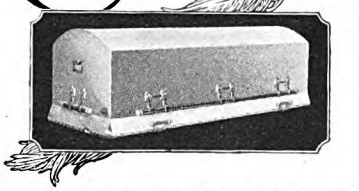

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have suffered enough to offset all the hundreds of hours of stolen pleasure.

TWO: No man cheats anybody but himself. When, by his mode of life, he lies to his wife and business associates and his children, he may not be hurting them if—as sometimes happens—he dies without their ever finding out. But every moment of his truancy leaves its indelible imprint on *his* own heart and soul. The most fearsome thought in the world to me is the realization that a man can never escape from himself.

The Day of Judgment, as it will take place for souls in the hereafter, will be a comparatively simple affair. The old idea which we used to have, of the Almighty sitting in a judicial pose on the great white throne while the Recording Angel presents the records of our lives, is crude and I am sure, untrue. For each one of us will bear on his own soul the record of his judgment. What we are will determine what is to happen to us. Those who have made themselves worthy of fine companionship will be promoted to that fine companionship. Those who have debased themselves will be debased. Whether they will have another chance to start at the bottom and work up, we can only conjecture.

THREE: There is a verse which says that "the wages of sin is death." When we hear preachers read this verse it often makes very little impression on us, for we say to ourselves: "We know many very sinful people, and they are not struck dead. On the contrary, they often flourish and prosper beyond the measure of the righteous." We misunderstand the verse. Men's minds either grow in health or sink into disease and death according to their daily thinking. Fill a mind with clean, high thoughts, and it expands and increases in power and wholesome achievement. Let lust and envy and fear and lying come into it, and the fine thoughts are slowly but surely done to death. We have all seen young men start out in the full flush of enthusiasm, and gradually grow selfish and sordid. This is the greatest tragedy in all the world—the death of men while their bodies are still alive.

FOUR: More should be spoken and written about the pleasures of virtue.

I remember one summer morning when my youngsters came to pull me out of bed for a swim before breakfast. The sun, which promised a warm day, had not yet risen high enough to banish the lingering coolness of the night. We dove and swam and gamboled in the soft refreshing water, and I thought to myself, "It is impossible for a human spirit to contain within itself a larger sense of pleasure than I feel at this moment." . . . I remember the night when we drew our accumulated savings out of the bank and made the last payment on our first little home . . . I remember the day when we went together to buy our first cheap little automobile.

Can anyone claim that there is any pleasure in wrong-doing which lifts the spirit of man to a higher level than do these commonplace satisfactions of a happy normal life?

FIVE: The basic virtue on which all the other virtues stand is honesty. This cannot be too strongly emphasized, and in current preaching it is not emphasized nearly enough. There is much preaching against a glass of wine, and against card playing, and Sunday baseball, and the lure of women. These may or may not be sins. But when they are, dishonesty is the root of them. If a man is honest, he cannot be an unfaithful husband. If he is honest, he cannot be a shirking partner. If he is honest, he cannot be a snob nor a cheat nor a hypocrite. Train up boys to be honest, and the rest of the virtues will take care of themselves.

SIX: If I were setting down a list of ten of the greatest pleasures of life, I should include one old-fashioned pleasure which has rather fallen into neglect in these modern days. I refer to the very great joy that comes from thinking of other people. I speak from my own experience. When I had achieved a reasonable business success and financial independence—following my episode with Jeanette—I began to find work very irksome. What was there left to work for? Why should I carry on?

Gradually, a new idea came to me. I would do some nice things for my relations, and for some young people in our town whose parents had not been as lucky as I. The idea opened up a whole new world of interest. I began to work with more concentration than ever before—not to make more money for myself but to provide funds for these kindnesses that I had undertaken in behalf of others.

SEVEN: What we know as "morality" is not an arbitrary code established by preachers and ethical teachers. It is not even a product of the Christian religion. It goes back farther than any religion. It is the accumulated wisdom of all human experience.

Anything which costs more than it is worth is immoral. Everybody likes to flatter himself that he is smart rather than a fool. I have lived a long time and watched the human race. I have tried nearly everything on the program of existence. And I am comfortably established in a parlor car seat on the S. and N. And I am content.

"OH, YES! We always send to New York for our clothes!" And right there you discover where the professional shopper comes in. Next month, in the "Adventures of a Bargain Hunter," Mrs. Leila Leeds, who has been shopping for out-of-town folks for over thirty years, gives you some mighty interesting and informative facts that you, yourself, can use on your shopping trips. Orders from a spool of thread to the furnishings for a New Zealand ranch-house are all alike to her. She has outfitted thousands of brides and thousands of babies; once she brought up a whole family through the mails, and once she supplied a wife to a Westerner. This is an article of intense interest to women; but bachelors and married men also figure largely on Mrs. Leeds's list of clients.

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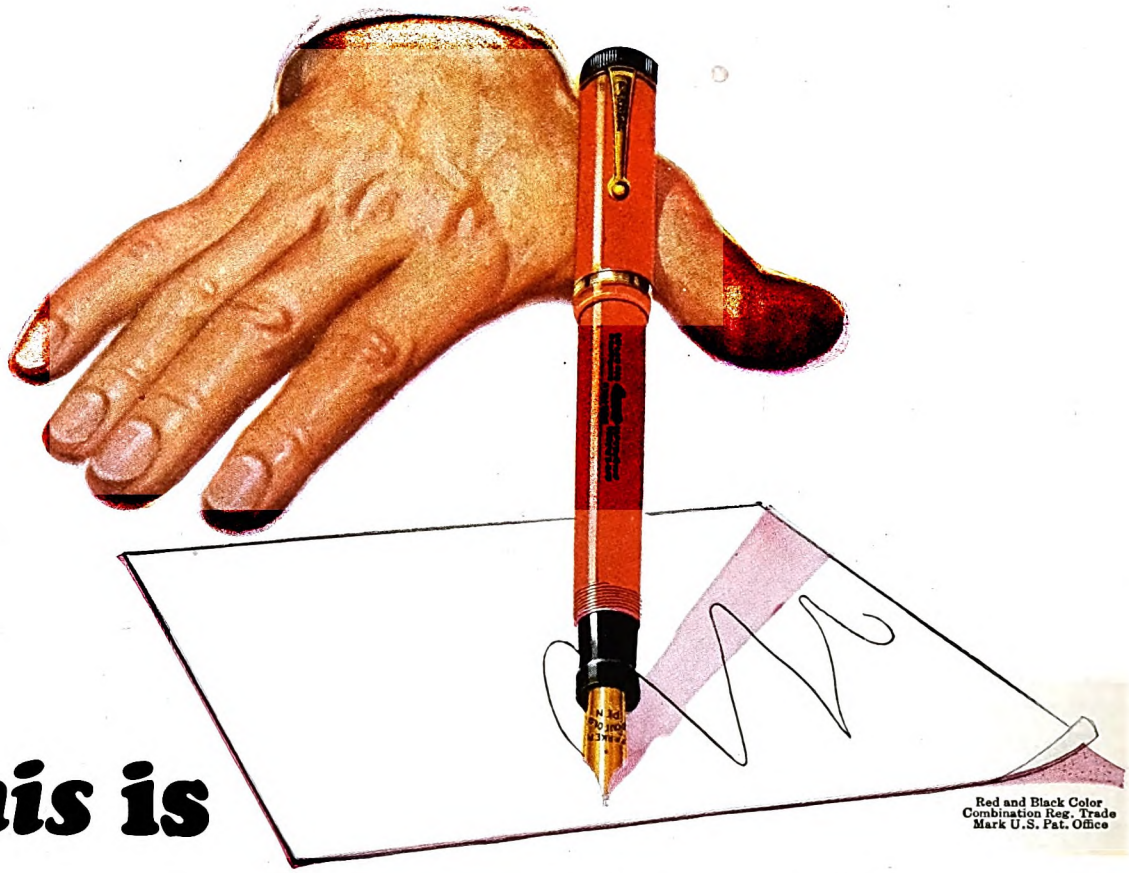

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This pen's *feather-light weight alone* is sufficient to start it writing instantly and keep it writing. Scarcely any pressure from your *fingers*—no effort, no fatigue. You simply *guide* this pen.

Doubly remarkable, because the new Duofold is 28% *lighter* in weight than when made with rubber. Now we are using Parker Permanite, a new material which, while making the pen lighter, has made it *Non-Breakable* also. We have thrown these new Duofolds from an aeroplane 3,000 feet aloft, and not one has broken!

But *Pressureless Touch* is most important, clearing the track for THINKING as no other feature in a fountain pen has ever done before.

Five smart colors—Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, Imperial Mandarin Yellow [new] and flashing Black and Gold.

Three sizes of pen barrels—the Over-size, the Junior and slender Lady Duofold, each offering six styles of pen points.

Get all these Parker features by being sure to look for "Geo. S. Parker —DUOFOLD" imprinted on each pen or pencil. Don't let color only be your guide.

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"Isn't That a Funny Business for a Woman To Be In!"

(*Continued from page 55*)

once in a night school, with the one idea of learning how to take a trial balance. But somehow my teachers took little pains to find out what I wanted to know, or why I wanted it. Instead, they gave me a lot of stuff that was no use to me. I learned more by studying old trial balances in our own books at the office, and figuring out for myself how to make them."

Astrid had no trouble keeping the books. She even became an expert at trial balances. And before long she was reaching out for other tasks.

"When I was a little girl in Copenhagen," Mrs. Sawyer went on, "one of my greatest joys was to accompany a maid to the store when things were to be bought. Even on cold winter mornings, when the maid had to start before it was light, I would get up and go with her.

"I'm quite sure this delight in trading must have been born in me. And, to-day, I still would rather sell, or buy, than eat. This 'inborn' taste, which had lain dormant for a number of years, now began to reassert itself. By keeping the books I became familiar with materials and prices, and I soon found myself answering customers on the 'phone and talking with them in the office.

"I remember one day when there was nobody in but a clerk and myself. A caller entered, and introduced himself as the mayor of St. Charles, Illinois, saying he wanted to order two carloads of sewer pipe. That was an unusual piece of business in those days, and I was in no mind to let it slip away from us; yet I had no precedent for making a price. I knew that we sold similar pipe in small quantities in Chicago at twelve and three-tenths cents a foot. I did some quick thinking. Freight charges would have to be paid; yet I reckoned that a man buying two carloads all at once was entitled to some advantage in price. So, taking my courage in my hands, I quoted eleven and seven-tenths cents a foot. The mayor said that was all right. I booked the order, and my employer was delighted."

THAT act took courage. Many a man, in such a situation, would have said: "You'll have to wait and see the boss." And the order would have been lost.

"Give me more responsibility," cried this eager young woman, now in her early twenties. So they gave her more; in fact, she was soon the sales manager of that office.

It follows that, nine years after she pecked out periods for commas and mistook question marks for capital letters, Astrid Rosing had become a very different-appearing young woman. Attractive, with a confident yet reserved manner, she had proved herself a skillful business woman, able to organize, to direct men tactfully, and to get orders; and, at the same time, competent to master all the details of a technical business as well as any man, and better than some. She was then earning an excellent salary, had money in the bank, lived well, and took pleasure in keeping a prize-winning saddle horse. But not yet had Astrid Rosing drawn fully on the resources of courage and energy of which she was possessed. An emergency now called these into the open.

One of her brothers, with a friend, took a contract to do the grading work on a section of a new line of railroad being constructed in southern Illinois. As these two soon discovered, they lacked both the funds and experience to complete the venture successfully, and Astrid loaned them some of the money she had saved. Finally, seeing that things were going from bad to worse, and hoping to protect the money she had advanced, as well as to save the enterprise from complete disaster, she resigned her position in Chicago, and went down to live in a smoke-blackened tent in a railroad construction camp, among the roughest of laboring men.

ASTRID'S brother withdrew to go into another enterprise, and she was left alone to run the job. She knew absolutely nothing about railroad grading—but she *did* know something about supervising men. Accordingly, she set to work as if this were the most natural undertaking in the world for a young woman.

"I don't talk about what happened on that job," Mrs. Sawyer said, "because nobody would believe me if I told the truth! Who, for instance, would credit me with riding alone and unarmed eighteen miles to town every week over lonely stretches of road, to bring back the pay roll to the construction camp? Who would credit my living and sleeping and eating alone in a tent, in a camp made up of a hundred hobo laborers, without even the protection of a revolver? Or the fact that those men actually treated me as if I were a queen? Why I could make a book out of my experiences in that camp!"

And the amazing part of the whole grading episode is that Astrid Rosing *did* carry the job through. She finished it with high honor, if wholly without profit; for when the last creditor and the last laborer had been paid, and her fare back to Chicago paid, her savings were as the snows of yesteryear.

And it was at this precise juncture that Astrid Rosing, flat-broke and jobless, decided that the time had arrived for her to go into business for herself.

Now, a decision of that kind demanded courage of a high order. But that was just the type of courage the girl had been developing in her business career. And as a natural corollary of that career, she determined to establish herself in the building supplies line. She knew many of her former employer's customers, but she did not rely on that to get business. She struck out with the firm intention of standing squarely on her own two feet.

"In fact," said Mrs. Sawyer, "I believe there was only one of his regular customers who became one of mine at the start."

Tiny Shaving Nicks

cause skin blemishes!

Your skin is safe from tiny dust and germ particles—*until you shave!*

Then, with even the cleanest of shaves, come invisible nicks of the razor that open the way to infections. Embarrassing skin blemishes result. Soap and water can't prevent them.

That is why particular men use Pinaud's Lilac to finish each shave. Lilac—a real antiseptic—protects even the invisible breaks in the skin. Pimples can't happen!

And nothing feels quite so refreshing, for Lilac first stimulates, then soothes, the skin. The same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac even blander than ever before.

Get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store today. Look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

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No wonder Postum holds a place of honor on two million dinner tables

Its only after effect is a desire for more

OWN up, now, you who have never tried Postum. You have always thought of it as a "health" drink, haven't you? As a kind of medicine.

Thousands were just as skeptical as you—*until they tried Postum.* Then they became Postum users *for life!*

Now you try it! You'll find it a health drink, to be sure. A drink that never robs you of a minute's sleep, that never flusters the nerves, that never brings on headaches or interferes with digestion, as caffein does. But—

You'll enjoy Postum itself as much as you enjoy its beneficial results!

It looks so tempting in the cup—a velvety brown changing to gold as cream is added. It smells so appetizing. And then its flavor—a flavor different from that of any other drink! Smooth and mellow, hearty, zestful!

A drink made from wholesome grain

Whole wheat and bran—these two, blended and roasted, give Postum its goodness. Not a trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant in it.

Many hostesses, too, have discovered in Postum the best of all drinks for the late-evening supper—a drink that never causes sleepless after hours.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

The best way to test Postum is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then you can judge both its flavor and its wonderful value to health. Before the thirty days are up, you'll not only know why millions prefer this drink—you'll join them in preferring it! Let Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, help you start this test.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, together with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test. Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A.M.3-28

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
POSTUM CEREAL. . . . . ☐ *prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

Her method of doing business was to arrange with manufacturers and producers, particularly of sewer pipe and sand and gravel, to take a part of their output, which she then undertook to sell at a profit to dealers and contractors. From taking a few carloads a year from certain producers, the business has grown to the point where to-day she controls all the distribution in several states for many of her manufacturers; and she helped to design a building tile which is widely sold under her name.

"From the start I was eager," she told me, "to let the people I dealt with know I was in business to stay. I could have hired merely desk room; but there's an air of impermanence about desk room, so I leased a regular office in a Loop building. To do it, I had to borrow a hundred dollars.

"That was my starting capital. A debt for a hundred dollars!

"By the time I had paid the first month's rent, a few other bills, and purchased a typewriter, I was penniless. I concealed this, as if it were a sort of crime, feeling that if people knew they'd think I wasn't in my senses. By keeping my own books at first, I had no difficulty hiding the real state of my finances, and later, when I could afford help, I still concealed my financial condition from my bookkeeper, so that nobody could guess exactly my initial capital! A woman in business for herself was enough of a curiosity at that time (especially my kind of business) without exposing my finances as additional evidence that I might not be in my right mind!

"Situated as I was, I had to get business, and get it quick, and when I got it, I had to collect. There were no two ways about *that.* I do not remember the details of my very earliest sales, but somehow I managed to get orders enough to keep my head above water, and by efforts which sometimes were exceedingly strenuous, collected enough to discount my own bills.

"As soon as I could, I hired a girl to stay in the office. The business was strange to her, so about all she could do was to take the names of people who called, and I called them back when I returned from seeing prospects. I tried to be in my office at least a part of every day, and more than once, in order to carry through my schedule, I got up at four o'clock in the morning and caught a milk train, because I couldn't take any other train and make my rounds.

"PROMPT collections meant life or death to me, and sometimes my customers were not inclined to be prompt. I remember one man, located in a small city some little distance from Chicago, who simply *wouldn't* pay his bill. Finally, I got on the train and went to see him. He was not in his office or yard, but a neighbor told me I might find him at a certain saloon.

"Now, an old-fashioned saloon was no place for a woman. But I didn't stop to remember that. I went straight to the saloon, pushed back the swinging doors, saw my man, and called him out. I think it was because he was so utterly dumfounded at seeing me there that he walked back to his office and wrote me his check on the spot!

"When business came a little faster, I

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hired a salesman. I seldom had any difficulty myself in convincing a buyer that I knew my business and *could* and *would* deliver anything I undertook to sell; but it was so strange for a woman to be in this kind of business that it was sometimes a little hard for a third person to put over the idea that this particular woman knew what she was up to. I remember a contract on which I had bid, leaving it to my salesman to follow up with a personal call.

"'I'm sorry,' the buyer told the salesman, 'but I can't give you the order.'

"'Was something wrong with our bid?'

"'No.'

"'Prices O. K.?'

"'Yes; in fact, your figure is the lowest I received. But this is an important job. I can't take chances of not getting my materials on time. I'd give you the order quick enough; but—I've learned that Astrid Rosing is a woman.'

"The salesman seemed unable to get past that argument. I had to go in person to secure the contract.

"The point is, if I had been a man the question of ability to perform would never have come up. Because of this attitude, which was quite common when I first started out for myself, I had to take more than average pains to perform my contracts every time and never fall down on a single one; a failure would have been held against me for years.

"NOW, please don't think I have any hard feelings about this discrimination. I was in a business which was essentially a man's business, and in many ways I had to do better than a man in order to do as well as a man. Thus, there was a dealer who made a practice of calling me up on the telephone and giving me verbal lists of materials, rattling them off as fast as I could jot them down. He expected prices instantly. I knew exactly what he would think if I failed:

"'H'm! a woman! I've been expecting her to fall down!'

"In a man, he would have been satisfied to wait while something was looked up in the files. But I didn't mind. I took it as part of the job, received as fast as he sent, and when I did have to look something up, I kept right on talking while I was looking, and he never knew.

"Being expected to fall down led me, I think, to make special efforts to guard against such a contingency. I simply could not allow myself to fail. As a result, I often found myself unusually well equipped to handle emergencies. I remember one contractor asked me if I really believed I could handle his big job.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I can.'

"'But,' he announced, 'I've got to have eight carloads of sand and gravel shipped to-morrow!'

"'You'll have them.'

"And he did. I didn't depend on the telephone and promises. I got right on the train myself, went to my source of supplies, and stood over those eight cars while they were being loaded, and watched them sent off that night.

"Soon another difficult emergency job came my way. It was war-time. My telephone rang, and on the other end of the wire was the man who was rebuilding a powder plant which had been blown up. It was absolutely necessary that the plant

Up rises that sweet and tantalizing fragrance—the hot, spicy aroma of Heinz *oven-baked* beans—browned in heat flooded ovens. Flavor baked into them—flavor baked through and through them—from tender, golden skin to juicy, tomato-saucy center. They *taste* baked. They *are* baked. They're Heinz.

Sometimes, in talking about flavor, we feel as if we're sitting down in your kitchen and exchanging recipes . . . Naturally, we start with the beans—selecting them, sorting them. In fact, every bean is picked over twice, by hand—and you know what *that* means.

Then we insist that the beans must be really baked—baked in the dry heat of ovens. For oven baking *is* the only way you can have them mealy, tender, golden-brown in color, with that real nut-like taste. And remember only beans that are *baked* can be *labeled* "baked".

Then, of course, for the sauce we *do* supervise the growing of our own tomatoes, and use them fresh from the garden. . .

For care *is* important—the care with which we select our materials, the care with which we duplicate home methods of cooking . . . It is one of the many reasons why the Heinz name has come to mean Flavor.

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY . PITTSBURGH, PA.

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At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

No drowsy afternoons

No mid-afternoon drooping. No four o'clock weariness!

For here's a way to ward it off. To keep you fresh and wide awake —every minute up to dinner time.

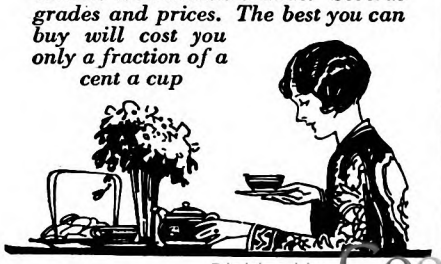
After luncheon, pause to *linger* over a cup of Japan Green Tea.

Drink it slowly. Enjoy its steaming fragrance. Relax. You'll get up refreshed and rested, with all your early morning energy.

Try it once or twice. After that you'll make it a daily habit.

Japan Tea is tea at its best, tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup



be running full blast in a few weeks—powder was an imperative need. An extraordinary quantity and variety of sizes of sewer pipe was needed to carry off noxious fumes and chemical wastes. Somebody had said, 'Get Rosing!'

"'I'll be right out,' I promised.

"The plant was near Gary. I was shown through barbed wire guarded by soldiers. From rough, preliminary drawings, I got my specifications. Some of the pipe needed was large, some was small.

"Now, sewer pipe is manufactured from clay. Some clay banks are suited for making small pipe, but not large; and where the clay will make any size, the manufacturers will bother only with the larger sizes, which are more profitable. So it was a question of knowing where, beyond a shadow of doubt, each and every kind of pipe could be secured without a moment's delay, a matter I had studied for years. The result was, I ordered the pipe from seven different manufacturers. The order was signed on the fourteenth, the first carloads were shipped on the sixteenth, and the last on the thirtieth.

"One of the largest orders I ever secured came near to being one of my most serious disappointments—just because I was a woman. The construction was a big warehouse, one of the largest in the world, jointly put up by a number of companies. My bid secured the order. It was signed and in my possession, when I received a call from a man interested in the warehouse, the executive head of one of the large companies that owned it; he asked me to come to his office.

"Boston engineers had been given charge of the construction, and it was through them I had been given my contract. When I reached the owner's office I found perhaps a dozen men, including several of the engineers.

"'MISS ROSING,' said the owner, 'we have been going over matters, and have come to the conclusion that we'd like to be released from our contract with you.'

"Naturally, I was surprised, and wanted to know why they wished to be released. It developed that they were simply afraid a woman would be unable to live up to so large a contract, and would feel safer with a man. 'Twisting' an order out of my hands after I had secured it had been tried on me more than once, but never on an order so important as this. I used up all my arguments in vain. There were a dozen men against one woman, and finally I had to say:

"'Well, gentlemen, apparently there's only one thing left for me to do—release you. I haven't the order with me right now, but I'll send it back when I reach my office.'

"I retreated, considerably crestfallen but not beaten. I noticed that one of the engineers had seemed more kindly disposed than the others. When I reached my office I decided to make one more effort to save the order. I called this engineer on the 'phone.

"'Mr. Henderson,' I said, 'I've been thinking things over. I know I can deliver of course, or I wouldn't have taken the contract. But, what is more important for you, I doubt very seriously that anybody else in Chicago can deliver.

"'Here's what I suggest: Send a man to visit my sources of supply; I'll give you a list of them. Send the same man to visit the sources of my competitors. Then size up both, at my expense.

"'This will take a little time. I know you want to start work. So I'll supply you with fifteen or twenty carloads of material (as many as you need) until you make up your mind. If the investigation doesn't satisfy you, then I'll hand you back your order and not hold you to the contract.'

"'That,' he admitted, 'seems fair.'

"He did as I suggested, with the result I kept the contract. Before the warehouse was quite finished, Mr. Henderson put it into a letter that he never before had worked on a job where the sand and gravel were delivered so satisfactorily!"

And what about Mr. Sawyer, you say! I'm coming to him right now.

ONE DAY a dozen years ago a man named Sawyer, who had been in the steel business, dropped in to see Miss Rosing and accept what he supposed would be a temporary job.

"Golly!" he thought, upon seeing her, "here's a poor girl who has inherited a business from her father. She's trying to make a go of it; but it's bound to be too much for her."

It wasn't long before the young man discovered that first impressions aren't always correct. However, he liked his job so much that two years later he turned it into a permanent one by the simple process of persuading Astrid Rosing to tack Sawyer onto her name. However, Mrs. Sawyer is still boss of the business, still president of the company she founded, still the hardest-working individual on the premises. But her life is more full, richer, and more varied because she has linked her career with marriage.

"There has been a great change of attitude since I started in business," she reminded me. "At that time, a woman who did what I did was looked upon as a curiosity and that fact increased my difficulties.

"To-day, the woman in business—in her own business—is more common, and to-morrow she will be still more common. My experience has taught me what many men and women are only just learning, that a woman can be a good wife and mother, even though she engages in business or a profession. And, on the other hand, engaging in a business or profession need not mean giving up either wifehood or motherhood. The other day I met at luncheon a professional woman whom I have known for years: shortly before, she had left the hospital after giving birth to her second baby.

"'How,' somebody asked her, 'can you possibly carry along as a wife and mother, and keep up your profession too?'

"'I don't see,' she replied, 'how I could possibly get along in my profession without my husband and family!'

"I agree.

"People say to me:

"'But you can give so little time to your child!'

"By organizing her day, and being in a position to provide such help as she needs, a mother in business can give about as much of her time to her children as the average mother gives—at least, the mother who plays bridge, attends numerous luncheons, matinées, and the like.

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Judge *value* by these things....

simplicity
* *
economy of operation
* *
quietness
* *
roominess
* *
the opinion of fifty thousand discriminating users

THE General Electric Refrigerator is so simple that it hasn't a single exposed moving part. It hasn't a belt or a fan or a drain-pipe.... It has no connections or stuffing boxes. It never needs oiling because the hermetically sealed casing which holds *all* the mechanism also holds a permanent supply of oil.

Costs less to run

A specially designed motor of low horse power, but high efficiency, uses very little current. Then, too, the top unit design allows all the heat (extracted from the box and generated by the tiny motor) to be dissipated above the box—not to rise through it.

Unusually quiet

Standards of quietness vary so widely that we can only invite you to listen to the refrigerators yourself to find how quietly they operate.

Greater shelf area

The remarkable compactness of the freezing chamber gives each model a greater shelf area than any other refrigerator of the same over-all size.

Compare the cabinets

The strong, scientifically designed, attractive looking cabinets represent outstanding value. And all models up on legs, so that the floor under them may easily be cleaned.

Fifty thousand in service

Fifteen years of research in the General Electric laboratories have resulted in this revolutionary design. It was purely an *electrical* problem—and so was solved, as one would logically expect, by the world's outstanding group of electrical engineers and scientists. More than fifty thousand homes already enjoy General Electric refrigeration—the product of General Electric research—which is your greatest guarantee of value.

There is a wide range of models and prices. All are shown in booklet A-3 which will be sent on request.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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A TRIUMPH

with the young crowd

her biscuits and home-made cake

IT looked like an awfully quiet party—until the biscuits and home-made cake came in.

Then the men gave one long, loud cheer and the fun began. They pleaded to be waiters, they fought to cut the cake.

And nothing would persuade them to go until she promised another party right away with biscuits and home-made cake.

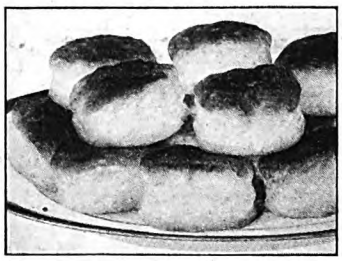
She was as surprised as they were to find that she could cook.

But Royal recipes are so easy—and prove to be so good—that even the least experienced can follow them successfully.

And Royal Baking Powder leavens perfectly every time. It makes your biscuits miracles of flaky lightness; your cakes rise to light and luscious perfection.

Royal Baking Powder is made always with pure Cream of Tartar, a natural fruit product from ripe grapes.

Devil's Food Cake has been voted America's favorite. Make it with white or chocolate icing.



Ask the men if they'd like hot biscuits for Sunday supper.

Contains no alum, leaves no bitter taste

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
Dept. C, 117 East 42nd St., New York City

I am interested in your recipes. Please send me your complete Cook Book—nearly 350 dependable recipes—free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Moreover, a mother in business looks forward eagerly to the time she can spend with her children, and tries to make the most of it; she is not very eager to give up that pleasure, and run off to the theatre or a dinner party, or some merely frivolous dissipation.

"Another great compensation I have discovered is that the keenness and zest I bring to my job give me a certain zest and keenness for every other activity I undertake. I feel alive; my interests are not restricted and confined within four walls.

"Some friends not in business say to me:

"'I see enough of my husband at home. I wouldn't want to see him at the office, too!'

"My husband and I are together nearly twenty-four hours of the day; yet we do not become bored. It is the lack of common interests, rather than seeing too much of each other, that causes boredom."

The size of Mrs. Sawyer's business today may be guessed by the fact that incoming orders average nearly three thousand dollars a day.

"But," she says emphatically, "don't run off with the notion that I rate things chiefly in dollars and cents. I don't. I rate values in hours lived, *really lived.* It doesn't matter to me that I now have so much and can do so and so. I am enormously interested in buying and selling—my job thrills me; but I am just as interested in giving a full measure of service, living a rich, full, bountiful existence, and, incidentally, proving to the world at large that a woman can be a good wife and mother as well as a business woman."

I Don't Know What Happened at These Séances

(*Continued from page 43*)

had been carrying on a musical conversation with the composer, I had been leaning forward with my elbows on the table keeping my eyes on the psychic. Wearied with this position I settled back into my chair.

Instantly, the tone of the spectral voice changed. A note of alarm, of entreaty, almost of agony, came into it: "GARLAND! GARLAND! *Where are you? I can't see you. I can't see you.*"

Resuming my position above the table I answered, "Here I am." With a sigh of relief, of pleasure, the voice exclaimed, "Oh! Now I see you."

It was as if an X-ray spotlight had been beating down upon the table, and that my dead friend could see me only when my head came within that circle. I cannot say that it was not a little drama arranged by the psychic; but, taking it as it came, it was in direct contrast with the precision of perception which had placed the notes on the closed slates. *In the one case darkness was no barrier, but in the other case sunlight was of no avail.*

In a series of very recent experiments I have made further proof of this supranormal perception in the dark. In a room utterly strange to the medium, with her sleeves nailed to her chair, we set the

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stage for a display of this strange power. The psychic was not tied, she was *nailed*, hand and foot, and, in addition, her hands were controlled at every critical moment by myself and an expert connected with the police department.

Scooping up a handful of wooden letters, I placed them (without knowing what they were) in a basket on the floor in front of the psychic. She might possibly have been able to touch the basket with her toes; but that does not matter very much, as the reader will see later. After the lights were out, a voice—that of "Walter" the "guide"—suggested that the sitters place several small objects in a basket. Each sitter complied, and for the most part no one of us knew what the others had contributed. In my own case, confidently expecting to puzzle the guide, I put in a red poker chip, and a street railway metal token or coin, which had the letter W cut into its center. (The "W" stood for Washington, D. C.)

"I AM laying a trap for you," I said to Walter, and when he had successfully thrown from the basket and named every other article put in it, he came upon my poker chip. This he identified and threw out. But when I said, "Can you perceive color in the dark? What color is it?" he answered "Blue." This was wrong. All the other answers were right.

He then uttered a word of surprise. He had come upon my token and was handling it. After a pause, he said, "It is a coin about as big as a Canadian five-cent piece. He appeared to finger it a little longer. "You've got me now!" he exclaimed. "I can't make out the lines in the center. It seems to me like a Chinese coin."

I applauded him. "You're on the right track! Try again and tell me what is in the center." He had got very close to a perfect description, but he could not make out the letter cut into the metal. When I told him what it was, he grumbled, "How should I know that? I never was in Washington."

To advance such a common "explanation" as the one that the psychic had some kind of rod in her mouth which she used in picking up these objects seems absurd to me. Even if her foot was free to move, could she pick up with it a poker chip, a glass bottle? As for her hands—well, I can answer that they did not leave their fastenings, and that her left hand did not participate in the slightest degree in any action of the "spirit guide." Captain F, who was holding the other hand, similarly tacked to the chair, announced from moment to moment that there was no motion on that side.

A magnet might have acted on a piece of metal, but it would not engage the poker chip or the glass bottle, which were readily picked up and identified. No rod or other tool could have identified the coin and the poker chip.

If you ask me how it was done, I say frankly, "I don't know." Again and again the "guide" told me where to find objects thrown upon the floor or table. It would appear that he could see in the dark, and yet he announced each of his discoveries as though he had made them by feeling.

In the course of my study of "slate writing" I have read with care a great many confident exposures of the way in

WALTER BAKER & CO., *Inc. Established* 1780

Why restrict one of the nicest experiences of the week to

Sunday Night *Only?*

OFTEN on Sunday night there's a pick-up supper and so often it's more delicious than any other meal. It's apt to be "light" (and Dad probably does the dishes, of which there are as few as possible).

Almost always there's cocoa. It tastes so awfully good that it will be two cups rather than one. And fearlessly. For "cocoa won't keep you awake"—and it does "stick to the ribs." *Satisfies.*

This sensible and nourishing food is just as sensible and nourishing every night in the week!

A cup or two of Baker's *is one of the kindest things you do to your digestion.* For with its enticing smooth flavor, it feeds you almost perfectly, and supplies the body that is presently going to have a good night's sleep, with everything it can derive from a variety of good foods.

How to make a cup of Baker's.

The quickest and easiest way to make Baker's Cocoa is to put 4 tablespoons of cocoa and a cup of cold water into a saucepan. Stir it over heat until it is smooth; then let it boil two minutes. Then add three cups of milk, a dash of salt, and 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar; heat it until it foams. Then beat it well, and serve at once. This makes about 4 cups.

Send for a generous sample.

BAKER'S COCOA

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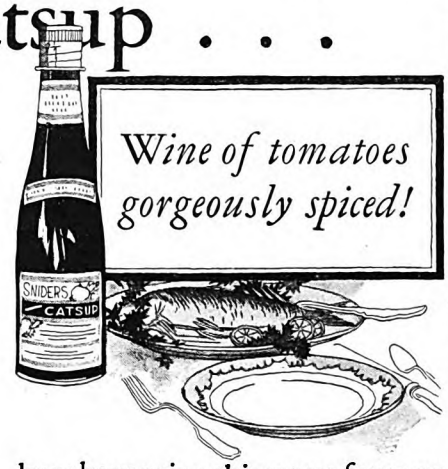

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which the trick is done. These exposers made much of "prepared slates," "substitute slates" and the like; but none of these very obvious devices will explain the most puzzling of my experiments. Suppose we select a case in detail:

A friend once took me in his car, and said, "I am going to drop you at the corner of a street, a block away from the house in which an old psychic lives. I don't want her to know that I brought you. Knock at her door, and when she appears tell her that you have come for a sitting, and insist upon having it at once."

Leaving him in that side street, I sought the number. The house was a small wooden cottage, and the woman who came to the door reminded me of the Missouri mountaineer women. She was gaunt, sad, and rather repellent. She shook her head: "No, I can't do it," she said darkly. I urged that I had come a long way, and at last she said, "Come in. I'll see what I can do for you."

The house, scantily furnished with the very cheapest kind of furniture, was evidently the home of poverty. In the sitting-room, which faced the west, were several cheap upholstered chairs, and a square table with a chenille cover. The hour was about three of a summer afternoon and the room was brilliant with sunshine.

As we took seats at the table, I placed on its top the marked slates which I had brought with me, and waited. After a few minutes of silence, she said, "*They* are here."

At this moment ghostly "fingers" tapped me on the knee and the fringe of the table cover waved in and out. As the psychic started to put the slates under the table, I stopped her. "Don't do that. It's not necessary." I said derisively, "I am a psychic myself. Put them on the top of the table."

To my surprise, she obeyed me. "Lay your right hand on top of the slate," I went on. She did so, and I put my left hand on top of hers. With my right hand I then flung half of the chenille cover over the slate and our two hands, leaving her left hand in full view on the edge of the table.

In a few moments the writing began within the slates. I could plainly hear it. It went on slowly and for several minutes. At last a tapping indicated that it was finished. On opening the slates, I found them filled with messages which had no relationship to me, but seemed to be addressed to my friend who had brought me to the corner of the street.

Encouraged by my success I now said: "A cover is not necessary. I will place my left hand on the slate. Keep your right hand on mine, and we'll get the writing without darkness."

SHE did as I directed, and with her left hand in full view and with the slates under my own hand, I got the sound of writing on the slate. I could feel the vibration of the pencil, which was only a small point. It was one of the finest demonstrations of slate writing I had ever had; but when I opened the slates and read the lines written there, I found them of no especial significance to me. They still had to do with the man out on the corner.

With a tone of intense conviction I now said, "Really, Mrs. Ring, it is not neces-

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sary for either of us to touch the slates. It is evident that you and I form a powerful battery. We'll put the slates down on the table and let the writing go on by itself."

It did! With both the psychic's hands in sight, with nothing touching the slates, the writing went on.

I observed, however, a minute twitching of small muscles in the back of the psychic's left hand. These twitchings appeared to be synchronous with the strokes of the pencil inside the folded slates. As I bent over the table, listening intently, the psychic with the thumb of her left hand lifted the top slate on its hinge, letting in the light. And still the writing went on.

Bending over the slates I almost—but not quite—caught the pencil in action. It stopped as the upper slate was raised about three inches. This message, like the others, was of no significance, but the way of its production was highly satisfactory. It will not do to say I was hypnotized, for *the writing was there.*

Mrs. Ring now proposed that we try for voices, and led the way to a poor little bare room which she had darkened for the purpose. It was absolutely bare of furnishing, with the exception of two wooden chairs and three tin cone-shaped trumpets, which rested upright on the floor. There was no closet, no screen, no place for machinery. Closing and locking the door myself, I took a seat opposite her and placed my toes firmly on the tips of her shoes, and told her to give me her hands. This she did and I turned out the light.

AFTER a few moments she began to sing a hymn in a most lamentable voice. At the end of a verse or two she stopped, and the cones began to jostle one another. At length one of them rose with a whisk, and began to float above me. I could see it plainly, for there was a large crack under the door, and the light of the afternoon sun reflected from the bottom of the floating cone so that it resembled a golden dragonfly as it silently revolved above me. It came down at last and passed so near my face that, by bending forward slightly, I was able to touch it with my forehead.

This seemed to short-circuit its power. It dropped to the floor and for some moments remained quiescent. Several times this was repeated, while I controlled the hands and feet of the psychic. My conviction is that she had no more to do (in a normal way) with the floating of that cone than I had.

This woman was poor, illiterate, hard-working, and religious. To her, apparently, these phenomena were connected up with life after death. To me, they were curious facts of a purely biologic nature. I had no feeling that a discarnate personality was present. If these were tricks the sorceress was poorly paid for her skill.

As a physical demonstration, this séance does not stand alone. It is only one of a long list of similar experiments, and it has been followed by many others equally convincing. I still maintain the scientific attitude. Nothing stands alone. One experiment explains another.

I was now interested in seeing how profoundly I could influence the psychic to alter her routine. In a dozen other cases, I had dictated (after the slates were

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under my hands) the words to be written or the markings to be made. In one case I even suggested the color of the drawing as well as its shape, at a time when no colored chalk or pencil had been placed between the slates. At the same time that I dictated the color of the drawing, in another corner of the slate a few flowers were drawn, also in color. These appeared beneath the hands of a friend who was sitting with me.

In the literature of this subject there is occasional talk of the fourth dimension as a possible explanation of some of the more startling physical phenomena, and many tests have been worked out in the light of this theory. It has not helped me.

In going over my records recently, I came upon the following brief note which I give for what it is worth:

April 13th. After dining with Dr. T, a well-known New York physician, I joined in a sitting with a young psychic named D. He did marvelous things. While all our hands were tightly knit around the circle, the table was lifted out over our shoulders, fists drummed on the table, fingers wrote with pencils on a pad on the table and touched those who sat nearest the psychic. Two of these mysterious hands took off Dr. T's collar and tie, and put them about Mrs. T's neck, and finally, at my suggestion, took off the psychic's vest. All these phenomena took place while the chain of hands was complete. At other stages of the séance lights were seen floating across the curtains of an alcove, broad, brilliant, glowing flames. That these phenomena were all genuine, I have no doubt, but in my judgment they all came from the psychic, not from the spirit world.

The above lines were written immediately after the performance and but feebly represent my interest. All of those present were mystified by the happenings. Later, I added this comment: "The removal of the vest was suggested by me. I alluded to some of Zollner's experiments and spoke of the removal of a psychic's coat while his hands were held. Our psychic said, "They have done that with me." I then said, "If they could remove your vest, it would be a fine test of the fourth dimension theory." I was only bantering him; but a few moments afterward, while Dr. T reported a complete control of hands, the psychic said, "They are working around me," and almost immediately something soft fell into my lap. It was the man's vest!

"Consider what this means," I set down in my diary. "It means that to perform this trick, the psychic must free both hands three times—once to get his coat off, once to get his vest off, and a third time to get his coat back on. Nevertheless, Dr. T reported to us that his fingers never released their grip on those of the psychic."

A month later I made this note: "We went again to Dr. T's house to have another sitting with D. Not much happened; but what did happen was under test conditions. While the psychic's coat sleeves were nailed to the chair and his hands held by myself and Dr. T, hands developed out of a cloud of smoke before his breast, and writing appeared on a pad in the middle of the table."

ALTHOUGH it does not appear in this brief note, I had, as an extra precaution, tied the psychic's wrists with dental floss. Nevertheless, while my little finger was tightly linked with his, I saw a partly-

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formed hand reach out for a glass of water, lift it to his lips, and replace it on the table. A powerful hand gripped me by the wrist and another ruffled my coat cuff with vigorous action, and presently the psychic's undershirt was removed!

Of course we examined the psychic's vest and the undershirt. They appeared perfectly normal garments with no trick slits or seams. They were as complete and genuine as my own, so far as I could discover. I don't *know* that the psychic had an undershirt on when he arrived, but I met him in the hall as he entered the house and examined his pockets. It was in summer and he wore a light coat. To conceal an undershirt would have been possible but not easy. But, granting that he had the shirt concealed about his person, I cannot see how he managed to take it from his pocket. Dental floss cannot be untied and retied by mortal fingers. It is more faithful than a handcuff and resents contortions of any sort. I proved that the man had no undershirt on *after* the sitting, for I accompanied him into another room and saw him resume his missing garment.

However, we'll let that stand as an amazing trick; but how shall we explain his supernumerary hands, one of which I saw and felt? How shall we account for the lifting of the glass of water by a pale-white three-fingered vaporous rod?—I saw this plainly, and I saw phantasmal hands dart out of a cloud of vapor swift as the tongues of serpents. How shall we explain the writing which he reproduced on the pad in the middle of the table while I held his hands and his wrists were nailed to the chair?

CONSIDER another occurrence: The psychic said to Dr. T, "Think of a signature, any signature—keep it clearly in your mind, and I will place it on the pad in the middle of the table."

This he did for Dr. T and for several others of us. Furthermore, hands could be heard at work on the pad and tearing off its sheets. One sheet thrown over to me bore a message from a friend whose writing was peculiar, a man whom the psychic could not possibly have known, even by name, for he was a teacher in a small Western school. How could the psychic apprehend writing he had never seen, and reproduce it on a sheet of paper which he could not touch?

It was professedly a "stunt." He did not say to Dr. T, "The spirit of your dead brother will reproduce his signature for you." He said, "*I* will do it." I believe that it was a biological and not a spiritualistic phenomenon. I don't see how the theory of the fourth dimension helps, but to explain such things we need the help of something more than we can at present command. I once had several leaves torn from a pad under similar test conditions, fastened together with a pin and laid on a sofa seventy-two inches from the tips of the psychic's fingers, whose wrists were encircled with tape nailed to her chair.

"But why all these stunts?" I hear my readers repeating. "Haven't the 'spirits' anything better to do than to reproduce mental signatures and take a man's undershirt off?"

They have. And it is only fair to say that not all of the "guides" busy them-

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selves with astonishing us. Most of them do, however, on the theory (so they urge) that only in this way can they arrest our attention and shake us out of our philosophical complacency. Let us grant that this is their motive, and make whatever we can out of their tricks. Furthermore, we must remind ourselves that we ourselves almost always demand these marvels at their hands.

It is not true to say that the "spirits" do nothing and say nothing sensible. I have conversed for hours with "spirit voices" who discussed philosophical themes with intellectual acuteness; but I have observed that the speech of the disembodied takes color from the composition of the circle of sitters. A group of illiterates will get low-brow messages, an intellectual group will find the visiting spirits able to enter upon long descriptions of the difficulties involved in conveying to our plane the attributes of life on theirs.

WE COME now to the consideration of the intelligences manifesting in these mysterious ways. Are they spirits, or are they secondary personalities of the psychic? Are we concerned with the realms of the dead, or with unexplored fields of biology. Many careful investigators have worked for years with no conviction that they were dealing with spirits, and I must confess that there is not sufficient weight of evidence in my records to give me that sense of certainty which is required.

For two years Sir William Crooks walked and talked with one of these phantasmal entities. He took her pulse beat, examined her eyes and hair, comparing them with those of the psychic who "produced" her. He photographed her many times—several times with the psychic in view—and yet he did not (as I recall his words) definitely call this personality a spirit. He made the tests in his own house; he had no doubt of the reality of the phenomena, but he was not convinced of the spirit personality. He regarded it as born of the psychic's body and mind. Richet, Maxwell, Morselli, Geley are, as I read them, of the same mind.

In my own case, while holding long talks with "spirit voices," and feeling on the friendliest terms with the "personalities" behind them, I have never had the conviction, not for a single moment, that I was in the presence of a person who had been through the experience of death. I have always felt that the voice was somehow a reflection from the medium, and that the personality had to do with a secondary-self built up by long years of practice in self-surrender.

This is sufficiently mystifying. As Botazzi said, after years of research in his own laboratory, "I see no present solution of the puzzle."

It is true that the "guide" persists that he has memory and personality; but that proves nothing beyond the fact that the medium has memory and that her secondary-self partakes of that memory. These astounding "stunts" prove nothing, except that we know very little of the capabilities of the human organism. I do not say that they cannot prove survival after death, but up to the present moment all I have experienced and all I have read have failed to convince me. As Richet said, "We cannot will to believe." We must have sufficient weight of evidence to pull down one scale and elevate the other.

Take, for example, the very latest development, the obtaining of photographs of the spirit hand making thumb prints of the "spirit guide." Is this, in truth, any more convincing than a signature obtained in the middle of a pad without contact by the medium?

This has happened. In a series of experiments still going on, an ectoplasmic hand has been *photographed in the act* of making prints on wax and on paper, prints which are neither those of the psychic's hands nor of the sitters'.

In one of my own experiments, with the psychic's left hand in mine and her sleeve nailed to the chair as I have described, we obtained the print of a left-hand thumb—a print which was not made by any hand in the circle, and certainly not by the psychic. In this work I had the assistance of a finger-print expert, and his declaration was that this print was that of the spirit guide "Walter." He bases this statement on the fact that the dead man, Walter C., had left on a razor handle, just before his death, the print of his thumb. This print of the living thumb has been compared with the prints being made from time to time on wax and on paper by the phantasmal thumb of the spirit guide, and found identical. Nevertheless, I remained unconvinced. I do not doubt the truth of the phenomena; but as proof that the spirit of a dead man was doing the business it has too little weight to bring belief to my skeptical mind.

THE position I take is that all hypotheses of a biologic nature should be exhausted before passing on to those of spirit return. We are in a material world. Before us stretches a mysterious and never-ending field of discovery, and we should keep our feet on the earth as long as we can. I am so constituted that I am averse to soaring while I can walk or progress by motor car. I may be forced ultimately to profess that spirits return from the other side of death, but at present I am the investigator, the reasoner, the plodder. Sometime, no doubt, the ultimate mystery will be proved. I hope to be able to return, but as to that . . .

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Big Matt

(*Continued from page 31*)

quadrangle at the gray walls, on top of which the guards slowly paced with their rifles.

"I know how you feel, John," Matt said. "But you mustn't worry about me. In the first place, I'm not worth it, and, in the second place, it ain't so bad"—Matt paused, and then went on—"after the first night. It's when you're locked in for the first time." Matt paused and himself looked out across the quadrangle. "After a while, you get kind o' used to it; there's a kind of routine, a monotony, that ain't so bad—when you learn to stop thinking. That's the hardest; to learn to stop thinking, to stop remembering, to stop hoping."

"Don't say that, Matt!" exclaimed Blake. "You mustn't stop hoping!"

But Matt shook his head. "There's nothing in that any more, John, for me. I tell you, John," he said, looking carefully all about to be sure that no one was in sight, and then, leaning more closely, and speaking out of the side of his mouth, as he used to, "I tell you," he whispered, "this place is a hell! It ain't Sam's fault; he's as good a warden as you could find anywhere; it ain't anybody's fault; it's the system.

"For me, of course, it's made easy. Sam's been awful good to me. I've got no kick coming; I've only got what was coming to me—not enough, when I think of how I treated you; but when I think of those poor fellows in there," and Matt waved his hand at the dingy shop windows all around the quadrangle, "I'm ashamed of myself—to think how much better off I am than they are, and how I don't deserve it."

BLAKE turned and looked at Matt, looked him in the eyes, and, speaking slowly, said:

"Matt, I'm going to pardon you."

Matt stared, smiled, and then the smile faded, and he said:

"John, you're going to do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"Because I won't have it; I wouldn't accept it."

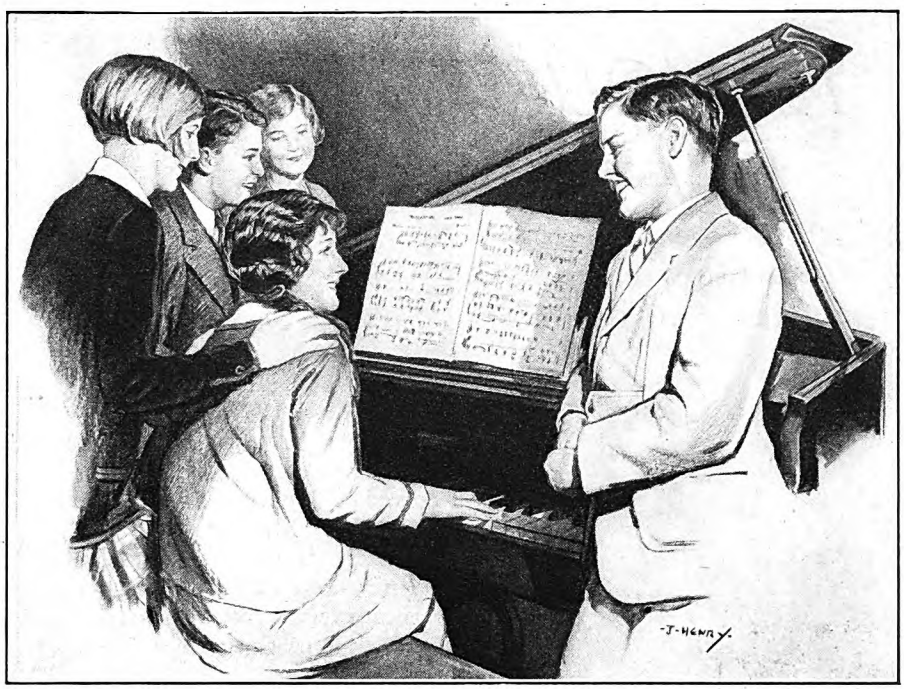
"But listen, Matt. I can't stand it to think of you in this place, after all the years we've been friends, and worked together in politics. I can't stand it! I want you to file an application with the Pardon Board—"

"John," cried Matt, interrupting him, "I'll do no such thing! Why, don't you know, man, that it would be political suicide for you?"

"Well, what of it?" Blake turned and faced him, and over Matt's large face stole an expression of perplexity.

"I don't know what's got into you, John," he said. "You always had good political horse sense before, except once, and that was when you appointed me."

"Matt, you told me a while back that sometimes, when you thought of those other fellows up there, and of how much better off you were than they, you felt ashamed of yourself, and that you don't deserve the privileges you have. Well, that's just the way I feel when I think of



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you. Only, in my case, it's worse, for, if it hadn't been for you, I should never have been where I am.

"Think of all those years we spent together in politics—wasn't I in it all as deep as you? Didn't we share in all the—I don't like to use the word, but we might as well call things by their right names—I mean all the crooked deals that landed me at last in the governor's chair? What you did began away back there in Allen County, and I have my share in the guilt, whatever it is. It isn't fair for you to stand the punishment all alone."

"But you got nothing out of this last deal," argued Matt. "You've been straight."

"Yes, I've been straight enough since I became governor. But, Matt, I've had a kind of new light, lately. It came to me gradually—what I ought to be, what I might have been."

"Yes, I know," said Matt, reflectively. "I remember that last speech of yours."

"Yes, and I think of it in the night sometimes. I see things pretty clearly then. I see that, in a way, I was responsible for this thing that you did; it was all of one piece, don't you see?"

"Because you appointed me?" asked Matt, sharply.

Blake hesitated, and then said:

"Yes, for one thing, though that isn't all. Anyway, I decided—and I'm going to pardon you."

MATT bent over, his elbows on his knees, and smoked reflectively for a few moments. Blake watched him. From time to time, Matt studiously examined the end of his almost finished cigar, turning it about in the tips of his fingers.

"John," said Matt, still stooping over, looking meditatively at his cigar, and speaking in a tone that Blake recognized as the one Matt always used when he had something embarrassing to say, "I've been for you all my life."

"I know that, Matt."

"Been for you. And the only way I can be for you now is to stay right here, where I am."

Matt reluctantly flung his cigar away on the gravel walk, and then, suddenly sitting up straight, fixed his eyes on Blake. And Blake became uneasily conscious of that odd sensation which Matt had the power to produce in him, that feeling of helpless acquiescence in the presence of a superior will.

"John," said Matt, "you're morbid. You've got your head filled up, somehow, with some kind of fancies. Cut it out—get rid of them. And, listen; don't you ever breathe the word pardon to anyone, not even to me, again. I won't have it, I tell you!"

"But suppose, Matt, I have one made out, and sign it anyhow?"

"Well, if you do that, I will decline to accept it—and what kind of a position will you be in then? You'd look nice, wouldn't you?"

Matt waited a moment, and then said, with a definitive air:

"No, John. You can't afford to pardon me. You're not going to—and that's all there is to it. You hear?"

And Blake, under the irresistible compulsion of Matt's will, lowered his eyes and with his stick drew crude designs in the gravel at his feet.

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A whistle blew—noon—the rumbling of the machines in the shops subsided into a hum and died away, in relief, like a sigh. Silence lay on the prison; the September sun glittered on the stark yard, and touched the black limbs of the thorn tree to a faded, rusty green. Long files of convicts in gray, formed before each shop, in companies, mustered by their guards, and stood, mute and motionless, waiting for the order to march to their noon-day meal.

"You won't want to see that," said Matt. "Let's go in."

"No," said Blake. "I don't want to see them. I guess I'd better be going."

IT WAS a relief to get away from those dismal precincts, to sink back on the cushions in the motor and be driven up out of that ugly part of town to the broad, busy streets of the business section, where there was life, and those crowds hurrying along High Street to luncheon. He would, after all, stop a moment at the State House, just to see if there was anything new, if anything had happened. Of course, the reporters would be there, waiting; but, no matter. . . .

Yes, there they were, headed by the representative of "The Star," that little whipper-snapper with the eyeglasses, the gold chain over his ear, and the cigarette.

"Governor, what was the purpose of your visit to the Penitentiary this morning?"

"I went out on a little visit of inspection," replied Blake.

"Whom did you see?"

"Well, I saw the warden, and a lot of convicts."

"Did you see Matt Holt?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that you are going to pardon him out?"

"No," Blake replied, shaking his head; "I am not going to grant him a pardon." And Blake turned away and went into his private room.

The reporter looked disappointed and rather unconvinced, then hurried away to the telephone. Squire and Doc Sloane, who were standing by, smiled with pleasure at his discomfort.

Rather good, that reply; that is, it had become quite true since he had talked with Matt that morning. But were there never to be any circumstances or conjunctures in which he could speak without seeming to be, to himself at least, a kind of hypocrite? Was there no escape?

As he walked slowly down the wide steps of the State House to the waiting motor, the newsboys were rushing up with the noon editions. Two men were coming down the steps behind him; one of them bought a newspaper, and read out the headline: "No Pardon for Big Matt."

"Well," Blake heard the man say to his companion, "we haven't had such a strong governor in many a long year. He reminds me of old Elijah Gates!"

Blake couldn't help glancing 'round; but, not wishing the man to know that he had heard him, he hastily looked up at the dome, rising above him, tapering with a curious effect of perspective from its monstrous base to the small pinnacle of its lantern, soaring in the pale, satiny September sky.

(*The End*)

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Our men are given promotion to distributors as soon as they make good. Our organization is known as one of the country's highest paid sales organizations. We give you the training and cooperation that is responsible for this reputation. Every representative furnished with complete profit making plan worked out by experts.

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FYR-FYTER has universal acceptance—see list of customers on this page. We have a type of extinguisher to fit every type of hazard. Every school, store, hotel, home, hospital or factory is a prospect.

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The Most Annoying Person I Know

FIRST PRIZE

My Kid Sister Sure Does Get My Goat

I'M CERTAINLY glad of a chance to let off steam about the most annoying person I know. My ten-year-old sister fits that description absolutely. I'm thirteen and a sophomore in high.

Why, yesterday, she was sitting on a board spanning a deep ditch that runs past our house, sawing the board in two. Rather than mind me and get off, when I told her to, she stayed right there sawing until it broke with her and she fell in, sawing some of herself when she fell. I got the blame, of course.

Her yellow cat is so full of fleas that you can see them jumping around on it from clear across the room. Almost, anyway. She gave it a bath in strong lysol water to deflea it, then turned down the covers of *my* bed and put it in to warm it and get it dry, although her own bed stands on the other side of the same room. The strong fumes of lysol nearly overpowered me. I had to sleep on the extreme edge of the bed to keep out of the wet spot, and, lastly, it must take something stronger than lysol water to deflea a cat, because I felt living fleas in my bed all night.

If Father or Mother ever ask each other what a word means, she will say, "Oh, don't bother to look it up, just ask the 'walking dictionary'." Or "the living encyclopedia"—just because I told her that f-a-t-i-g-u-e spelled *fatigue* and not *fat-ig-you*, as she has been pronouncing it.

She said last night that she would help me with a cross-word puzzle that I'm making. I had come to a place where the word airedale would fit nicely if it hadn't been for the last "e." Said my bright little sister, "Well, tell 'em that that word would mean a kind of dog if it had an 'e' on the end of it." And she meant it, too. Good night! J. E. H.

SECOND PRIZE

Miss B Yearns to Save Us From Our Wicked Ways

THE most annoying person I know is the very best young woman I ever met. She is so determinedly good, upright, and cheerful, so patently a paragon of all the virtues, that my bristles rise every time she comes near me, and I am conscious of an overwhelming desire to do something mean.

In the privacy of our home, this young woman is called "The Voice in the Wilderness," because she first called herself that, and because she is so set upon "making straight the way of the Lord" out here in this wicked, wild, and woolly West.

Miss B is good. I admit it. She's sweet, quiet, refined, gentle, religious. She sings better than anyone else. She talks better, standing straight and slim with head uptilted as if just about to take wing and fly to some place more suited to her—and I wish she would.

She is a school-teacher, and is always correcting someone in her gentle, bright, angelic way. I hate her like poison when she does; but don't dare, or am not mean enough, to call her down when she says: "My father always told we girls." But I dream of it, picturing that glorious time when I shall rise in the majesty of all my hurt feelings and avenge them at one fell blow in front of all her admirers.

I don't dare to attend prayer-meeting when she is likely to be there, for I am in danger of crowning her with the heaviest hymn book I can lay hands on.

I have times of repenting. I determine to walk in paths of righteousness and not be annoyed by Miss B any more. Then I attend some gathering, and she invariably takes it upon herself to tell us sweetly just how she came to be good, so that we may go and do likewise.

Smash! All my good resolutions have gone by the board. I wish I was just ten, so I could stick out my tongue at her.

No, it's not just jealousy of her goodness. She affects others the same way. My Scandinavian neighbor says:

"She's too blamed good. When I get through talkin' to her I go outside an' cuss so's to even things up a little." B. H. G.

THIRD PRIZE

Aunt Jennie Has a Martyr Complex

AUNT JENNIE is the dearest of old ladies. We all love her—except when she assumes her martyr rôle, suffers in silence, and then tells us of her sufferings.

Aunt Jennie would die before she'd express a wish or a preference.

"Don't pay any attention to me," she'll tell us; "anything is all right for an old woman like me, just so the rest of you are suited." And then, when it's too late, we learn that it wasn't all right—was very wrong, in fact, though we had done not what we wanted but what we believed would suit Aunt Jennie.

"I'm nearly ill with nervousness," she said once last summer after a long auto ride. "It always makes me nervous to ride in the front seat." We all blushed guiltily, until we remembered that we'd begged her to sit wherever she wished, and after she'd meekly declared that anywhere was good enough for an old woman like her, we'd given her the place we all coveted.

Purchasing a gift for Aunt Jennie is an ordeal. For weeks before the event to be thus celebrated we try to trap her into saying what she'd like. We treasure her words, and do our best to interpret them. Finally, we spend more than we can afford, and hope for the best.

"It's thoughtful of you to remember a poor old woman." Aunt Jennie will say. "The gift is beautiful, but—" And then comes the joker. She never wears that color; she doesn't read that author; she's stopped eating candy.

Of course these are little things, and Aunt Jennie is a dear; but sometimes I wish she'd exchange her little habit for mayhem or bank robbing. A. M.

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Restful Sleep

Wide-Awake Days

for busy people

A new Swiss food-drink . . . a natural way to sound restful sleep that stores up all-day energy

See what 3 days will do

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a way to overcome this—*without the use of drugs*. For drugs do not give the kind of sleep that refreshes. They always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But this unique Swiss food-beverage—called Ovaltine—gives you sound, restful sleep *in a natural way*. And as you sleep peacefully, the special food properties of Ovaltine restore your tired mind and body. Thus you get the kind of sleep that builds up new vitality and tireless energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove what we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with vigor and energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials below.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but also in the way you feel in the morning. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day. Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

Refreshed—when you first awaken

Do you find it an effort to get up in the morning? Ovaltine gives you the kind of sleep that overcomes that "logy" feeling. You wake up clear-eyed, clear-headed. Mr. O'Connor says: "I used to be tired out after a day's work in my office, too tired even to sleep. Now, thanks to Ovaltine, I sleep soundly and wake up in the morning fresh, clear and full of energy."

E. H. O'Connor
New York City

Ambitious Days the reward of restful sleep

A cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring usually brings instant, all night sleep . . . . sleep that gives you unlimited energy. "Keeps you on your toes" all day. Mr. Knox states: "I had not had restful sleep in over five years. Since taking Ovaltine I sleep better and have more ambition to work. It makes sleep come naturally."

George Knox
Burlington, Vt.

Gayer Evenings when vitality is high

Ovaltine gives you deep, restful sleep that seems to store up unlimited energy. You never seem to tire even after a hard day's work. Mr. McCauley writes: "I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and found I slept better and felt 50% better. I feel as good after a hard day's work as I do in the morning."

A. Z. McCauley, Henry, Ill.

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Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
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Name.....

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(One package to a person)

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Make Your Own
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Subtle harmonies, vivid contrasts are within the easy reach of your paint brush—with Valspar in Colors.

Perhaps the woodwork in your kitchen is not just the color you want, or your car needs to be refinished or you want to "do over" your bedroom furniture in an entirely new color scheme. With Valspar, you can accomplish every one of these things for Valspar puts all the colors of the rainbow at your disposal!

Valspar not only beautifies but protects. Valspar is amazingly durable, accident-proof and absolutely waterproof—*indoors or out.* Valspar is easy to apply and dries overnight. Its lustrous finish can be rubbed down to a satin-like appearance. *Send the coupon below for samples.*

The Beautiful Valspar Colors

The colors 1—24 are the regular Valspar Colors reproduced as accurately as is possible with printers' ink. You can obtain them from your dealer.

1 Black	Valspar	10 Vermilion	Valspar	19 Mahogany	Valspar
2 Orange	"	11 Deep Red	"	20 Cherry	"
3 Ivory	"	12 Gray	"	21 Moss Green	"
4 Medium Blue	"	13 Deep Green	"	22 Gold	"
5 Light Red	"	14 Brown	"	23 Aluminum	"
6 Medium Green	"	15 Clear	"	24 Bronze	"
7 Light Blue	"	16 Light Oak	"		
8 Yellow	"	17 Dark Oak	"		
9 Deep Blue	"	18 Walnut	"		

W White (not illustrated)

You can mix your own Valspar Colors

Each color from 25 to 51 is a lovely shade or tint obtained by mixing two of the regular Valspar Colors in equal proportions.

25	12 and 3	30	3 and 2	36	4 and w	42	3 and 10	48	2 and 7
26	14 and 8	31	1 and w	37	6 and w	43	7 and 10	49	14 and 3
27	5 and 3	32	13 and w	38	12 and 10	44	6 and 8	50	5 and w
28	7 and w	33	7 and 8	39	11 and 3	45	3 and 7	51	12 and 9
29	12 and 8	34	2 and 14	40	3 and w	46	12 and w	52	8 and 10
		35	12 and 14	41	8 and w	47	14 and w		

A good example of color mixing is the popular Chinese Red (No. 52) shown in the tin Cup:—it is made by mixing equal parts of Valspar Yellow (No. 8) and Valspar Vermilion (No. 10). Countless other beautiful combinations are possible.

Special Offer!—To introduce the wonderful, new Valspar Polish, for automobiles and furniture, we offer a 50c can for 25c. See coupon below.

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar, Numbers 1-24 supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Special:—One 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

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Send 50c can Valspar Polish for 25c.....☐

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Amer. 3-28

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When You Pay for Experience Be Sure to Keep Your Receipt!

(*Continued from page 33*)

succession of odd jobs during vacations, and then, when Elmer was fifteen and in high school, he landed what was in the eyes of the village an extremely important post. He became night operator on the Miamisburg telephone exchange.

"This was my first experience in dealing directly with the public," he told me with a small-boy grin, "and it gave me considerable practice in the art of being tactful. In the evenings, the work was not heavy, but I surely had to hump myself during what somebody has called the 'wee sma' hours' of the morning. I went on at nine-thirty in the evening and the farmers, who numbered three fourths of our subscribers, were in bed by that time. So, in addition to snatches of study between calls, I usually got in two good hours with my books before my bedtime.

"In those days, folks in the Miami Valley were early risers. Calls started coming in at three in the morning, and they kept piling in thick and fast until five or six o'clock. Sometimes subscribers had nothing more important on their minds than swapping views about the weather, but of course the majority of calls were to confirm tentative engagements made the day or the week before for sowing, reaping, hog-killing, or fishing. There was one old codger who made it a rule to call me every morning a little after three, Sunday or Monday, rain or shine. His only object was to see if 'thet young whippersnapper wuz on the job.'

"I HELD on to my night operator job two years, until I finished high school. Meanwhile, during vacations, I had been working as a full-time lineman for the telephone company. In all, I had saved up six hundred dollars. During the summer, my duties were what you might call miscellaneous in nature. I dug post holes, helped erect poles, strung lines, and installed instruments. It was pretty heavy work for a boy, but it was good for me.

"Personally, I don't think anything can take the place of a reasonable amount of manual labor in the life of a growing boy. If he is going to sit in an office all the rest of his days, all the more reason why he should get a taste of working with his hands. In the first place, the strenuous exercise in the open air will build into him endurance, tough muscles, and a digestion that will form an invaluable reserve in later, less active years. And, in the second place, his own first-hand experience will give him a healthy respect for the vast amount of this world's work which will always be done by the man who handles the business end of a shovel."

After his graduation from high school, young Biechler looked about him for a real job. He had decided against college, for the simple reason that what was going on outside college halls interested him more than what was going on inside them.

"Not that I would advise anybody to follow my example," he warned. "If a young chap has no idea what he wants to do when he finishes high school, I'd say he is as likely to find out in college as in any other place. But if a boy is definitely interested in some line of work, and he is not interested in books, then by all means I would urge him to find a job and roll up his sleeves. If he later decides that he needs more schooling to handle the kind of work he wants to do, the college will be right there where he left it. And this time he will have a clear-cut notion of what he wants to get out of it.

"And yet, if I am going to be perfectly honest, I must admit that, personally, there are a thousand times and a thousand places when I keenly feel the lack of the important 'something' one gets at college. Any man who has *not* been to college will know what I mean.

"YOU remember I told you," he reminded me, "that nearly every time I changed jobs, I passed up a higher salary for a lower one, because I wanted more job even if I got less pay? Well, when I finished high school, the telephone company wanted to keep me on as lineman, bill collector, and general utility man. They offered me good money; but I didn't stay, because the top of a telephone company was about as far as I could see myself climbing in that little local company. I didn't care where I started, but I wanted plenty of elbow room above me.

"Like most country boys, I now turned my eyes cityward. And to me, the city meant Dayton, which was only ten miles away. I had noticed in a Dayton paper the advertisement of a company which manufactured clay-working machinery. These folks wanted a shipping clerk. The pay was five dollars a week, which was less than half what the telephone company was offering me. But I was bent on getting a start in the city, so I went to Dayton and applied for the place.

"I got the job all right, but I'll admit that I was disappointed when I found that in the main my duties consisted of writing out shipping tags by hand. Still, I had gumption enough to know that a concern worth working for wasn't going to take a green country boy barely out of high school and make him vice president right off the bat. Then I remembered my old slogan of 'Dogged does it!' and I sailed in."

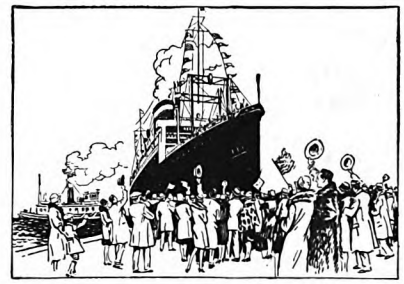
"And in the meantime," I suggested, "what had become of your six hundred dollars?"

Mr. Biechler grinned.

"Lost it," he said. "Nearly forgot to tell you about that. Just before I left for Dayton, the building and loan association in which I had invested all my capital collapsed. At the advanced age of seventeen I had to start life all over again."

"Weren't you awfully upset over your bad luck?" I demanded.

"Not a bit of it," he laughed. "You see, I had already figured out that you can make an experience worth whatever it costs you. Here's the heart of my business philosophy in a nutshell: I'm willing to pay the price for anything I learn; but I



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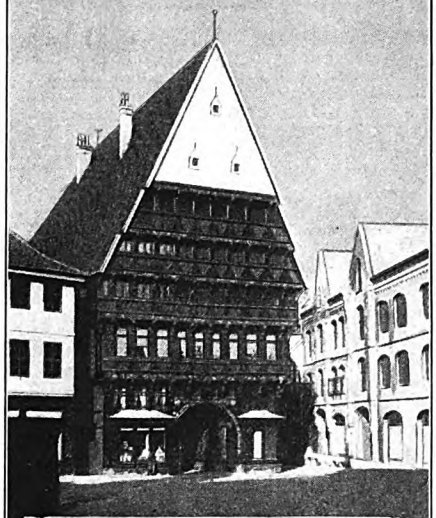

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Mr. Biechler insists that he did nothing spectacular in the shipping office of the machinery company. "I simply hustled every minute of the day and as long at night as it took me to finish up," he said. "There were a lot of odd jobs lying around that seemed to belong to nobody in particular. At first, I took them on to get them out of the way. But gradually there grew up in my heart a secret hope that somebody would notice how smart I was.

"Apparently nobody did! For eleven long months, I wrote tags and acquired new duties right and left, without receiving one word of comment, favorable or otherwise. Just before the year was up, I came to the conclusion that I had picked the wrong men to work for.

"'What's the use of keeping this hole as clean as a whistle, and doing three men's work?' I grumbled. 'Nobody except *you* knows a thing about it.'

"I was about ready to throw up my job when another thought occurred to me. 'Why,' I said to myself in some amazement, '*I'm* getting enough satisfaction out of my performance to justify my efforts. It doesn't really matter if nobody else notices what I am doing.' And I promptly forgot all about the 'higher ups.'

"THEN one day came the proverbial bolt out of the blue. The 'Old Man' called me into his office.

"'Look here, young fellow,' he said, 'you write tags so fast that we've got to sell more machinery to keep you in a job. How would you like to go out on the road and do a little selling?'

"Gosh, but I was happy! I had never before had a chance to travel, and I was eager to try my hand at selling. The salary was all right too. With good luck, I would soon be making much more than I could possibly have earned as a lineman.

"But I honestly think that the thing that thrilled me most was the knowledge that somebody had been watching me after all. We are all human and most of us thrive on appreciation. I try to keep this fact in mind in dealing with my own men. Sometimes, however, the watchful eye of the man above is misinterpreted.

"Several years ago, one of my most promising men, a keen-eyed young chap in an important department, stopped me on one of my rounds and drew me off into a corner.

"'Mr. Biechler,' he said, 'I'm worried half to death. I don't know what's come over my chief, but he watches me all the time. I can't turn around that he isn't pussyfooting right behind me. He's got me so nervous I almost jump out of my skin every time I look up and catch him snooping about. I've got a wife and three kids, and I don't want to lose my job; but if he's going to fire me, for heaven's sake, tell him to go ahead and get it over with.'

"'If a man isn't worth watching, he isn't worth keeping, Bill,' I told him seriously. And then I added, 'Your chief has an eye on you, because he's stepping up in a couple of months, and you're to have his job!'

"I wish you could have seen the boy's face change!"

A year after young Biechler went on the road to sell machinery, he found himself purchasing agent for his firm. He was just twenty years old at this time.

At this point, the boy learned that the Chambers Company, of Philadelphia, old and well-established manufacturers of clay-working machinery, were on the lookout for a man to replace their Western representative, who had recently died. The Dayton firm was not expanding fast enough to satisfy the young purchasing agent. He decided to try to cast his lot with the Philadelphia company. Accordingly, he sent in his application setting forth in a businesslike and almost impersonal fashion his own qualifications as he saw them. A couple of letters were exchanged and Biechler was on his way to Philadelphia.

A few months later, fate stepped into the picture and immediately began to put crimps into the young man's plans for his new career. On one of his visits home, a friend asked him to deliver a message and a small parcel to a young woman who lived in a New Jersey town less than an hour out of Philadelphia.

The obliging Biechler delivered the message, and left his heart with it! A speedy courtship followed. A year or so later the young people were married. And, shortly after that, Mrs. Biechler made it known that she objected to a part-time husband. The joke of it was that in attempting to comply with his wife's wishes, Biechler jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

For some time, he had kept an interested eye on a struggling concern back in Dayton. This was the newly organized Delco company, which manufactured electric starters for automobiles. Biechler foresaw that the coming age was to be an electrical one, and he was eager to identify himself with it. One of the officers of the Delco company had been auditor for the Dayton clay-working machinery company when Biechler started working there. Biechler wrote him about a possible opening. Apparently this man had also watched the young shipping clerk, for he promptly wired for Biechler to come to Dayton and talk things over.

The upshot of the Dayton conference was that Biechler was invited to stay with the Delco people as traffic manager at considerably less than he was getting in Philadelphia. He jumped at the chance, because he believed that Delco was going to grow and grow fast. And he had sufficient confidence in himself to believe that he would grow with it!

At first, there was precious little traffic to manage. However, Biechler managed to keep busy until eleven or twelve o'clock nearly every night by following the precedent he had set for himself in his shipping-clerk days. He simply took unto himself any stray jobs in his vicinity not appropriated by anybody else.

IN THE beginning, the Delco Company (Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company) made only starting, lighting, and ignition systems. How they came to make farm-lighting systems is an interesting story.

One day a telegram came from a man in Florida:

Send me two Delcos by return express.

The records showed that this man, who apparently possessed only one car, already had a Delco. The Delco people were

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curious to know what in time he wanted with two more starters, so they put a service engineer on a train with the order. He came back with the news that the Florida man was planning to hitch the Delcos to a gas engine, to light his house.

"Good!" said the Dayton office. "We'll get busy and work out a more convenient scheme for lighting farm houses."

"It was a fascinating problem," Mr. Biechler told me. "Colonel Deeds and Mr. Kettering, at that time respectively president and vice president of Delco, had been brought up on farms, and they knew the hardships and handicaps that farm people had to contend with. Remember, it was only a few years ago," he reminded me, "that, in addition to her other heavy duties, the farm woman had to clean and fill her kerosene lamps daily. Running water was unheard of on the average farm. Nine out of ten farm women had to carry their supply from a spring, or draw it laboriously from a well or pump. In winter, this was a disagreeable and often a dangerous task. Many a case of pneumonia could be traced to a cold caught while filling the family water buckets.

"By a wonderful flash of the imagination, Colonel Deeds and Mr. Kettering saw farm life made easier and happier by the addition of conveniences for the women. The men-folks already had their reapers and binders, but little had been done for their wives."

The Delco laboratory and engineering experts were set to work. At the end of two years, the new lighting system was on the market, and so well did it go that in a couple more years a subsidiary known as the Delco-Light Company was formed. Young Biechler was promptly picked for the double job of traffic manager and purchasing agent for the infant organization. Evidently the "higher-ups" had been snooping again!

ABOUT this time, Delco was bought out, lock, stock, and barrel, by the General Motors Corporation. Shortly afterward Biechler was promoted to the position of sales manager. Five years later, he was made president and general manager of Delco-Light.

Meanwhile, the company had been developing a line of household appliances for the farm, including water systems, electrically operated washing machines, and so on. Now General Motors conceived the project of working out a product which would appeal especially to the city man and his wife.

The most important material thing in life is food, without which human beings cannot long exist. What piece of household equipment is most vitally related to food? Answer: The refrigerator. But there were already plenty of good refrigerators on the market. "But what about a refrigerator that would make its own ice supply?" somebody suggested.

It took several years to perfect a satisfactory electric refrigerator. And then began the always difficult job of persuading the public to take to a new-fangled idea. People flocked to see demonstrations of the electric refrigerator and said, "How wonderful!" and went right on using their old ice chests.

Something had to be done. The "higher-ups" looked around. Result:

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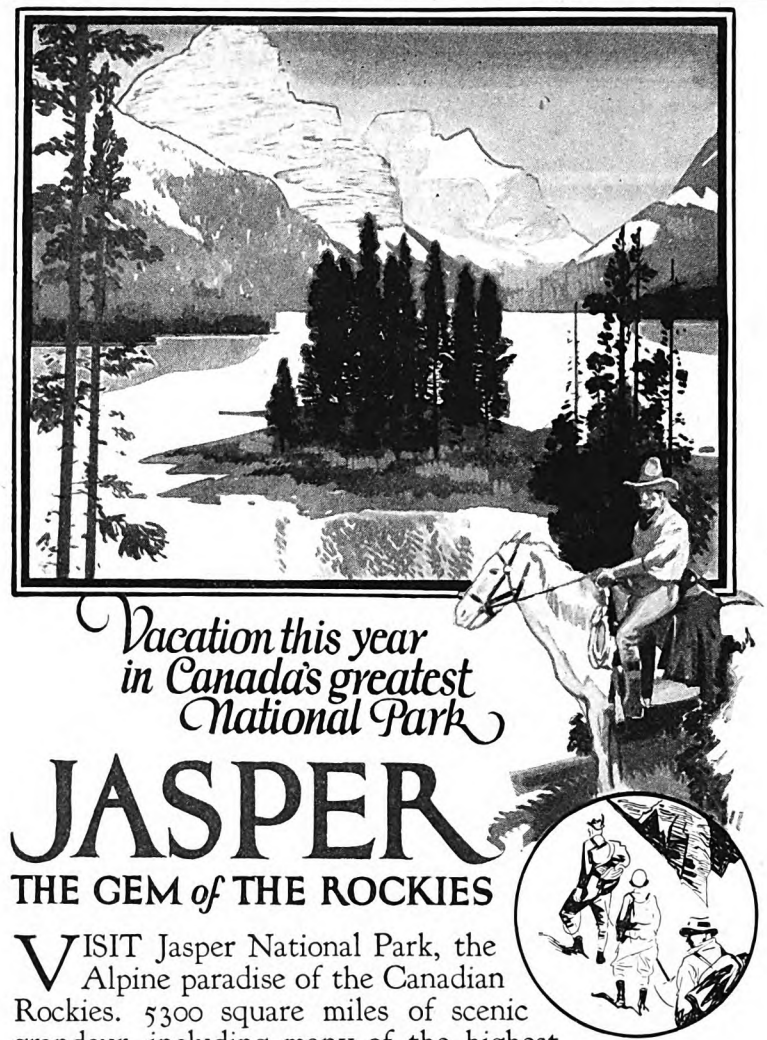

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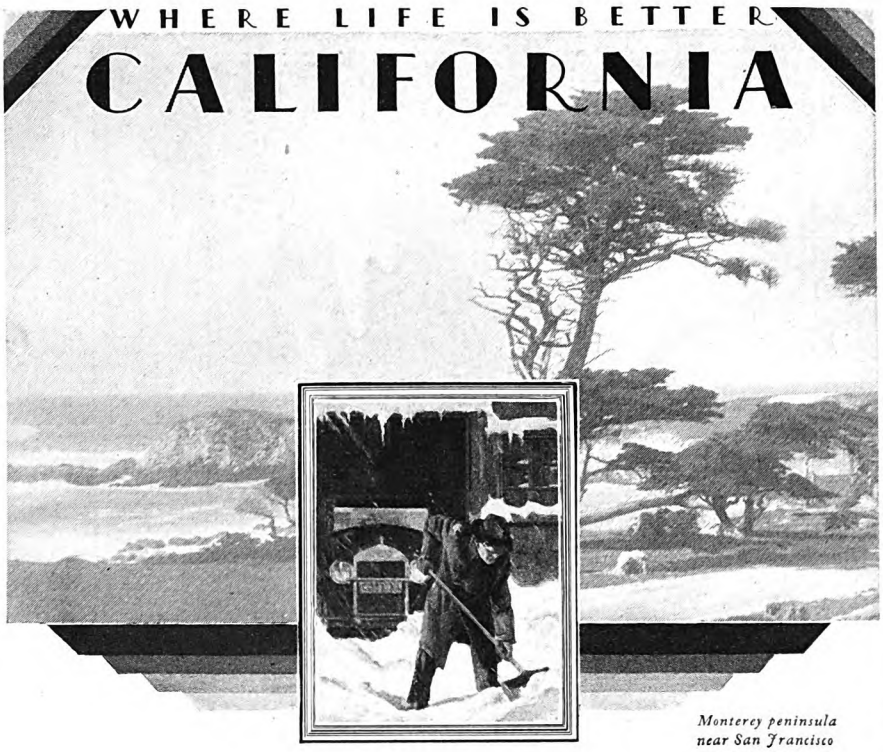

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Elmer G. Biechler was nominated to take on still another job. He started in as acting manager of the new electric refrigeration development. Six months later, he was appointed general manager. This was in the spring of 1924. Another two months, and he was elected president, but he was told that he would be expected to keep his job as general manager.

During the next twelve months, under the leadership of the new boss, the sales of refrigerators were doubled.

When Biechler took hold, the company was making two thousand refrigerators a year, and having a hard time to sell them. Today they are turning out 350,000 a year, and they are having a hard time to keep up with the demand!

I asked Mr. Biechler how he pulls this stunt of annually breaking his own record.

"I don't do it," he answered quickly. "The combined effort of fifteen thousand men pulling together does it! No matter how smart a man is, or how hard he works, he can't be a leader unless he can persuade others to follow him. There are two kinds of executive. One kind says, 'Go!' The other kind says, 'Come on, boys!' If I deserve any credit at all, it is because I have had the sense to treat my men in such a way that they pull with me, not against me. They know that if we fail, we fail together. And they know that when we win, the victory belongs to all of us."

"I BELIEVE in Luck," says Bruce Barton next month. "Luck played a big part in my own career, and I'm sure that every man in a big position knows in his own heart that forces entirely outside himself have played a large part in his making. But"—and note this well—"I also believe that breaks tend to happen to those who are prepared to receive them." This is just the type of article that sets you thinking about the part old Lady Luck has played in your own life. Are you ready for those breaks that are coming your way?

Who Says the Big Burgs Are Only Icebergs?

(*Continued from page 57*)

cold-hearted opportunist could survive a winter there.

It used to be argued, and I regarded it as true, without much analysis, that of the home-town boys who had gone to the big city only one or two had found success, and all but four or five had returned to town, broken, discouraged men, their physique wrecked by the mad pace of the "terrible metropolis" and their spirit thoroughly destroyed.

As a matter of fact, this was far from the truth. The boys who had struck out for themselves in larger fields and who did very well for themselves greatly outnumbered the boys who came back; the trouble was that the boys who came back were around home where the home folks could always see them.

And, as I later discovered, most of the

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boys who had come back hadn't put up much of a struggle to remain away.

The home town, however, seemed only to remember about five natives who had left home and survived. One of them was a man who had worked in the wire mill and subsequently become a great power in the steel industry. Another was a boy who had worked in a local department store while going through college, met the Brady boys, and become a very rich man in Wall Street. A third was a young man who had come to own a stable of trotters operating on the Grand Circuit, and the fourth a man who had become world famous as a balloonist. A fifth had become a matinée idol. There's variety for you.

Never much at figures and always far from a handsome youth showing any histrionic talent, I was inclined to think that if I had been one of the five I would have become either the race-track man or the balloonist. New York, it seemed obvious, was not the place to try my luck in either field.

ONCE I thought of going to Boston, but a trip of inspection convinced me that its streets were too involved. Later I nearly hopped to Syracuse, which seemed to me at that time to come about as big as they made 'em.

Always, however, the still small voice advised, "You'll never stand a chance in a big place. You're too sensitive. You lack push. To make a living in a big town you've got to have a rhinoceros hide. Here at home, the people know you; they're all human beings and always ready to help you. In a big city, you'd be jumping in among a pack of wolves. A stranger hasn't one chance in a million!"

Never did I challenge the commonly expressed opinion that courtesy, fairness, honesty, and consideration were virtues exclusive to the small town.

I waited until I was nearly thirty before leaving the small town for the big, and I can truthfully say that, much as I love the old home town and happy as are its associations, its spirit compares with that of the big city as an Eskimo igloo in December compares with a telephone booth in July.

I've never had my pocket picked in New York; but once I had a fellow passenger on a subway put his wallet in my coat pocket by mistake when shifting his belongings.

I've never even seen a hold-up; none of my friends has been held up; but I've had people rush up and hand me money which no amount of argument could convince them I hadn't earned.

I've never encountered a drunken taxicab driver or a belligerent one who demanded any money except that registered on the meter.

I have yet to meet with anything except extreme courtesy and fairness in all channels in which my work takes me; and it has been my experience that the bigger the man the more courteous the reception.

Not until I came to the big city did I ever have any personal experience with such things as bonuses and Christmas gifts from the boss. And never until I reached it, did I have what always seemed to me to be the most incredible of experiences, a boss suggesting that I was working too hard and urging me to go on a vacation.

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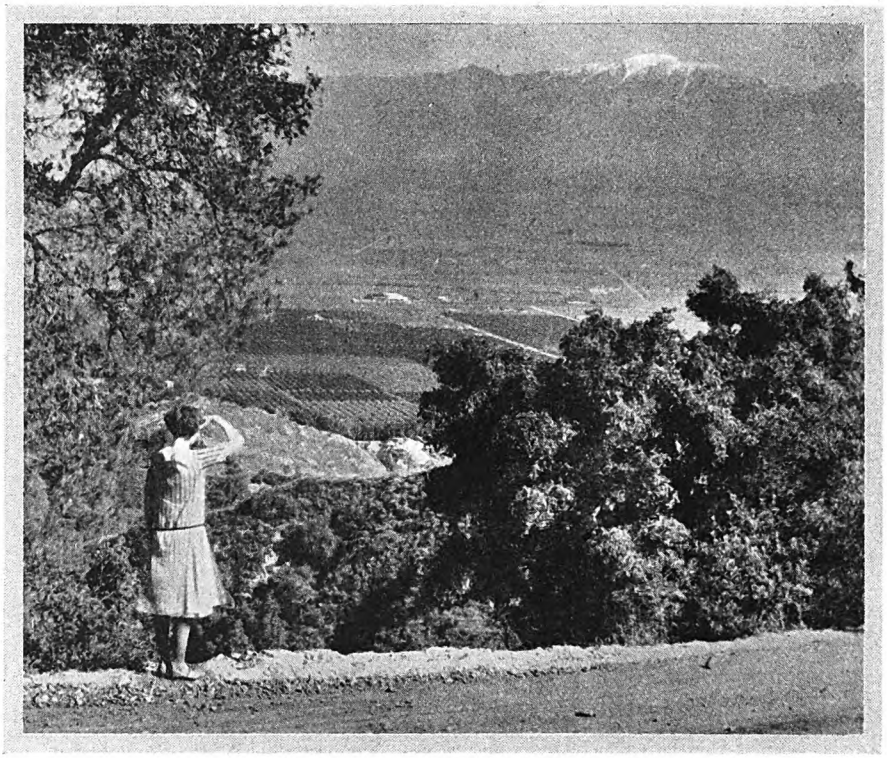

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I never got a salary raise in a small town without fighting for it for months, if not for years, and my employers seemed to think "bonus" was Latin for ice water. The only thing I ever got from a small-town boss on Christmas was a 'phone call to get in early the following morning.

I was taught in the home town, by an employer for whom I worked most of my time, that one salary raise in three years was the height of liberality, and that an increase of three dollars a week was an item no boss could decide upon hastily, however prosperous. I never personally experienced or heard of a voluntary salary raise to any worker in the organization.

When one of the boys arrived at a point where he resolved to get more money, it was quite a trick to get it. The request had to go through many channels, although the boss had a desk in plain view. The reporter would ask his city editor for another dollar a week; the city editor would screw up courage enough to suggest such a thing to the managing editor; the managing editor, paling at the sign of revolt, would ultimately take the matter up with the business manager, and the business manager, suggesting that such a request revealed a marked decline in loyalty to the paper, would, after a month or two, convey the bad news to the publisher.

Looking backward, I think I never have seen such signs of acute suffering as would be shown by this employer at the prospect of the pay roll being hoisted another dollar. He would wince, sink into a chair, emit a noise strangely like a groan, shake his head slowly and then announce that the workers were in a wicked plot to cut down his earnings, undermine his morale and break down his health.

Invariably he would refuse the simoleon to the struggling slave, a little hint that there had just been an addition to the family leaving him cold and disinterested.

THERE is an historic case of one young man who, after pleading for a dollar raise for seven months, finally delivered an ultimatum that he was quitting.

"Where are you going?" asked the boss, who had summoned the youth to his office, hoping to argue him into remaining at the old price.

"Albany," replied the worker.

"How much have they offered you there?" asked the boss.

"Sixteen dollars a week."

"What are you getting here?" inquired the boss, trying to convey the idea he didn't bother with such details.

"Fifteen," was the reply.

The employer gazed at the floor for what seemed hours, and then, rising like a man who had made a great decision in a difficult matter of frenzied finance, exclaimed: "If that's the situation, that's the situation. I would have liked to have kept you with us."

This employer was not typical, perhaps, but in the small towns you will find many whose attitude approaches his. There was no justification for his pettiness. He had one of the most successful businesses in the state, was one of its richest men, and had an unusually efficient staff of workers.

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I don't think he realized he was miserly, or wanted to be. He had the viewpoint so often found in the smaller towns, that rigid economy is the greatest of virtues, and that no dollar should ever be surrendered without a battle. He was raised that way. So were the people who worked for him.

Great was my surprise when, after I had been in New York but a few months I was given an increase of thirty-five dollars a week, all in one lump. It didn't seem right. I think I expressed the thought that it wouldn't be playing fair by the corporation. I remember I was positive it couldn't last, and that as soon as it reached the eye of some presiding guardian over the cash drawer it would be lopped off and made something more reasonable, like a dollar and a half.

Then I got another raise of twenty dollars inside of six months. This unnerved me. I began to lose weight, jump at sudden noises and shiver at shadows. At the end of a year and a half my salary was one-hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, whereas the highest I had ever earned back home for doing three or four times as much work had been forty-five dollars.

I remember distinctly going about in a state of fear lest the building burn down.

ONE day the managing editor called me over by a ticker and floored me with this:

"You're not satisfied with what you're making here, are you?"

I tried to speak, but said nothing.

"You can make a lot more by syndication. Why don't you syndicate your stuff?"

"I-I-I-I'd like to-o-o," I stuttered.

"I've thought out a plan," he continued. "It'll double your money in no time. See me this afternoon; I'll give you the dope."

I managed to stammer my thanks. Then I reeled out into the corridor and gasped for air. A boss worrying because one of his men wasn't making enough money!

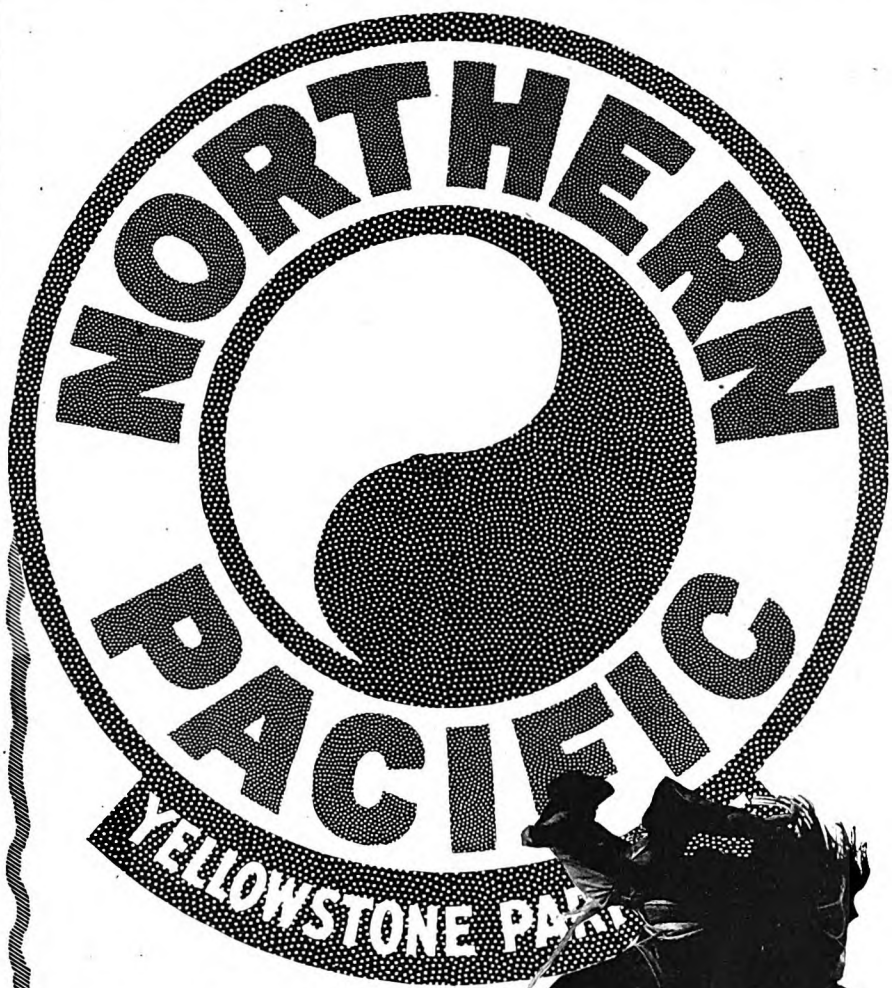
A managing editor going out of his way to help one of the staff gather extra cash!

"Quick, Watson, the smelling salts!"

This incident made me quite dizzy. I was certain there must be a "catch" in it. It couldn't be that employers ever gave salary raises without solicitation. It couldn't be that they actually mentioned the matter first. All my experience back home had been that a wage increase was something never mentioned by the boss, and only brought up by the worker as a last desperate gesture against the wolf at the door.

Of course, it may be that it has been my good fortune to come in contact in the big city with exceptionally liberal employers. I don't think so. Not one of them has been even remotely suspected of being careless with his money or too much endowed with sentiment.

It is an interesting fact that an employer upon whom I had looked for years with something akin to fear, as a result of a somewhat general impression that he was a cold business man and an inconsiderate boss, proved to be the most considerate and generous within my experience. This man was the late Frank A. Munsey, owner of the New York "Sun." I had been told that Mr. Munsey was a very difficult man to please, and that he was particularly censorious of "columns."



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This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and latest style cutting. Mounted in 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 **send it back** and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**

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If desired, rings will be sent to **any bank** you may name or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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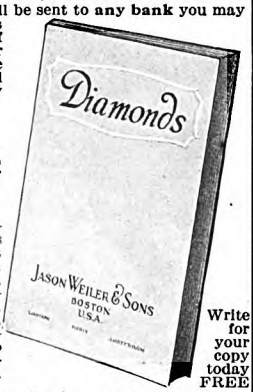
"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, $20.00 to $20,000.00, is considered an authority.



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THIS SIX ROOM English-Type Bungalow NOW $865 FREIGHT PAID

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Never, however, did I receive a rebuke or a word of criticism from him from the day of my employment until the time of his death, and I met with two instances of thoughtfulness unique and unprecedented within my experience.

I had been on the paper for a month or two and assigned to share a small office with another worker. As this worker was a charming young lady it was far from a hardship. But Mr. Munsey happened in one morning and expressed surprise that I should lack an office of my own.

"You ought not to have to share an office," he said. "Wouldn't you like one all for yourself?"

"Why, yes," I managed to stammer, feeling quite floored by the solicitude.

"You shall have it," he declared, and in a few hours it was arranged.

The other instance of what to me was thoughtfulness above the usual came the day before the first Christmas I served on the paper. Mr. Keats Speed, the managing editor, called me into his office and handed me a substantial check.

"Mr. Munsey asked me to give this to you," he said.

"What for?"

"Just a little Christmas present, with his appreciation," said Mr. Speed.

Never had an employer given me a Christmas gift before, and the sensation left me somewhat groggy for hours.

Each subsequent Christmas a check from Mr. Munsey came through, and he stands in my memory as an ace of employers. His consideration seems the more unusual, in the light of the fact that I was never thrown into close contact with him, never saw him until the day I joined the "Sun," and never met him personally but once after that.

The big city chilly, marble-hearted, thoughtless!

Not that I have noticed!

WHEN I came to New York I thought that managing editors were so many Simon Legrees, cracking their whips, leaning from desk to desk, and bellowing hoarse orders to the cowering slaves of the typewriter. Back home in the smaller field, the title of managing editor had seemed to carry with it the obligation to grow a fierce black mustache, develop a deep voice, and pound the desk violently at five-minute intervals. I had become a managing editor there and a pretty hard-boiled one.

If small-town managing editors had to treat 'em rough, I reasoned, imagine what the big-town ones have to do! I regarded them with trembling and fear when I first hit the big burg; but I am yet to discover one with a bark. Without an exception all the managing editors I know are courteous, helpful, appreciative beings, who act very much like regular members of the human race. Probably that's why they're big-league managing editors.

If a criticism is to be made, a rebuke administered or an order given, they execute it quietly and kindly. In fact, while my impression of a managing editor's desk in a small town is that it is a bedlam, my impression of it in the big city is that it is almost a quiet zone.

A piece of unusual work generally brings a letter of appreciation from a metropolitan editor, and some of it is accompanied by a check. It was my experience in the small town that the boss took good work as something to be expected, and only lifted his voice, or his pen, when he wished to comment on bad work.

Back home a newspaper man was expected to be on call at all times of the day or night, work six days a week and Saturday night, be "docked" for a day off unless due to sickness, and get only one week's vacation a year on pay. It has been my experience in the big city that employers are thoughtful of their men, anxious to see that they are not overworked, and liberal in the matter of vacations.

Of course I may be wrong. My deductions may be due simply to the fact there are more people in the big town than the small one and, as a natural result, I've met more broad-minded folks. Perhaps as many warm hearts beat beneath the undershirts of a provincial town as beneath those of a metropolis. The more I think of this, the more logical it seems.

I'M NOT knocking the small town. I was born and raised in it. I had some of the best times of my life in it. I'd rather be born and raised in a small town than in a big city. I like to go back to my home town and meet old friends and talk over old associations.

My point is, that, so far as my own experience has shown, the widely accepted theory that the big city is hard-boiled in comparison with the small city is far from true. The "Watch Your Hat and Overcoat" and "Not Responsible for Valuables" signs do not reflect the spirit of the metropolis exclusively.

I never lost a hat or overcoat in a big city, but I have twice lost my entire wardrobe in towns of less than twenty thousand population. I have never even had my dog stolen in a metropolis; but I once had my automobile stolen in a small town, and I had my pockets picked at a country fair in a village of less than five thousand inhabitants.

The only place I was short-changed for any substantial sum was in a small-town hotel. And as for games of chance, the most wide-open gambling community I have ever seen is run each summer at a shore resort a few miles outside of my old home town. While the toughest taxicab driver I ever encountered was in a little city noted for its refinement. And the only incident wherein robbers entered into my life occurred in a suburb so small they hadn't named it yet.

Strange as it may seem, the only theft that ever disturbed me very much occurred in the deep woods on a fishing trip. There were four natives in the party and one of them got my thirty-five-dollar reel.

In the big city I have left a cashier's window without taking ten dollars change, and had the cashier run out and call me back for it; I have left valuable packages in subway trains and recovered them the next day at the lost and found department; I have lost my bankbook on the street, and had it returned inside of an hour. And once I lost a watch, advertised for it, and got over a quart basket full of them brought to the house from newspaper readers.

The big city, take it from me, is not so bad. It's merely been misrepresented.

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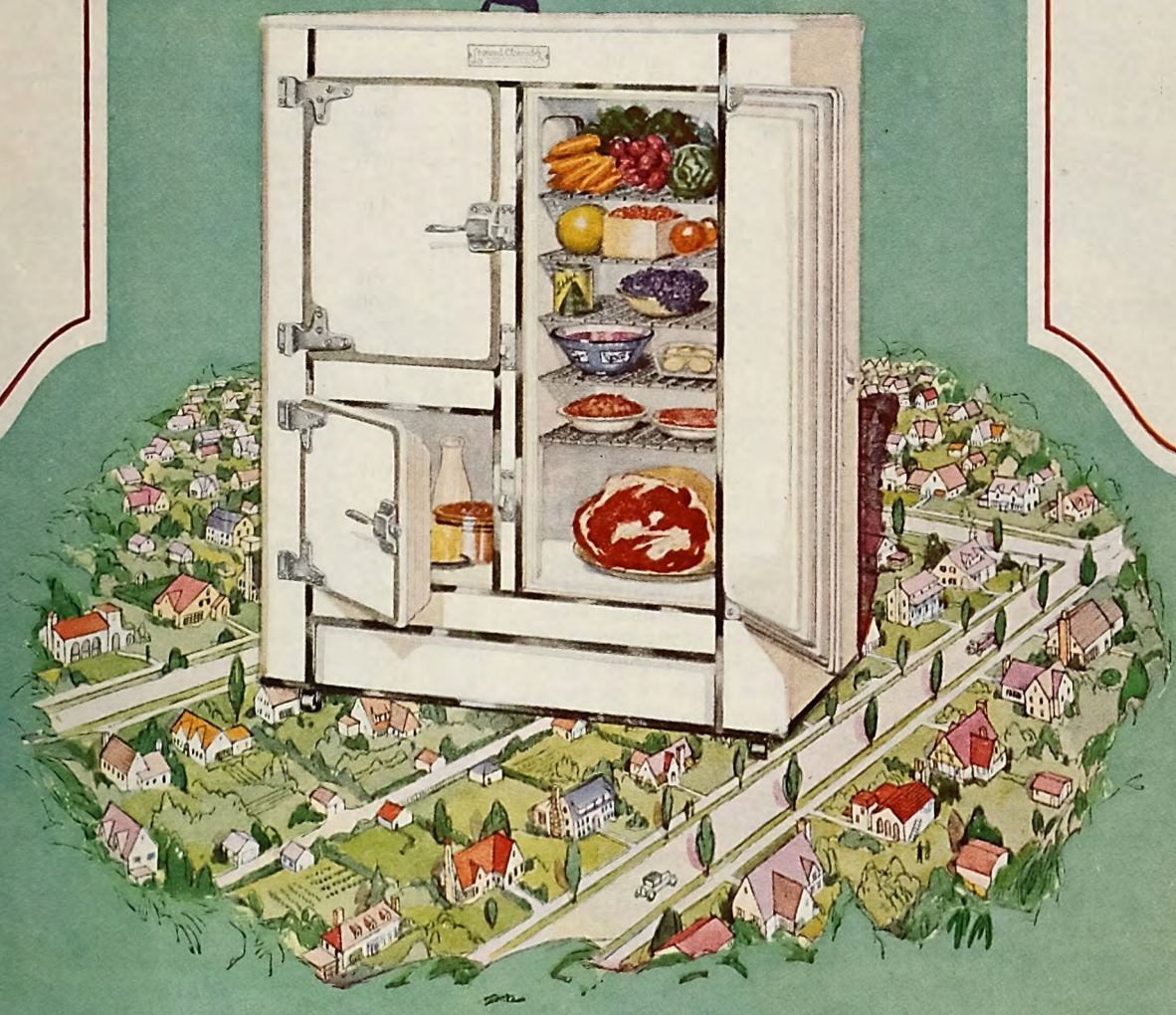
2,500,000 Leonard Refrigerators



IN as many homes as there are in the whole of New York, Philadelphia and Detroit you'll find Leonard Refrigerators today. Every year more Leonards are sold than the combined output of the next two largest manufacturers.

We couldn't hold a record like that, year after year, if the Leonard wasn't more than just a good refrigerator. It is, in fact, a refrigerator achievement—built and tested by master craftsmen. Forty-six years of experience are behind the design and construction.

So, when the Leader, with its proven quality costs so little, of course you're going to get a Leonard. Remember to choose your cabinet first, whether you plan to use ice or mechanical refrigeration. The Leonard is built to use either, efficiently and economically, and you'll get Leonard refinements not obtainable in any other cabinet.

May we send you a book of styles? Address, Leonard Refrigerator Co., 303 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (In Canada: Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario.)

LEONARD

Cleanable Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

UNEXCELLED FOR ELECTRIC, ICE OR GAS REFRIGERATION

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These soft, delicious foods that cloy our palates and cheat our gums of work . . .

They give rise, dentists say, to this modern plague of "pink tooth brush"

"Party food," you'll grant is soft. But consider the things in your daily fare! They, too, lack the roughage that healthy gums require.

COOKING, once a plain and homely art, has changed. It has lost its old simplicity. Chefs have set the style, and our wives and hostesses have followed it. An abundance of delicious things to eat, daintily prepared and appetizingly served—these, modern taste demands, and gets.

But no-one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that herein lies the reason of modern gum troubles. As your own dentist will readily testify, the profession traces the prevalence of gum disorders directly to the dining tables of the nation!

WHY MODERN FOODS MAKE TROUBLE FOR OUR GUMS

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. And in times gone by the vigorous chewing of coarse, fibrous foods kept gums active and constantly nourished by the brisk flow of fresh blood which this wholesome friction brought to the surface.

But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give to our gums the stimulation that they need to vitalize and sustain them.

Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty—an easy, natural way to supply the stimulation so vital to the health of our gums. They recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the fingertips *after* each twice-daily brushing.

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. By its use you can more quickly rouse the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the damage done by a too civilized diet.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak, undernourished tissue. Ipana's power to promote gum health is one of the important reasons for the hearty professional support it has enjoyed from the day of its introduction.

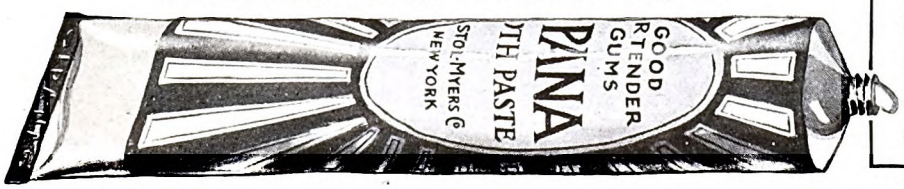
The first time you use Ipana you will like its clean taste, its delicious flavor, and you will quickly see how much whiter and brighter it makes your teeth. The sample tube that the coupon brings—enough for ten days' use—will prove these things to you beyond a doubt.

THE FULL-SIZE TUBE MAKES THE BETTER TEST OF IPANA

But a fairer way to test Ipana is to get a regular tube at the drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. Then examine your gums. See how much healthier in color, how much firmer to the touch they have become. Then you may know that they are more soundly resistant to disease and infection than ever before—and that you have found the tooth paste you want to use for life!

IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-38
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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The "Just-As-Soon-As" Habit

(*Continued from page 34*)

Butler?" as if I were some sort of game like "Button, button, who's got the button."

About once in a hundred times "just as soon as" is a legitimate excuse. The other times it is a side-step to put off doing something that should be tackled immediately with vim, vigor, and virility. I can understand that if a man is at the top of a flag pole, and busy gilding the ball up there, and his wife asks him to give her a five-dollar bill, he may be quite right in saying, "Yes, just as soon as I come down," because it is poor business to drop a five-dollar bill from the top of a flag pole, especially if there is a strong wind blowing.

But with some of us it works the other way. If an editor asks me to write something that will provide me with a five-dollar bill to give my wife, I am quite likely to say, "Yes; just as soon as I climb up a flag pole and gild the ball at its top." And when someone says to me, "Well, why don't you climb?" I usually say, "I will just as soon as I get five dollars to buy some overalls."

I still hope to write my seventy-six novels, but I am not so hopeful about it as I once was. One novel every fifty-eight years is not a speed record, and Methuselah himself lived only nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

PEOPLE are constantly saying, "Just as soon as I can sell this house and go to the country to live, my life will be one grand sweet song. Away from the noise of the street cars and automobile horns I'll get things done. Yes, sir." And the folks in the rural districts say, "Just as soon as I can get away from the racket of these infernal birds and crickets and crowing roosters—and get the real stimulation of the city's rush and bustle, I'll show the world what's in me!"

Many a man has said, "Just as soon as it stops raining I'll feel better, and jump on this job with both feet," and when it stops raining he goes out and plays a game of golf. "Too fine to stay indoors," he says; "I'll knock that job silly just as soon as the marvelous weather changes." So that job does not get done, and he makes a 122 for eighteen holes, and says, "I'll break 100 just as soon as that wooden-headed Green Committee gets the fairways in decent shape."

Personally speaking, no Green Committee has ever got a fairway in shape to suit my style of golf; my idea of a satisfactory fairway is one made of tin, in trough shape, with one end of the trough where I start the ball rolling and the other end where the ball will fall into the hole. The golf courses of America are all dotted up with golfers who really are going to enjoy the game just as soon as they break 80 or break 90 or break 100, or break in a new pair of shoes.

The minute a magazine editor hears an author say, "Just as soon as—" his face loses its usual beatific expression. He has heard that phrase—or read it in letters from authors—hundreds of thousands of times. He writes to an author and takes him out to lunch—all the good lunches I have had in the past twenty years are lunches I have been taken out to by editors—and over the gold-plated partridge or diamond-studded baked beans, he will propose the subject for an article he wants the author to write.

"It's a thing you can do a fine job on," he says. "We'll get Orlando J. Tenderbeck to do some of his bully illustrations for it. It's a subject everyone will be interested in—clothes."

"Great!" says the author enthusiastically. "Everybody wears them."

"But all the articles about clothes have so far been too solemn. Clothes are not always solemn; take that suit of yours, for example— Well, never mind! but I don't call that a solemn suit. So that's what we want, an article about clothes, but treated in a light way."

"Fine!" exclaims the author. "Great! How about calling it, 'Clothes I Have Known, Including Coat, Vest and Two Pairs of Pants?'"

"Wonderful!" cries the editor.

"Hot stuff!" shouts the author, and they embrace.

Then the editor says, "When can you do it?"

"Well," says the author, "I'll do it just as soon as I get back from California, and I'm starting for there just as soon as my wife gets back from Asia."

"When do you expect her back?" the editor asks, his face falling so that it hides his necktie.

"She's going to start home just as soon as the war over there starts or ends or something."

It is this sort of just-as-sooning that causes the hair of editors to turn from the glossy black of youth to the white of untrodden snow in a few months' time, that furrows their brows with care until they resemble plowed upland, and that drives them to hurl authors into the sea in such numbers that, falling, they sound like buckshot poured into a tin wash basin.

It is the same sort of just-as-sooning that makes many a boss gnaw the varnish off the edge of his desk in grim agony of despair. He knows only too well the salesman who sings the tune, "Just as soon as I get a better territory the boss will have to enlarge the factory."

THEN there is the man who is always just-as-sooning about the New Year. After January 1, he is going to be a little white angel with spotless wing feathers and an electrically illuminated halo. And the man who is going to diet just as soon as the Egregious Order of Fatted Calves has pulled its Annual Banquet. And the man who is going to buckle down to work as never before, just as soon as he gets back from this vacation. And the lady who is going to stop being extravagant, just as soon as she buys this one lot of clothes, including hat, shoes, inner-and outer-wear, a fur coat, thirty-six pairs of stockings, and a handkerchief. And the man who is going to quit playing poker just as soon as he breaks even.

I know what is back of my own just-as-

"I thought my dog had gone mad"

"The first time my dog had a fit, I thought he was mad. I might have shot him if a neighbor hadn't told me it was probably caused by worms. Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules stopped *them* in a hurry."

In almost all cases, fits are due to improper care and feeding. Many a valuable dog has been shot for mad because the owner did not know the difference between fits and rabies. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules and Condition Pills.

Symptoms
Animal clamps jaws and froths at the mouth. Muscles jerk and throw body to the ground with legs moving rapidly. Dog rises and is stupid.

Do You Know?

Would you know whether your dog had fits or rabies? Would you know what to do in either case? Do you know how to prevent these ailments? It costs nothing for you to find out these worthwhile facts. There are effective remedies for fits and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS for Dog Owners
Don't feed your dog sweets or pastry. Don't feed potatoes to a puppy.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex, and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1568 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

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Before you brave wet weather—take out

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

Protect the delicate membranes of your throat with the safe, gentle medication of Smith Brothers Cough Drops! Quickly, they soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

Former Cowpuncher
William Shore, Neenach, Cal., writes he made over $3000 first 5 months after N. S. T. A. Training, and now earns as much as $525 in a single week.

Former Factory Man
R. B. Hansen, Akron, O., used to make $160 a month. Now says his income exceeds $10,000 a year, thanks to N. S. T. A. Training.

Former Farmer
L. O. Halloman, Slaton, Tex., was eking out a bare existence. He took advantage of N. S. T. A. Training and Employment. Now reports making $700 a month!

Former Clerk
F. J. Walsh, Springfield, Mass., was earning $1000 a year when he read "Modern Salesmanship." Now tells us his earnings exceed $7000 annually!

HERE are four men who were formerly caught in the hopeless treadmill of low-pay jobs. Today every one of them reports earnings ranging up to $10,000 a year! An amazing book called "Modern Salesmanship" fell into their hands, and they suddenly learned that the big salaries they had often wished for were actually within their reach—that they could quickly become masters of the highest-paid profession in the world! Within a short time every one of them had increased his income more than 100%—and now their total average increase since they discovered salesmanship is more than 500%!

Where Shall We Send Your Copy of "Modern Salesmanship"—FREE?

If these men were exceptions, their phenomenal rise might be attributed to luck. But it can hardly be an accident when man after man is able to raise his pay through the same simple, easy method. Let "Modern Salesmanship" tell you how you can qualify in a few short weeks for a city or traveling sales position that should pay you more in a week than the average routine job pays in a month. Learn about the Free Employment Service open to N. S. T. A. members, which last year received calls for over 50,000 men from leading manufacturers, jobbers, and wholesalers. The book, "Modern Salesmanship" contains a message of vital importance to any man who wants to lift himself above the level of mediocrity—who hungers for the good things of life that real success brings. A Free copy of this remarkable book will be mailed to you on request. Simply mail the coupon below. Do this now—it may mean the turning point in your life!

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. C-10 N. S. T. A. Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. C-10, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a Free copy of "Modern Salesmanship" and proof that I can become a Master Salesman. This request does not obligate me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

soon-as habits. It is plain everyday reluctance to jump right in and tackle a job that may mean some real work. It is an anything-for-an-excuse method of putting a job off a little longer. I began young, which is the best way to get a habit. "Ellis," Mother would call, "come down to breakfast!" "Yes'm; just as soon as I get my stockings on." And then I would sit on the bed with my chin on my knees and say, "I'll put on my stockings just as soon as she calls me again," and when she called me again I would answer, "Yes'm; just as soon as I put on my shoes."

That's a fine way in which to acquire a splendid case of pernicious anemia of the will; and presently a man becomes so floppy that he lies down and lets the other fellows walk on him as they go rushing by to grab the bacon, and all he says is, "I'll get up from here just as soon as the crowd gets off my face." By that time people are saying, "It's no use to ask Bill to do it; he always has something he has to do first."

EVEN dogs get the habit. We have a dog now that is a long, low dog with an architecture resembling a one-story bowling alley, but fuzzy, and a composite style ancestry. We call him Lucky, because he is lucky he has only four legs—if he had a few more legs he would have been a caterpillar.

The former owner of Lucky must have been one of the men who say, "I am going to quit smoking just as soon as I finish this box of cigars," or a lady who said, "I am going to invite the Bunburys to lunch just as soon as I have my face lifted," because he has the just-as-sooning habit in a virulent form. He is a brisk and sprightly dog; but if you say, "Lucky! Get your ball! Find your ball!" he sits down instantly and lifts his foot, signifying, "Yes, just as soon as I get this flea scratched." Then someone says sternly, "Lucky! Get that ball!" and to all intents and purposes that dog says, "Yes; but there is another flea over here in Lot 7, Block 65, that I haven't scratched yet; just as soon as I scratch this one I'll get the ball." Then we lose patience, and say in no gentle tone, "Lucky! Go and get that ball this instant!" But by that time he is so tired from scratching that he says, "Just as soon as I take a little nap," and he goes out in the back hall and sleeps for hours—unless someone steps on him.

This sort of thing is ruinous to a dog's morale, and it is hard on the family because, in the end, if we want to have the dog play with the ball, we have to get the ball ourselves; and the ball is usually under the radio cabinet, and that means going to the kitchen to get the broom, and when I get to the kitchen I decide to have a few cheese sandwiches.

That is how things get into a deadlock. Many a boss has said, "I'll give Jones a raise just as soon as he shows a little more life;" while Jones is saying, "I'll show a little more life just as soon as the boss gives me a raise."

Christopher Columbus did not say; "Just as soon as I can figure out how to make an egg stand on end I'll discover America." He grabbed the egg, and whacked it on the table, and leaped aboard the "Nina," the "Pinta" and the "Santa Maria," and look at America to-day—fifty-story buildings, bathtubs,

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hot and cold water, and all the modern improvements! If Noah had said: "I'll build an ark just as soon as this shower is over," we would never have heard of Noah at all, and the animals would never have gone into the ark two by two, and we would probably be getting our milk from milkweed instead of from contented cows.

Washington did not say; "I'll win a free America just as soon as I get this cherry tree chopped down." He got rid of the cherry tree bright and early and had it off his hands. Neither did John D. Rockefeller say, "I will get into the oil business just as soon as the automobile creates a brisk demand for gasolene." He was in the business when the automobile appeared. The men who get there are the "Aye! Aye!" men; they have a lot of "Do it now" in their make-up.

Sturdy old Joshua had the right spirit back in Bible days. When he was handed the job of licking the Amorites he saw it was no ordinary eight-hour job, or even a twelve-hour job that he had to tackle. But Joshua did not say, "All right! I'll get at it just as soon as the days get longer." Not Joshua! No, sir! "Sun, stand still!" he said, and the sun and moon stood still until the job of trimming the Amorites was finished in a neat and tasty manner. That was the first and best job of daylight saving on record.

Cincinnatus, you will remember, leaped from the plow without an "if" or an "and," and saved Rome, and he defeated the Æquians and was back at his plow again in sixteen days. And although that happened over two thousand years ago, his name is still spelled correctly by every school child in Cincinnati, Ohio. If he had said, "I'll come just as soon as I get my spring plowing done," the Roman army would have been looking like thirty sesterces. Young Lochinvar, to mention another scrapper, leaped on his horse and swam the Esk River, where ford there was none. If he had said, "I'll come just as soon as they get the bridge built," the fair Ellen would have been Mrs. Netherby. Lochinvar got the girl. Josh Billings did not write, "I will becum a yumerist just as sune as I lern to spel," but jumped right in and was one.

NO ONE has yet discovered a better way of getting a thing done than the simple one of doing it. Will Irwin, when he came back from the Mississippi River Flood region, told me that, however great the confusion was, there was order again within a few hours after Herbert Hoover appeared. In Washington, Hoover had a hundred important matters on hand when he was sent for. I probably would have wired, "I'll come just as soon as I can hire a substitute," but Hoover went. Will Irwin himself, busy as he always is, went as soon as Hoover wired to him. The man who does no just-as-sooning himself is the man who always has at his command other men who tackle their jobs promptly and effectively. During the war, "Hoover's men" were famous for their celerity and success.

You can bet that Napoleon never met the news that Austrians had worked their army into a precarious position with the words, "I'll attend to them just as soon as I have walloped the Italians." He jumped over and eliminated the Aus-

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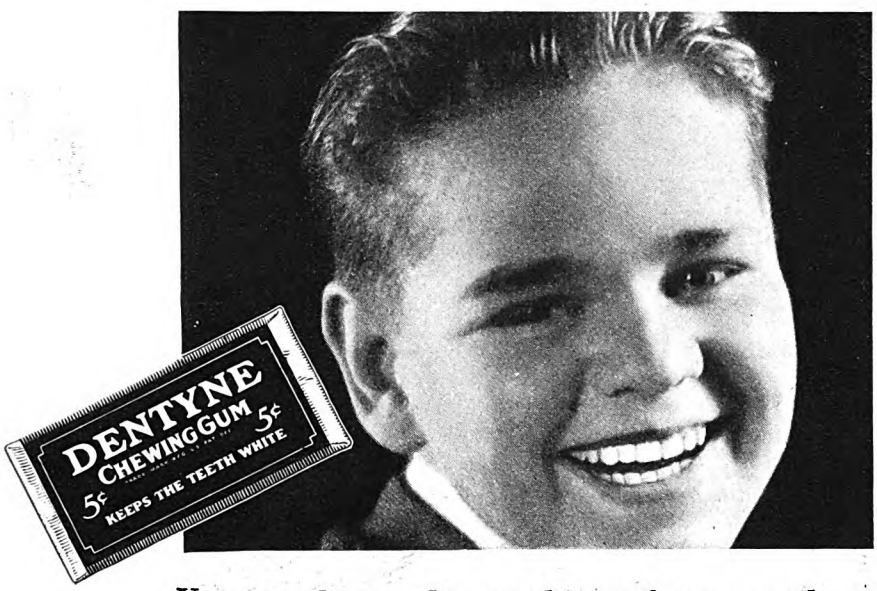

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trians, and then jumped back and made the Italians see stars, before they knew he was anywhere at all. It was not until Napoleon began saying, "I'll whip the world just as soon as I have divorced Josephine," that he began to head for St. Helena.

Eugene Field tells a story of a young man who subscribed for an encyclopedia in many volumes; but because of the lawsuit that pestered the old Ninth Edition, the delivery of the volumes was awfully delayed. The volumes came along one at a time, one, one year and the next five or six years later. The young fellow grew from youth to manhood, a volume coming now and then. He married, and another volume came, and about the time his third or fifth child was born, he'd received a few more. By the time he was sixty he had just reached Vol. MEM-MYZ, and his only ambition was to hang on to life until he had received and paid for Vol. YUK-ZYM; then he would die happy. So the years went on, and he became an old, old man, all crippled up with rheumatism and full of pains, and bedridden. One day, as he lay in bed looking at the vacant place next to Vol. TOR-YUJ, he saw the encyclopedia agent come driving up the lane. All he wanted was to get that last volume and pay for it and die, and be out of his misery.

His children and his grandchildren propped him up with pillows, and when the agent entered the room, the poor old man took Vol. YUK-ZYM in his arms and gave the agent the money for it, and got ready to drop back and die.

"One minute!" said the agent. "I just want to say that I probably won't see you next year; but I'll be here in a few years with the next volume."

"The next volume?" the old man asked with quivering lips.

"Yes, the Index," said the agent, and I don't remember what the poor old man did then.

I HAVE a house out here on Long Island that is probably the most just-as-sooned structure in the world, now that the Washington Monument is completed. For many long years that incomplete shaft in the nation's capital came mighty near leading to this country being renamed the Just-as-soon States of America. My house is a rather noble-looking mansion of the 1870 period which, in architectural circles, is known as the Punk or O Gosh period. It has a high mansard forehead, with windows in it in the style known as the Flushing-French style, planned to let in the cold in winter and keep in the heat in summer. The plan was a success.

I bought this house with the money "Pigs is Pigs" made for me, and I had quite a little trouble thinking up an appropriate name for it. "Pig Pen" did not seem quite a nice name for a gentleman's estate, and I hesitated between that and "The Butler's Pantry," for quite a while. I gave up the latter name because I was afraid people would think it was a place to bring pants to be pressed, and now I call it "Just-as-soon Villa." I call it a villa because it is in such a villainous condition.

For fifteen or twenty years I have been intending to begin a brisk social career by inviting some of my New York friends out

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from town for a week-end visit, just as soon as I got the guest-room ceiling repapered; but there was no use having that ceiling repapered until I could have all the ceilings repapered, and I have been meaning to have that done just as soon as I had the roof repaired. The roof leaks in spots, and there are so many spots it reminds me of a leopard. That is because there is so much tin roof.

I am going to have the roof mended just as soon as I have a carpenter mend the eaves and jack up the front porch. There is no sense in having new tin put on eaves that are dropping into the spirea bushes in chunks.

So I am going to send for a carpenter just as soon as I can afford to have him do a complete job and put in new floors and another bathroom, and make one job of the whole thing. That's why the house is not painted. There's no use in having a house painted, and then having a carpenter come and stick new unpainted eaves all over it. So I am going to have the house painted just as soon as the new heating plant is in. Nobody but an idiot would put in new floors and then have them torn up again immediately to accommodate steam pipes. If I have steam pipes, that is. I can decide that just as soon as I get some accurate figures on the comparative advantages of hot air, water, and steam.

Anyway, how do I know what the next owner of the house will want in the way of a heating plant? And, of course, I am going to sell the house just as soon as the subway trains are running to Flushing. And I am reliably informed that the subway trains will be running just as soon as the place where the piles sunk into Flushing Meadow is fixed. So I expect to invite my friends to week-end with me just as soon as the break in the subway is mended. The only trouble is that then I won't have any house.

WHEN we plead that we will do a thing "just as soon as," old Human Nature is getting her dirty work in. The hard job requires alertness of mind or tenseness of application or extra exertion of muscles, and that means we must be wider awake. Some great philosopher—I'll look up his name just as soon as I have time—has said that all human greatness is a battle against inertia, or words to that effect.

The men who never spur their minds or their muscles to unusual exertion are in a sort of comatose condition all their lives, and it is comfortable to drowse along in that way, soothing one's conscience by saying from time to time, "I'll get busy and do the big thing just as soon as to-morrow comes," or, "just as soon as I get a big steam-heated office." The man who gets there with the bells on is the man who says, "I will do this job right here and now."

I find some sorts of work easier to do than other sorts. All of us do. Often the harder work is the more important; but we put it off and drug our consciences by saying, "I'll get at it just as soon as I have cleared my desk," or whatever our pet lazy job is.

In some respects I admire the citizens of the republic to our south, who say frankly "To-morrow." They don't get much done, because "to-morrow" never comes, but they don't hide behind a false

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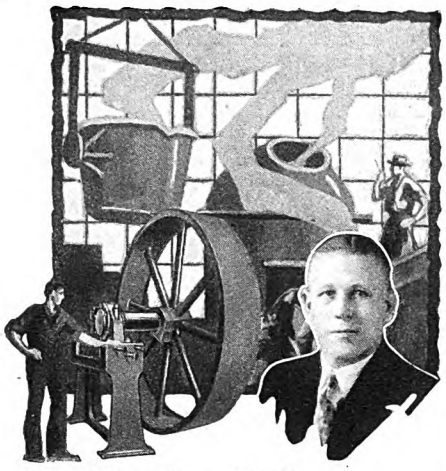

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claim of being busy. Their "*mañana*" is not an excuse but a national custom. An out-and-out loafer deserves a great deal of respect, if he can get it; but a philosopher might see in our widespread just-as-sooning the beginning of national deterioration in a people that has reasonably claimed to be the world's star hustlers. I can't see that myself; so many people are hustling that I usually feel like a turtle on a baby-car in the middle of an automobile speedway, wondering when I am going to be knocked into the week after next by the mile-a-minute boys. But success is a long-legged rabbit, and it has to be chased if you want to catch it; and the only way to chase it is to go after it on the jump. Fido may be a good dog, and hold seventeen bench-show blue ribbons; but one thing is sure: if, when he sees bunny flash by like a streak of greased fur, he sits down and bends himself into a circle, and says, "Just as soon as I scratch a few fleas I will get that rabbit," one dog is going to dine on dog biscuit and not on rabbit. Just-as-soon-as gets no game.

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Her Husband's Son

(*Continued from page 41*)

his question. He mustn't know, and yet how could she keep it from him?

Little Jim came running down the stairs.

"Well, old man!" His father smiled at the boy and the boy smiled back.

"We made a cave this morning."

"Oh, did you? Fine!"

Again she was forgotten, outside.

"Everybody all ready for dinner?" she put in, trying to make her voice gay. Then her smile faded: "Jim, you didn't wash your face!"

Little Jim wriggled. "It doesn't need it. It'll just get dirty again. My mother never makes me—"

The room seemed to swim before Beth's eyes. She wanted to grab that little figure and shake it! She didn't care if he was Jim's son, she hated him! And she couldn't stand it!

Without a word, she turned and went out into the dining-room.

Big Jim followed her. "Why, honey, what's the matter?"

She turned to him, deadly white, deadly serious, "There, you see! He disobeys me and glories in it! He does it on purpose—he—"

"But, Beth, that's just a little thing," said Big Jim.

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won't sit down to dinner with your son unless he washes his face!"

Dinner was a very subdued, uncomfortable meal. Little Jim appeared with his face washed, and ate silently, his eyes wandering every once in a while to Beth's face. Big Jim, too, kept looking at Beth. She avoided his eyes, she could not bear the question in them; but she was the only one who talked. Calmly, collectedly, she maintained impersonal conversation until the meal was over, the dishes were washed, and the two Jims had gone up-stairs.

Then she collapsed in a chair in the living-room. From up-stairs came those two voices, the boy's and the man's, Jim and Jim's son. What was going to happen? They could not keep on like this, yet what was there to do? That little boy was her husband's son, and this was his home. The future loomed up before her, days and days, she and little Jim always in conflict, his mother rising like a wall between them, urging him against her—that woman who had been her husband's wife; and big Jim, miserable, not understanding, blaming her, his love gradually dying away.... She covered her face with her hands to shut out the picture.

The next minute, big Jim had gathered her into his arms.

"NOW," he said, smiling tenderly upon her, "what's up? The kid, I know, didn't mind well to-day. He told me about it. He says he's sorry."

"Oh, it isn't that," she cried. "It isn't just to-day, it's everything!" Then, suddenly sitting up, tense, her hands clenched, "I hate her! I never hated anyone so in my life! And I hate him too—for coming between us! That's what they've done, the both of them—come between us, breaking up our life, spoiling our marriage, our wonderful marriage."

"Here, here!" put in big Jim. "What's this? Spoiling our marriage?"

"Oh, I know it's my fault," she went on; "you needn't tell me so. I know it is. I should have made him love me. I shouldn't have minded about her; and I should have been a real mother. I tried hard; yes, I did try hard! But it's been too much, that's all. I can't. And what's going to become of me now?" She was crying now, deep, racking sobs. "Oh, people shouldn't get married young unless they're sure; it was wrong, wrong to little Jim and to me! Oh, why couldn't you have waited? Now, it's spoiled our whole life—"

"Spoiled?" Jim interrupted her almost harshly. "What are you talking about? Nothing's spoiled. If you feel that way about the kid, he'll have to go away, that's all."

"Away?" she repeated; "but where?"

"We'll send him to school, and later she will be back."

"Away to school?" She sat very still.

"Yes, dear, and you and I will be here, all alone, just as we used to be."

"But we oughtn't to do that, Jim. This is his home. You're his father. He belongs here."

"I sha'n't have him here if it troubles you. I had hoped"—he gave a little sigh—"I had hoped that things would work out differently; but so long as they haven't . . . I'm not going to have you unhappy." He held her closer. "Don't you know—you're everything to me, Beth? I never

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knew life could be so wonderful—these last three years."

Gradually her sobs died away. His words slipped comfortingly into her heart. And yet, though he placed her first in all the world, there still lingered an ache, the ache of having dashed his hopes, of having failed him.

There was a long silence. She sat very still, his arms around her, her head upon his shoulder.

"It's lucky," she whispered, "that we didn't have children of our own. I'm afraid I wouldn't have been a good mother."

"But, darling!" His voice was agonized.

"But then, there's one thing," she went on, "with your own children, you grow with them. Oh, Jim! I'm so sorry . . . I wish . . . if only . . . let's try again. Perhaps I could get along—"

He shook his head. "No. It's settled. He goes."

But there were times during the next two weeks when she questioned the decision. When little Jim came hurrying in for lunch, excited, flushed, appealing; when one Sunday afternoon big Jim took him to the hill on the next street to try his new sled. As she watched those two figures trudging off together, father and son, she wondered. . . . Big Jim loved her now, he was willing to give up his son for her; and yet, in the years to come, how would he feel, looking back and knowing that she had kept him from his boy; that she had sent his son away from home?

And after little Jim was gone, could they settle back into the old life together, knowing what they knew? Wouldn't the shadow of little Jim rise between them? She was afraid. Yet they could not keep on like this. She was no closer to the boy than when he had come. In fact, she seemed further away. Then she had been a stranger, now she was an enemy—that look in his eyes!

LITTLE Jim himself took the news that he was going quite calmly. And Beth remembered what big Jim had said: "He's used to knocking around, going different places," and her heart smote her—eight years old!

"Well, son," big Jim had said jovially across the dinner table, "what do you say to going away to school the rest of the year?"

Little Jim laid down his fork.

Beth waited breathlessly for his answer.

For a moment, a frown puckered his forehead. "Not the school at Lanning?" he said.

"School at Lanning?" repeated big Jim.

"My mother sent me there one winter. I was just a little kid then, but I . . . didn't like it much."

"No," big Jim hastened to add, "not that school, another one. We haven't quite decided what school it will be; but there'll be lots of boys there to play with, and basketball, and baseball in the spring and—"

Little Jim seemed to be quite pleased with the idea.

"I'm going away to school," Beth overheard him bragging to his friends.

She also overheard him say to his father, "Will I come back here in the summer, or my mother—will she be coming home?" And again Beth's heart smote her.

She and Jim painstakingly read cata-

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logues, consulted friends, and Jim took a day off and inspected a school in Connecticut. He came back, very enthusiastic.

"Just the place for him. Quite a few younger boys, and a real motherly woman too, the wife of the principal, and not so far that we can't see him occasionally," he reported to Beth. To little Jim he enlarged on the big grounds, and the hills for coasting, and the fields to play in in the spring.

Beth went shopping with little Jim for a new suit, shoes, underwear. And in the evening, when the clothes came, little Jim displayed them with pride to his father.

"He's glad to go," thought Beth. "He doesn't mind leaving us. Children are that way—something new."

IT HAPPENED that the day before he was to go, big Jim was called out of town on business.

"But I'll be back to-morrow morning, honey, without fail," he told worried Beth. "You bring the kid in, and I'll meet you at the Grand Central in time for the ten-o'clock train."

That evening Beth and little Jim had dinner together for the first time alone. At first, the boy was very talkative, full of questions. But toward the end of the meal he became very silent.

"These are good cookies," he remarked. "Do you suppose we'll have cookies at school?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure," Beth hastened to say.

"But I don't believe they'll be as good as these," he said.

And suddenly Beth could have kissed him.

After he was undressed, she went into his room to open the window and turn off the light, as his father usually did.

He looked very small in the bed, his dark head against the pillow.

"Aren't you going to sit down and talk?" he asked, a little wistfully, as she moved toward the window. "My father always does."

Quickly she went over to the bed and sat down. Silently they regarded each other.

"I think you'll like school, Jim," she said.

"Yes, I guess I will," he answered. "But I won't have a room like this, will I, all to myself? This is a nice room," his glance wandered appreciatively around. "I never really had a room like this before. Of course, in the apartment I had one; but it was so small, and then at Grandma's and the hotels; but they weren't any of them as nice as this. It's a nice house too. We never had a house. Do you suppose there'll be apples on the trees next fall? I'll be here then, won't I?"

"Yes, you'll be here then," she said, a little catch in her voice.

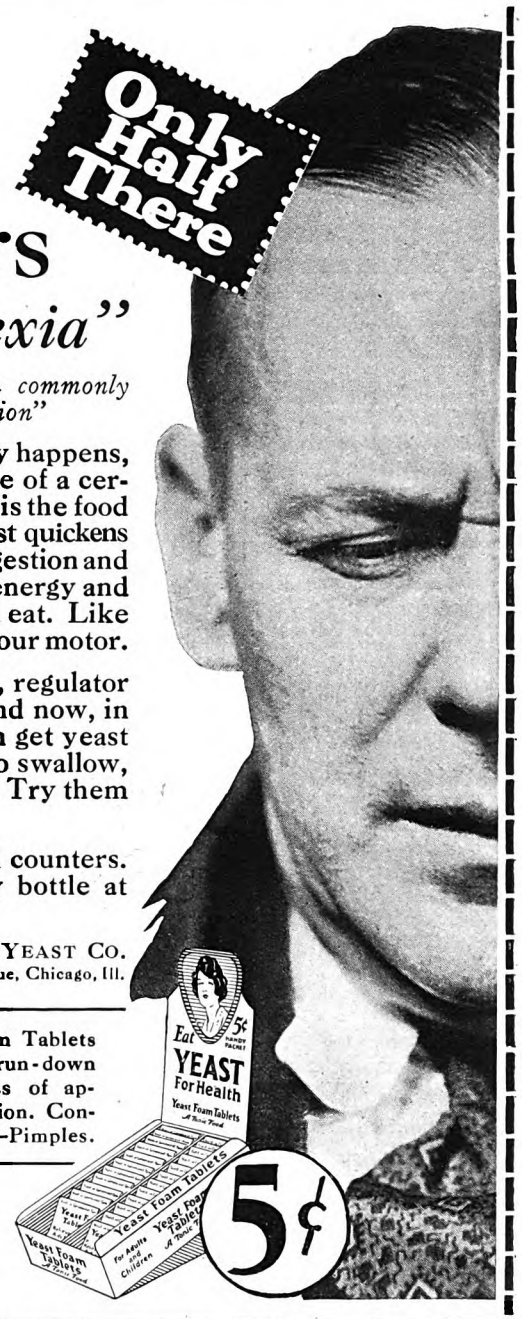
Silence. Presently she rose.

"I guess you'd better go to sleep now. Good night."

"Good night."

She leaned over and kissed him quickly, and for a moment it seemed to her almost as if his arms clung to her. Then she went to open the window. The cold night air came rushing in. Quickly she snapped off the light.

"It's nice to have somebody open the window when it's cold," came the small voice from the bed. "I usually have had



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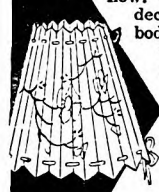

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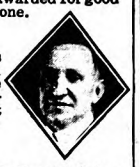

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to do it myself. Of course, my mother," he rallied loyally, "would have done it if she'd been there; but she usually wasn't."

Beth went out, closed the door, went down-stairs and tried to read. But she couldn't. Little Jim and his mother kept rising before her. It was the first time she had had an intimation that that mother was not perfect; and the picture of that little figure opening the window, getting into bed all by himself, while his mother danced—she remembered how he had boasted of his mother's dancing—wrung her heart. And now she was sending him away from his "nice room."

She banged the book closed, went up to her room and started to undress. How quiet the house was! And more quiet tomorrow without little Jim! Again she questioned their decision. He was Jim's son. Perhaps, if she had tried harder to get close to him, if she hadn't been ready to be hurt, if she hadn't brooded about his mother, and let that wall rise between them—again she felt the pressure of his arms around her neck.

Suddenly she began to cry.

"BETH, what's the matter?"

She looked up startled. Little Jim stood in the door in his pajamas.

"Why, Jim! Aren't you asleep?"

"No; I woke up." He came forward blinking into the light. "What's the matter?"

"I—I don't feel well," she lied.

He studied her face.

"I'll get you a hot-water bag," he said. "That'll help the pain."

She heard him in the bathroom running the water. He came back a few moments later with a bulging bag, and gravely presented it to her, as if in his father's absence he was the man of the house, pledged to look after his women-folk.

"There," he said proudly; "you'll feel better. If you don't, call me."

He walked out of the room, leaving Beth uncertain whether to laugh or to cry.

They were both up early the next morning.

Beth moved around the kitchen getting breakfast as if in a dream. It didn't seem possible that little Jim was really going, she thought, as she squeezed his orange juice. No orange juice to squeeze tomorrow morning. Recklessly she put more sugar than usual in his cocoa—he liked sweet things—and she made him some French toast. He liked that too.

He ate it with relish.

"Gee, this is good! Do you think we'll have breakfasts like this at school?"

"Yes, yes," she assured him, though in her heart she was doubtful.

He helped her do the dishes, and as usual had to be admonished to wipe them dry. Then they packed his bag, his new bag. Gravely, together they went over the contents: comb, tooth brush, pajamas. But they were both very quiet, and somehow Beth could not meet his eyes.

Then into her town dress, her coat and hat; on with Jim's new overcoat; down-cellar for a last look at the furnace.

When she came up, little Jim was standing in the hall, his bag beside him, twisting his hat. Somehow he looked very small, very young.

"Did you fix the furnace?" he said. "That's a good furnace, isn't it? It works well."

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The sun was streaming through the windows of the living-room, shedding its radiance on her lovely soft-colored rugs, on her pretty furniture. Little Jim's eyes roved around, then haltingly they came to rest on her.

"This is a nice house." His voice died away in a little sigh.

Beth had already picked up the bag. With it in one hand, the other hand on the door knob, she turned to him suddenly:

"Jim, don't you want to go?"

He raised worried eyes to hers.

"Well . . . I . . . I'd rather stay here." Then, hurriedly, "I suppose it would be a nice school; but I didn't like that one I was sent to before, the one my other mother sent me to."

His other mother! Those words echoed through Beth's mind. She stood there, staring at him. And suddenly the scales dropped from her eyes, and she saw. His other mother was not the perfect being he had tried to make her out. She had neglected him, shunted him off on her parents, dragged him around to hotels. But she was the one stable person in his life, and, childlike, he was proud of her, had clung to her, and when he had come into this well-ordered home, he had bragged of her, the one thing in life that was his.

"My mother, my mother." It was his defense, his armor; but, underneath—Perhaps he had been anxious for Beth's affection, her interest, and she had pushed him off, had let the wall of sensitiveness rise between them. And now she was sending him away from the only home he had ever known. She was shunting him off, too, upon others. . . .

Her eyes met his, and suddenly for the first time she caught a look of Jim.

Quickly she set down the bag.

"Then you sha'n't go!"

"Not go?" he cried. "But, Father—he said—I thought you wanted me to!"

For a moment they stood there eying each other.

"If you don't want to go, you sha'n't," she repeated. "Don't worry about your father. He doesn't want you to go, and neither do I." She tried to laugh, but there was a sob in her voice. "So we are all agreed. See?"

THEY met big Jim near the information booth in the station. He was walking up and down, anxiously waiting. When he saw them, his face lighted up; then a question leaped into his eyes.

"Why, what's the matter? Jim's bag—where is it?"

"It's home," she answered briefly. "Will you please wire Mr. Masters right away? Jim isn't going."

"Not going?" Big Jim's glance went from one to the other.

"I never said I didn't want to," cried little Jim, "until she asked me. Honestly! I didn't kick, I was a good sport—just as you said!"

It was Beth's turn to look from one face to the other. Tears came into her eyes. But she smiled.

"No," she said, "I decided it. Jim is going to stay with us." Her glance was upon big Jim, and the joy and love that shone in his eyes went to her heart. "What's the use of our having a son unless he's home with us?"

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 61*)

"You will wonder, Mistress, why we are here. I will tell you now about Sani'gilagi, the mountain of the Thunder God, and about Aganuntsi, the Great Conjurer of the Overhills."

For some moments he smoked silently. Presently he took the pipe from his mouth and tapped out the ashes against a rock.

"Once," he said, "I saved the life of Aganuntsi's son when a big bear had the boy down. Aganuntsi made me his blood-brother then, and since then the bond has tightened. Down there, right under us in a deep valley, is a Cherokee town which they call Sequilla. You will see it when the clouds lift. That is where Aganuntsi lives. He is very old now, and he is the Chief Conjurer of all the mountain tribes. And he is the deepest schemer in all the Overhills, and we owe our lives to his scheming.

"Long ago Aganuntsi made up his mind that he needed a mountain of his own where he could concoct his deviltries in secret. In the Cherokee myths, the stories that the old men had handed down, Sani'gilagi was the home of the Thunder God, the Red Man of the Lightning.

"Aganuntsi said that Sani'gilagi was the home also of Tsulkalu, the Master of Game, a slant-eyed invisible giant who strides about over the mountains, and of whom all the Cherokees are afraid. And he said that Tsulkalu had told him to warn all the Indian hunters not to kill game on Sani'gilagi, because the game there was his. Two Cherokee hunters who did not believe him were killed mysteriously not far from the summit, and after that all the others believed him, so that now no Cherokee dares hunt up here, and very few ever come here except Aganuntsi himself.

"HE COMES sometimes, with a great panther which he has tamed, to gather roots for his magic medicines and to talk to Tsulkalu, so he says. But it is a rare thing for any of the others to come."

Almayne turned to Jolie with a grin:

"So you see now, Mistress, why we came to Sani'gilagi when it got too hot for us down yonder. So long as they do not see us from the valley, we are fairly safe on this mountain top."

He stretched his long arms lazily and yawned.

"Come," he said, "the mists are lifting. We can see something now."

A few paces from the brink of the precipice he halted them.

"They have sharp eyes," he explained. "If we stand on the edge against the sky line, they might see us from down yonder."

They stood where they could see everything, yet could not be seen. Almayne waved his hand in a wide gesture.

"The Kingdom of the Cherokees," he said.

Jolie stood silent, her eyes big with wonder, her bosom heaving. The cloud blanket beneath them had disappeared. Spread beneath them now she saw a blue, hazy world of hills and valleys and mountains billowing to the horizon, while, directly in front, her gaze dropped down,

This Happy Girl Went Shopping

EVERY girl knows that Spring is almost here! Even if winter still lingers "around the edges"—and we're all trudging about in waterproof galoshes. It doesn't take the calendar to tell us that the hyacinths and tulips are nodding in the florist windows!

But don't you know how dull and depressing a heavy gray winter coat—or still worse, a black one—can be on a clear, sunny day? In the Spring a young girl's fancy—and older girls, too—turns to clothes.

Perhaps you live on one of those pleasant, country streets with gardens along the road. Or you may go to business every day. Then you are just the girl who will want to know, this month, about the pleasant, easy way that we make money here in The Pin Money Club. Only girls and women belong to the P. M. C. And we have a jolly time together.

If you are a "shut-in" this spring, you can join us, too—for our work can be done right at home. As soon as you've earned enough for a jaunty spring hat, you'll just naturally get better—so that you can get out-of-doors and wear it!

Remember, I mentioned "older girls," too. Mothers—and "youthful grandmothers," as one P. M. C.'er says. She knows, for she is one of them! Mrs. Grant Paige earned $191 with us last spring in her spare time!

I recall a letter that reached me sometime last summer from a slender, willowy girl in Oregon—Lillian E. Peterson. Returning from an early vacation with a hole of $30 in her savings, she immediately turned to Pin-Money work to "repair the damages." This is what she wrote—

"To make a long story short, I managed to make $46.50 during June, July and August. And I didn't work very hard either, for I was too busy having a good time on outings!"

EXTRA dollars—not only this month, but all year round if you wish! That is what I can help you have. Why not write me today? Tell me your plans—and let the P. M. C. help you solve your problems!

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
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down, down—down through space which seemed unfathomable, to a wide, deep valley which the long, humped ridge of Sani'gilagi partly encircled like a wall.

There was a clearing in this valley, she noticed; but except this one clearing, which resembled a tiny lake of vivid green, all the valley floor was clothed in forest, while the great mountains looming beyond were mantled with woods to their rounded summits, where wisps of white cloud still clung.

"The Kingdom of the Cherokees," Almayne repeated. "The Land of the Overhills. What do you think of it, Mistress?"

Jolie did not answer. A faint sound had come to her, a sound so faint that at first she was not sure it was a sound—a strange, low throbbing. Faint as it was, it caught and held her attention instantly, for there was something in it that was compelling and insistent, something cruel and menacing.

"THE war drums!" said Almayne slowly. "They are beating the war drums down in Aganuntsi's town!"

He pointed to the green clearing in the valley far below. Watching it closely, Jolie saw that there were many dark spots in it which were huts or houses, because from some of them thin columns of smoke curled upward.

Jolie shivered. She stepped quickly back, moving farther from the precipice's edge. She had a strange feeling that eyes had been watching her from that distant clearing in the valley under them, and that the war drums were beating because those eyes had seen her.

Day followed day in the little camp on Sani'gilagi's summit. Around the mountain buzzed a hornets' nest of foes. Sometimes Almayne went scouting, sometimes Lachlan, but as a rule they relied for this service upon the two Muskogee braves, Striking Hawk and Little Mink; and day after day these scouts brought back word that the forest below was alive with enemies. Fort Prince George in the upper foothills was only a few leagues distant, and in the region about Sani'gilagi the principal strength of the mountain Cherokees was assembled to support the warriors of the foothill towns, who were besieging the fort.

Because the Cherokees never hunted on the mountain, game abounded close to the camp. They dared not use their rifles, but with improvised bows and with traps of deer sinew they killed squirrels, rabbits, turkeys, grouse, and an occasional deer. On these and on certain roots and vegetables of the woods, in the preparation of which Almayne was marvelously expert, they lived well, cooking their food over a fire so made that almost no smoke rose from it. A clear, cold spring, bubbling from the mountainside a short distance down the slope, provided an abundance of water; and near this spring, in a small natural meadow in the woods, the horses grazed.

There were times when Jolie grew impatient, when she was obsessed with sudden yearning to resume instantly, in the face of all perils, the search for Gilbert Barradell. Yet she was dimly aware that somehow the edge of her impatience had been dulled. She saw much of Lachlan during those days on the mountain, and

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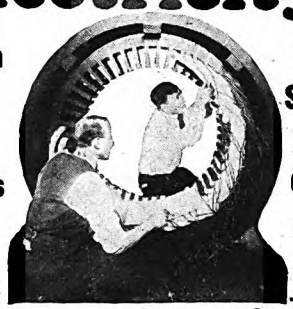

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the hours which she spent with him did not seem to her long.

There was one day when he went scouting, and remained away from dawn to sunset. Jolie grew more and more restless as the shadows lengthened, and twice she went to Almayne and questioned him concerning Lachlan's absence. Again and again that afternoon she was aware that Falcon was watching her; and when, just at dusk, she saw Lachlan's buckskin-clad figure framed in the opening of the trail leading down the mountain, the blood mounted to her face because she knew that Falcon's eyes were fixed upon her.

OVER her whole existence, her whole being, a tinge of unreality seemed to have spread. She was not unhappy. There was something in her, something profound and elemental, which responded quickly to the spell of the wilderness. She had loved it from the beginning.

Though she had learned its deadly ruthlessness, she loved it more than ever now: its beauty, its vastness, its wildness, its teeming, marvelous life. Its magic had conquered many men, who, once having known it, could never be content anywhere else. Now that magic was at work upon Jolie Stanwicke.

And there was something even deeper than this magic of the wilderness. These men with whom her lot was cast in this strange adventure—three of them had become a part of herself, her mind, her soul: O'Sullivan, with his quick humor, his infectious smile, his bird's voice and his stout heart, his sprightly tales of the days when he was a fencing master in Paris, his light love songs, and his beautiful and noble stories of the great days of Greece and Rome; Almayne, in appearance a rude wilderness hunter, blunt, hard as flint, irritable at times, pitiless toward his enemies, scornful of all softness, yet a man of fine texture under his rough exterior, and—now that she had conquered his antagonism—as tender to her as a kinsman; Lachlan McDonald . . .

Over them all she reigned as a queen. They served her because they loved her. Between Falcon's dark, burning passion for her and Almayne's deep joy in her lay a vast gulf. Perhaps as great a gulf separated the love that Mr. O'Sullivan bore her and the love that had been born in Lachlan McDonald for this Lady Sanguilla, as he still called her in his thoughts. She was brave, so brave that her courage was a continuing marvel to them all. She was gay; and they wondered what this gayety must cost her, who was like a caged bird unable to fly to the mate she loved.

And she was beautiful—more beautiful, they thought, than she had ever been before. Her buckskin suit was stained and faded now, its bright embroideries obliterated by dust. Her wide hat was spotted and shapeless. Her olive skin had burned almost as brown as the skin of an Indian girl.

But these things took nothing from her beauty. Indeed, the darkening of her skin enhanced her loveliness, enriching the color of her cheeks, causing her eyes to appear even more brilliant than they had been; and her red-gold hair seemed to them more brilliant too, as though the bright sunshine of the wilderness had burnished and refined it.

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Lachlan McDonald, watching Lance Falcon keenly, saw that the man was drunk with the beauty of this girl; knew that he himself was intoxicated with the same heady wine.

There was a spot a little below the camp where Jolie sat sometimes in the late afternoons. Here, as dusk deepened, she often caught glimpses of the smaller wild creatures of the woods; yet often her eyes saw nothing of what was before her because her thoughts were elsewhere—in England, perhaps, or in Charles Town, or in the distant Indian town where Gilbert Barradell was a captive.

Strangely, it seemed, her mind would then revert to what Lachlan had told her about the Indian girls—that many of them were beautiful; and always, when her thoughts had taken this channel, they led her quickly to one Indian girl, a girl whom she had never seen, that mysterious daughter of Chief Concha who held Gilbert Barradell prisoner.

A dozen times she had been on the point of questioning Lachlan further about this girl, to get him to tell her exactly what Falcon had said about Concha's daughter during their interview in the "Good Fortune's" cabin. Yet she had never done so, and she knew now that she never would. When she had first questioned Lachlan about the matter, it had led to a quarrel. She was strangely unwilling to mention the subject to him again.

One afternoon, when Jolie sat alone in this retreat below the camp, she saw a sight which brought her instantly back to the living present.

Out from the trees in front of her, not thirty feet away, walked a great panther, a panther which in hue and shape and bulk was like a maneless lion.

The beast did not pause. Slowly, noiselessly it came on, its pale eyes fixed upon her face, its long tail held high above its back.

She could not move, she could not cry out. Utter terror held her rigid, dumb.

Ten paces from her the panther stopped and stood motionless; and suddenly she was aware that behind the panther in the shadow of the trees stood a man.

For an eternity she waited. Then he stepped into full view and advanced toward her, placing his hand upon the panther's head as he passed the beast.

HE WAS an Indian, very old, very tall, perfectly erect. Over his shoulders he wore a cape of feathers, dyed yellow and blue. There were silver bracelets on his bony arms, and white shell-like pendants hung from his long, deeply-slit ears. His creased and wrinkled face was spotted with tattoo marks and ringed with vermilion paint; while from the middle of his head, where a narrow ridge of short, stiff hair rose like a comb or crest, a long, slender green snake dangled and writhed, its forked tongue flickering ceaselessly.

She knew that he was Aganuntsi the Conjurer. Her lips framed the word, though the sound was all but inaudible, and she rose to her feet as he advanced toward her.

For a moment, when he was almost directly in front of her and within arm's length, he looked directly at her, and she shuddered and drew back before the glare of his eyes. But he did not speak or pause. As soundlessly as the great

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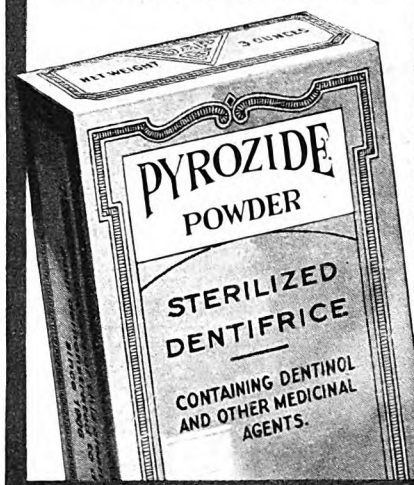

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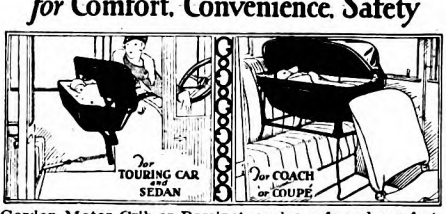

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panther gliding at his heels, he strode past her up the slope toward the camp.

Jolie sat down again upon the rock where she had been sitting. She was shaken; her breath was coming fast. After a little, she rose and walked back to the camp on the summit just above. Near the brow of the precipice Almayne and Aganuntsi the Conjurer were seated, while near them the tame panther sprawled lazily in the sun.

Lachlan, Falcon and Mr. O'Sullivan stood apart. The two Muskogee warriors were away, scouting or hunting. Seeing her, Lachlan came toward her. He smiled and greeted her lightly, but she saw anxiety in his face. They walked to where O'Sullivan and Falcon stood, and she noted O'Sullivan's gravity.

For some minutes they stood talking, not venturing to ask one another what Aganuntsi's coming meant. Then Jolie laughed softly.

"This is a great man, this Conjurer," she said. "We must ask him to sup with us, and we must feed him well if we value our lives. Let us prepare the feast."

She was afraid, oppressed with a sense of impending calamity, but she would not show her fear. While she supervised the roasting of two ruffed grouse and the broiling of slices of venison, she chattered lightly or hummed a tune. Before the food was ready, Almayne and Aganuntsi were done talking. The Conjurer rose, and Almayne, too, got to his feet. The Indian raised his right hand, and Almayne returned the salutation. Then Aganunsti strode off along the way he had come, the panther following close behind him.

ALMAYNE strolled slowly toward the group around the fire. Their anxious eyes searching his face found reassurance in his smile.

"By Zooks!" he said as he joined them, "I am as hungry as a mountain bear. I thought the old man would never finish talking of the times we've had together."

He would tell them nothing more. There was nothing more to tell, he insisted. But to Jolie there came again a sense of crisis, of disaster close at hand.

At last the meal was over; the pipes were smoked in the gathering dusk. Little Mink and Striking Hawk returned from their hunting and scouting, bringing with them a turkey and two grouse. With the round moon bathing the mountain top in ghostly light, Jolie bade them all good-night and lay down on the couch of boughs in her little hut of bark and skins.

She had scarcely gone, when Almayne, remarking that he wished to have a look at the horses, knocked out his pipe and arose. Lachlan caught an almost imperceptible movement of the hunter's head, and when Almayne walked toward the trail leading to the spring Lachlan followed him. Out of sight and earshot of the camp, the hunter halted and turned.

Lachlan saw his face in the moonlight, stared at it wide-eyed, and gripped his arm.

"In heaven's name, Almayne!" he exclaimed, "what's amiss?"

"The worst," Almayne answered in a harsh whisper. "Barradell is false to her!"

Sitting on a rock in the moonlight, his head between his hands, Lachlan listened while Almayne talked.

"I learned it by accident," the hunter said. "At first Aganuntsi talked of our hunts in the old days. Then, after a while, he told me that he had returned not long ago from a mission to the Appalaches. He went there to get them to join in this war against the Carolina English, and a hundred Appalaches came back with him, commanded by a Spanish officer.

"Aganuntsi said that he had spent many days in Chief Concha's town. He said that Concha has a new war captain, an Englishman whom he took prisoner. The Spaniards at St. Augustine learned of this somehow, and they ordered Concha to watch the Englishman closely, but not to harm him. Aganuntsi said that Concha has a daughter, the most beautiful girl he has ever seen.

"Well, this girl fell in love with the Englishman. At first Aganuntsi could not remember the Englishman's name, but he remembered it later—Gilbert Barradell."

Almayne paused. Lachlan, his head still supported in his hands, said nothing.

"He married the girl some six weeks ago," the hunter continued, his voice harsher than ever. "It was a real marriage, performed by a Spanish priest. He is mad about her, Aganuntsi says, and she is devoted to him. Concha has made him war chief, and he and his wife spend part of their time in St. Augustine, where they are made much of by the Spaniards."

Almayne tugged at his mustache and glared at the top of Lachlan's bowed head.

"FOR heaven's sake, don't sit there like a stone!" he exclaimed. "What are we to do now? What are we to tell Jolie?"

Lachlan got to his feet slowly, a little unsteadily. He was dazed, his thoughts were a whirling chaos. Almayne seized his arm in a grip of iron and shook it.

"Pull yourself together, man," he said fiercely. "We must think this thing out here—now!"

They talked until late into the night. For a time they were like men struggling to set their thoughts in order again after the impact of some stunning physical shock. An inconceivable thing had happened. It had burst upon them without the slightest warning. At first they could not grapple with it.

Like drowning men clutching at straws, they clutched at the possibility of error, at the possibility that Aganuntsi had manufactured the story for some obscure purpose of his own. But these straws sank under them.

This thing that had happened, Lachlan knew, was a thing that had happened often before. The spell of the wilderness was strong. It made many a man forget the world that he had known, renounce that world forever. The Southern Indians had advanced much further along the road toward civilization than the ruder savages of the North and West.

Their women, especially those of the ruling families or clans, were often beautiful, often highly intelligent, quick of wit and of speech. Many a white man of good birth, already captivated by the lure of the wilderness, had found in some dark-eyed Indian beauty the final and decisive reason for making the New World his home. Often these marriages failed, but sometimes—and Lachlan found double proof of it in his own ancestry—they endured.

No, this incredible thing that had burst upon him like a thunderclap was not

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incredible. On the contrary, it had happened before and would happen again. But that it should have happened to Jolie Stanwicke, that she should be numbered among those unhappy ones who had been cast aside by wandering lovers to whom the wilderness had called in tones that would not be denied—this was the fact which at first appeared too monstrous to be real.

He knew that he loved Jolie Stanwicke. The love that had been kindled in him had mounted and flamed during those long days on the wilderness trails and on Sani'gilagi's summit. Yet now that love was submerged in pity; for he saw her stricken, blighted, her gallant spirit crushed, the light gone from her eyes.

Within tight lips that did not move he cursed the man who had done this thing—this Gilbert Barradell, whom he had never seen but had always hated because Jolie Stanwicke loved him.

Suddenly a light broke upon Lachlan and brought confirmation, if confirmation were needed, of the thing that Aganunsti had told. His mind leaped back to that first night in Lance Falcon's cabin, when he had played the part of Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine. Every incident of that night was etched upon his memory. He could recall the very words of that puzzling, unexpected question which Falcon had asked so eagerly: "And what of the affair of Chief Concha's daughter?"

So Falcon had known even then! He had known of the existence of this Indian girl, had known that there was something between her and Gilbert Barradell.

IN a flash a new fact dawned upon Lachlan:

Jolie Stanwicke had distrusted Gilbert Barradell! She had been afraid of this thing that had now happened!

It was as plain now as the noonday sun. Lachlan knew now why Jolie had attached so much importance to Falcon's question about the affair of Concha's daughter. He knew now why Jolie had questioned him so eagerly about this Indian girl, why she had sought to learn from him whether the girl was beautiful Yes, she had been afraid of this girl, this daughter of Chief Concha, from the moment when she had learned of the girl's existence. Loving Barradell, yet she had doubted him, had lacked faith in his constancy.

Lachlan could not tell Almayne where these thoughts carried him. Indeed, he himself did not know. He was aware only of a sudden new sense of freedom, as though a weight had been struck from around his neck.

He could not explain this feeling, did not try to explain it. Instead, he turned to the question of what their course should be. Should they tell Jolié at once, or should they wait? It was instinct, perhaps, that determined him upon the latter course; and Almayne, pointing out that weeks might pass before they could leave their refuge on the mountain, could see no reason for haste in imparting to Jolie what they had learned.

This settled, they walked slowly back toward the camp, and saw Mr. O'Sullivan sitting on watch, his white head gleaming in the bright moonlight. The same thought came to them both. Almayne uttered a low whistle and beckoned O'Sullivan. He came to them quickly,

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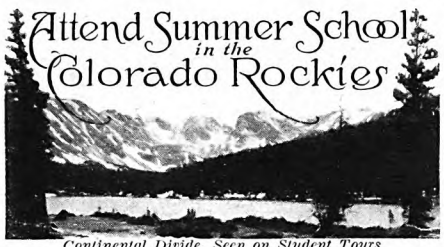

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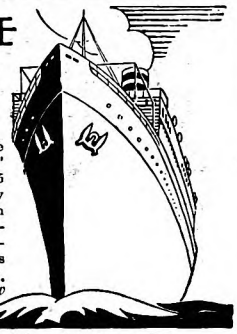

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and Lachlan told him of the news that Aganuntsi had brought.

For some moments the little man stood silent before them, his head bowed. Then he lifted his face to Lachlan, and they saw that tears were in his eyes, and yet he was smiling, and there was a great content in his face. It was not his habit to talk in riddles, but this time his words left them puzzled.

"I am glad," he said slowly in his bird-like voice. "I have been afraid that she would not discover herself in time. That danger is past now."

When Lachlan stared at him blankly and Almayne swore under his breath, O'Sullivan laughed happily.

"You think I am daft," he told them. "You will see that I am wiser than you two simpletons put together!"

For Lachlan there could be no sleep that night. Presently, while O'Sullivan and Almayne still stood talking, he wandered alone down the steep, narrow trail which led to the spring and the little meadow where the horses grazed. His thoughts were still awhirl. He did not realize that as he passed the spot where O'Sullivan had been sitting on watch, he picked up the Irishman's rapier which had been leaning against a rock. Yet, as always when he walked through the woods, he moved with the noiselessness of an Indian hunter, and, as always, his senses were alert.

Suddenly a faint sound halted him. It might have been one of the horses in the meadow below; but he did not believe that this sound had been made by a horse. More cautiously than ever he moved forward down the steep trail until the meadow opened before him.

THERE in the bright moonlight he saw Lance Falcon standing beside the big roan which he had ridden on the flight to the mountain—the roan which had once been Jock Pearson's.

There was no saddle on the roan, but he was bridled, and Falcon was about to vault upon his back. Lachlan stepped out into the open and strode toward the spot.

Falcon saw him instantly, and the hand which had held the bridle rein leaped to the hilt of his sword. Momentarily a black frown convulsed his face; yet he was smiling as he greeted the younger man.

"Ah, Mr. McDonald," he said coolly, "you have come to bid me farewell?"

Lachlan had halted ten paces away.

"Where are you going, Captain Falcon?" he asked sternly.

For a moment Falcon seemed to hesitate. Then he nodded, as though he had reached a decision.

"A blunt question," he said briskly, "and I shall give it a blunt answer. I am grown aweary of your mountain, Mr. McDonald, and more than a little weary of the rôle of prisoner. I have been, as you are aware, a confidant of the Governor of St. Augustine, and I happen to know something of the Spanish plans to support the Cherokee war against the Carolina English. If those plans were carried out, there are Spanish Indians and a Spanish officer among the Cherokees of this wilderness, and it is in my mind to go to them now and tell them certain things."

"Traitor!" Lachlan flung at him. "You would betray us! Your pledged word—"

Falcon spat out a contemptuous oath.

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He moved a step nearer, and Lachlan, watching him keenly, saw the gleam of his white teeth in the moonlight.

"I have played the honorable fool long enough, Mr. McDonald," he exclaimed. "You may consider my pledged word broken if you choose. Spain and the Cherokees are allies in this war—though the Charles Town English know it not—and I have only to ride down this mountain to find myself among friends. Why I have waited so long I hardly know.

"It was a losing game that I was playing on the mountain," he continued calmly. "I think that already Gilbert Barradell is a shadow and Lachlan McDonald has taken his place. But the game is not yet over. I shall come back to Sani'gilagi within a few hours at most, and I shall bring with me my friends from down yonder; and it may be that the lady, having changed her mind once, will change it a second time, seeing that she will have no choice when she rides into St. Augustine as Lance Falcon's bride."

He spoke quietly, as a man might speak to his neighbor about the weather.

"We have a score to settle, Mr. McDonald, and the time to settle it has come. Fortunately, you have a sword in your hand, and the moonlight is well-nigh as bright as day. They cannot hear us on the mountain top. On guard, sir! I am going to give myself the pleasure of killing you before I go."

In an instant his rapier was out. In another instant the moonlight glittered on the crossed blades.

(*To be concluded*)

". . . Loved I Not Honor More"

(*Continued from page 53*)

wouldn't pine away, their tone of voice implies, if they never again saw cupboards painted red.

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broke down my pleasure in all the main parts of the house; and then almost everybody had some special little detail that she didn't like, and I began to take on all of them, too. By the end of the month, I wondered how we had ever managed to exist at all in that house for four years.

And then suddenly, in the very depths of my disapproval about our bungalow, a possible buyer came along for the English house. It was the man the J. D. Harvester Company was sending to take the present owner's job, and he seemed to think he wouldn't mind taking the present owner's house along with it. I was nearly wild.

Will is very conservative and, at first, he couldn't see taking the new house until we had got rid of the old one. But finally, his business sense triumphed—the little English house was a real bargain—and he decided to take a chance on it. As he said, of course the bungalow would sell eventually, and with the Moffat property going so well he could swing the buy at once. He said he never did like to spend money he hadn't earned, but that the commissions on the other half of that Moffat land were as good as in the bank already.

The owner of the little English house was in Chicago for a week, but Will got the contract all drawn up, and we were going to sign it as soon as he got back.

After that, I just let myself go on the bungalow. I allowed myself to admit to myself that the bedroom was too small, and that the red cupboards had been a mistake, and that stucco would have been better than clapboards, and that it didn't have a sun-parlor or a laundry, and that the stove was on the wrong side of the kitchen, and about ten million other things that lookers had said.

Of course, we told everybody that we were going to move, and all the girls said the English house was lovely, and how they envied me, and admitted that they'd often wondered how we had got along with such a small bedroom; and Dulcie said that she wouldn't have mentioned it for the world as long as we were living in the bungalow, but that she had always thought those red dish cupboards had been a mistake. It's queer how, once you're moving out of a house, you don't care what anybody thinks about it. I was just interested in the new place; we were to sign the contract in two days, and I had even begun making curtains for the living-room.

AND then, out of a perfectly clear sky, came the thunderbolt. It was Friday, the thirteenth. Nobody can ever tell me that there's nothing in unlucky days. I knew before Will got inside the house that something terrible had gone wrong. I could tell by the way he walked. And he didn't keep me in suspense. Before he had closed the door, he told me.

The Parkway was not going through the Moffat property at all! They weren't going to use the Pike; they were going to use the Sawmill River Road, just as we had heard in the first place!

"But what made them change their minds?" I asked.

Will turned as red as a stop signal.

"They didn't change their minds," he said. "They never had any idea of using the Pike."

"But, Mr. Moffat—the letters from the road commissioner—" I gasped.

Will turned two shades redder.

"Those letters were plain, out-and-out forgeries. Someway or other, Moffat got hold of some stationery with the State letter head, and he typed those letters himself—forged the signatures."

I just stared at Will, speechless. Finally:

"Can't a man be sent to prison for forging?" I asked.

"I don't suppose he ever showed those letters to a soul except me," said Will, "and he'd deny he'd even showed them to me. He played me for a sucker. That's all there is to it."

"Why I never heard of anything so low in my life!"

"And I was flattered that he had come to me instead of one of the older men! He came to me because he knew that I was the only real estate man in the three towns who'd be sap enough to believe him. With his shady reputation! You notice he was careful enough to wait till Dad had pulled out of the business."

"If he'd shown your father letters from the State Road Commissioner—" I began defensively.

But Will was in no mood for consolation. I've never seen any human being so disgusted with himself.

"He'd never have even shown 'em to Dad. You bet he was smart enough to wait till he'd found a sap who'd swallow his bait, hook, line, and sinker. To think that the first thing I should do with the good name Dad took thirty-five years to build up was to start pulling chestnuts out of the fire for R. T. Moffat!"

Will got, if possible, still redder.

"AND he had the nerve to suggest to me that he could make it well worth my while to go right ahead and sell the rest of the land. Intimating that, as long as I'd already sold half, I might as well go ahead and clean up on the deal. He as good as told me that I'd already queered my standing, and that I might as well make something out of it.

"The worst of it is," Will went on bitterly, "that it's true. The people who've already bought that land will always believe that I'm either a crook or an easy mark, and one of those is about as good as the other when it comes to a business man's reputation."

"What can you do?" I asked, aghast at such a choice.

"I can take over all that land, myself, that I've already sold," said Will promptly, "and carry it fifty years or so till it's worth something. That would give me back a perfectly unblemished business reputation, and keep us poor as cheese parings practically for life. Or, I can go ahead as Moffat suggests, which would put us pretty much on Easy Street."

"But with no reputation at all," I finished.

Will shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, frankly, "Jackson Vierley's been mixed up in one or two slightly shady deals over in Verblen; but he seems to be able to keep right on selling real estate. I presume I'd live it down in time."

I said nothing.

"It's a good thing," Will added, "that we haven't already signed up on the new house."

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For a second I sat staring at Will, simply pie-eyed.

At last: "You—you mean we can't buy the new house?" I gasped.

"Of course not," said Will. "That is, not unless I take up Moffat's offer."

"That we've got to stay right on here in the bungalow! With that tiny little bedroom! And no laundry! And—" There was no need to go on through all the million things that were wrong with the bungalow. Not buy the new house! After I'd told all the girls! After I even had the curtains almost made!

Stay on, year after year, in that tiny little bungalow! Already Dulcie was saying they'd got to make a change before long, that their place was too small. And they had only one baby.

Every objection that every possible buyer had made to our bungalow came rushing over me all at once. When I thought of that lovely new English house, the up-stairs porch, the bookcases on each side of the fireplace, the very window where we'd planned to put our two-some chair; the curtains I had already made; what all the girls had said about it; what they would say now. And I was so disappointed, it seemed to me I just couldn't stand it.

"I—just don't see how I can bear it," I said, my voice breaking.

Will looked at me in the queerest way. I remembered that look afterward, though I didn't think much about it then. At the time, I was simply swamped by my own disappointment.

Will had to go to the state capital that afternoon to see Mr. Burris about the Burris Block. He was away overnight and all the next day, and I was left alone with the babies and the prospect of being poor as cheese parings for the rest of our lives. The more time you have to think over a proposition like that, the less you care for it. Why, it wasn't just the English house—it would be everything! All through the years. Trips that Will and I had been counting on for some time, that now we'd never take. Things we'd planned on being able to do for the babies, that now we'd never be able to do. I'd get dowdy with nothing but housework and sewing, and Will would get middle-aged and dull with nothing but the office and mowing the lawn, or shoveling snow and taking care of the furnace. It seemed to me the worst thing in the world that could have happened to us.

But the next day, I knew that it wasn't the worst thing. Will came back and went right to selling the rest of the Moffat property.

"Just forget what I told you the other day," he said. "If anyone asks you, you don't know a thing about the Parkway one way or the other."

AND then, suddenly, I knew that there was something worse than being poor. It had never occurred to me that Will would do anything of the kind. That is why I had cut loose and been so terribly disappointed. It was because it never occurred to me that it was anything but inevitable. If I had dreamed that Will would ever have thought of doing anything of this sort, I would never have let him see that I minded a bit about the house or being poor the rest of our lives.

I remembered now the queer way that

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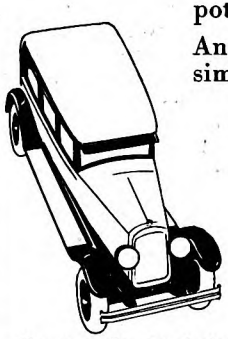

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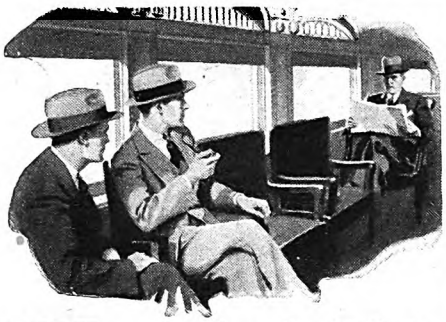

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Will had looked at me when I had said that I just couldn't bear it. He had thought I meant it. And he had made this choice because he thought I couldn't stand by him on the other.

"Oh, Will, you didn't think—" I began. But he cut me right off.

"Just forget every word I said the other day," he repeated. "If anyone outside mentions the Moffat property to you, you don't know a thing about it." He paused a moment. Then he added, "Let's don't talk about it, ourselves, either."

And no matter how often I brought up the subject, he wouldn't speak about it again.

The next day, we signed the contract for the little English house. It was Dead Sea fruit. I looked at the up-stairs porch, and knew that I should never be happy on it. I looked at the bookcases on each side of the fireplace, and wanted to cry.

It's a queer thing! All my life I'd heard that honesty was the best policy, and had figured that it probably was; but it didn't seem to mean much to me, one way or the other. Suddenly now I saw that it wasn't always the best policy—not from a business point of view. Take R. T. Moffat himself, for example. He was utterly dishonest, and yet he had prospered. Take Jackson Vierley, over in Verblen. He wasn't as dishonest as Moffat and he wasn't as honest as Will had always been. Yet he had prospered better than Will, and not as well as Moffat. Why, I could see that there were times when honesty wasn't the best policy at all!

And yet I was most wrong of all in having thought it didn't mean much to me. It meant a terrible lot. When it came right down to brass tacks, I wanted us to be honest, whether it was the best policy or not. I didn't want us to be taupe, like R. T. Moffat, even if it paid.

WILL had said to forget all about it. But I couldn't. I couldn't forget it for a minute, day or night. I thought of what Father would think about it when it came out, what all our friends who didn't do business that way would think. That was bad enough. But someway, there was something that was worse than what anybody would think. It was what Will and I would know. Even if it never came out at all, we would always know! Whenever we'd try to enjoy the new English house, we'd remember what we'd paid for it.

Little Jack would come running up to meet Will with his face all lit up, holding up his chubby little arms, shouting "There's my daddy!" What about when little Jack was old enough to hear the sort of things said about Will that R. T. Moffat's children must hear about their daddy? Would any kind of house that we might be living in then make up for that?

Days went on. The Moffat property was still selling like waffles. There were actually only two or three lots left. When I was over in Verblen to see Dennis O'Shea's sister and get the latest news about Dennis and Louise, I heard a couple of strange men talking. One of them had bought three lots along the "new Parkway," and the other said:

"I wouldn't touch anything R. T. Moffat was mixed up in with a ten-foot pole."

And the first one said: "Young Horton, over in Montrose, is handling this—you know, John Horton's son. He wouldn't be in on it if it wasn't all right."

Some day, men would be talking about our little Jack. They'd say, "Young Horton—you know, Will Horton's son." I couldn't bear to think of it.

THEN I heard about Mrs. Gibson having bought the old Moffat farmhouse. She was a hard-working widow who ran a bakery and was bringing up three children. She told Rosie she was going to fix up the old house and take in tourists overnight. She said, "You know, I'll be right on the Parkway, for there'll be an awful lot of through traffic. The bakery's getting too much for me, what with help being so hard to get. I'll stick at it two or three years more, though, till I get the farmhouse all paid for, and till the Parkway's put through."

And Will had let Mrs. Gibson mortgage her poor savings to buy a house on a parkway that was never going to be there! Queer how much worse that seemed than selling to strange men, and just getting a taupe reputation. It suddenly came over me that for every man who puts over shady deals, there are women like Mrs. Gibson who have to pay for them—whether you know about them or not.

And then I heard that Will was selling one of the lots, on time, to Howard Merton. Howard Merton, his own best friend, Howard Merton with a wife and four babies to take care of!

Suddenly, after that, I knew that I couldn't go on. Will might have asked me not to talk about it to him, might have told me to forget all about it. But there are things you can't forget. He had done it for me. Well, someway or other, we'd have to find some way to undo it, together. Undo it if it kept us down to bedrock all our lives. We were sitting over supper, Will munching away at the celery left on the table. And I knew that we couldn't go on. I'd always heard that love is all, just as I'd always heard that honesty is the best policy. And now I knew that love isn't all. If Will was going to turn into the kind of man who would cheat his best friend, I couldn't go on loving him.

I sat, looking across the table at him, so dear and familiar—so dear. And I couldn't think what to say to start. Two or three times I opened my lips and closed them again. To take a chance of giving up Will forever—I felt cold and sick all over. And I knew that I had to do it. I opened my lips again.

"HOW'D you like, Dotty," Will suddenly spoke, "to sell those Liberty bonds Dad gave the kids, and buy the last lot left of the Moffat property for them?"

I just sat staring at Will, my mouth ajar. There are limits. No human being would put a shady deal over on his own three-year-old children.

"By the time they're twenty-one, it ought to be worth something pretty swell. Right on the Parkway."

"But the Parkway isn't going there!" I stammered.

"You bet your sweet life the Parkway is," said Will.

"But why—how?"

He was grinning from ear to ear.

"'Member when I went up to the capital, to see Burris?" he asked. "Well, I got Burris all pepped up on the prop-

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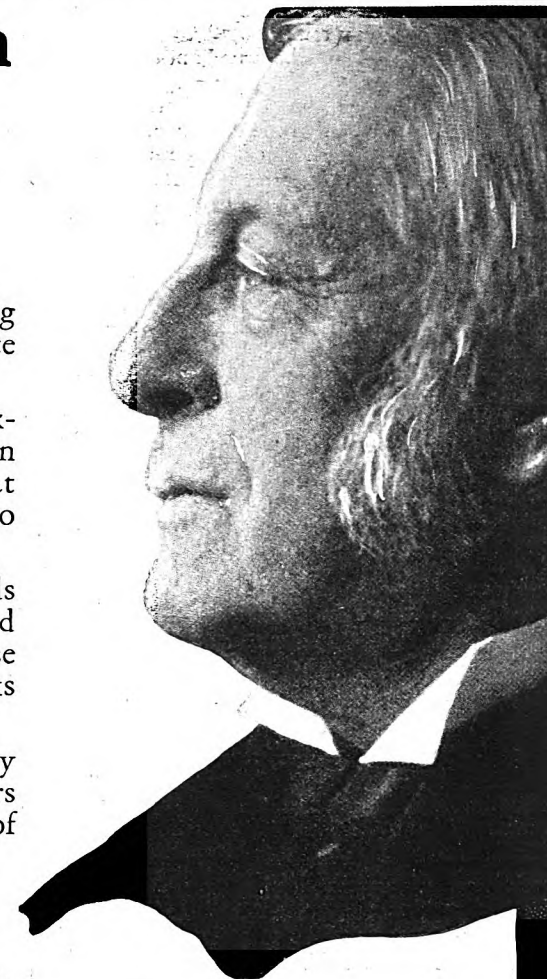

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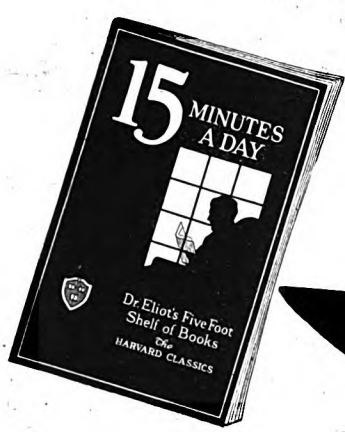

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osition. Proved to him how the Pike was the way the Parkway really ought to go. No blasting, take in the lake drive, and so on. He's a good friend of the road commissioner, and knows most of the Parkway Commission. He had me talk to 'em—he's got an awful lot of influence politically, you know. And—well before I came back, he had the commission sold on running the Parkway along the Pike."

I never saw a human being look more tickled over anything.

"Will," I wailed, "why—oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't dare tell a living soul, not even you," said Will. "If the faintest whisper had got to R. T. Moffat, he'd have trebled the price on that property quicker'n you can sign your name. I had to keep him thinking he was pulling the wool over my eyes, getting away with another slick deal. It gave me the chance to get all my friends in on the ground floor for something really good. I took an option on ten acres, myself, and have turned 'em all over. We've made a pretty piece of change ourselves out of it."

"But, Will—"

"I didn't like to keep you in the dark," he went on apologetically. "I knew you wouldn't tell anybody, but there might have been something in your manner that would have tipped our mit. It was the safest way." He paused a moment. "Of course," he added, "I knew you'd know I'd fixed things all right, one way or another."

"Oh, Will,"—I was so sick of misunderstanding and deceit, I had to come right out with the confession—"I was afraid you hadn't. I don't know why I shouldn't have trusted you. But I—I thought you'd done the crooked thing—for me."

For a few seconds Will just stared at me. Then:

"No," he said levelly, "I wouldn't do a thing like that—not even for you."

As soon as he'd said it, he felt terribly guilty.

"You know it isn't that I don't love you enough to, but I—we—I—"

Oh, he needn't have tried to explain, needn't have felt guilty. Hadn't I felt just the same about loving him? That I couldn't have gone on loving him if he hadn't been the man he is?

Tears that I'd been holding back for weeks came suddenly tumbling out. I ran around the table, climbed up into his lap and buried my face in the shoulder of his sweater in sheer heavenly relief.

"I guess we both feel just the same," I said at last. "You know, like the verse—

"Yet, this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore—
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

Will nodded, rubbing his cheek against my hair. But he is not much given to spouting poetry. Pretty soon, he began to chuckle.

"There's just one little thing I could still wish for," he said. "And that's that I could see R. T. Moffat's face when the first Parkway surveyor comes down the Pike!"

Rölvaag the Fisherman Shook His Fist at Fate

(*Continued from page 37*)

show what was in me. It seemed such utter nonsense!

"But I had to keep on with the fishing to earn my living; and two more years went by. At last I wrote to my uncle, a wandering member of the family, who had emigrated to South Dakota. I asked him if he could send me a ticket to America. I said that I would pay him back after I arrived. One day the next summer the ticket came.

"Annually a great market was held at the little town of Björn, about twenty English miles from my home. This event was always looked forward to with a great deal of excitement, for people from many districts would come thither to trade. There was much merry-making, much drinking and dancing.

"I sailed over with my master, the old sea king who had saved my life two years before. On the way I told him my plans—that I was going to quit the fishing and emigrate to America. He objected fiercely, wouldn't listen to it. 'Come here,' he said as soon as we got ashore; 'I want to show you something.'

"He led me down among the new boats exposed for sale, the finest fishing craft of their kind on the coast of Norway. We looked them all over; at last he picked out the best boat of the lot, a brand-new hull built to carry a crew of five men. She looked fine to me. I thought I had never seen such a handsome craft. We went down under her hull, stood at her bow and gazed aft, squinted along her bilge, then moved to her stern, and examined the fine lines of her run. The old Viking suddenly leaned over and patted her smooth side with the palm of his hand. He looked at me a long while with deep-set eyes. At last he spoke:

"'As you know, I am a fairly well-to-do man,' he said. 'I like you, and you like me. You are making a great mistake. If you will send back that ticket to your uncle, I will buy this boat for you.'

"Well, you can imagine! Never in my wildest fancies had I dreamed of such a thing coming to me at this time. Here was success at the start, material success, along with the backing of the man I respected above all others. I can honestly say that I have never felt such a surge of pride and power, such a sense of achievement, as came over me at that moment. Yes; it made me proud and happy—and, very, very sad.

"The sadness followed like a tidal wave. Because, you see, it didn't change anything. I had already been over the whole ground, settled my plans, and this generous offer only complicated everything in a way that tore my heart.

"'Thank you, sir,' I said shortly. 'I will have to think it over. Give me till to-night.' Then I turned and left the row of new boats, walked through the town, and climbed the hill behind it. I hardly saw where I was going. Somewhere up on the hillside I sat down. I sat there all that afternoon."

IT WAS in the library of his home in the quiet college town of Northfield, Minnesota, that Professor Rölvaag first told me this story. We had smoked and talked till long after midnight while a snowstorm raged outside. Thousands of miles of land and water separated us from the coast of Norway; but the gulf between the unlettered boy on the hillside and the famous teacher and author who sat before me was scarcely to be measured.

"It was a fine, clear day in Nordland," he resumed abruptly. "I could see a long way across the water. I sat there gazing off across the fjörd trying to make out the unsubstantial shapes of my dreams and aspirations. What ought I to do? How could I refuse such a splendid offer? It was as if my little world had laid a plot against me, as if Satan were tempting me with a kingdom.

"Down below in the town they were having a jolly time, drinking, dancing, lovemaking, light-hearted and free. The sound of it came up to me. I might have been the gayest of the lot; but now I felt entirely cut off from the others. I had to decide something, life had made me tragic. Would my heart stop aching as I set sail, as I paid for the boat and grew prosperous as the years went by?

"On the other hand, what was my heart aching for? I honestly didn't know. If I decided to refuse this wonderful offer, what reasonable excuse could I make? What precisely did I expect to do out in the great world? You see, I *had* no valid excuse, or none that could be put into words. I just felt that I wasn't fulfilling myself. I wanted to go away, find out what the world was like, and see if I didn't fit in somewhere else. But how can you explain that to sensible, practical people? To their minds, you're simply acting like a headstrong fool."

Rölvaag remained silent quite a while, listening to the storm outside. "There was more to it than that, of course," he announced suddenly. "Long ago, as a mere boy, I had dreamed of being a writer. But there had been only two occasions when I had ever revealed this dream to a living soul. The first time was one day when I had been gathering kelp on the rocks with my mother. We were very poor, you know; I remember winters when we had nothing but salt herring and potatoes to eat, three times a day. We used to gather sea weed or kelp and boil it to feed the cows; there was scant grass on our rocky island.

"As Mother and I were coming home from the ledges that afternoon, she took my hand and asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. 'I want to be a poet,' I told her seriously. At that she smiled—I shall never forget that smile. She was thinking of the few potatoes there were left at home, and of how much harder it was to be a poet than a fisherman.

"The other time was several years later; I must have been ten years old, and had suddenly decided to write a novel.

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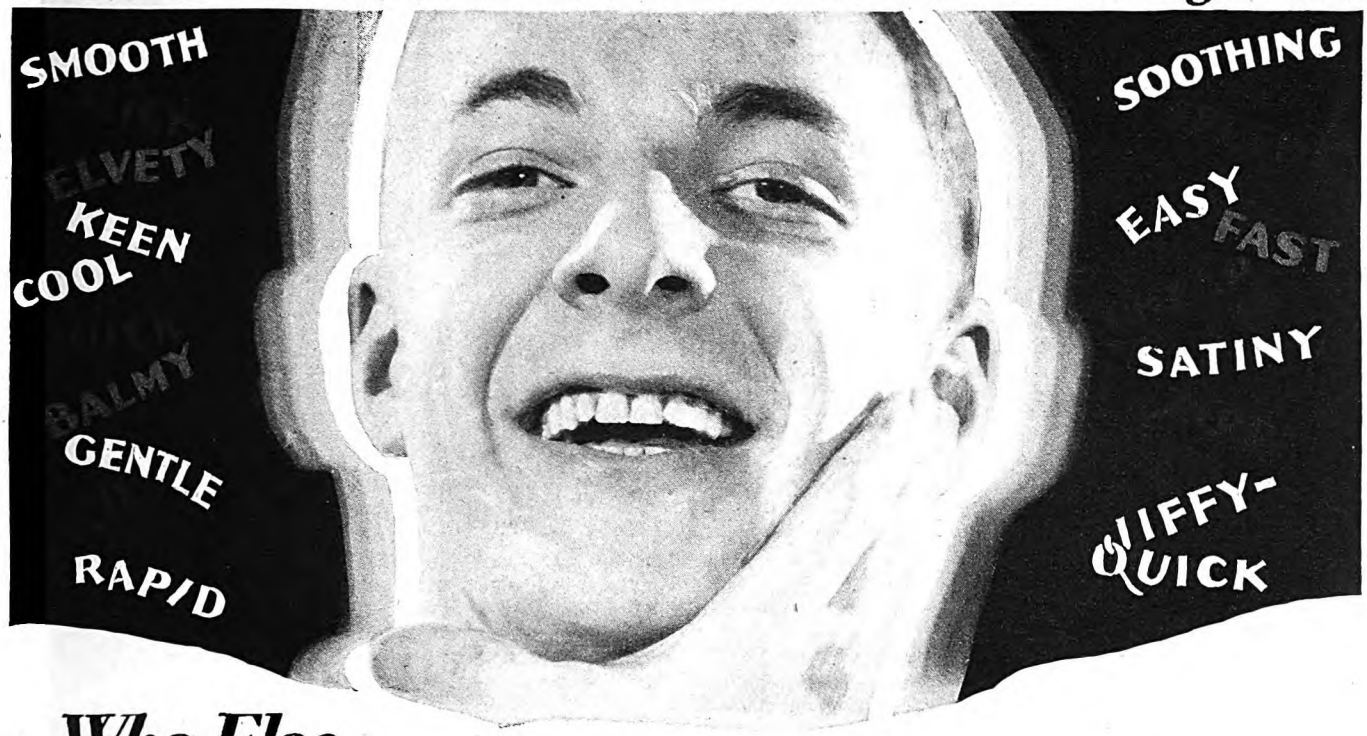

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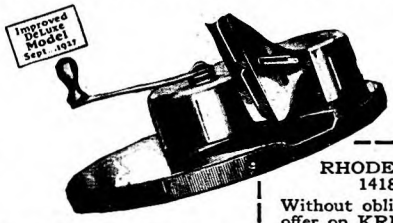

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In spite of the poverty of our educational advantages up there under the Arctic Circle, we did a lot of reading; there was a good library in our home community, maintained by the State. At that age I had read a good deal of the world's classical romantic literature, all in good Norwegian translations. My imagination was developed far ahead of any other faculty.

"So I decided to write a novel of my own. I worked away at it pretty hard, writing in the room that I shared with my older brother and keeping the manuscript strictly out of sight. He soon discovered that I was doing something in our room that he didn't know about. One day he burst in unexpectedly and found me writing. 'What have you got there?' he demanded—I stood rather in awe of this brother, you know. 'Nothing,' I answered, hastily gathering up my poor little manuscript and trying to hide it. 'Let me see,' he cried, snatching at the paper. 'I won't!' I screamed, protecting my secret as best I could. We fought up and down the room, breaking chairs and overturning the table. The manuscript was torn into shreds, but I managed to keep it from him; at least he never got a sight of it. Someone came in and separated us. It wasn't until fifteen years later, when I was a senior in St. Olaf College, half a world away, that I attempted literary composition again.

"BUT at the time I'm speaking of, when I had been offered the boat, all that had been pretty well knocked out of me. I'd learned how to earn my living; I was a successful fisherman. The only thing that remained to me of my boyish dreams was a deep restlessness. I felt as if I had gone as far as I could go in the fishing life, and it wasn't anywhere near far enough. I had experienced the battle with the elements; but there were other battles that I longed for, more interesting and infinitely harder, the battles of the mind and spirit. I knew that somewhere there was a better test of me.

"And I finally did manage to make up my mind that afternoon, though it meant a heartbreaking struggle. I came down into the town at last and hunted up my master, the old Viking. I marched straight up to him and looked him in the eye, a deep, piercing eye it was too. 'I'm sorry, sir,' I said, 'but I cannot accept your offer. I have decided to go to America.' He regarded me a long while in silence. 'You're a damned fool!' he said, and turned away."

Rölvaag laughed. "I saw the old man when I visited Norway two years ago. He was still vigorous and noble-looking, like a great pine tree. His voice had the sound of the sea in it; his hand closed on mine with a grip of iron. He was the finest figure of a man I have ever seen. His first words to me were: 'I'll never forgive you for not taking that boat!' 'You don't think I have done very well?' I asked—in his presence one always felt humble. 'Oh, well enough, perhaps,' he answered. 'But you were born for the sea.'"

I had been thinking as Rölvaag told me this story that there must have been more than a little of the old Viking temper in his own blood. The lust for adventure, the desire to conquer life, the reckless impulse to cut loose from home, to go sailing away, to seek out battles for the sake of winning them, and the utter faith in his power to kill any dragon he might meet, wasn't this his best explanation? Listen to the tale of his coming to America:

"I WENT to a port down the coast and took ship for the New World. I was nothing but a boy from the provinces, ignorant of travel, of how to handle myself, of where I was going. You'll have an idea of the extent of my wardrobe when I tell you that I wore one shirt from Norway to South Dakota; it had its last washing the day before we arrived in New York. The ocean voyage was only a pleasure for me; the sea was my home. Meals were furnished with my ticket, there were plenty of Norwegians to talk to, and I had nothing to worry about except to wonder what would happen when I got ashore.

"But when I landed in New York things were very different. It was the month of July, in the year 1896. The vast harbor, the teeming city, and the alien language all around me threw me into a terrible confusion. I couldn't speak or understand a word of English. It wasn't till I got on board the train that I discovered that meals weren't furnished with my railroad ticket. By that time I was down to ten cents in American money, and a copper pocket-piece from Norway. No money, no food. I went without food for three days and three nights, all the way from New York to South Dakota.

"I left the train at a little station on the Dakota prairie. Looking around, I saw nothing but level land, like the sea. My uncle was to have met me, but had made a mistake in the day of my arrival. I tried to ask my way, but no one at the station spoke Norwegian. At last a Swede who worked on the railroad came along, and I was able to communicate with him. He thought he knew approximately where my uncle lived, and gave me some directions; it seems that I had a twelve-mile walk ahead of me. When he found that I hadn't eaten a mouthful for three days, he gave me what remained in his dinner pail—one sandwich and some cold coffee. I've always blessed that big Swede in my prayers!

"By this time the sun was going down. I struck out on foot, soon lost my way, and walked far into the night. It was one of those still prairie nights, breathless with heat. I've learned to love them since, but then I was worn out and discouraged. I felt as if I had been dropped down in the midst of nowhere. At last I came upon something in the darkness, a man driving a horse hitched to a wagon. The man was a Norwegian and he took me to the farm where my uncle was employed. I stumbled into the house more dead than alive."

Rölvaag brooded a while when he had finished this tale. "In that experience I learned the first lesson of the immigrant," he said soberly. "The first and perhaps the greatest lesson: A feeling of utter helplessness, as if life had betrayed me. It comes from the sense of being lost in a vast alien land. In this case it was largely physical; but I soon met the spiritual phase of the same thing. The sense of being lost in an alien culture. The sense of being thrust somewhere outside the charmed circle of life. If you couldn't conquer that feeling, if you couldn't break through the magic hedge of thorns, you were lost indeed. Many couldn't, and didn't—and many were lost thereby."

Now Rölvaag went to work as a farm laborer. He kept at it three years, until he was twenty-three. During this period he picked up a smattering of English such as was used on Norwegian-American farms of those days, but he wasn't making much progress toward becoming a college professor or a great novelist. He managed to lay up a little money, however.

"In the fall of 1899, I decided to leave the farm," he resumed. "I didn't know what to do. By chance I ran into a fellow I had known for the last three years, who had been urging me to send myself to school in America. He brought out the old argument again, and begged me to give it a try. The winter term was just beginning; I might as well invest my savings in a little schooling.

"It's hard to explain my own lack of initiative in this respect, and yet it was very simple. You see, I had been a failure at school in Norway, while my older brother had been a brilliant success. When my father took me out of school at the age of fourteen, he had told me bitterly that education was not for me. And I had believed it; the iron had sunk deep into my soul.

"But this time my friend's arguments prevailed; as an escape from the farm I started going to an academy in a nearby town. Then a wonderful thing happened. I was twenty-three years old, remember, a man of mature mind and pretty full experience. The moment I came in touch with books and study it was as if a heavy curtain had been lifted. I found that I loved study passionately. I found that I was able to learn with extraordinary ease. I found that this was what I had always wanted. I found that the great world of the mind was simply waiting for me to enter in.

"As a matter of fact, you see, I was really better educated at that moment than I knew. Life had educated me, and reading had educated me. My imagination was fully developed, my reasoning powers were mature, and work had taught me concentration. The chief things I needed were a knowledge of English and an understanding of the technique of scholarship; in other words, the means of placing myself in the American scene."

THE way Rölvaag ate up the next seven years of scholastic training is a marvel, and shows how definitely his genius was urging him on. After spending parts of three years in the preparatory school, he entered St. Olaf College in the fall of 1901. There he took the full four-year course. Every penny for his upkeep had to be earned; there was no one to fall back on, and no home to go to in summer if he couldn't find a job.

For two summers he traveled as a salesman in the country. As soon as the week was half gone, he would find himself heading for a town that had a good library: "I'd do as much work as possible the first three days," he said. "Then by Thursday I'd drift into town, get a back room in a cheap hotel, visit the library and read night and day over the week-

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end. I lived for that, week by week; the rest of it was just lost motion."

But nothing could have stopped him now; he was on the right road at last. The sheer joy of development was satisfying secret longings that had driven him out from the land of his forefathers. Every day in school was a test and an achievement. Something in the energy and efficiency of American life fired all his ambition. Men did great things over here; well, he would do great things too.

He was graduated from college in 1905 with honors. At once he was offered a faculty position, provided he would go a year to the University of Oslo, in Norway. This he did, borrowing money for the purpose. After taking his *anden Examen* at Oslo, in 1906, he joined the staff of St. Olaf College, where he has been teaching ever since.

Rölvaag's literary bent began to show itself while he was still a student; he wrote his first long novel as a senior in college. It was never published, but he likes to keep the manuscript. "It's a pretty good novel for a beginner," he said, as he showed it to me one day. His first published work, "Amerika-Breve, or "Letters from America," came in 1912.

Other novels have followed at intervals of two years. Wholly American in their scene and viewpoint, all of Rölvaag's books have been written in the Norwegian language, because this is the language in which he finds it easiest to express himself fully.

BUT language has nothing to do with the intense Americanism of these people of Norse stock in the Northwest. One could hardly imagine a more typical American than Rölvaag himself; it is difficult to think of him as the immigrant boy of thirty years ago. He speaks English with hardly an accent. He was naturalized as soon as the law permitted. He married an American, and all his children have been born in Minnesota.

He is fond of relating an incident which revealed America to him. It happened when he was coming back from the University of Oslo in 1906. "I had landed that morning in New York," he says, "and was on my way to spend the day with friends. I found myself on a street car somewhere in Brooklyn. A huge furniture van had got stuck in front of the car; the horses were balky, and refused to move. The car stopped and a large crowd gathered, while the driver of the van tried various ways of starting his balky horses. The suggestions from the crowd didn't improve his temper. The street was completely tied up; the horses had decided to stay right where they were.

"All the while our motorman was clanging his bell impatiently. At last, he couldn't stand it any longer. He turned on the power, brought his car up behind the van, and began to shove. By George, those horses *had* to move! He shoved them for nearly two blocks, van and all, while the crowd cheered and the bell clanged, and the driver shouted and swore, and the horses struggled to resist. But it wasn't any use. At last, they suddenly decided to behave themselves—gave up the battle and went on of their own accord.

"And all the while I sat there in the car thrilled to the core of my being. Something had come over me like a wave. This was America—hurry and rush, clang, clang, over the top—if you can't do it one way, try another! Such a thing as that would never have happened in a European street; such a thing as that would never have been done by a European motorman. And I liked it, I liked it. Tears came to my eyes. This was America, my country. I had come home."

HOW the book that has made Rölvaag famous came to be written is a romantic incident in itself. For years he had been thinking of a novel of pioneering, but had not found time to write it, in the press of teaching. The four novels he had already written had been dashed off at odd times during his summer vacations. Then one day he picked up a newspaper and read that an eminent Norwegian novelist was planning to make a brief visit to the Northwest to collect data on which to base a novel of immigrant life.

"This news infuriated me," says Rölvaag. "Here I had been, preparing myself for just such a work, living the life, suffering the pangs of it, fighting an uphill fight; when along comes a successful Norwegian author fresh from his study and proposes to steal my thunder! But it wasn't personal jealousy I felt—it was artistic jealousy. I didn't believe that a novel of pioneering *could* be written from the study point of view. It had to be written by one who understood and even shared the psychology of the immigrant. Otherwise, it would be thin and artificial.

"I thought the matter over for a few days, but I still saw red. This man would probably stop at hotels, attend banquets and make speeches, give interviews to the newspapers, and spend a little time talking with village characters; while I'd been sweating blood for years to collect not only the material for that novel, but its heart and soul as well.

"I went to the president of our college and asked him for a year's leave of absence. Heaven knows I could ill afford it, but the die was cast now. Then I dug away to my cabin in the northern part of Minnesota—it was the beginning of the summer vacation—and started to write. I wrote there all summer; in the fall I visited South Dakota again, then went abroad. I stopped for some time in London, a city I had always longed to know; put up at a cheap immigrants' hotel, wrote day and night, and walked the streets when I needed exercise. In midwinter I went on to Norway, and there I finished Book One of "Giants in the Earth."

This book was accepted at once by a leading Norwegian publisher. From the moment of its appearance in Norway there was no longer any doubt as to the wisdom of Rölvaag's tremendous life effort.

The way "Giants in the Earth" arrived at an English translation and was finally published in America is still another romance. It came about through the chance meeting of two sailors in the inland city of Minneapolis, one from the north coast of Norway, the other from the coast of Maine. When Rölvaag landed in New York as an immigrant boy in 1896, I was still going to sea with my father in the bark "Harvard," and must have been somewhere in the China Sea at the time. Later, he and I entered college the same year, fifteen hundred miles apart; and later still we published our first books the same year. It seems a strange turn of fate that we should have met in far-off Minnesota, like two ships drifting together in a calm; and that from the moment of our meeting we should have begun to exert such an influence on each other's lives.

Rölvaag had not had a complete or acceptable English translation of the book done when I first met him. He was skeptical of its reception by the American reading public, and had given up all thought of publishing here. I urged him to go ahead, and ended by spending months in rewriting the English version of "Giants in the Earth," as well as doing a biographical introduction.

Rölvaag is a born novelist. His chief interest is in stories of people—twists and turns of human nature. He watches life narrowly. Character and psychology are his main studies; he believes that the art of the novel depends wholly on characterization. "I am a realist," he says; "I want a reflection of life on the page, not an artificial plot. A true portrayal of any life scene carries its own plot, but it must be faithful in detail."

RÖLVAAG is still at the head of the Norwegian department at St. Olaf College, with four teachers under him. He teaches eight hours every week, is secretary of the Norwegian-American Historical Association, keeps up his reading in two languages, writes regularly every day, watches life, takes an eager part in it, and especially has an eye out for students of talent whom he can help by personal contact. Fame has not affected him in the least, and will not affect him.

"A man doesn't fight steadily for thirty years, carrying a dream in his heart, and get nowhere in particular," he said, "to go off the handle at the first stroke of good luck that comes his way. He has learned a few things by that time if he is any good. And one of these things is the vanity of fame.

"Not that I'm bitter, or sorry to have won a little recognition. I love the world just as it is, and am happy for everything it chooses to give me. My chief satisfaction is in seeing that it's all been necessary and worth while—the struggle, I mean. I've had a hard and even tragic life, but not the sort of life to make me sour.

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TEETH *must help* to save themselves

SIX MONTHS AGO a gentleman in Chicago rose to address a meeting of dental experts. The next morning, one of his remarks was quoted on newspaper front pages all over the country. It was news—startling and slightly terrifying news . . . "In all America," said the gentleman from Chicago, "there are probably only twenty sets of perfect natural teeth."

ONE hundred and seventeen million persons in America – and twenty perfect sets of teeth among them! . . . Is it lack of care? Surely not – with tooth-brushes and dentifrices selling by carloads, and tens of thousands of dentists keeping always as busy as bees! . . . No, we Americans, as a whole, are making noble efforts to save our teeth. But why, why, *why* – inquire the hard-worked dentists in chorus – can't people learn that teeth must help to save themselves?

Teeth were made to work. They can't be healthy unless they do work. And America's teeth have precious little work to do! Soft, mushy, over-refined foods make up the greater part of our diet. No chewing – no exercise – no proper circulation – no real stimulation of muscles and membranes and tissues. So a whole nation – generation after generation – goes to the dentist oftener and oftener! . . . There's the whole story in a nutshell.

Look at the Africans and the Eskimos and the ancient Egyptians, if you don't believe it! All blessed with superb teeth, so long as they remained primitive peoples. All subject to dental ills a-plenty, once civilization had accustomed them to its soft and deficient foods.

Now you can, of course, give your teeth some measure of exercise without actual chewing. You can spend a half-hour or so every day "vigorously massaging the gums." You can "bite down hard, again and again," upon some firm and resisting substance. . . .

But *why* – the distracted dentists inquire again – why in the name of common sense, don't you do as Nature intended you to, and simply add to your diet foods that must be thoroughly chewed? It's far and away the easiest and least expensive method, – and the only completely efficacious one!

Prominent among foods that dentists strongly recommend to their patients is Grape-Nuts. The delicious nut-like flavor and tempting crispness of these golden kernels persuade you to chew. *Really* chew – giving to teeth and gums exercise they must have for health and beauty. And what's more, Grape-Nuts plays an important part in tooth *building* also, because of valuable elements contributed by the wheat and malted barley from which it is made.

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Try this famous food tomorrow morning. Children need it, too – for its nourishing qualities and its crispness. It is ready-to-serve, and you can get it at any grocer's. Perhaps you would like to accept the offer below:

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

A Budget Wouldn't Work for Us, But We Found a Plan That Would

I LEARNED my most important financial lesson from a pipe organ in the church where my mother was organist. It was one of those old-fashioned organs in which the "wind was kept up" by a hand bellows, and it was my duty to keep the wind up. I had to pump the organ during church service. At choir practice also, I was on hand with the necessary air. If my mother wanted to practice, the call was sent out for me.

I used to hate that job; but I realize now that that old organ, with its wheezy pipes and the carved initials on the back, taught me a valuable lesson—a lesson in how to handle the family's money.

For to-day we apply the same principle to our family accounts that I used to apply to the organ: we set a notch, and we keep on pumping the money into the bank until that notch is reached. That's all there is to it, and it works.

Suppose we have $200 in the bank. We set the notch at $225, which we are determined to have at the close of the month. We watch the bank balance. If it isn't climbing by the middle of the month, we begin to cut down on expenses. The first thing we sacrifice is amusements. If that doesn't bring it up, we get less expensive things to eat—buying the cheaper cuts of meat, and using the top of the morning milk for our coffee. Practiced continuously, these petty economies would probably prove irksome. But as special emergency measures, they put us on our mettle. With the $225 as a definite goal ahead of us we spend nothing rashly until it is reached.

I write newspaper, trade paper, and magazine articles, and my income is rather irregular. If we run over the amount in the middle of the month, well and good. We get something for the house—an awning for the porch, a new rug, or linoleum for the kitchen.

If we don't quite reach the mark one month, we economize desperately the next. Rigid economy for two months will always bring the balance up to par.

We tried the budget system with disastrous results. Like the farmer who fed his horse one ear of corn less each day, we reduced the amount spent for food every month, until we were spending less than thirty dollars, after which my wife got anemia, and I got a doctor's bill that came to a great deal more than the original food would have cost. So we are off the budget system for life. Budgeting may do for some families, but we take things too seriously to go in for it.

But by setting the notch a little higher each month, and gradually increasing the financial air pressure, we have money and save it too. As fast as we get a couple of hundred dollars, we put it into improvements about the place, or securities for our old age.

Those of you who hark back to the days before the water- and electric-motor-pumped organs will know exactly what I mean. But for those who have never had the privilege of pumping an old-fashioned organ, I will say that it is the best little financial lesson I have ever had. We've settled down to the system, and intend to keep using it the rest of our respective lives.

J. H. R.

We've Discovered a Painless Way of Saving

I AM a lawyer, and my income varies greatly. Some months I earn barely enough to pay office rent and my stenographer; other months I will be fortunate, and take in enough money to last me for several months together.

My wife and I tried several plans of saving money before we hit on the one that seems ideal for our case. We call it the "percentage system." It consists simply in saving a certain percentage of our income each month.

We started out with the resolve to save 5 per cent of our income. That's a low figure, but we did not want to make the mistake of trying to save too much. The first month under our plan, I earned just $100, so we placed 5 per cent of it, or $5, in a savings account. The second month I made $150—$7.50 of it went into the new account. At the end of six months we found we had saved $45 without missing the money at all.

So we decided to raise our percentage to 8 per cent. By the end of a year we had $150. We were very jubilant over it. It wasn't a large amount, but we had found a system that *worked*, and worked without any hardship to us.

Beginning our second year under this plan, we increased our percentage to 10 per cent, and we have kept it there ever since. Every month when I close my books and determine what my income has been, I *immediately* transfer 10 per cent of the amount to our savings account.

After ten years of this system, we have $3,000 in the bank. My income is about $5,000 a year, which means we are saving at the rate of $500 annually.

I am thirty-five years old. Interest tables tell me that, if I continue to save at that rate and get 6 per cent on my savings, I will have something over $25,000 by the time I am fifty-five.

When we want to save up to buy furniture, or a radio, we establish special savings accounts. We never disturb what we consider our "old-age fund" *on any account.*

Our system is painless. Months when our income is small, our savings are also small. When I have a good month, we do not miss the large amount that goes into the bank.

The percentage is, of course, optional. Some people could save 15 per cent or 20 per cent very easily. Other people, could adopt 5 per cent as their basis, and still accumulate considerable money over a period of years.

E. R.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
April, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Beginning—*A strange and thrilling drama of frontier days*

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

Sunset Pass

By ZANE GREY

THE dusty overland train pulled into Wagontongue about noon of a sultry June day. The dead station appeared slow in coming to life. Mexicans lounging in the shade of the platform did not move.

Trueman Rock slowly stepped down from the coach, grip in hand, an eager and curious expression upon his lean dark face. He wore a plain check suit, rather wrinkled, and a big gray sombrero that had seen service. His step, his lithe shape, proclaimed him to be a rider. A sharp eye might have detected the bulge of a gun worn under his coat, high over his left hip and far back.

He had the look of a man who expected to see someone he knew. There was an easy, careless, yet guarded air about him. He walked down the platform, passing station men and others now moving about, without meeting anyone who took more than a casual glance at him.

At the end of the flagstone walk Rock hesitated and halted, as if surprised, even startled. Across the wide street stood a block of frame and brick buildings with high weatherbeaten signs. It was a lazy scene: a group of cowboys occupied the corner; saddle horses were hitched to a rail; buckboards and wagons showed farther down the street; Mexicans in colorful garb sat in front of a saloon with painted windows.

Memory stirred to the sight of the familiar corner. Rock had been in several bad gunfights in this town. The scene of one of them lay before him and a subtle change began to affect his pleasure in returning to Wagontongue. He left the station, giving a wide berth to the street corner that had clouded his happy reflections.

But he had not walked half a block before he came to another saloon, the familiar look of which and the barely decipherable name—Happy Days—acted like a blow in his face. He quickened his step, then, reacting to his characteristic spirit, he deliberately turned back to enter the saloon. The same place, the same bar, stained mirror

He had not progressed very far when she interrupted: "Stop! You'll ruin it. That's not the way I want it cut"

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"I can introduce myself," struck in Rock

and faded paintings, the same pool tables. Except for a barkeeper, the room was deserted. Rock asked for a drink.

"Stranger hereabouts, eh?" inquired the bartender.

"Yes; but I used to know Wagontongue," replied Rock. "How's the cattle business?"

"Good, off an' on. Of course it's slack now, but there's some trade in beef."

"Beef? You mean on the hoof?"

"No. Butcherin'. Gage Preston's outfit do a big business."

"Well, that's new," replied Rock, thoughtfully. "Gage Preston? . . . Heard his name somewhere."

Several booted men stamped in and lined up before the bar, and Rock went out.

HE FOUND his way to the Range House, a hotel on another corner. It had been redecorated, he noticed. He registered, gave the clerk his baggage checks and went to the room assigned him, where he further resisted the mood encroaching upon him by shaving and making himself look presentable to his exacting eyes.

"Sure would like to run into Amy Wund," he said, falling into reminiscence. "Or Polly Ackers. Or Kit Rand. All married long ago, I'll bet."

He went down-stairs to the lobby, where he encountered a heavy-set, ruddy-faced man, no other than Clark, the proprietor, whom he well remembered.

"Howdy, Rock. Glad to see you," greeted that worthy, cordially if not heartily, extending a hand. "I seen your name on the book. Couldn't be sure till I'd had a peep at you."

"Howdy, Bill," returned Rock, as they gripped hands.

"Wal, you haven't changed any, if I remember. Fact is, you look fit, an' prosperous, I may say. How long since you left Wagontongue?"

"Six years."

"Wal! So long as that? Time shore flies. We've growed some, Rock. A good many cattle men have come in. All the range pretty well stocked now. We have two lumber mills, some big stores, a school, an' a town hall."

"Well, you sure are comin' on. I'm right glad, Bill. Always liked Wagontongue."

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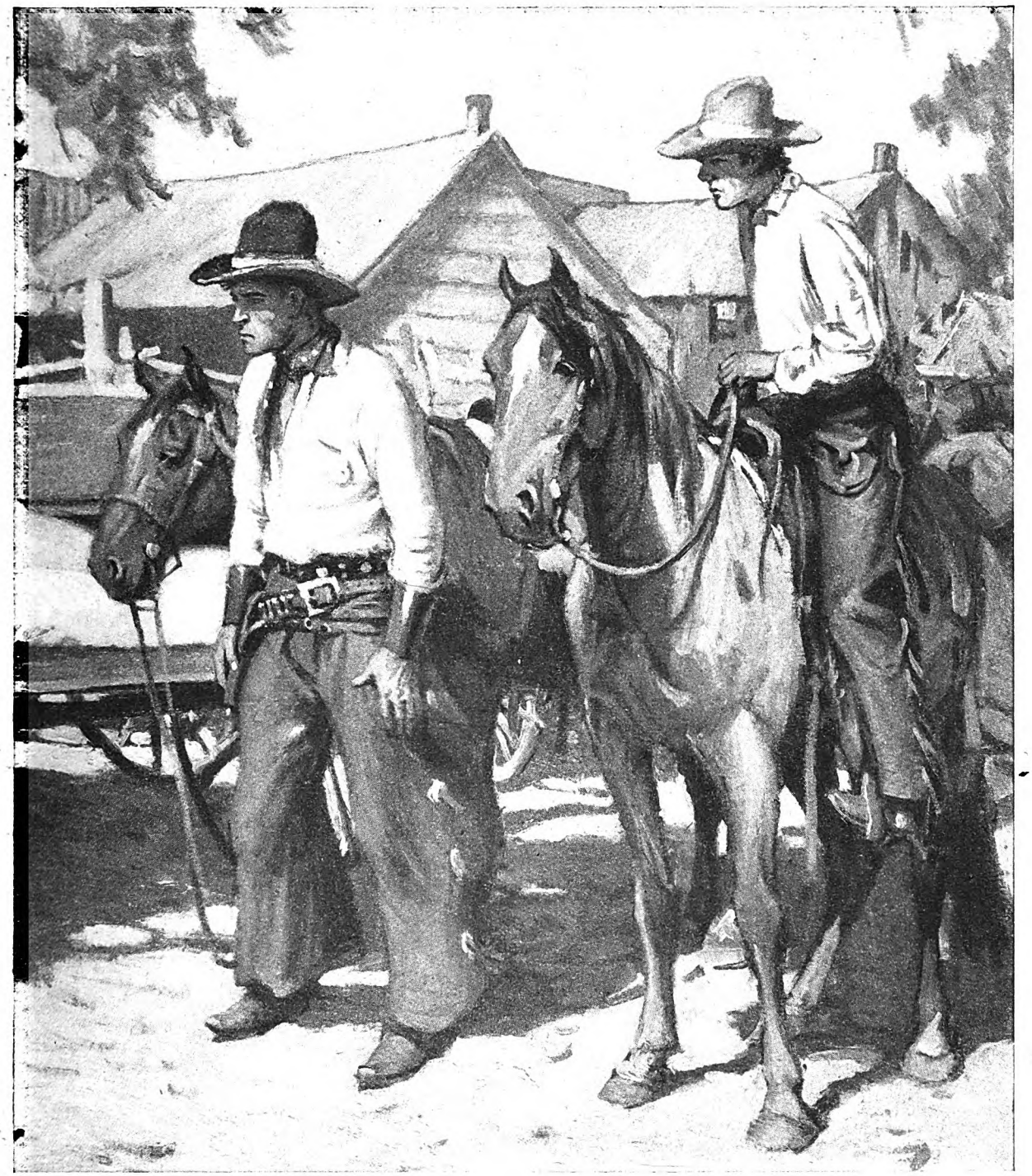

coolly; "I'm Trueman Rock, late of Texas"

"Did you jest drop in to say hello to old friends, or do you aim to stay?" inquired Clark, his speculative eye lighting.

Rock mused over that query, while Clark studied him. After a moment, he flipped aside Rock's coat.

"Ahuh! Excuse *me* for bein' familiar. I see you're packin' hardware, as usual. But I hope you ain't lookin' for someone."

"Reckon not, Bill. But there might be someone lookin' for me. . . . How's my old friend Cass Seward?"

"Ha! . . . Wal, you needn't be curious aboot Cass lookin' for you. He's been daid these two years. He was a real sheriff, Rock, an' a good friend of yours."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that last; but Cass was a good fellow all right. Dead! I'm sure sorry. What ailed him, Bill?"

"Nothin'. He cashed with his boots on."

"Who killed him?"

"Wal, that was never cleared up for shore. It happened out here at Sandro. Cass got in a row, an' was shot. The talk has always been that Ash Preston killed Seward. But nobody, least of all our new sheriff, ever tried to prove it."

"Who's Ash Preston?"

"He's the oldest son of Gage Preston, a new cattle man to these parts since you rode here. An' Ash is as bad a *hombre* as ever forked a hoss. I ain't sayin' any more, an' please regard that as confidence."

"Certainly, Bill," replied Rock hastily. And after some casual conversation about the range they parted in the hotel lobby.

SITTING there in a chair Rock recalled friends and enemies of the old Wagontongue days. One of the best of the friends had been Sol Winter. Whenever Rock got into a scrape, provided it was not a shooting one, Sol was the one who helped him out of it. And as for money, Sol had always been his bank.

Rock, remembering many things—one of which was that he had left Wagontongue hastily and penniless—thought he recalled a debt still unpaid. With that he sallied out to find Winter's store.

It should have been a couple of blocks down the street. Some of the buildings were new, however, and Rock could not be sure.

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Finally, he located the corner where Sol's place of business had been. A large and pretentious store now occupied this site. Rock experienced keen pleasure at the evidence of his old friend's prosperity. And he stalked gayly in, sure of a warm welcome. But he was only to learn that Sol Winter did not occupy this store.

Through inquiry, he located Winter's store at the end of the street. It was by no means a small or cheap place, but it was not what it had once been. Rock entered. Sol was waiting upon a woman. He looked older, thinner, grayer, and there were deep lines in his face that seemed strange to Rock. Six years was a long time Rock gazed around him. It was a large storeroom crowded with merchandise, hardware, groceries, saddles and harness and farm implements.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" inquired a voice at Rock's elbow. He turned to find Winter beside him.

"Howdy, Sol, old-timer," said Rock, with a warm leap of his pulse. "Don't you know me?"

Winter leaned and crouched a little, his eyes piercing. "True Rock!" he shouted, incredulously. "If it ain't really you! Why, you ole ridin', drinkin', shootin', lovemakin' son of a gun!"

"Glad to see me, Sol?" returned Rock, tingling under Winter's grip.

"Glad? Lordy, there ain't words to tell you! Why, True, you were always like my own boy. An' since I lost him—"

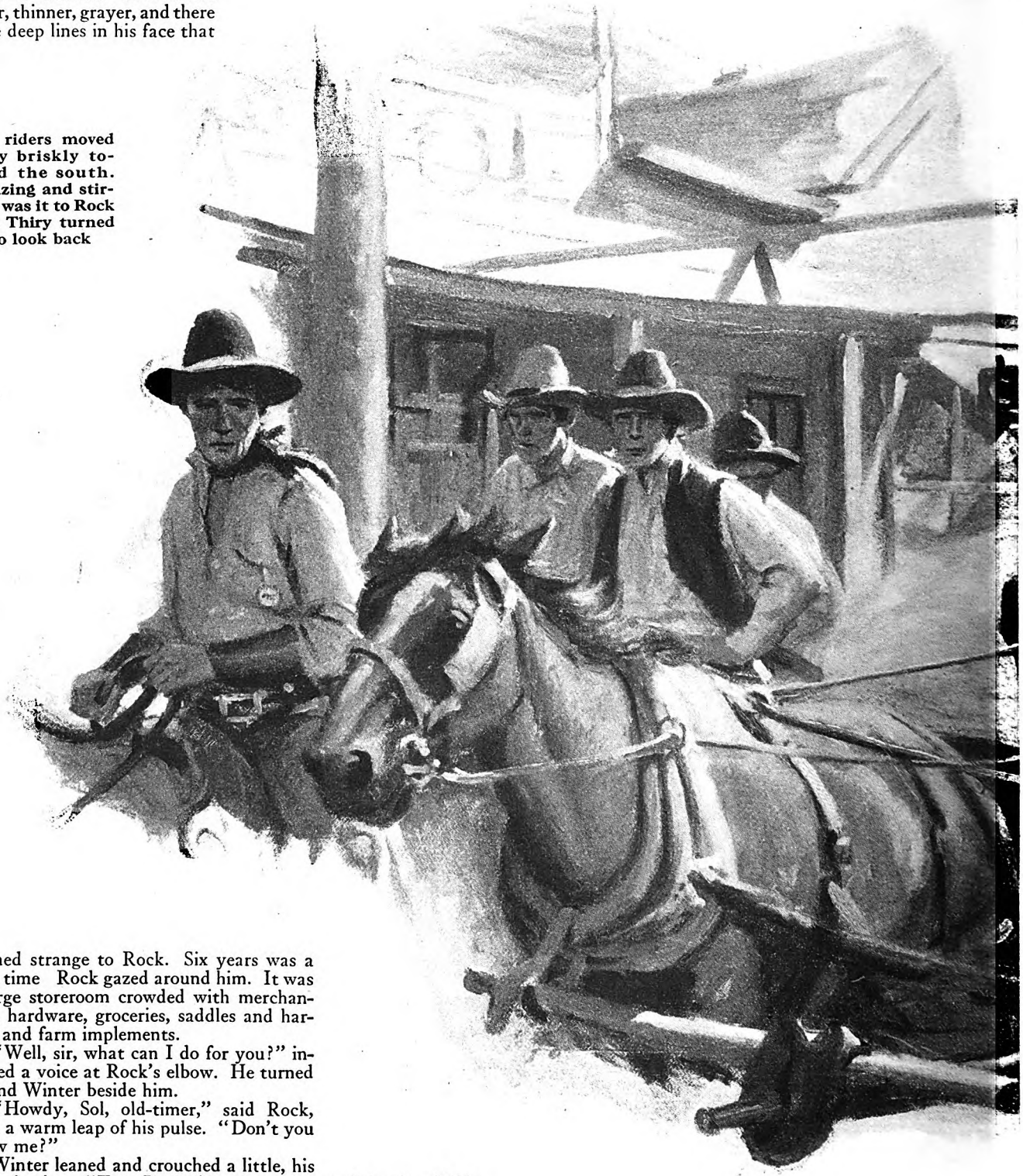
"Lost him! Who? You never had any boy but Nick. What you mean?"

"Didn't you ever hear aboot Nick? Nick was shot off his hoss out near Sunset Pass."

"Aw—no! Sol! That fine sweet lad! . . . My God, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Rock, huskily, as he wrung Winter's hands. "But it was an accident?"

"So they say; but I never believed it. There's still bad blood on the range, True. You must remember. In fact, there's some new bad blood come in since you left."

Here a customer entered, and Rock was left to himself for the moment. He seated himself on the counter and put aside his sombrero, to find his brow clammy and cold. Nick Winter dead! Shot by rustlers, probably, or some enemy of Winter's, or per-



The riders moved away briskly toward the south. Amazing and stirring was it to Rock that Thiry turned to look back

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haps by this new bad element hinted at by Clark and Winter.

The last thing Rock would have expected was that anyone could do violence to gentle, kindly, crippled Nick Winter. Here was something to keep Rock around Wagontongue, if nothing else offered.

"True, it's good to see you sittin' there," said Winter, returning to place a hand on Rock's shoulder. "I never saw you look so well, so clean an' fine. I don't need to be told you've worked hard."

"Yes, Sol. I've been five years on a cattle job in Texas. Cleaned up ten thousand, all honest and square. I've got a roll that would choke a cow."

"No! Ten thousand? Why, True, that's a small fortune! It'll make you. If only you don't get drunk an' begin to gamble."

"Well, Sol, maybe I won't. But I've gone straight so long I'm worried. How much do I owe you?"

"Owe me? Nothin'," replied Sol, smiling.

"Look over your books, before I hand you one," ordered Rock fiercely. Whereupon, he helped Winter find the old account, which was not small, and forced him to accept payment with interest.

"Say, Rock, to be honest, this little windfall will help a lot," declared Winter. "I got in a cattle deal some time past, an' lost out pretty much in debt. Then the new store—Dabb's—ate into my trade. I had to move. Lately, though, my business has picked up. Old customers have come back. I think I can pull out."

"That's good. Who'd you go in cattle deals with?" rejoined Rock gruffly.

"Dabb."

"Dabb? Not John Dabb, who ran things here years ago! Sol, you ought to have known better."

"Sure. But it seemed such a promisin' deal, an' it was for Nick's sake. . . . But I'm out of cattle deals for good."

"Go on. Tell me some more bad news," said Rock gloomily. "What's become of my old girl, Kit Rand?"

"Kit? Let me see. I know she married Chess Watkins—"

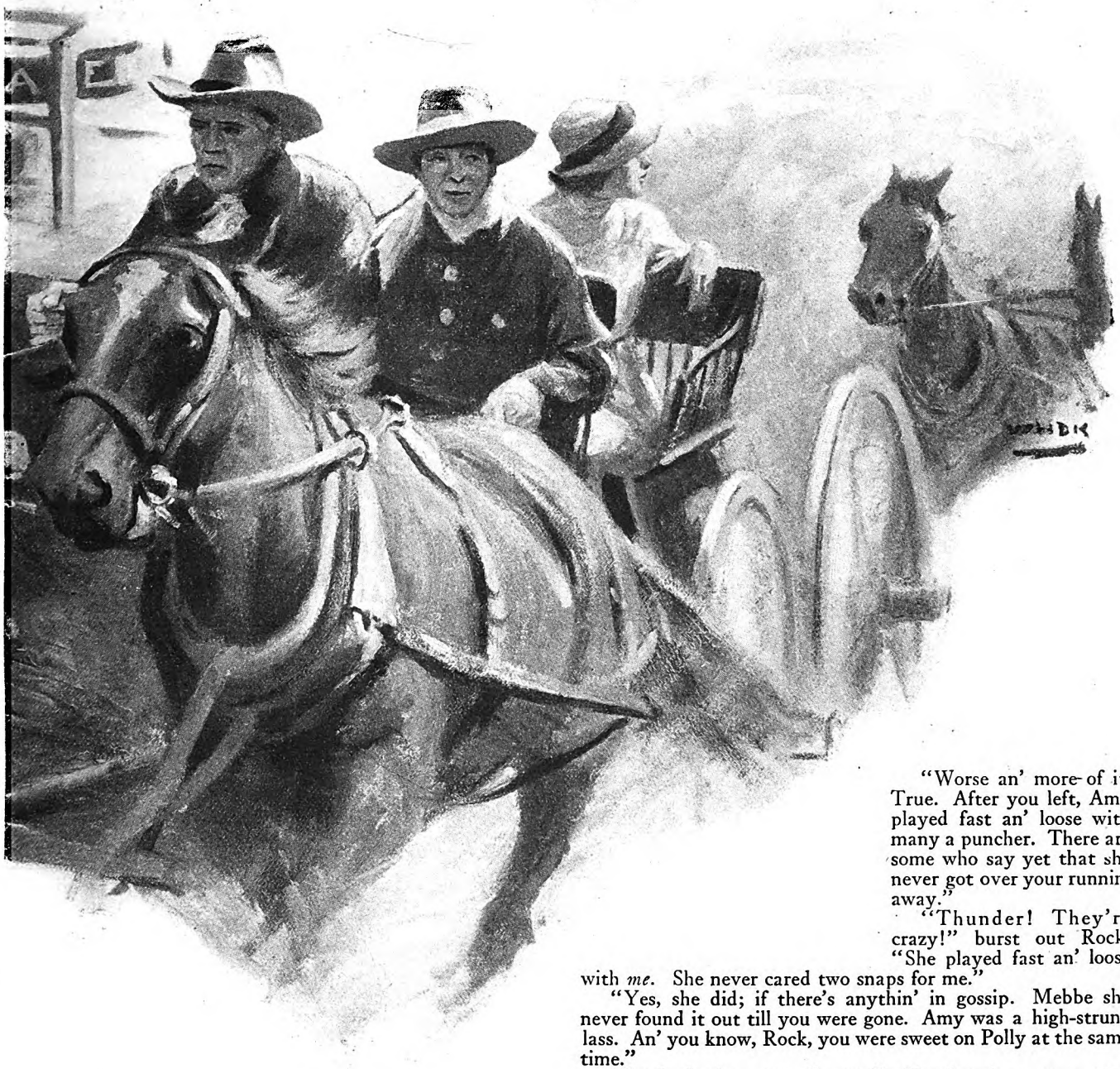
"What! That drunken loafer?" interrupted Rock, indignantly.

"Yes; an' she couldn't change him, either. Kitty had to go to work in a restaurant here, an' finally they left Wagontongue. Never heard of them since."

"Kitty Rand? That dainty, clever little girl a waitress! Good lord! . . . How about Polly Ackers?"

"Polly went to the bad," returned Sol gravely. "Some flash gambler got around her. She's been gone for years."

Rock groaned. "I'm sorry I ever came back to this darned Wagontongue. . . . I'll risk one more question: How about my best girl, Amy Wund?"



"Worse an' more of it, True. After you left, Amy played fast an' loose with many a puncher. There are some who say yet that she never got over your runnin' away."

"Thunder! They're crazy!" burst out Rock. "She played fast an' loose with *me*. She never cared two snaps for me."

"Yes, she did; if there's anythin' in gossip. Mebbe she never found it out till you were gone. Amy was a high-strung lass. An' you know, Rock, you were sweet on Polly at the same time."

"Lord forgive me, I was." (*Continued on page 197*)

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Do You Believe In Luck?

I Do

By Bruce Barton

ONE night last September I was alone in my home in New York, the family being still in the country. My pipe was out, and I had forgotten to relight it. The telephone rang, but I did not get up to answer it. Somebody pushed the front-door button, but I shall probably never know who the visitor was. For my chair was close against the radio, and I was wrapped up in one of the most thrilling stories that ever came to human ears—the broadcasting from Chicago of the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

I could see the contestants in the ring, under the arc lights, hundreds of miles away. I could hear the thump of their feet on the canvas, the clicking of the typewriters and the telegraph instruments, the deep, hoarse voices of the crowd. It seemed to me that I could catch the very breathing of the announcer. Certainly, I could hear him gasp when a solid blow was struck; and when Tunney went down in the seventh round the cry of the man at the microphone almost pulled me out of my chair.

"He's down! He's taking the count. Six, seven, eight, nine . . . He's up again. Dempsey is after him like a tiger. . . . He's sparring for time. . . . He's trying to get away. . . . Dempsey is driving in. . . . Oh, what a blow! . . ."

You will probably agree with me that as a job of reporting it was immense, for you undoubtedly were also one who listened. Whatever your views on prize-fighting, you did not miss the opportunity to share the emotions of that great crowd. You and your folks were on the edges of your chairs, just like the families in millions of homes, not only in America, but all over the world.

Let us go back a few years. There was a young chap who had come to New York and was trying to pay for a hall bedroom and three meals a day by singing in concerts, churches, cabarets, or wherever he could. He had a good voice; but New York is full of young men and women who have good voices. So the young chap had hard sledding. Sometimes he had his three meals, sometimes only two. When he was called for jury service he made no effort to avoid the summons—he was very glad to have the two or three dollars a day.

So it happened that he was spending two weeks down-town at the Criminal Courts Building on jury duty. When the court recessed for luncheon he strolled up Broadway and found himself in front of the telephone building. It occurred to him that this was the home of Station WEAF, and that he would like to see the inside of a broadcasting studio. Accordingly, he took the elevator, on a chance, not knowing whether or not a curious visitor would be admitted.

The people in charge of the studio were very courteous. They showed him the microphone and the electrical apparatus for sending out the waves, and when they found that he was a professional singer they asked him if he had ever been "on the air."

"Come on in here, and we'll give you a test," they said. "You might have a good broadcasting voice. Who knows?"

Nothing loath, the young man stood before the "mike" and talked and sang, while the studio managers listened in another room. His voice "came in fine," as they say in the business. They liked his manner and the pleasant way he had of putting personality into his tones. They told him that they needed an announcer and so, before he left the studio, he was hired.

Thus it came about that an obscure young singer happened to be at the ringside on that evening in last September, sending his voice into more millions of ears than have ever listened to any human voice before. The young man, as you know, is Graham McNamee. He is an international character. Unless something happens to spoil his career, he is likely to be as widely known as any man in the world. Millions of people who will never see him have a feeling of personal acquaintance, for they have sat by their own firesides and listened while he talked. . . . And all because he happened to be called for jury service that week, and walked up one side of Broadway instead of the other on his way back from lunch. And because it happened to occur to him that he was in front of the building where WEAF had its studio, and that he had always wanted to see how broadcasting was done.

HERE is another story with a different ending:

A manufacturer from upstate New York was in the office of his banker in Wall Street when the purchase of a certain automobile company was being discussed.

"That sounds like a good proposition. I have always hoped that I might some day be around this street when a deal was going through, and that you fellows would let me in on the ground floor."

"We'll let you in," the banker answered. "How much do you want to take?"

"Put me down for a hundred shares."

It was done. A few weeks later he received a bill for five thousand dollars and certificates for a hundred shares of preferred stock and a hundred shares of common stock as a bonus. He had been let in on the ground (*Continued on page 156*)

The Luckiest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

Prize Contest Announcement

IN THE remarkably interesting and significant article which begins on this page, Mr. Barton tells you why he believes in luck. What he says comes out of his own personal experience, and out of his observation. He has had some lucky breaks, and so have you. He relates his, and in this contest THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE invites you to describe, not all of your strokes of good fortune, but the one that stands out as the luckiest thing that ever happened to you. When did this greatest bit of luck befall you? What has it meant in your life?

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes April 20th. Winning letters will appear in the July issue. Address Luck Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Bruce Barton

MR. BARTON is now in the midst of two remarkable careers, one as an author, the other as a business man. He is president of Barton, Durstine & Osborn, a big New York advertising agency, and is the author of several widely read books and of innumerable magazine articles. Two of his most recent works, "The Man Nobody Knows," and "The Book Nobody Knows"—one on the life of Jesus, the other on the story of the Bible—were simultaneous best sellers. Mr. Barton was born in Robbins, Tennessee, in 1886, and is a graduate of Amherst. He has long been a favorite with readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, as his work has been appearing in its pages for many years. In the accompanying article he tells you what part luck has played in his life, and why his personal story happens to be what it is.

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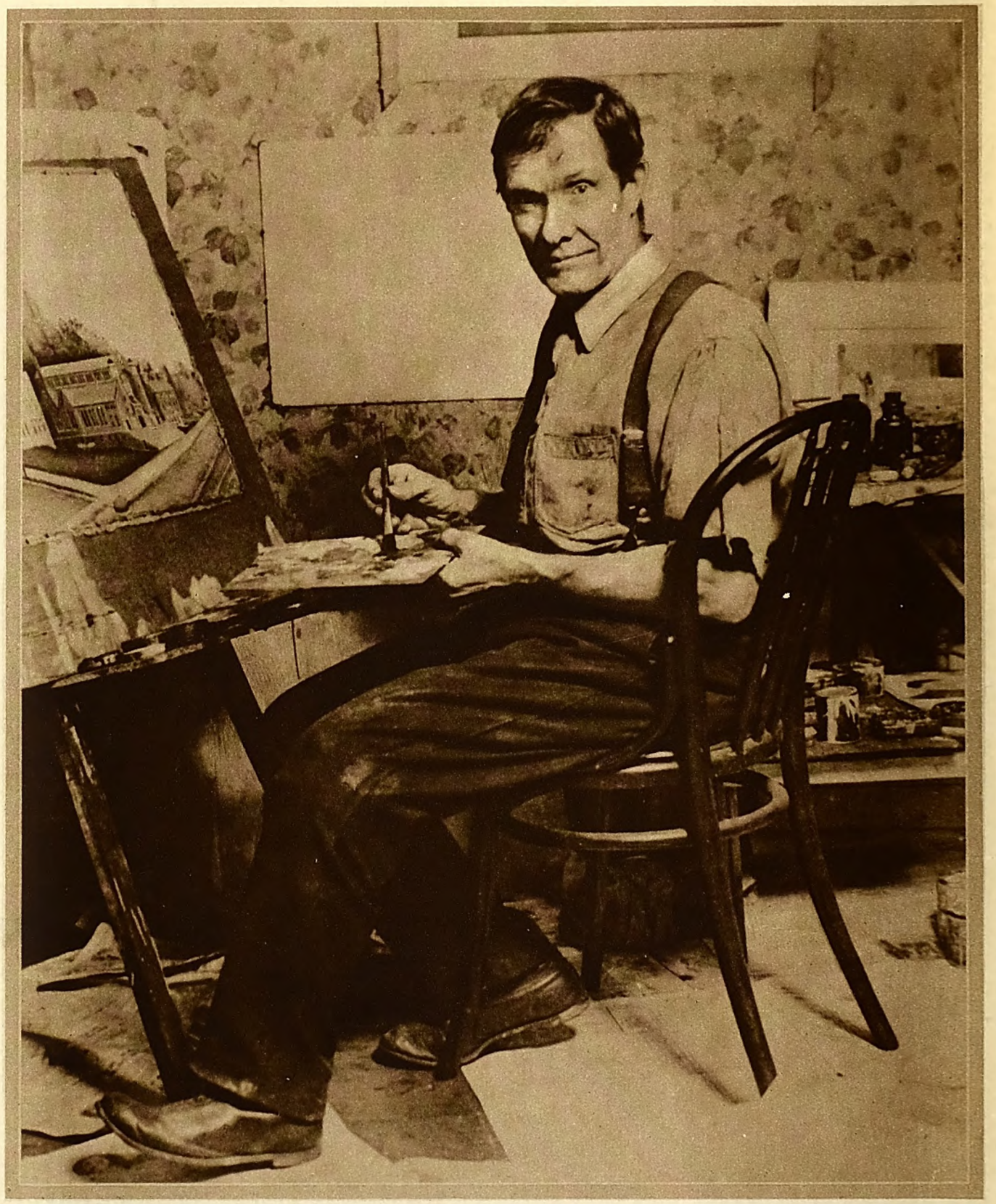

Wide World Photos

John Kane

JOHN KANE, sixty-year-old house painter of Pittsburgh, astonished the world of art last October when a painting of his on canvas was honored with a place in the International Exhibition of Paintings at Carnegie Institute. All of his life he had longed to be an artist, had dreamed dreams, and seen pictures everywhere; but dire poverty, lack of education, and lack of encouragement subordinated his artistic gifts to the daily struggle for existence. The photograph above shows Mr. Kane in his tenement "studio." The scene on the easel is not the one accorded a place in the Exhibition; the honored picture was of a Highland dance. Mr. Kane was born in Scotland.

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You can learn something from this article that will make your life richer

"Maybe It's All I'll Ever Get, But *It's Worth While*"

So says John Kane about his one triumph as an artist, after a lifetime of dreams—Born to paint on canvas, he was forced to work as a miner, street laborer, house painter, and painter of box cars

By Mary B. Mullett

THE rain was pelting down furiously, as I stood in the doorway of a Pittsburgh hotel waiting for a taxi. When the next in line drew up at the curb, I gave the address to the driver and quickly got in. But, instead of starting, he turned and looked at me in surprise.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

I repeated the address, and added, "Do you know where it is?"

"Ye-es," he said dubiously. Then, with a puzzled shrug of his shoulders, he started the car.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening and pitch dark. After driving several blocks, we passed a railroad station and turned down a street running beside the tracks.

The pavement was full of holes. The buildings along the way were dark and the one sidewalk was deserted. But after half a mile or more of vicious jolting we came to a church on a corner; and just beyond it, over a dimly lighted vestibule, was the number I had given.

"What *is* this? The priest's house?" asked the driver.

"You know as much about it as I do!" I replied. "Will you wait a minute, while I investigate?"

"Sure!" he said. "This is no place for you to get stranded; and on a night like this."

When I had climbed the steps and passed through the vestibule, I found myself in a big, square hall from which a wide central stairway led to the upper stories.

It was one of those houses which evidently have seen better days; but they must have long since departed, for it was dingy and forbidding now, although it was scrupulously clean.

Choosing at random one of the great high doors facing the hall, I knocked; and a moment later, the door opened a crack and a small boy peered out at me.

"Does John Kane live here?" I asked.

"In the room on that corner," he said, pointing upward.

So I dismissed the friendly driver and mounted the wide stairs. I learned, later, that the house had once been a school conducted by a Catholic sisterhood. But people had moved away from that part of the city, and the dignified old building had become only a tenement.

As I waited in the upper hall for my knock to be answered, I heard a curious rustling sound from behind the closed door. This was explained when the door opened, for the entire floor of the room within was spread with newspapers.

Standing on this improvised carpet, was a tall man in working clothes; a shirt of gray flannel, but clean; and trousers so worn with use that the knees shone as if they had been polished.

His face, too, was worn and lined, almost haggard. There were deep hollows around the dark eyes. And in those eyes there was a look which I cannot describe in a few words, any more than I could put the history of a whole life into a single sentence.

For that matter, John Kane's eyes tell the story of his life better than I can tell it. But since you cannot read it in his face, I'll have to do the best I can with words.

But I'm not going to begin at the beginning. I am going to start with the chapter which was reached only last October.

That date may mean nothing to you. In Pittsburgh, however, it was decidedly important, for it marked the opening, at Carnegie Institute, of the Twenty-Sixth International Exhibition of Paintings. In fact, it was important throughout the whole world of art, in Europe as well as in America.

BUT to John Kane it was more important than to anyone else, for to him it brought the supreme moment of his life. A moment which seemed to justify years of struggle, and which brought the first break in a long succession of disappointments, the first ray of hope to brighten discouragement.

Perhaps he was more surprised than anyone else, when the jury admitted one of his pictures to the International Exhibition. Those eyes of his are not blind! Or, rather, the brain behind them is not blind. When it comes to painting, the one thing he is sure of is that he knows very little *about* painting.

At any rate, about painting pictures. With houses it is different! He *knows* he is a good house painter. Freight cars, too! He painted freight cars for years.

"That was easy," he says, "for a man with an eye for color and a knack at handling brushes."

But pictures! . . . Well, if you'd never had an hour's teaching, never even known anyone who could paint a picture, but had just groped your way alone, you wouldn't feel very sure of yourself.

Not unless you were blinded by self-confidence—which John Kane is not. One can see that, in the sagging of his powerful shoulders, in the low and hesitant voice, and in the dark eyes, with the half-eager, half-patient look which it actually hurts you to see.

NO! JUST because one of his pictures was finally hung in an exhibition, John Kane doesn't think that he is a great painter. His head—the hair turning gray after sixty years of the struggle to live—isn't turned by this first success.

The most that one can say is that it has given him the courage to go on groping his way toward a dream. Whether the dream ever will be realized has nothing to do with this story. Possibly, or probably, or even surely, as many people think, it will remain always a dream.

There must have been several dozen pictures in the room where John Kane lives alone. That there might be more space for them to lean against the wall, the iron bed, with its thin mattress, stood out in the middle of the floor. Near it was an easel; and beside this a rude palette and a box of paints.

I had guessed, at first, that the newspaper "carpet" was to protect the floor from mud "tracked in" from the street. But I revised this idea: It was to keep the floor free from the stains of oil and paint.

Of all the pictures already there, and of those to be added later, perhaps not one will ever be (*Continued on page 142*)

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Colonel Braxton *Chooses But Refuses*

A Story By

Melville Davisson Post

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

Colonel Braxton took up the hatchet and stepped before the closet

THE "Eldorado" of New Orleans was the worst boat. It had an evil reputation on the Ohio. The reputation, in more than one conspicuous way, was earned.

The owner was a convict, it was said, and the crew were drunken. They were recruited from the levees of New Orleans and the discarded scum of that port. "A nest of hell birds" was the usual designation of the "Eldorado."

There was always a river war. The crew would land, commit some depredation, and go on.

But the criminal agents could not be sworn to. One could show that they had landed from the river. But the river was the border highway of Virginia.

All traveled on that highway.

The individual, careful to set up his alibi, could not be singled out as the precise agent in any particular depredation. Moreover, the loot lifted in these night raids could not be followed. It was hidden away, to be disposed of covertly in New Orleans—more than two thousand miles to the south in a world seaport of the Gulf.

It will be seen, then, how articles taken in such pillage were considered lost.

It is necessary to keep this fact in mind if one is to understand the strange events that are to follow.

ON a morning of early April, Colonel Braxton, on the way to his office, was called into the local bank. When he entered, Mr. Luther Harrison, the cashier, asked him to step up to his window, through which he pushed five gold pieces.

"I have been directed to hand you this money, Colonel," he said, "and to request you to come at once to Elmwood Court."

"For what purpose, Harrison?" inquired the lawyer.

"Now that," replied the banker, "I cannot tell you. But I presume it is on some professional service. I know little more than you know. A negro appeared this morning with the money and the message. He said that he came from Ridgewood Carter, and that you were to come to Elmwood Court. He seemed in a great flurry of some sort, and at once went out."

"Ridgewood Carter," echoed Colonel Braxton. "He is known to your bank, then?"

"I could hardly say known to us. He was in here on one occasion with his aged sister, some years ago, when she came North to find a residence. The old lady was arranging with our bank to meet the expenses of a niece in Miss Tucker's school, at Stanton; a monthly transfer of some funds. But the man would be known, Colonel, both by his facial resemblance to his sister and by the fact that he is lame—wounded in the Mexican War, I think his sister said."

He added: "I have heard nothing from the man. I received the message only because it was addressed to you. I

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A Client *To Accept A Fee*

assumed that it would be a matter you understood."

Colonel Braxton held the money a moment in his hand.

"This will be, then, the brother who inherits Elmwood. Old Martha Carter must be dead. Northcote wrote her will, and, now that I recall it, there *was* a brother somewhere about the world, to whom the manor house and lands were to pass. He was named, but there was nothing more about him. It was all a rather strange piece of business. Northcote had consulted privately with me and because of certain knowledge in my possession, I had advised against the purchase when the ancient woman acquired this property. But this brother's succession to the estate must have come quickly. The old woman can be hardly in her grave."

"At any rate," said Harrison, "she was not disturbed in her life."

"But in her death," replied Colonel Braxton, "this brother may be disturbed; and if that should be his need for me then it will be of no use to go. I know the facts in the case. No one can help him."

Mr. Harrison stepped about behind the wire screen of his counter.

"Well," he said, "I hope the young girl at Miss Tucker's school at Stanton will not be disturbed. We came to know something of her through these remittances. She is quite helpless in the world; her parents dead, her fortune squandered; dependent in every way upon this remittance from her aunt. And this remittance ceases at the woman's death. . . . Would there be, sir, a provision in the will to care for this dependent orphan?"

Colonel Braxton continued to balance the gold pieces in his hand. The details of a past matter seemed to recur to him.

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"There was a girl in this affair—a niece, Miss Sarah Carrington. This lost brother was not the only legatee. There was a bequest to Miss Sarah Carrington, a rather queer bequest . . . a sort of hidden estate, one might say. But not an indefinite estate. There was an inventory, in the old lady's hand, attached to the legal testament. This inventory was quite definite in setting out the items."

"That would be the girl," replied Harrison. "And it explains a thing I saw this morning. On my way here, I passed a carriage containing your brother of the bar, Mr. Orlandus Wood, and a young girl. They were driving out on the old turnpike toward Elmwood on the river."

THERE was something in this incident that decided Colonel Braxton.

He put the gold pieces into his pocket and went out. He got a carriage with a negro driver. It was an April morning out of Paradise, with a soft air and a radiant sun. The sort of morning that follows a night of storm, as though to encourage the race of men that, in the violence of nature, the providence of God has not deserted them.

The storm preceding this sunny morning had indeed been violent—thunder, lightning and rain. The sort of tropical disturbance that comes sometimes in Virginia in the early spring. But there was no longer visible evidence of it, except the wet earth, for it had been a storm of sound and rain with no breath of wind about it.

The highway ran along the elevated lands about the river.

The river lay bright and golden in the sun, with hardly a ripple on its yellow surface. There was no floating craft to be seen. Colonel Braxton marked this, and spoke to the negro driver.

"Clayborn," he said, "what became of the 'Eldorado'? It should have arrived last night on its way down to New Orleans."

"She done gone on, Colonel. She come in last night, but she don't stop. She gone on. I guess she feared to stop. The sheriff done served notice on them rabscallions what he do if they stop."

And the chuckle deepened. The ancient negro visioned to himself, with joy, the swift and violent measure with which a Virginia sheriff would enforce his threat against a river boat.

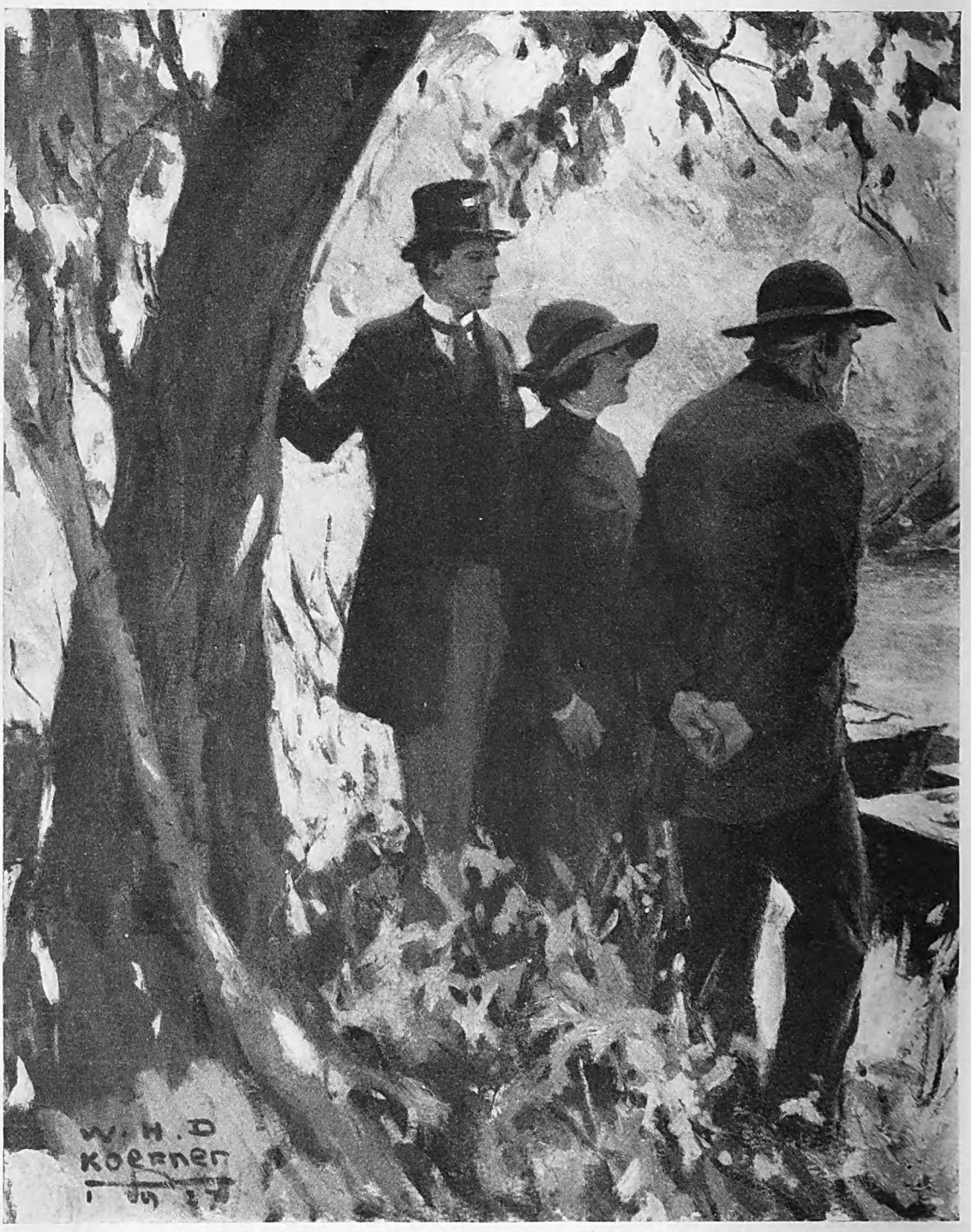
Elmwood lay a few miles below the city. A private road turned out from the highway, passed through a piece of woodland, and came into the grounds before the door.

It was an old Georgian house of crumbling red brick. The entrance door, in its decoration of Georgian architecture, faced directly east. One entered a narrow hall with a stair going up to the left, and with a door off to the right into the service portion of the house. One went from this hall into the one large room of the house, an old-time parlor.

With a care to proper furnishings this room would have been beautiful and impressive.

But it was cluttered with the odd accumulation of family pieces of various periods, and was in indifferent repair. The wood fireplace was in the center of the wall at the south end of this room, with an enclosed cupboard on each side extending from the chimney to the wall.

The room to the west, on the river side, opened on a terrace of old brick, with a view of the sloping lawn to the water. Two



Colonel Braxton had now a new and urgent interest in this affair, and he considered

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doors, long and narrow and fitted with small panes of glass, opened on this terrace.

Near the door was a secretary, its folded desk-board down, and on it some writing materials: sheets of foolscap, pens newly purchased, and a pot of ink. These articles were laid out as for use.

There were three persons in this ancient room when Colonel Braxton entered: The attorney, Mr. Orlandus Wood; his client, Miss Sarah Carrington; and another—an old man sitting before this secretary. An inscrutable old man with a seamed, sun-tanned face. But behind the evidences of wind and weather, the face in its expression was a mask. It was a face emerging from varied fortunes and concealing the issue of those fortunes, like a door closed and bolted. And on the instant when he marked the man, Colonel Braxton had that disturbing impression that comes sometimes in a dream—the impression of familiarity with that face.

Somewhere, on some occasion, he had seen it.

The old man rose as Colonel Braxton came into the room. He made a stiff and somewhat obsequious genuflexion, for his right leg seemed shorter than the left. There could be no doubt that he was the brother of Miss Martha Carter. The family resemblance in the face, as Harrison had said, was marked.

"It is Colonel Braxton?" he said, as though in his mind he cast about for formal language. "I have not had the honor of your acquaintance. But I have taken the liberty to ask you to come in here. Your reputation, sir, reaching throughout the South, has also reached to me."

Colonel Braxton replied with formal courtesy.

He was intrigued and puzzled.

Here was some mysterious transaction moving toward the light.

He spoke to the attorney and to his client.

THE girl sat primly on a big haircloth sofa. She was a daughter of the South in her golden youth; quite young and all in black except for the little bands of white at her throat and wrists. There was about her the trust and embarrassment of youth; that fairy idea of the world—false and dangerous—with which the cultured home, so impractically, equips its children.

And when the protection of the birth-roof fails, these innocents are slaughtered. They have no experience to protect them against the realities of life.

It saddened Colonel Braxton's heart.

How many times he had met with this! And, alas, usually too late!

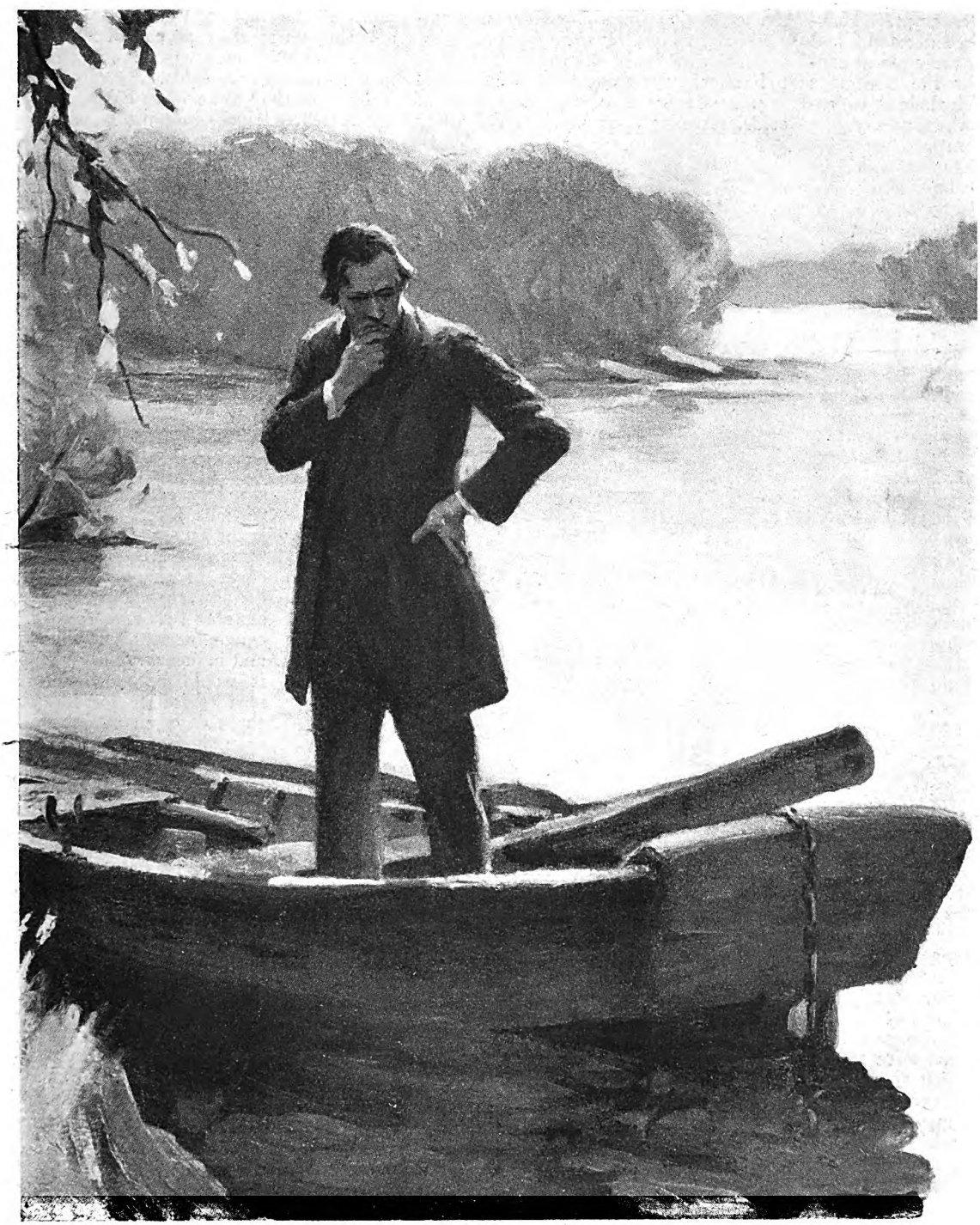
The widow, trusting to her husband's associates in business, was picked bare; the child, going to its father's friends, was looted. And yet sometimes mysteriously the providence of God thrust in its hand!

Colonel Braxton looked about the room.

The violences of the thing that had occurred were open to the eye. There was no need for Mr. Ridgewood Carter to indicate them with a gesture.

The doors leading in from the terrace had been broken open. Mud-smeared feet had tracked up the floors. The closet on the east side of the fireplace at the end of the long room had been cut open as with an ax. The implement lay there on the floor, a heavy hatchet, new and sharp, with a short handle; a tool manufactured at

(*Cont'd on page 86*)



it as he would consider a desperate case turned over to him in a court of law

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When You Feel Yourself Coming Down With A Cold

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL CARRUTH

HOW do you treat colds, Doctor?" a patient asked me the other day. I was tempted to give her the reply of the old-time doctor: "With contempt, madam, with contempt." However, on second thought, I decided I had better explain to her our more recent concept of colds, and how the treatment varies in accordance with their classification. Some years ago when, as a young doctor, I was in attendance at the clinic of a famous physician, I remember he spent some time discussing a patient who was apparently coming down with a severe cold in the head.

The physician had turned his back to leave, when a student in the amphitheatre piped up: "But what are you going to give the patient?" The clinician turned about, looked quizzical for a moment, stroked his chin, and replied: "Well, about ten days, I guess."

Here we have two methods of treating a cold—with contempt and with time. The second method is certainly superior to the first, for a minimum of harm would be done if patients with colds, especially if attended by fever, would just take a rest for a week or ten days. In fact, when a cold has become well established, I doubt if there is any method of treatment that can do much to shorten the course of the affliction.

I have been studying colds for twenty-five years, and more recently I have come to the conclusion that there are at least six different aspects of the affliction which goes by the common name of "cold."

While there are certain general lines of treatment that are more or less adapted to all colds, nevertheless, each group, owing to its different cause, is best managed by treatment directed more specifically to correcting those remote and immediate conditions which are actually responsible for that particular kind of cold.

Let me first give you my classification of colds, and then I will take them up one by one and discuss the treatment I have found best for these different groups:

1. *Colds with fever*—constitutional or the "flu" type of colds.
2. *Colds without fever*—the annual type, or the acute infectious type of colds.
3. *Recurrent colds*—colds resulting from sinus or other chronic nose and throat infections, the catarrhal type of colds.

These first three types of colds represent the contagious group. They are undoubtedly caused by some form of living organism, probably one that is too small to be seen by our present-day microscopes.

4. *Deficiency colds*—the coryza type of colds, resulting from calcium deficiency or diminished alkali reserve of the blood, acidosis.
5. *Irritation colds*—colds resulting from dust, diminution of the nasal secretions, or lack of humidity.
6. *Hay-fever colds*—summer colds, so-called rose-fever colds.

These last three types of colds are non-contagious. If any living organism is concerned in their production, such organism must play a secondary rôle.

Perhaps we should also include a seventh group, which might be called *combination colds*. We certainly do see colds in which there is a combination of either No. 1 or No. 2 with the more chronic catarrhal form of No. 3. We can have colds which are a combination of No. 2 and No. 4, or No. 2 and No. 5, and we may even have a combination of the hay-fever type of cold with some other type. It is these combined types of colds that present the greatest difficulty in working out a satisfactory and effective plan of treatment.

Of all the common minor maladies afflicting us mortals probably none are more troublesome or more completely misunderstood than colds.

The time has come when colds should not be treated "with contempt," especially when they manifest a tendency to hang on. Neglected colds may predispose certain susceptible individuals to bronchitis and pneumonia, if not tuberculosis, and lay the foundation for other constitutional disorders.

THE average person, when coming down with a severe cold, is taken rather suddenly with sneezing and chilliness, which may or may not be followed by a state of general fever. The majority of our colds are without fever. Now, this is the same group of symptoms that accompanies the onset of many infectious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, pneumonia, and influenza. This is why it would be an excellent idea to isolate for two or three days all school children showing symptoms of a fresh cold, in order to find out if they are affected merely with a cold or if they are coming down with one of the other contagious diseases.

I'm often asked "Why do people take cold?" That's a difficult question to answer specifically. Some folks succumb to infectious colds through over-eating, particularly when they eat an excess of proteins and other acid ash-forming foods, such as cereals. Constipation is another contributing factor. Under- or over-dressing, drafts and undue exposure, and lack of physical exercise also predispose to colds.

Certain individuals are almost sure to have a cold if they get their feet wet, but I doubt sometimes if this is a true infectious cold. I think that colds resulting from wet feet more often belong to one of the non-infectious types.

The first thing to do when coming down with an infectious cold is to clean out the

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digestive tract thoroughly by taking a cathartic or an enema. Then take a hot bath and go to bed with a hot-water bottle to the feet. Drink an abundance of liquid—hot water or hot lemonade—and leave the rest to nature. One thing, however, is of special importance: be careful not to get chilled after taking a hot bath.

The diet should be light, consisting mostly of fruits, vegetables, toast, and milk. Avoid too much meat and the more hearty foods.

Exercise is sometimes good in the early stages of a cold, but do not indulge in it if you have a fever. A fever calls for bed and the doctor.

Nose sprays and throat gargles are helpful if used when you are coming down with a cold, but they haven't much effect after you are in its clutches.

ONE: *Treatment of colds accompanied by fever:* Colds accompanied by fever should be taken seriously. One thing is imperative: you must go to bed and stay there until the temperature has been normal at least twenty-four hours, or until your doctor has given you permission to be up and about your business.

In these more general and constitutional types of colds it is doubly important that the bowel tract should be thoroughly cleansed; that the diet should be light, and that plenty of water should be taken. It is also a good thing, in these cases with fever to give at the beginning two- or three-teaspoonful doses of baking soda The soda can be stirred up in two thirds of a glass of lemonade or orangeade, and is valuable in decreasing the acidity in the blood.

If you have had a real siege of the flu, if you have had a cold with fever, about a month after you have recovered send a specimen of urine to your doctor to find out how the kidneys are. Flu and fever have a tendency to leave the kidneys in a weakened condition.

The important thing when you have a cold with fever is to *keep your skin warm,* thereby helping to avoid such complications as bronchitis and pneumonia. I do not mean that you should be kept over-warm to the point of sweating; neither should the atmosphere of the sick chamber be over-heated. It is possible to have an abundance of fresh air in the sick-room and yet, by means of hot-water bottles to the feet and suitable covering, to keep the skin warm. Be sure to have the arms covered with a bed jacket if you are propped up in bed. By keeping the skin thoroughly warm congestion of the internal organs is prevented.

A FEVERISH cold is often accompanied by headaches and severe pains in various parts of the body, particularly in the spine, in which case aspirin or other forms of salicylate should be taken, under the direction of the doctor.

One of the most valuable treatments that can be administered for colds of this sort is the hot full bath. The temperature should be somewhere between 105° to 110° F.—and may be continued anywhere from three to ten minutes, according to the strength and comfort of the patient. Throughout this bath, an ice-cold moist cloth should be kept on the head. I suggest a towel wrung out to the point where it will not drip, and wrapped around the forehead, back of the head, and overlapped on the top of the head. In this way all the advantages of a hot bath will be secured, while the disadvantage of over-heating the head will be avoided. Those who administer such a treatment to one suffering from a flu cold should have ready warm sheets and blankets in which to wrap up the patient the moment he emerges from the bath, and they should see to it that he is quickly and thoroughly dried, and then so expertly manage this proceeding that the patient will not break out in secondary perspiration nor be subject to chilling in getting from the bathroom back into bed. Before taking such a hot bath, it is a good plan to clean out the bowels by means of a warm soapsuds enema.

TWO: *Treatment of colds without fever—the annual or acute infections:* These are the colds that tend to "run through families." They are spread largely by common drinking glasses, towels, handkerchiefs, and carelessness concerning the nasal toilet.

It is true, every now and then, that some member of a large family will fail to take this autumnal or winter cold. I recently saw a case where one of the children in a family of nine came home from school with a cold. In a few days all were infected except one boy, twelve years of age. He often escapes a cold that otherwise goes through the family. It is very difficult to account for this peculiar immunity to colds, but we see it every now and then.

The first thing to do when you feel you are coming down with a cold of this sort is to make early use of gargles and antiseptic oils in the nose and throat. I believe such treatment, in connection with other measures, has power to stop a cold if resorted to promptly. As in the case of colds with fever, cleanse the bowel tract, take a hot bath, use a few teaspoonfuls of soda, drink an abundance of liquids, and eat fairly lightly for a day or two.

The method of treatment which is most effective in applying antiseptics to the nose and throat is to lie down on the back, and with a medicine dropper drop two or three dropperfuls of some oily antiseptic into the nose and let it run back into the post-nasal passages and on down into the throat. You can do this every ten or fifteen minutes for a few hours during the onset of your cold. In this stage, the irrigation of the nose and throat with lukewarm normal salt solution—a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water—is also effective. This salt water should never be snuffed up the nose, but gently drawn into the nose and allowed to run out through the mouth. In snuffing it up there is danger of infecting the ears through the Eustachian tubes.

You can secure an excellent throat gargle by simply asking at your drugstore for the official "Dobell's solution." Another excellent gargle is the following:

Sodium bicarbonate	½ drachm
Sodium biborate	½ drachm
Sodium benzoate	1 grain
Eucalyptol	⅔ drop
Menthol	⅓ grain
Distilled water	8 ounces

A good antiseptic (*Continued on page 119*)

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Behind The Mike

By Graham McNamee

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Graham McNamee, wearing a hat given to him by a Texas friend

ON MY way home from California recently, I went into the dining-car for breakfast. I glanced over the menu, looked up and gave the waiter my order. As I spoke to him I saw a puzzled look come into his eyes. His ears seemed to open up a little with that familiar movement which characterizes a person who is listening very intently. He went away and in a moment came back to ask me to repeat the order. Then I saw his white teeth spread out through his dusky countenance in a great smile.

"Ain't you Mr. McNamee?" he asked.

I confessed to the soft impeachment.

"I thought I knowed your voice when you gim'me your order. I tole 'em so back in the kitchen. Another waiter looked you over and said he was sure I was wrong, because he was sure that Mr. McNamee must be a very much bigger man. He said you was big and fat. One of the other waiters seen your picture somewhere, and he agreed with me. We had a big argument 'bout it an' so we made a bet. I bet you was you and they bet you wasn't you. Tha's why I asked you—to settle that bet."

I tell this little story to illustrate the extent to which radio has become a part of the life and habits of our people. I realize that so far as I am concerned, I am only a voice—a voice crying not in the wilderness but in the ether. It is only five years ago that I got my first radio job, and was tickled to death at my good fortune. Now that tremendous machine, radio, has come to be so well known and generally accepted that, no matter where I go, a taxicab driver in a Texas town, a dining-car porter in California, a hotel bell-boy in Chicago will be almost certain to recognize my voice immediately—merely because I am a part of that machine.

IT IS only a few years ago that the DX fans—the youngsters listening for distant stations—would sit up at night and jump with delight when in New York City they could get Florida. Now this is so common that one man in New York, another in Chicago, and another in California will actually take part in the same program. I have had innumerable letters asking for an explanation of how we conduct these great programs, with the performers stationed in widely separated cities.

As this is one of the newest developments in broadcasting, perhaps I can begin with an account of the greatest effort yet made in famous programs of this type. I refer to the recent one over which Will Rogers presided from his home in Beverly Hills. That was a veritable six-ring circus, with each ring in a different part of the country, the announcer, Phil Carlin, in New York and the ring master, Will Rogers, in California. Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy sang and danced in Chicago, Al Jolson sang from his hotel in New Orleans, and Mr. Wilmer talked from his library in Detroit.

The performance was broadcast by about sixty stations located practically all over this continent. I dare say some thirty million people were listening in. Will Rogers, standing in his study in Beverly Hills, introduced as the next number on the program, Mr. Fred Stone, in Chicago, and, without a moment's pause, Mr. Stone's voice flowed into the air upon his cue, two thousand miles away. The whole performance was collected mysteriously out there in the air and fed through your loud speaker into your sitting-room.

I have said there were sixty stations in that "hook-up." Here is the way stations are hooked up: Let us suppose a concert is to be broadcast by two stations simultaneously—WEAF, of New York, and WRC, of Washington. The artists are all in the studio of WEAF, in New York. When they begin broadcasting, two things happen: The program goes through the antennæ of WEAF out over the air. It goes at the same time through a long-distance telephone wire to the studio of WRC and through its amplifier and antennæ into the air to its listeners.

The performance is taking place only in New York, but the audiences of both WEAF and WRC are getting it. Those two stations are thus "hooked up." Now it is possible to hook up a

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third station in the same way and, indeed, as many stations as there are in existence.

Now, when this happens, the air becomes a gigantic reservoir, which you can tap anywhere and get that concert. But you can also feed portions of that concert in at any point. That is just what we did on that night when sixty stations were hooked up. The broadcasting would go on at WEAF for a few minutes. Then WEAF would cease and another station in the hook-up would begin.

BUT of course this is only part of the story. When a concert like this is under way there must be communication between the stations taking part in the broadcasting, so that they can talk to each other without being heard by the radio audience. All the performers are at the respective stations, separated by many miles. But something may go wrong with an artist, or a bit of mechanism. It is necessary that the directors at the several stations be able to speak with each other. And so this immense span of territory between California and New York and Louisiana and Illinois and Michigan must be hooked up in a second, a telephone circuit, as well. When such a great program is in progress we have two parallel circuits.

When that concert began the New York announcer made his little talk, and then said the program would be turned over to Will Rogers "out in Beverly Hills." That name Beverly Hills was Will Rogers's cue to begin. I was sitting with him in his library looking after the ordinary details. When he finished, and introduced Fred Stone he said the next voice will be that of Fred Stone "in Chicago." The word Chicago was Stone's cue. Thus, it had been arranged beforehand that the names of the cities where the performers were located were to be their cues, and no one was to use the name of any such city for any other purpose, and thus the air was swept clean for the cues.

"BEHIND the Mike" is the first of many articles to be written for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE by Graham McNamee, the most famous radio announcer in the world. He tells you how stations are "hooked up," and gives you an intimate account of what goes on behind the scenes. In his second article, which will appear next month, and in those to follow, he will continue to give you the inside story of his experiences, and the experiences of others who go on the air.

And now for an explanation of that "Please stand by" signal. For that is what it is—a signal—a cue. As every one knows, people all over are constantly tuning in and tuning out. When a man waggles the dial of his radio and hears a concert coming over, he wants to know what it is, who is giving it, and where it is coming from, and what it is all about. He wasn't around when the program started. He didn't hear the initial introductions. And he gets very much annoyed if the concert doesn't halt occasionally so that he can find out what he is getting.

In a concert like the one I have been describing, as soon as the moment for an announcement arrives, you hear the voice of the announcer in New York proclaim: "Please stand by for your local announcer." As soon as the last syllable dies, sixty local announcers in sixty stations all over the continent step to their microphones to identify their stations and the program. The next time you hear that signal take out your watch. You will see that just fifteen seconds are allowed these local men to get in their work—not a second more or less: The man in New York, who cannot hear these voices, holds his watch, and at the end of fifteen seconds, he starts the concert again. He knows the local men are through. That rule is binding.

Now, all these things are the parts of the concert that you hear in your city sitting-room or out in your farm dining-room or kitchen.

There is another job going on all this time that you never hear and, indeed never hear about or perhaps even think about. It is the part being played by all the innumerable operators and assistants, linemen, switchmen, tone experts, radio experts, moving and managing the show behind the scenes.

On the night of the great show I have been telling you about there were no fewer than two thousand men working on that vast circuit. Some of them, of course, were just there as experts to assist in tone adjustments. But many sat at vital points in the circuit. They are like the fuses in your home electric installation. If any one of them had blown out, the wise and witty cracks of Will Rogers and the songs of Mr. Jolson in New Orleans would have faded from the air, and in thousands of homes thousands of irate radio fans would have been twisting their dials frantically, rattling their loud speakers, ringing us up from everywhere, pouring in on us through the telephone like a great indignant mob. And all because one unknown man had nodded at his switch.

But they didn't nod. They are perfect examples of that unobserved function which so many men perform outside the spotlight, never sharing in the applause, never getting any sort of mention, yet sticking to their jobs with a loyalty, and, in the case of radio particularly, an enthusiastic intelligence that is amazing. How many times when broadcasting a football game have I seen a player grab the ball and run, almost as through an open, unobstructed avenue, for a long gain or a goal. I cry into the mike that Brown has the ball, "He just walks right through that line. It just seems to melt away before him." And the crowd cheers Brown and the next day his picture is in the paper, and he is carried on the shoulders of his joy-crazed collegians.

What the crowd doesn't see and perhaps never hears of is the dauntless dash of some other player who bumps the defense out of Brown's way, and who is the real explanation of why that mighty line seems to melt away. The unsung players behind the scenes, behind the lines, and, in radio, as everywhere else, behind the mikes!

I MUST tell here about a new development in radio, a development on its artistic side. It has to do with the newest thing in radio studios, the new and beautiful model studio of the National Broadcasting Company in New York.

As most radio fans will understand, performances are practically of two sorts: those which are broadcast from a theatre or public hall, where the radio taps in on a public performance, and those which are staged especially for the radio in a broadcasting studio. Each has its advantages and disadvantages. In a studio concert, it is possible to get all the mechanical adjustments more perfectly made, to shut out all alien sounds more perfectly, and to get the microphones placed at the proper distances. This is not easy in a hall, particularly with some performers. Their style calls for action, movement about and, hence, reception at the other end, at the loud speaker, is uneven.

PERHAPS you noted when President Cosgrave of Ireland spoke over the radio from Chicago during his recent visit, how his voice would fade away and then grow vigorous again. That is characteristic of Europeans who have not adapted themselves to the broadcasting technique. They weave about and sway their bodies up and down, with a consequent loss of tone.

A few nights later President Coolidge spoke at the budget meeting in Washington. I wonder if listeners noticed the difference—how his voice came over in a perfectly even flow all the time, and never a syllable or tone being lost—because the President is a very calm, deliberate man, and stands at the proper distance from the mike, literally "keeps his distance" as it were; because he has very great respect for it, and for the simple reason that he realizes it is carrying his message to millions of people.

But the public appearance has this (*Continued on page 187*)

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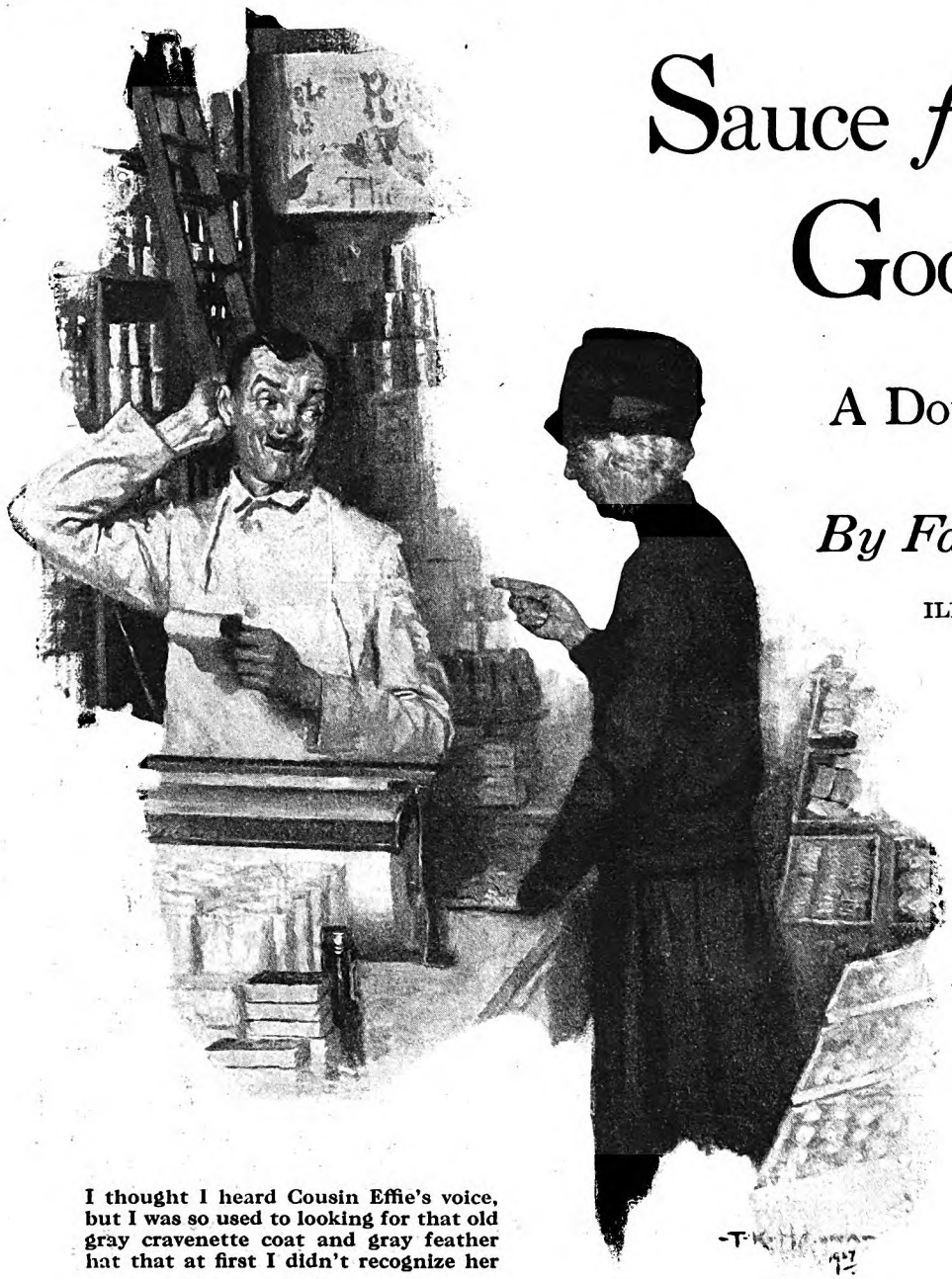
"The whole secret of getting along with parents is never to let them guess how little they know"

Sauce *for the* Goose

A Dot and Will story

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA



I thought I heard Cousin Effie's voice, but I was so used to looking for that old gray cravenette coat and gray feather hat that at first I didn't recognize her

WILL and I had often congratulated ourselves on being practically free of the in-law proposition. Of course my family would never have been a problem to anybody, because Mother is so sweet, and Father is awfully broad-minded, and everybody likes my sister, Kathie, who is married, and living in Minneapolis, anyway. Of course, with Will's family, it is a little different. I don't want to pin any orchid on my own shoulder, but it's only fair to admit that there are girls who wouldn't have got along with Mother and Father Horton anything like the way I have.

The whole secret of getting along with parents is never to let them guess how little they know.

That's the way I have worked it. Mother Horton, for instance, is very proud of her figure, and I could easily make her dislike me by telling her that the waist line went out with the patent rocker, and that people who have a figure these days take as many pains to conceal it as they would a jail record in the family. Also, she thinks she knows all about bringing up children, just because Will turned out all right. The truth of it is, it's a wonder that he even lived! It was the merest combination of good luck and the fact that he had a strong constitution. But do I tell Mother Horton that? I do not. Not even when she makes fun of my bringing up the twins according to modern methods.

"My stars!" she'll say, "I expect to come here some day and find Dot boiling up the baby book and putting it through the sieve to feed it to the babies. That's about the only thing she hasn't tried to do with it already."

And never once since we've been married have she and Father Horton come to our house for supper in the winter that he hasn't gone through the same performance: I'll have the living-room lights fixed just to suit me, the bridge lamp on in the corner by the radio, one bulb in the table light loosened, to keep it from being glary, and the piano lamp with the violet shade on in the other corner. Those three together give a lovely, soft, romantic effect.

BUT not to Father Horton. Every single time, he'll blink around and say, "What's the idea? Getting ready for a séance? Let's have a little light on the subject."

Whereupon, he'll switch on the glaring, three-bulb overhead light, which makes any room look about as romantic as a dairy lunch. But do I tell him that the trouble is that his artistic taste hasn't been educated up to violet light? I do not. I just laugh, and act as though the only reason I hadn't put on the overhead, myself, was because I didn't have brains enough to push the button.

Most of the young married couples we know have some sort of in-law difficulties, on one side or the other. Scott simply can't stand Corinne's sister's husband, and Bob and Ruth have to support Bob's old uncle, who criticizes everything Ruth does, from bobbing her hair to being a Christian Scientist.

In fact, as Will and I looked about at our friends, we thought we were pretty lucky. And I guess we have been, at that.

Even in spite of Cousin Effie.

Cousin Effie is Mother Horton's cousin, Will's second cousin. Mother Horton always looked out for her. She used to be at their home quite a little, all the time Will was growing up. She was an old maid and a quarter invalid—not quite as much as a

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semi-invalid—and poor. She owned the cottage that she lived in on Oak Street and had a tiny little income besides; but above that, Father Horton supported her.

When Father Horton began talking about pulling out of the business and going to Los Angeles, for winters at least, Mother Horton was worried. She said she didn't see how she could leave Effie. Will was quite worried about his father—every winter in Montrose he gets one of those terrible bronchial coughs that just pull him down to nothing—and Will said that if they wanted to try Los Angeles not to be held back by Cousin Effie. We would look out for Cousin Effie.

I said so, too, of course. After all, if Father Horton pulled out of the business it would all be Will's, and it did seem as though, having all that done for us, the least we could do would be to take on Cousin Effie, especially as it wasn't such an awful lot that Father Horton paid her.

I must give myself credit for one thing—that when I undertake to do a thing I do my best to do it thoroughly. I knew that Cousin Effie used to be at the Hortons' quite often for meals, and the very first Sunday after they'd gone I invited her for dinner.

I FIGURED out just as nice a dinner, too, as though I were having regular company. Roast chicken with all the fixings and lemon meringue pie. I put on my rose crêpe dress too. And I followed out my regular rule for dealing with in-laws. When she told Will to give her a very small piece of the chicken, because chicken always gave her dyspepsia, the natural thing for me would have been to say:

"Oh, chicken can't possibly hurt you, Cousin Effie. It's one of the easiest digested foods there is. I gave it to the babies when they weren't quite two years old, and it's the first meat they give you in a hospital."

But I didn't say this. I didn't even tell her that dyspepsia had gone out. I shouldn't think anybody'd want to have dyspepsia nowadays, any more than they'd want to wear a bustle; but I didn't say so. It is a bit disheartening, though, to see a nice dinner be a perfect flop. She wouldn't touch the lemon pie either.

"I can't eat anything acid," she said. "I break out."

Will usually dries the dishes for me Sundays; but Cousin Effie offered to. Will strolled over next door to talk to Roger Lane. It was a lovely fall day, and after we got the dishes done, Cousin Effie and I sat out on the porch. Before the afternoon was over, I made up my mind that, while I was only too glad to have

I don't believe Cousin Effie had had a compliment in years. She got all red and pleased, like a girl that's just had a boy friend bring her her first box of candy

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Will give her a check every month, and while I would, of course, take care of her if she were sick, I really couldn't have her for dinner once or twice a week, the way the Hortons had always done. I never knew such a tiresome, depressing human being to talk to.

All she could talk about was her poor health and her troubles. For anyone who was interested in sickness it would have been a real opportunity to learn a lot; but, while I'm very sympathetic when a person is sick, I can't say I'm much interested in hearing them talk about it when they're not.

"Yes," Cousin Effie said, "I'm really feeling fine to-day, and that always worries me. I never feel as well as this except just before an attack."

Then she told me all about the attacks she had had during the past year. The twins were playing out on the lawn, and they were so cute that even I, who certainly have every chance to get tired of them, had to laugh to see them. They were pretending that they were going marketing, and with their funny baby talk and funny little grown-up way, I couldn't keep my eyes off them. But Cousin Effie didn't even see them. She was too busy talking about how nobody ever came to see her any more.

"Mercy, I can see why nobody does," I told Will that evening after she'd gone home, "if she just talks to them about sickness all the time the way she did this afternoon. Why, I'm all worn out."

But I was borne up by the feeling of having done my duty handsomely, and had even decided to have her again in two or three weeks or so. I concluded to make it for supper next time, however. Sunday afternoon is a terribly long stretch.

The next Sunday, I had just got the children to bed for their nap, and was setting the table for Will's and my dinner when I happened to look down the street, and whom should I see but Cousin Effie coming along in her gray cravenette coat and gray feather hat. It was her best outfit and she always wore it, summer and winter. In the winter, when the coat wasn't warm enough, she wore a quilted jacket under it, and in summer, when the coat was too warm, she just wore it anyway, and suffered.

Sure enough, she turned in at our yard.

I MUST admit that I was a little disappointed, but I didn't show it. I was as cordial as could be, and insisted that she stay for dinner. After dinner, while she helped me with the dishes, Will said he'd got to take a check down to Howard Merton's—he'd forgotten to give it to Howard the day before—and he never came back till after Cousin Effie had gone.

The main trouble that I have found with feeling virtuous is that, after a time, it wears thin. It holds you up fine for the first two or three times, and then it begins to sag under the weight. I didn't feel nearly as well supported this Sunday as I had the week before. In fact, I'm not sure that I didn't complain about it a little bit to Will. He didn't take it very seriously, however. He had seen Cousin Effie around his own home all the years before he got married, and he'd got used to her.

Friday night, being Will's Lodge night, I had invited Roger and Dulcie to supper. Our houses are so close together that Dulcie can put little Dulcie to bed in their room and, by leaving our living-room window open a little, we can hear her if she cries. Dulcie and I have a very pleasant evening together while the boys are gone, and, if they get back early enough, the four of us have a game of Five Hundred before they go home. It is a lovely arrangement, and it was a terrible blow when, about half past five, I looked out into the gathering dusk and saw Cousin Effie's gray feather hat and cravenette coat turning in at our walk.

There was nothing to do, of course, but to ask her for supper. She accepted with a kind of matter-of-factness that was ominous, once you got to thinking about it. She had come, calmly expecting to stay to supper. That was the way she always used to do with Father and Mother Horton.

WELL, it simply ruined the evening. Dulcie and I had to be polite, and we couldn't talk about anything that interested us. By half past nine, Dulcie was so bored that she made an excuse and went home. Cousin Effie stayed, and told me about the time she had appendicitis, till Will got home.

"I don't see how I'm going to stand it if she keeps dropping in like this without being asked, all the time," I said to Will that night.

But he, fresh from a pleasant evening at the Lodge, seemed to think I was making much of a trifle.

It made me kind of provoked, and I made up my mind that the next time Cousin Effie dropped in like that, I wouldn't ask her to stay. But the next time, which was only the next Wednesday, we were just sitting down to the table, and I couldn't get out of it. Will said that he had to go back to the office for a little while that evening. And he never came back till ten o'clock.

By that time, the feeling of being virtuous had died on me altogether. I was more than provoked; I was mad. I had listened to symptoms till I was nearly crazy. When Will came back from having walked over home with her, I told him that I simply couldn't stand it.

"Oh, she's not as bad as all that," Will said mildly.

At that, I just flew off the handle and stuck in the wall.

"You don't know anything about how bad she is," I said. "You never see her. You do just the same as you used to do at home before you got married—you go off somewhere. You don't know anything about it."

"Well," said Will, "I don't see what we can do about it. We told the folks we'd look out for her, and we can't begrudge the poor old soul a meal once in a while."

"I wouldn't begrudge her three meals a day!" I declared. "It's sitting for hours and listening to her troubles. She doesn't talk about anything except being sick and nobody coming to see her."

Will yawned. "Well, if we don't get to bed, we'll be sick ourselves," he said, "and nobody'll come to see us."

And with that, he seemed to feel that the subject was closed.

From that time on, Cousin Effie began to be a perfect nightmare to me. We were never just settling down to a cozy supper and the prospects of a nice evening together that I wouldn't hear her knock at the door. I got to know it and dread it. She'd give a faint, deprecating little tap, and push the door open and call:

"Anybody home?"

With two babies, you couldn't simply keep still and pretend not to be there.

She always came just a little while before meal time, along about noon on a Sunday, or around five o'clock week days. I confess that I tried once to out-wait her. I had been cleaning the attic, and I was dog-tired. We'd had a good dinner, and I wasn't going to bother much for supper and was going to bed right afterward. About half past five, I happened to look out the window, and there came that old gray cravenette coat. When Will came home I met him at the kitchen door.

"Cousin Effie's here," I whispered, "and I'm not going to ask her for supper. I'm dead tired, and there isn't enough, anyway. Don't say a word about supper, and we'll wait till she goes."

Anyone who's tried that bright little stunt can guess how it worked. Will hung around like a fish out of water, looking at me reproachfully. I just sat tight. When the conversation would languish, I would just let it lie where it dropped. But after a short silence, Cousin Effie would sigh a little and start on another symptom. Outwait her! I waited till twenty minutes of eight, and then I gave up and got supper. If I hadn't, there's not the faintest doubt in my mind that she'd have been there yet.

IT WAS worst of all when we had company. I tried every way I could to keep her from coming those times, but it practically never worked. I'd say just as cordially as I could:

"Come again, Cousin Effie. Any time except Saturday evening. We've an engagement for that night."

Saturday about five o'clock, I'd look out the window and see that old gray feather hat turning in at the gate, just as sure as shooting.

"Oh, are you having company?" she'd say, as though surprised. "Well, I'll run along and come some other time."

The only trouble with it was that she never did run along.

It got me to feeling edgy at Will. We'd never had anything come between us before that we hadn't worked out some way or other, together. But Will wasn't with me on this. When I'd say anything, he'd just say how we'd promised the folks, and how it would kill his mother if we weren't nice to Cousin Effie. And then, on one flimsy excuse or another, he'd slide out, and leave me with all the "being nice" to do myself. Over and over, I tried to make Will understand; but I couldn't. It was as though I was trying to talk to a foreigner who couldn't understand my language.

I don't know how things would have worked out eventually if it hadn't been for Kathie's coming. I was getting more and more upset, and more and more aggrieved at Will. Why, I was so upset that when I was going through my scrap bag and came to a piece of gray cloth, suddenly I felt perfectly furious and at the same time wanted to sit down and cry. I couldn't even think why, at first. Then it dawned on me that it was because the cloth reminded me of Cousin Effie's cravenette, coming along through the twilight.

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But one Sunday, I was just setting the table when I heard the familiar little tap at the door, and a minute later, Cousin Effie's "Anybody home?"

"Oh, hello, Cousin Effie," said Will cordially. "Come in. You're just in time for dinner."

I went on making the gravy, in a kind of dull hopelessness. I knew that Will would be as cordial as could be all through dinner, but immediately afterward make an excuse to go somewhere. It seemed to me I just couldn't bear another afternoon with Cousin Effie, though I knew that I'd have to.

But just as we were sitting down to the table, the telephone rang. It was Mother.

"Guess who's here!" she said. "Kathie."

I nearly dropped the receiver; we hadn't been expecting Kathie for another week.

"They're on the way down to Elmer's," Mother went on. "They're going to take the night train to-night. You and Will bring the babies and come right down. There's plenty of dinner for you all."

I hadn't seen my sister for over a year, and I'd never seen her new baby. I was so excited that I said we'd be right there, before I even thought of Cousin Effie She had heard the conversation, and began saying something vague about running along. But that did seem too mean, with the dinner all on the table and she with none ready at home.

"You and Will stay here and eat this dinner," I said. "It's all ready—you'll find the dessert in the ice box. I'll take the children." Will agreed, and as he was helping me get the twins into the back seat of the flivver, he said in an undertone that he'd be down as soon as Cousin Effie went.

I must confess that not once during the afternoon or evening did I even think of Will or Cousin Effie. I put the babies to bed in Mother's room and stayed till Kathie's train left at ten o'clock. Then, for the first time, I recalled that Will had been supposed to come, and hadn't.

Father rode over home with me to help with the children, who were piled into the back seat without ever waking them up. He said he'd like to walk back home in the night stillness and get all our talk out of his ears, so that he'd have some chance of sleeping that night. As we pulled up in front of our house, Will came down the street. He had just taken Cousin Effie home and was about to start over after me.

I don't know whether Father noticed anything queer about Will or not, but I certainly did. He looked positively groggy, like a prize-fighter, I imagine, who has been practically knocked out but has been just able to struggle to his feet.

He carried the babies up-stairs to their cribs, and came back looking like a man slowly staggering out of a trance.

"Dot," he said, "that woman has been here this entire day."

"Cousin Effie, you mean?" I asked, puzzled. His tone of voice would suggest that he was speaking of some stranger he had just met for the first time.

"Cousin Effie," he said. "I thought you'd never get back. I've been nearly crazy."

"What did she do?" I asked, wondering what on earth she could have done that was new and surprising enough to shock him so.

"Do?" he repeated. "Do? She's done nothing for nine solid hours but talk about her troubles. She's told me about every sickness she's had since croup. I wish she'd died of one of them! She's told me nine thousand times that nobody comes to see her. Good lord, I shouldn't think anybody would."

I waited for him to go on, and when he didn't, I said, "Well, what else?" There was nothing new in all this.

Will looked at me as though I'd insulted him.

"What else?" (*Continued on page 174*)

Will said he'd got to take a check down to Howard Merton's . . . and he never came back till after Cousin Effie had gone

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My Ship Must Have Got Sunk

I've been waiting for it forty years, and if it doesn't come in soon, I guess I'll have to give up—But I've had a pretty good time

By Archie Chadbourne

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. STANDLEY

Archie Chadbourne, of Colorado Springs, is a truck driver who has had a strenuous time shooing the wolf off his door mat. Recently, in this magazine, he told you of his adventures with debt, and in the accompanying article he again takes you behind the scenes and reveals how a fellow with a small wage and a large sense of humor makes a go of life

WE POOR people should have no children, at least not according to the advocates of birth control. And even they hedge a little at times, and say we should have no more than we can afford to raise and educate. Well, Ione and I have just two more than we can afford—Edyrl and Lyril. I know families with seven and even more children who really could afford none at all. And as far as birth control is concerned, whatever that is, it would make little difference with us poor folks. We have children because we want them, love them, and need them—even if our ultra-ideas of civilization do not.

I certainly cannot see how any economist can argue against large families for us poor, for where else would he get his raw material for his machines, his truck drivers, his tradesmen, his servants. We have a very definite place in the world, a service which no others would perform. And who shall say that because we are poor we are not happy? Is not happiness one of the ends to be desired? Culture and education and wealth do not create happiness, though a few of us poor would be willing to risk contentment for a few more shekels. Happiness is some indefinable thing which comes from a philosophy within a man, rich or poor, who has adjusted himself to his environment and is working out his destiny as he sees it. The simple ash man may be equally as contented and happy beneath his layer of ashes as is the moderately well-to-do business man beneath his mask of sophistication.

IF I were giving advice to a young married couple, poor like Ione and I have always been, I would say go ahead and have children right away. You will have to go into debt for lots of things, so why not for babies? Ione and I know what we are talking about, for I was drawing twelve dollars a week when Edyrl was born and the doctor took ten of it—that is, he charged it, though he did not get it for about a year. I draw twenty-five now, and the doctor charges twenty-five for the same service he performed then, and other expenses have gone up in proportion, so we would have gained nothing by waiting.

When Ione and I married we set down in black and white just what it would cost to bring a baby into the world. We got hold of a budget somewhere which told how much it would cost to raise that baby into maturity, and we discussed pro and con whether or not we should wait until I made a living wage. Then we chucked the figures away and let our consciences be our guide. Edyrl was born, and paid for in instalments, like 'most everything else we get. But she was not born in a hospital with me walking up and down the corridor wringing my hands and tearing my hair waiting for the doctor to come out and tell me it was a girl. No; we are poor folks, and I acted as a practical nurse along with Ione's mother, and the doctor kept hot-footing it across the street to a telephone, for he was holding down two jobs at the same time.

We thought it would be a shame to raise Edyrl alone, so, three years later, we planned for Lyril. One baby was still-born in the meantime. If we had waited until we could have afforded another one Edyrl would likely have been a great-grandmother, for poor folks who wait until they can afford luxuries never get them. By the time Lyril arrived, we had sold the big wicker baby cab and had bought a folding cart we could carry on the street car. So Ione went down to a second-hand store, and, as luck would have it, she found our original cab and bought it back for seven dollars more than we sold it for to the dealer. That is one reason we are poor—we sell things we may need again because we need ready money before we need the article. It's also one of the reasons so many second-hand stores are kept going.

No doubt motherhood counts in emotions for a poor mother, but fatherhood means little in emotions for a poor father. I was in the corner grocery after Edyrl was born, and the groceryman said, "Isn't it a grand feeling to be a father?"

I glanced at him sharply. I thought he was spoofing me, but he was in earnest. He had a spoiled boy of three years. To him, there may have been a wonderful feeling as he looked down the ages and still found himself living over again in his children and his children's children. I could not see that far. About the only emotion I was conscious of was one of profound relief that the baby was here and yelling lustily, and that Ione was sleeping the sleep of great exhaustion. I saw no further into the future than a rather indefinite wonder as to how the deuce I would ever pay the overhead and upkeep charges on Edyrl, for incidental expenses had already begun with that first nursing bottle. Believe me, baby budgets may do all right as a criterion of flat or excursion rates, but the incidentals attach themselves to those budgets thicker than germs on an alley cat.

ONLY last month Ione bought material and made a costume, so Edyrl could appear in an athletic school drill. The thing cost two dollars and thirty cents, and is of no more value now than an appendix is to a man. There was ninety cents' worth of wings for Lyril, whose Sunday-school teacher thought she would make a "darling angel," though we never knew how she got that way. Then there are the pencils they lose, and the special collection for Abraham Lincoln's monument, and the sentimental selection entitled "give a dime to save Old Ironsides."

Sure, we want our children to be patriotic while they can; but a poor man's patriotism gets a smudge on it when every dime he spends that way spells the difference between a picture show for the family and an evening at home contemplating the Saturday shoe-repair bill. And entertainment is just as much a part of living as food and clothes.

A poor man hires no nursemaid to stay with the baby while Mother runs downtown shopping or goes to a matinée.

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Mother takes care of the youngsters all day, and the nights are often longer than the days if the baby has the three-months colic. We used to take turns jogging Edyrl up and down the alley back of our house, because the alley was just rough enough to make the little tyke enjoy the motion of the go-cart, and sleep. Perhaps you never have doctored an infant for a too rich milk diet, only to find after a couple of days that the poor little thing has the earache. Or maybe some misguided mother brings in some contagious disease, thinking you would rather have the baby take it now than after it gets older. Believe me, if there is no money for another sort of diversion the accumulation of these cares will drive a woman distracted—and a man bughouse.

I FEEL for those poor parents who have remained home with the baby for so long that they are ready to rend each other asunder unless they get away from it. So they choose a day when the baby has been exceptionally good, perhaps has slept most of the afternoon, and they seek an evening's entertainment together. They go out in fear and trembling. If the little fellow cries, they will not only lose their pleasure but also the money they have expended. But the mother says, "Baby's been feeling so good that perhaps—"

Yes, just "perhaps," for, right in the middle of the best part of the show or lecture or musicale, there is a fretful wail, followed by an anxious effort to hush the infant, then another wail and the storm breaks. The child lets out a peal that would crack a Liberty Bell, and while the father urges the mother to remain (or does not), they make their way through the gantlet of glaring, unsympathetic eyes. The speaker stops, if there is a speaker, and even folks with babies of their own whisper unkind things.

Ione and I think the United States Government should publish a monthly baby magazine, or at least subsidize one, and a five-year subscription should be sent free to all parents upon the birth of a child.

This largest industry in the world is largely a hit-or-miss proposition. We have no time to be trained for the raising of children, which is the real vocation of every adult, whether he fulfills that obligation or not. We have time for everything else, it seems; but we give children no thought whatsoever until they are more or less forced upon our attention by the advent of a squirming infant, wanted or unwanted.

We raise children by instinct, just as the lower animals do, only they raise their offspring into a world controlled by instinct, while we push ours into a world governed by rational thought. Oh, yes, they go to school; but the school must undo much that has been done in an untrained home before it can start even a foundation upon which to build citizenship. Nearly every parent does the very best he knows for his children, and he would do better if a little information were shoved down his throat.

The landlord should certainly be in favor of a system of enlightenment, for untrained children are the bane of his existence. They destroy his property. I do not blame him for refusing to rent to a family with children. Nor do I blame that woman who has been out house-hunting all day if, when she comes to the end of that wonderful round of inspections and turn-downs and the last landlord on her list asks, "How many children have you?" she replies, "One."

I have pondered a bit lately over those college students who found life so insipid that they decided to commit suicide. It seems to me they are rather egotistical. They had not begun to drain life's cup of adventure. I want to suggest to any more of them who seek suicide to get away from this deadly existence, that they marry and have children right away. I suggest, too, that the husband secure a job driving a truck, and that they live on a truck-driver's wages. If they have to fight for a chance to live, let alone for their esthetic education, they may find life more endurable. They will not be nearly so anxious to propel themselves into the great beyond which, however interesting theoretically as a place of mystery, may not be so alluring to most of us as a reality. A truck driver will never commit suicide because he failed to get a kick out of life. He receives plenty of kicks.

NOW, about the additional expenses of raising children. Holidays are periods when whole families get together and have a whale of a time at a whale of an expense. Christmas is the worst offender. As far as we poor folks are concerned, a great many of us at that most joyful season of the year wish that Christ had been born the last day of February on a leap year.

That sounds (*Continued on page 195*)

If You Ask Me:

You're out of luck if you hit only the high spots

A FRIEND of mine was crossing Wyoming on his way to Yellowstone Park. Out in the desert, amidst the sage brush, his eyes caught a glint of yellow. Stepping from his car, he discovered a clump of exquisite little yellow blossoms.

As he was reveling in their fragrance and beauty a big touring car came tearing along at fifty miles an hour. It drew up with shrieking brakes.

"Need help?" shouted the man at the wheel, a man whose set, tired face and darting eyes showed the tension of hair-trigger nerves.

"No, thanks; I'm all right."

"Then why in the devil are you stopping in the middle of the desert?"

"To examine these lovely little flowers. You and your party had better take a look. They're most unusual."

"Stop to see some flowers? Not much!" His tone was frankly contemptuous. "The gardener on my estate has got an acre of 'em. I'm on my way to Yellowstone to see some *real sights*. And I'll make it before night or bust a hame-string. We've sure eaten up distance in the last three days."

SEMI-DEMI-OCCASIONALLY I get roped into a tea party. My 1928 digression occurred last week. Arriving at the studio, I found nineteen frankly bored individuals trying to make conversation. "Why don't they bring on booze instead of this slop?" asked one of them. I assume it was mere coincidence that cocktails appeared almost immediately—cocktails with a "real kick." As a second round disappeared, the barometer rose rapidly. Nervous laughter, garish gayety, banished the late ennui. As I passed down into the street I could still hear the merry din.

THE experience left me morose.

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked that evening.

"I'm thinking of this jazz age," I replied. "I'm thinking of how we tear along in motor-cars, hell-bent on getting from *here* to *there* or from *there* to *here*, giving no heed to the quiet wonders that lie in between. I'm thinking of the number of people who can't even keep the breath of conversation going without resorting to a gin-charged pulmotor. How much of life's real flavor is missed by human beings who depend for their thrills on—"

"On what?" asked my friend, as I hesitated for a phrase.

"On *how many miles to the gallon and how many smiles to the quart!*"

Merle Crowell

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"By Jove!" Said Roosevelt "It Reads Like The Real Thing!"

He was speaking of a book of poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson, then an unknown young man; but his obscurity soon vanished after the President took him up—This is the story of Robinson, a boy genius, who is now one of the greatest of all American poets

By M. K. Wisehart

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

BUT wait! If we begin with a recitation, we should know something of the time and place. The time, 1874. The scene: the comfortable living-room of an old New England homestead, a large clapboarded house, painted yellow, in Lincoln Avenue, Gardiner, Maine.

On the floor, in front of the huge fireplace, sits a boy of five with deep, dark, exulting eyes. His mother, who is occupied with a workbasket, smiles and nods, encouraging him as he recites in his childlike, singsong, rhythmic way, half of all the lines of the Raven:

"Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul has spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Now, this child, since he was four years old, had bubbled over with poetry and song like a brook in a springtime of freshets. At that age he had learned to read. Never was there a time, it seemed, when he couldn't read. The ability had come to him so easily that no one knew how he acquired it. An unusual child, a puzzling child, much that he had not been taught had come to him as though from the air.

It happened that the boy's father, a retired shipbuilder and timber merchant, was a great lover of poetry and a constant reader of it. Among the many books in the house was a certain collection of verse, William Cullen Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song." Father and son lived in this book as in a Cave of Delight; amid winds and torrents, amid storms and shipwreck, amid summer skies and quiet pastoral scenes. They had learned to love the days of old when knights were bold and ladies fair, when armor shone and swords gleamed and steeds were prancing. Above all, they were in the thrall of a haunting mystery, the magic power of lyric words.

What the boy read in this book and what his father read to him hung in his memory; and his memory was like the taut string of a musical instrument. It was ready to vibrate when plucked. "What was it that the Wizard said to Lochiel?" the father would ask, and he would give the first line of Thomas Campbell's stirring ballad:

Lochiel, Lochiel! Beware of the day

And the child would pick it up—

When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

So he would go on, chanting line upon line, including that famous and oft-quoted couplet:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

And nobody realized that this in itself was one of those prophetic shadows, a forecast of a rare and great event in American letters! His parents thought the boy precocious, to be sure. They liked him to recite. It amused them. They encouraged it. But nobody said, "He'll be a great poet some day!" It would have seemed too ridiculous!

The years glide by. Certain events have intervened. The boy has grown to a young man. He has had one year in Harvard, returning home because of the death of his father and the prolonged illness of his mother.

NEXT door to the yellow clapboard house in Lincoln Avenue lived a man named A. T. Schuman, a physician, cultured, highly educated. He wrote verses for the pleasure it gave him. He talked with the youth from next door about how poetry is made. The talk was of versification and rhythm, of feet and cæsura, of quatrains and octaves, of ballades and sonnets, and the various classical forms. And one day, as a kind of exercise, the young man wrote a poem in the ballade form, which he dedicated to his friend the physician. "Ballade of Broken Flutes" is what he called it. Here it is. You will enjoy reading it:

In dreams I crossed a barren land,
A land of ruin, far away;
Around me hung on every hand
A deathful stillness of decay;
And silent, as in bleak dismay
That song should thus forsaken be,
On that forgotten ground there lay
The broken flutes of Arcady.

The forest that was all so grand
When pipes and tabors had their sway,
Stood leafless now, a ghostly band
Of skeletons in cold array.
A lonely surge of ancient spray
Told of an unforgetful sea,
But iron blows had hushed for aye
The broken flutes of Arcady.

No more by summer breezes fanned,
The place was desolate and gray;
But still my dream was to command
New life into that shrunken clay.
I tried it. And you scan to-day,
With uncommiserating glee,
The songs of one who strove to play
The broken flutes of Arcady.

ENVOY

So, Rock, I join the common fray,
To fight where Mammon may decree;
And leave to crumble as they may,
The broken flutes of Arcady.

BUT this young man had no thought of leaving the broken flutes to crumble where they lay. That was just a poet's fancy way of putting it. He wrote and wrote, poem after poem. For fifteen years, without recognition or substantial reward, never faltering, he lived in the realm of poetic thought, pursuing the quest of rhythm and rhyme and word. In all, for nearly forty years, he has applied himself to this most elusive and sensitive art, and with a fidelity and affectionate devotion that is almost unparalleled in literary history.

To-day, he is a man of fifty-eight, tall, slender, with high forehead and dark thinning hair, and quiet contemplative eyes that look through spectacles. Fame has come to him. On both sides of the Atlantic he is acclaimed as the greatest poet America has produced. More than fifteen volumes of poetry bear his name, including "Children of the Night," "Captain Craig," "The Town Down the River," "The Man Against the Sky," "The Three Taverns," "The Man Who Died Twice," "Merlin," "Launcelot," and "Tristram," (*Continued on page 76*)

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Courtesy The Macmillan Company

Edwin Arlington Robinson

"THE greatest poet America has yet produced," is a comment often made about Mr. Robinson. His most recent book, "Tristram," attracted wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic; his numerous other works, among them "Captain Craig," "The Man Against the Sky," "The Town Down the River," and "The Man Who Died Twice," are increasingly well known from year to year. In all, he has fifteen published volumes of poetry. But fame came to him reluctantly; only after years of obscurity, toil and unfailing faith did he emerge. President Roosevelt rescued the young poet from jobs that were too arduous. Mr. Robinson was born in Head Tide, Maine, in 1869. He was able to read at the age of four, became a lover of poetry when five, and has been writing since he was eleven.

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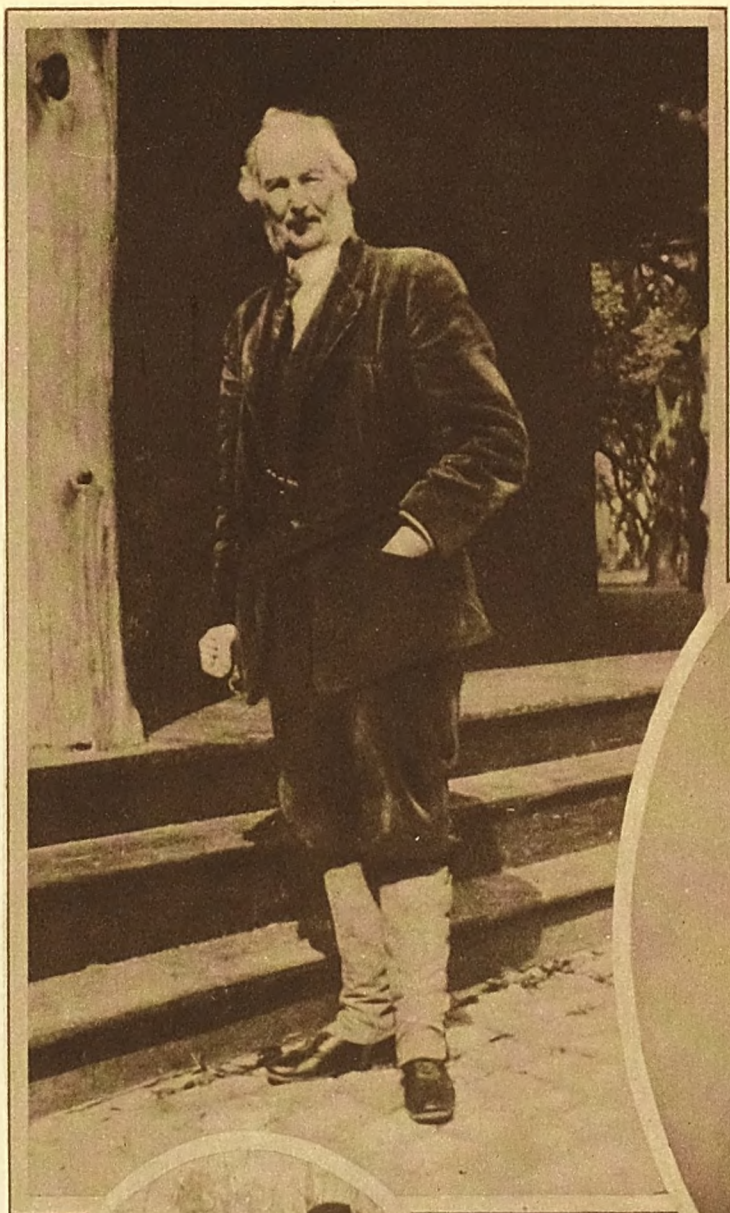
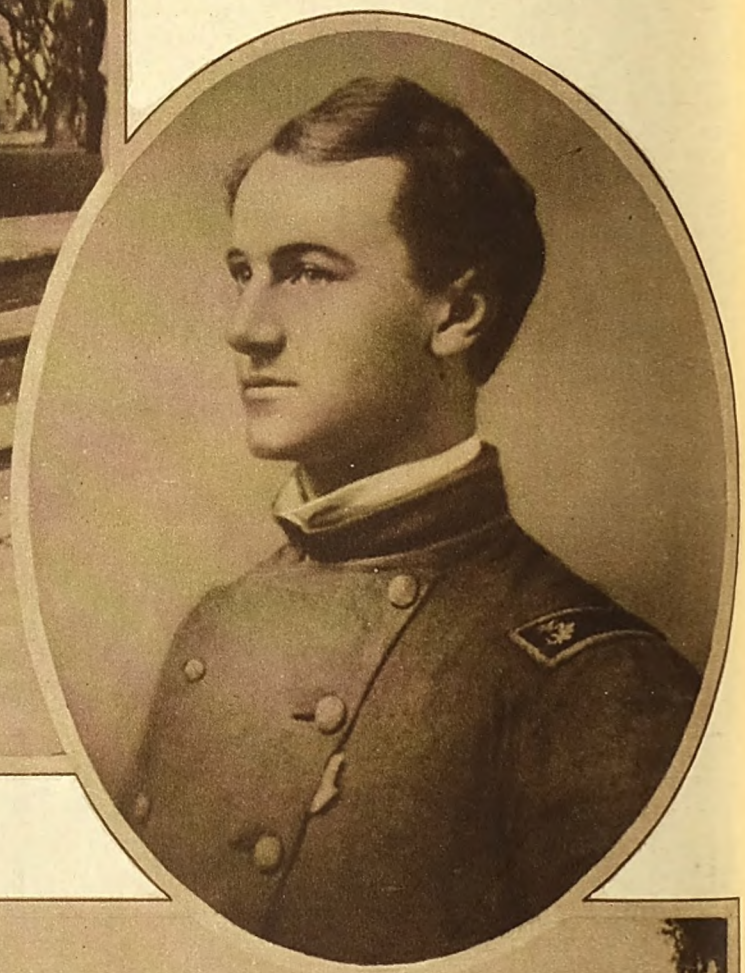


THE PICTURE below shows Henry Middleton Rutledge at the age of twenty-one, when he was a Colonel of Infantry in the Confederate States Army. His gallant feats as a leader in that war are still recounted by battlefield guides. At the left you see the Colonel as a very old man, but still erect, and dressed for a hunt. He was a hunter to the end of his days.



(Above) The Colonel giving old Peter "a leetle Chrismus."
(Right) Hampton, the Rutledge home in South Carolina since 1730, when the house was built.

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MY COLONEL

By Archibald Rutledge

THE fact that Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge was my father need not, I think, with discerning and considerate readers, convict me of immodesty in telling his story. It is not as if I were claiming anything for myself. I had nothing to do with his creation. Here was a real man, the personification of a great era in American life. Why should I not give what I know to be an authentic picture of him, one that I trust will be convincing? That he was six feet tall; that one shoulder drooped because of two wounds, one from Malvern Hill and one from Antietam; that his fine head was regal in its carriage, with its thin aquiline nose, its eyes the color of the blue early-morning sky, its strong and tender mouth, half-hidden under the white mustache; that the cast of his countenance was gentle, yet with nobility and pride and honor suffusing it softly —all these matters are in a way descriptive. But it was by behavior that I came to know the real character of this picturesque personality.

I used very often to drive in a buggy with my Colonel from his plantation on the river to the seacoast village, ten miles away, where he had his summer home. Such a journey reveals the character of one's companion.

BORN a woodsman, the Colonel, to his last day, took the keenest interest in all forms of wild life, and spoke of game birds and animals with an accuracy that is attained by observation alone, and with a gravity which gaged his feeling. He would stop to show me the very spot where, two years before, in the mist of morning, he had seen a huge stag walk across the road. He would point out to me on the sandy highway the track of a deer or of a fox, a raccoon or a wildcat.

I recall his showing me late one afternoon a broad, straight, shallow gulley that had just been made across the road. "That's the track of a diamondback rattlesnake," he said; "a lordly serpent like that never does so ignominious a thing as to wriggle. He travels straight. That's more than some men do; yet I don't consider him a proper associate for any man."

The Colonel had a certain spiritual delicacy in his appreciation of all things beautiful. This awareness of his loveliness often made him totally unconscious of the somewhat significant detail of time. A wild rose, blushing alone by the dusty roadside; a wild flag-flower, standing like a blue banner beside some woodland pool; the naïve beauty of a tiny green fern, the dream song of the parula warbler, or the wild, sweet chant of the mocking-bird—all of these waylaid his soul, deliciously ambushed him, so that, through much lingering, he was often long after dark in reaching home.

But his human contacts were most revealing. The road we traveled was a lonely one, through heavy forest; yet here and there were humble homes, standing in small fields; in some of these lived whites, in others negroes. With all of them the Colonel's relations were the same in affectionate solicitude. I recall counting one day the requisitions that were made on him by his many and importuning friends, who knew well that his buggy was always loaded with produce from the plantation.

As a matter of fact, when the ordinary planter drove by, these pinelanders paid no attention to him; but when my Colonel's old sorrel horse hove in sight, and the familiar identifying squeaks of his buggy wheels were heard in the land, work came practically to a standstill, and people walked out to their front yards and actually into the road to hail him, to wave to him, to give him commissions to the village store, and literally to rob him in friendly fashion of everything he had in his buggy. The first hold-up on this particular day came in front of the cabin of Old Ephraim, an aboriginal black, to whom the Colonel was very devoted.

Battered hat in his hand, and ancient affection in his eyes, Ephraim stood beside the buggy while the man whom he revered as his lord and master bestowed upon him his only cigar. There was also between them a little subtle badinage, that can occur, I think, only between two such old cronies. And there was a promise on the part of the Colonel to bring to Ephraim on the morrow some medicine for a vague ailment that he described as "plain worriment and misery in the back."

AT THE next house, the abode of a mendicant pinelander, a man of small means but of huge family, the Colonel stopped to inquire about little Winnie, one of the children. The other children—it seemed to me that there were scores —were eagerly draped on the staggering fence, their eyes fixed on the Colonel and on his buggy. They had seen good things come before from beneath that friendly buggy seat.

"Colonel," said the mother, a gaunt, sweet-faced woman, "Winnie ain't so good. 'Pears that she won't eat anything."

Under the buggy seat the old gentleman reached—he could always reach something for someone else!—drew forth the family pail of fresh milk, and handed it to the grateful mother, who thanked him almost tearfully. There was a small basket of peaches, too, that the Colonel had intended for his Sunday dessert; but he couldn't resist the bright appeal in the eyes of the little children. As we drove off, I overheard the mother say to herself thankfully, "That man's almost raised my children."

Farther down (*Continued on page 177*)

A Real Colonel, And a Very Real Man

THE Southern Colonel—that is, the authentic one, and not the flamboyant, flimsy creation you sometimes see on the stage or read about in books—was one of the rarest, strongest, and most fascinating types America has produced. To understand him is to understand the civilization of the Old South and, to some extent at least, the underlying history of the Civil War.

That is one reason why THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE asked Archibald Rutledge to write for you the story of his father. Another reason is that the story of Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge is so intensely interesting that it would fascinate you, even though it had no historical significance. Colonel Rutledge was a genuine Southern Colonel, genuine in character and in title. His greatness as a man did not depend upon his ability to say, "By God, sir!" in a resonant voice! He was not theatrical; he was humble. His heart was ruler of his head. He had vast capacity for loving, and so he was vastly loved by the Confederate soldiers whom he, a boy colonel of twenty-one, led so gallantly in the Civil War; and by his neighbors, both white and black. "Equality," said the Colonel, "may not be possible, but brotherhood always is."

THE EDITOR.

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ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN

"Well, for gosh sakes!" the boy repeated. "Why, in Detroit I bet there are five hundred garage men could fix that in 'n hour! . . . For gosh *sakes!*"

The Dee-troit Kid

Everybody said he was no good—not even to himself

By Harold Titus

OF COURSE he had a name. It was Roscoe, Roscoe something-or-other; but if anyone in town ever knew the rest of it that knowledge was forgotten.

He came up with Ralph Wayman, the Detroit attorney who has the big white summer home on the bluff. He was some sort of distant relative by marriage, it was said, who had been left at school age without anyone to look after him except Wayman, or any resources, except those that Wayman might see fit to offer him.

He was not in reality one of the family; nor yet was he a servant. He held an anomalous position in that large household, more like a guest-chauffeur and handy man than anything else.

The Wayman family had not been established for the summer forty-eight hours before the Kid took his first plunge into prominence. The timing gears on the attorney's car had gone wrong and the machine was coaxed into Hank Beauchamp's garage, the only garage in town, for readjustment.

Hank, methodical, honest mechanic that he was, labored throughout the forenoon on the puzzling job, putting off a half-dozen others who had minor difficulties, more, probably, because of his high pride in always going through with what he undertook than for any other reason. He was that way. He missed his dinner, and was hot and greasy and perplexed when the boy came down for the car.

"Well, for gosh sakes!" the Kid piped in his thin voice. "I thought you'd have that bus ready *hours* ago!"

Hank looked up from his stooping, spat, and gave the lad a long look. He is a man of few words but profound feelings; he is a leading citizen, with a dignified position among the rest, and as sensitive as he is honest.

"Maybe to-morrow, even," he said slowly. "But I guess I'm on the right track now."

"Well, for gosh sakes!" the boy repeated. "Why, in Detroit I bet there are five hundred garage men could fix that in 'n hour! For gosh *sakes!*"

Hank went through the motions of spitting again and his eye

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gleamed. "This ain't Detroit," he said mildly, but his dark face smoldered, and his helpers grinned at each other, and a couple of resorters who had known Hank for years smiled.

"Say, I sh'd think you'd come down to Detroit and get up to date," the Kid went on. He meant it, this was no sarcasm; he twisted his head seriously. "It ought to pay you. You could come down in winter, and I bet I could fix it up to get you a job where you'd learn enough about new motors, anyhow, so's you wouldn't get into jams like this. Now, if you was a real, first-class service man, you'd—"

The verbatim report of Hank's interruption has no place here. It was sufficient, and witnesses stated solemnly that he did not repeat a solitary oath in his rebuke, and that it lasted for minutes and minutes and *minutes!*

"And what did the Kid say then?" someone asked.

"Never turned a hair! Like water on a tin roof. He started in again, telling us all what good mechanics there are in Dee-troit, and there was nothing to do but let him get it all out of his system!"

On the following day, the roof of Nate Hosmer's house caught fire from the chimney. The boys turned out, rang the fire bell, dragged the hose cart up the street, got water going, and soused out the blaze before it did much damage. When they were hanging up hose and putting the equipment back, Wayman's ward or nephew or chauffeur, or whatever you wanted to call him, showed up, elbowing through the crowd until he was right in the center.

"For gosh sakes, is that thing all you got to fight fire with?" he piped, eying our lone hose reel, and clearly honest in his astonishment. "Why, in Detroit I bet they got five hundred engines! And every one of 'em can throw four streams of water that big around," measuring very generously indeed. "Why, for gosh sakes, if you'd turned one stream from a Detroit engine on that house, just now, it'd tore the roof off!"

Ben Wilcox, the supervisor, said, "We only *aim* to put out fires, boy!"

"Sure. I know. But . . . for gosh sakes!" He shook his head depreciatingly as he walked around our very modest apparatus.

THE boys try to make the town pleasant for summer people. They, you see, give the place its commercial life. To be sure, there are farms, back from the water, and the fishing fleet employs thirty men or more when Lake Michigan is open; but it is from the summer folks that our merchants get the bulk of their business.

Last year, the boys all chipped in and arranged to have strings of colored lights hung across the street in the one business block. It would look pretty nice, it was agreed; and when the linesmen began work a little group gathered to watch.

Before they were well started, the boy from Wayman's came down on an errand. He could not resist other people's affairs, so he joined the crowd and found out what was going on.

"For gosh sakes!" he began. "Only eight lights in a string, and only three strings? Why, you'd ought to've seen Detroit at the Elks Convention. Wood'ard Avenue was *all* lights! Clear from the river to the park, and that's further 'n from here to Mr. Wayman's. And pillars and arches all along, and all the pillars and arches covered with lights. If you're thinking of decorating a street, you'd ought to see Detroit streets at some big convention time!"

And so on. Every item of his experience in our town brought out some reference, some comparison, to Detroit, and before he had been with us a fortnight he was known from the Dune to the Flats, from the oldest native fisherman to the pertest outside flapper, as the Detroit Kid.

He was everywhere; always in the forefront of any group; always pushing himself forward physically and conversationally. The questionable rating he had in the Wayman household had not kept him, at first, from doing the things other boys of his years did. He danced and swam and played with the rest of

He watched the party flee from him. After a moment he said, to nobody in particular, "For gosh sakes! Now, take it in Detroit, folks are sort of friendly!"

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the boys and girls, and he did it with an enthusiasm which was to become, in retrospect, rather pathetic.

But after a brief time he was left out of planned activities, and when simply being left out did not keep him from joining in these diversions, he was pointedly and at times brutally told to stay away.

Once this happened at the Country Club, when three cars of young people were embarking for an expedition and the Detroit Kid, arriving just then, promptly joined them.

"Going some place?" he asked, face lighting. He climbed into a car, tucked a hamper of sandwiches between his feet, and began telling the others about the fine drives out of Detroit. He spoke into an embarrassed silence; but before he became aware of it the youth at the wheel turned and said, with flushed frankness:

"Don't think there'll be room for you this time, Detroit. You see, we've got the cars filled up."

"Oh, sure," he said, getting out. "Too bad. . . . Next time, though, eh?"

Undaunted, apparently; but he stood on the steps where a group of older people sat, and watched the party flee from him. After a moment, he said to nobody in particular, in a brooding sort of tone:

"For gosh sakes! Now, take it in Detroit, folks are sort of friendly!"

THEREAFTER, he was cut brusquely and completely and, seeming to realize that he was out of the picture so far as the summer folks were concerned, he turned to the town group. He commenced showing up at the pool-room early in the evening, and would shoot pool with our boys until closing time. He was a bad shot, rendering the impression that he had never played before.

He liked the boys, but somehow he bungled his attempt to fraternize with them. He would look at them closely, with that peculiarly shining glance which betrays a youth's ardor for another, would lose laughingly, or win—infrequently—with great glee.

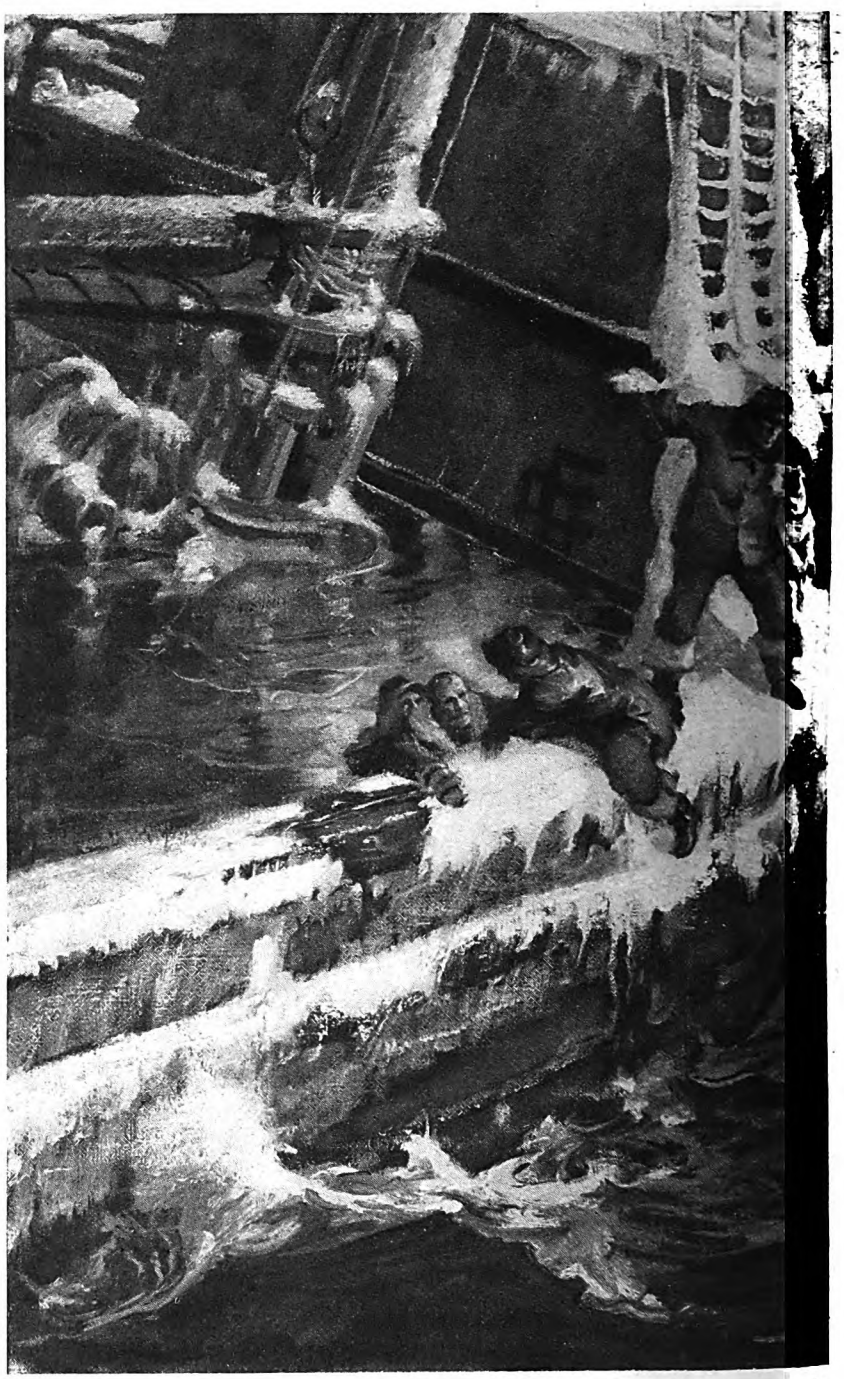
But always he was telling them about Detroit, always upholding Detroit as the last word in authority or precedent. And, because of this, he remained an outsider while among them. They wearied of him, began to make a butt of him.

He took to hanging around Larsen's boathouse, interested in the pleasure craft that Ole cared for. He was no mean handler of a motorboat, either, because Wayman had one in Detroit and he had helped about it. He was a fairly good novice mechanic, and when Ole was rushed and the Kid had nothing to keep him at Wayman's for an hour or so he would pitch in and help finish a job. But Larsen finally grew weary of his everlasting chatter, and gruffly told him to stay away.

The Kid transferred his attention to the fishing fleet after that. He would show up when the first tug home made the piers, and look at the lift, and tell the crew something or other about Detroit. He asked Ezra Graham if he might go along some day, and Ezra, always tolerant, said that he might. But evidently certain well-defined duties at Wayman's restricted his hours. He did not go on the lake with the tugs that summer.

What Wayman thought of this boy was not easily determined. He was a grumpy old duffer, anyhow, had a large family of young children, relatives galore visiting him, and kept much to his own household. He was not easy to do business with, our merchants said, and was always grumbling, so it was not taken to mean much when he was heard upbraiding the Kid. He scolded him for letting the gas supply get low in the car, for being down-town instead of mowing the lawn, for neglecting other duties, and his scoldings were not mild. Now and then he would grumble to some of us about the Kid's shortcomings.

But it was not until early September, when people began to start homeward, that we realized anything in particular was up.



We saw him knock ice from the plant his feet astride the tiller,

Wayman walked into Harding's store a day before he left.

"Harding, I'm going to leave Roscoe here as caretaker for my place this winter," he said.

"Roscoe?"

"Yeah; the boy. Detroit Kid, you call him. Got to park him somewhere; can't have him around home blabbing all the time; can't turn a rattle-headed kid like that loose in a city these days. He'll board at Larsen's, and you let him have what he needs in the way of clothes and cigarettes. Hold him down to twenty-five a month, though. If anything happens, if he gets hurt or sick, see 't he gets a doctor, and I'll make it right with you." He turned to go out, then added, "Hope he don't talk your arms off!"

THE next day the Waymans drove off, big car overflowing with them, and the Kid waved good-by from Beauchamp's garage. It was blowing in cold from the lake, and he stood there in his light knickers and thin blazer, hands in his pockets, shivering a little, after they had gone. On his face was a queer look, as if something important had happened, the proportions of which he was trying to realize.

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little iron railings so he could have hand hold; saw him even saw him stoop to yell his orders to the man at the motor

"Well, Dee-troit, hear you're going to bach it this winter," someone said. The boy only nodded, for once refusing to respond to a chance to talk. "Likely to get pretty lonesome up there all alone."

"Yup. . . . But—for gosh sakes," brightening in a forced sort of way, "if you want to know what bein' lonesome is, you'd ought to be alone in Detroit once!"

BUSY days, those of the exodus, and then it was over, with summer homes boarded up, and the town settled down for the quiet monotony of winter.

The Kid gave the boys something to talk about during those rainy days in mid-September which usually precede a wonderful Indian summer. They sat by stoves, and speculated about him and his relationship to Wayman, when he was not among them; when he was present, he became an object for open ridicule. He seemed not to mind this in the beginning. Many of the gibes appeared to pass completely over his head, and because of this the taunts became more brutal, the feeling against him stronger.

He was subject to this harassing only at evening, though. He had nothing to do at the Wayman house now, it seemed, and so he had leisure to go with the fleet.

He was out every day, usually with Ezra Graham in his stanch "Kittiwake." And for once, Ezra reported, the Kid seemed to forget his Detroit for long intervals. He liked boats, knew boats, had a sailor's sense of weather and the strategy of meeting savage water.

Of course, when the matter of lifting nets or setting dry twine occupied the crew and the day was quiet, the Kid's interest was less steadfast, and then he took occasion to tell how much more wages a man could make in Detroit with the same labor. Or he talked about the size of the General Motors building, or the wealth of Henry Ford.

THE crew grew tired of him, and used to complain about his regularity in going out; but Ezra seemed to find a sort of amusement in the boy. More, perhaps he detected something beneath the lad's verboseness, because he took pains to make the Kid happy by teaching him the handling of a boat and the whims of the lake. He even let the Detroit Kid bring the "Kittiwake" into the piers under a nor'wester.

Now, making those piers with a heavy sea running in and the river current grabbing a boat's bottom is no simple process. It means quick and accurate work. Often the wheel is too slow to permit negotiating the forty-foot channel with safety, and for that reason all the tugs in our fleet are equipped with long tillers.

These tillers lie along the little stern decks, the only exposed decking of the craft, which are otherwise snugly housed from stem aft. The tiller is not in the way for the work of setting nets, and when a sea is running the skipper can stand out on that open bit of deck, have a fine view of the channel over the housing, which hits a man standing there about breast-high, feel every move of his boat, and put his rudder hard over with a shove of a foot on the tiller, in a fraction of the time it would take to do it by spinning the wheel.

The Kid had watched Ezra run home several times, and he certainly would get wide-eyed, watching the process. Then, one day, Ezra asked him if he would like to try.

"I'll tell a man!" the Kid cried out, and clambered out of the housing to the stern.

Ezra was there, of course, in case the boy misjudged. But he did not. He caught her up as a roller attacked the quarter just when the river current gripped her, (*Continued on page 125*)

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Adventures Of A BARGAIN HUNTER

By Mildred Harrington

I HAVE bought everything from corned beef to necklaces of real pearls, for clients scattered from Alaska to Yucatan, and from Paris to Pekin. I have outfitted, literally, thousands of babies and brides, and I always have on my books quite a flock of bachelors, not to mention a sizable sprinkling of married men. Several of my masculine customers rely upon me to buy pretty nearly everything for them, even to their ties, razor blades, and winter underwear. But thus far, thank goodness, only one of them has entrusted to me the job of picking out his wife!"

The woman who made these statements to me was Mrs. Leila Leeds. For thirty years, Mrs. Leeds has been a professional shopper in New York City. That is, she makes her bread—and a little butter too—by filling orders for people who want the thrill of knowing their things come from New York, but who haven't the time, the money, or the inclination to do their New York shopping in person.

"Quite often, though," she explained, "I simply make the rounds of the stores with out-of-town clients who wish to have the advantage of my experience when they go on a shopping spree.

"There are professional shoppers, or purchasing agents," Mrs. Leeds told me, "in practically every large city in the United States but, naturally, the lion's share of them live and work in New York. At present there are about one hundred and twenty women here who give their entire time to this work. All told, we fill hundreds of thousands of orders annually, making a total volume of business that runs into more than five million dollars."

Since she began to make a business of shopping, Mrs. Leeds has come into more or less intimate contact with well over twenty thousand customers. And what she has learned about folks—their likes and dislikes, their little personal idiosyncrasies, and vanities, and their surprising capacity for giving trouble *and* joy—would make a professor of psychology sit up and take notice.

"Hundreds of patrons whom I've never seen," she proudly declared, "sign their letters to me 'Affectionately yours,' 'Devotedly,' or 'With much love,' just as if they were writing to an old friend. And indeed they are! Some of the sons and daughters of my first clients call me 'Aunt Leila.' In many instances, I bought their baby clothes and their wedding clothes, and now I am buying things for their youngsters. Is it any wonder that many of these 'children' feel like my very own?

"THERE is one family out in Minnesota who couldn't be any closer to me if they were my blood kin. I've never laid eyes on them to this day, but I helped *raise* those youngsters!

"The mother had been one of my brides. After her marriage to a Minnesota wheat farmer, she ordered things from me from time to time. Fifteen years ago, her sudden death from pneumonia left her bewildered husband with five small children on his hands, ranging in age from two months to eleven years. There were no relatives west of the Mississippi and no neighbors within miles of the big, isolated farm. The poor dazed father wrote me a long pathetic letter. 'And so, dear Mrs. Leeds,' he finished. 'you are our only hope.'

"In the face of such faith as that in an utter stranger, there was only one thing I could do: And that was to buckle down and help that man mother his family.

"At first, I sent mostly infant food and nursing bottles. Then, as winter came on, I sent clothes and books and toys to see the children through the long months when they would be snowed in. A special Santa Claus box went at Christmas. In the spring, I shipped more clothes for everybody and, in addition, a saddle and some new harness for the father of the family.

"About once in every six months, I would get a long letter from the head of the house telling me how much each child had grown, how many teeth the baby had cut, what the prospects were for a good wheat crop, and a lengthy and detailed list of the things *he* thought were needed in the household. He invariably ended with this sentence: 'Buy anything else you think we've *got* to have in order to remain civilized; but don't forget I'm no bloated New York plutocrat!' While the children were young, his bill with me usually ran between four and five hundred dollars annually. And those youngsters had pretty nice things, too.

"This went on for years.

"IN THE meantime, I was writing fairly regular letters to the little daughter, who at eleven years of age began to try to take her mother's place. I sent her simple patterns and beginners' lessons in sewing. I even sent her wholesome recipes, with which she and the Swedish woman of all work wrestled earnestly. And I wish you could have tasted the spiced grapes that child put up when she was only thirteen!

"When the children were big enough to go away to school, I chose their clothes and I helped select the schools to which they were sent. Now the eldest two girls are married to fine men and have babies of their own. And although one of them lives within easy motoring distance of a large city, and the other in a good-sized hustling Mid-

An Expert Gives You Some Shopping Hints

MRS. LEEDS has been a professional shopper for thirty years, and here are some of the first-hand maxims she has evolved from her own experience:

"If you like the first thing you see and it comes within your price limit, buy it. Nine times out of ten, further shopping will simply confuse you and make you dissatisfied.

"Cultivate one clerk in a store or department. She will soon learn your requirements in her field, and will, therefore, save your time and your temper.

"In a town of any size, each of the larger stores is likely to carry some special line in which it excels. For example, one shop may have a particularly attractive line of piece goods; another may specialize in novelties and gifts. And so on. Find out what specialties the stores in your community offer—and use your knowledge.

"Don't be too ready to buy 'bargains.' Remember that bargains are of two classes: cheap goods bought and sold at low prices in order to stimulate trade during a dull season, and regular stock which is to be sacrificed rather than carried over. Only in the latter class will you find any real bargains, and even here you will have to be careful not to load up on shop-worn goods."

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Western town, I still do their 'best' shopping for them. It might interest you to know that the eldest girl's little daughter is named Leila Leeds!"

Most people, according to Mrs. Leeds, are almost embarrassingly grateful for any little extra trouble she takes to fill an order, or to do them a special favor. Of course there are always some individuals who are inconsiderate, simply because they are thoughtless; but there are very few persons who are deliberately selfish or ungrateful.

"In all my experience," said Mrs. Leeds, "the palm for actual rudeness goes to a woman in a small town not very far from New York. Several years ago, this woman sent me a ten-dollar bill and a shopping list about a yard long. At the end of the letter which accompanied her order, she said, 'And if you have any old fashion books from which my little girl could cut paper dolls, I wish you would send those along with the other things.'

"I must have walked ten miles in filling that order. At any rate, I know that I spent the better part of a week in combing every big bargain basement in town. And, eventually, by some miracle, I found all the articles her list called for and at the prices specified. And I did not forget to include a batch of fashion books for the little girl.

"IMAGINE my chagrin several days later, when I received a chilly note from my new client informing me that she could have done much better at home. In fact, she said in so many words that I had simply wasted her money because I had been too lazy to look around. She added that when she bought through a professional shopper that she expected to get *bargains*. And she didn't even mention the fashion books which I had been at such pains to beg from my friends for her!

"But don't forget," warned Mrs. Leeds, "that this incident stands out because it is the exception to the general rule.

"Frequently, when I get home in the evening—often after my family has had dinner—some member of the household will ask sympathetically, 'Did you have a lovely day?' Sometimes I reply, 'No, but I had a *profitable* day.' At other times, I say, 'Yes, I had a lovely day, but it wasn't a very profitable one.'

"Whether or not it is profitable, Monday is nearly always a happy day for me, for it is on Mondays that I usually shop for week-end gifts. The story of how I came to be a specialist in this field records one of the tenderest and most beautiful experiences of the many that have come my way in thirty years of shopping for other folks.

"A little over a year ago, a North Carolina man wrote me a letter which ran about like this:

Last week, my wife had a birthday. It gave me quite a shock yesterday when I realized that I had let the occasion pass without even mentioning it. I just plain forgot. We have been married four years, and I love my wife far more than I did on our wedding day; but I am ashamed to say that I don't pay her a tenth of the little attentions that I used to give her as a matter of course. Why, when I was courting, I sent my girl candy and flowers every week. Now she's lucky if she gets *something for the house* at Christmas. This isn't right. I know it isn't, and I want to do something before it is too late. And, say, I have a bully plan if only you will help me put it through.

I know there won't be much in this for you; but do you think that, in making your regular rounds of the shops, you could pick up some little present for my wife and mail it in time, so that it will reach her by Friday or Saturday of every week?

I'm not a rich man, and I'm afraid I can't spare more than three dollars a week. What I want is a sort of little surprise package with something pretty inside that she can't use on the kids, or the house, or me.

Mrs. Leila Leeds

Mrs. Leeds smiled a happy little smile. Then, with the gesture of one about to share a delightful secret, she leaned forward and touched me on the arm.

"My friend from North Carolina was all wrong," she declared. "I mean when he said there would not be much in his chore for me. To be sure, there isn't much money in it; but no shopping commission I have ever undertaken has paid me bigger returns in sheer fun.

"I begin looking for week-end gifts early Monday morning, because there are often attractive 'specials' on sale that day. One week, I picked up a gay little scarf that would brighten the dullest frock, or the blackest mood. At various other times, I found a pair of dainty guest towels, a box of frivolous handkerchiefs, a tiny bottle of perfume, and so on.

"HARDLY had the first gift reached its destination when my client wrote me that his wife was simply delighted. 'She's just like a kid the way she watches for the postman,' he said. He added that she was the envy of all her friends, and that he feared he had let the husbands of his acquaintances in for a hard time of it. It is my guess that he let some of them in for the time of their lives!

"In a week or so, I received a letter from a man whom we will call Mr. Martin. He explained that he was a neighbor of my customer who had conceived the gift-a-week idea. He went on to tell me that his wife had been an invalid for twenty-two years. She was rarely ever able to leave her room. Anything to break the tedious routine of her days would be a godsend to her. Would I please put her on my list for a week-end remembrance?

"Of course I would!

"And I wish I could convey to you some notion of the thrills that can be traced to the little parcel which is delivered at the Martins' door each week. The invalid wife has the double thrill of looking forward to her 'surprise package,' and, later, of displaying its contents to all callers. The husband has the incomparable thrill of giving happiness. As for me, I experience the thrill of having a finger in a very delightful pie. And I defy anybody to tell me that shopping for other folks is a dull or thankless job!

"Half a dozen husbands now belong to my week-end club. And the other day the wife of one of them came mighty close to making *me* join the Ananias club. She telegraphed me to send her by return mail a little beaded bag exactly like the one which had been her husband's gift to her the week before. It seems that her sister was crazy for one just like it.

"Now, I knew perfectly well where there was a whole show case full of those beaded bags at a very special price; but I immediately wired back that I was unable to execute her order. I wasn't going to let that woman know that her husband had paid only two dollars and ninety-five cents for her bag.

"In the course of my long experience as a professional shopper," continued Mrs. Leeds, "I have, naturally, had some strange orders to (*Continued on page 130*)

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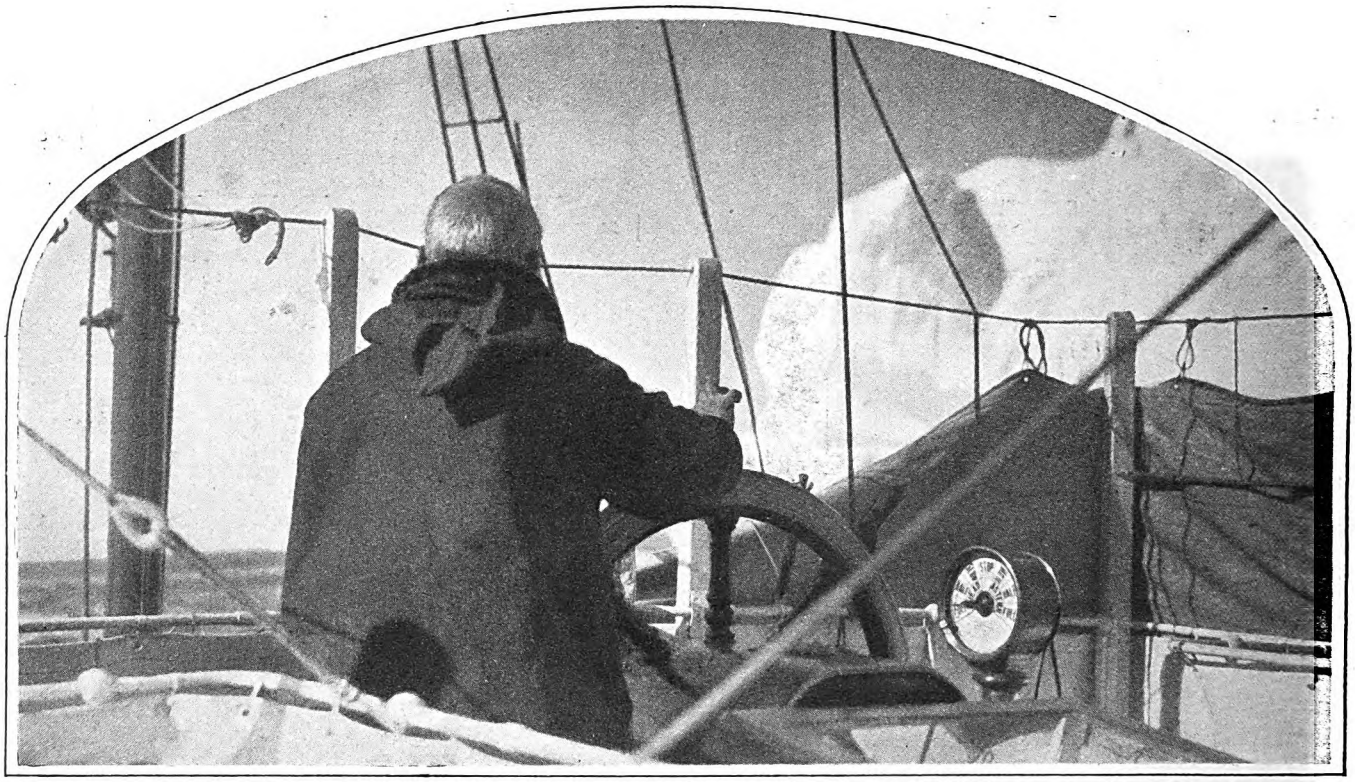

A tense moment. Sir Wilfred Grenfell at the wheel of the "Strathcona II," passing an icy visitor from Greenland. The dial of the telegraph at the right of the wheel reads "Full speed ahead"

The Labrador Doctor

By George W. Gray

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT THRELKELD-EDWARDS

A STANCH little schooner scudded before the breeze, "westward ho" out of England. Her name was "The Albert," and she was bound for that almost forgotten corner of North America known as the Labrador.

On the schooner's narrow deck, two men were absorbed in a lively game with a ball. It was the last of several that had been fielded into the sea.

As the ball disappeared over the ship's side, one of the players leaped onto the rail, and balancing himself, he shouted to the helmsman, "Tack back and pick me up." Then he dived into the sea. He had to tread water some minutes while the ship put about and finally hauled him dripping from his icy bath. But he had the ball in his pocket, and after he had made a quick change of clothes, the game went on as though there had been no interruption.

This impromptu plunge into the mid-Atlantic is only a passing incident, but to me it is a flash photograph of the character of Wilfred T. Grenfell, a young medical graduate, who was on his way again to the Labrador. There were those back home who said that he was throwing himself away, sacrificing a brilliant career, burying his talents in a frozen wilderness. "But I *like* it," he protested.

Thirty-five years have passed since "The Albert" carried Doctor Grenfell across the sea to become the only physician on the Labrador coast. They are crowded years, full of deeds of daring and of loving kindness. One can hardly speak of the Labrador as crowded, but there are people scattered all down that rocky coast who proudly tell that they owe their lives to the skill and heroism of the knightly doctor. Many a time he has risked death as he plunged into the blizzard with his medical kit lashed behind a team of dogs, or into the teeth of a Straits gale with his hospital ship. But usually he emerged from the plunge with the ball in his pocket, if I may so paraphrase the Doctor's innumerable victories over disease, accident, poverty and ignorance.

FAR from throwing his career away and burying his talents, Doctor Grenfell has become a world figure. Without a doubt, he is the most widely-known missionary in the world. Hundreds of thousands of people know of Labrador only because of his work there.

Doctor Grenfell's earliest ambition, he told me, was to be a tiger hunter.

Perhaps this was not an unnatural choice of a career, for many of Doctor Grenfell's ancestors won fame as fighters. His grandfather was a celebrated campaigner in India during the days of the Mutiny; an uncle was in command at the siege of Lucknow; and there were numerous other kinsmen in India, who sent home tiger skins, elephant tusks, and other jungle trophies to whet the ambition of a small boy. His father's brother was a captain in the navy; another a distinguished professor at Oxford; and Grenfell's father was head master of Mostyn Hall School, a famous boys' school in Cheshire.

In this school Wilfred Grenfell and his two brothers received their early education, which included daily participation in sports and athletics. As a boy, ranging the shores and marshes of his native River Dee, he learned to live by his rod and gun; and he could out-swim, out-row, and out-box most of his fellows. He learned to skin, cure, and stuff the hides of animals and birds, and accumulated a proud natural history collection. He and his elder brother built their own boat. Indeed, before he was out of his teens, Wilfred Grenfell was quite as much at home on water as on land. If he had been intended for the Labrador life from babyhood, he could not have been given better preparation for it.

"I was eighteen years old and had not decided what to do in life," said Doctor Grenfell. "In fact, I had not even thought of it until the question was put by my father one day. A much-traveled friend from India happened along at this time,

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and I was sent to consult her as a competent adviser. She relieved me of any idea that I could support myself by tiger hunting; but her advice that I become a clergyman did not seem to offer sufficient counter-attraction.

"ONE afternoon, however, I dropped in at the office of our family physician, and he chanced to show me something that did attract me tremendously, a human brain.

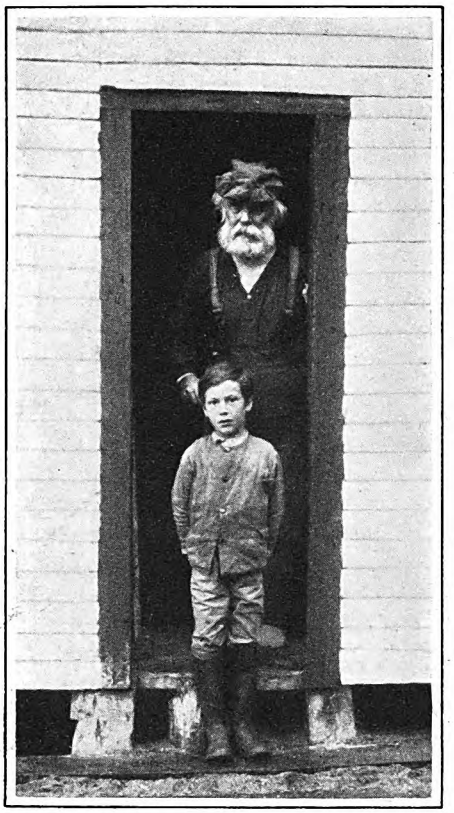
"It was kept in a jar of preservative. The sight of it simply thrilled me. To think that this odd puckered thing was the machine that controlled a man's body! That it could make the difference between an idiot and a genius! It stirred my imagination. I immediately decided to become a physician."

Within a few months the young man enrolled in the London Hospital and University, and subsequently finished his course with two terms at Oxford. During his second year in medical school an incident occurred which to Doctor Grenfell was a turning point. His interest in what later developed into the Labrador mission began in this episode.

"I was returning from an out-patient case one night, and chanced to pass a large tent in which a religious meeting was being held," explained Doctor Grenfell. "I turned in to see what it was like, only to find that a tiresome bore was praying a long oration to the Lord. I reached for my hat and was starting to leave, when the leader of the meeting arose and called out in a bluff, honest voice, 'Now, while our brother is finishing his prayer, let us sing a hymn.'

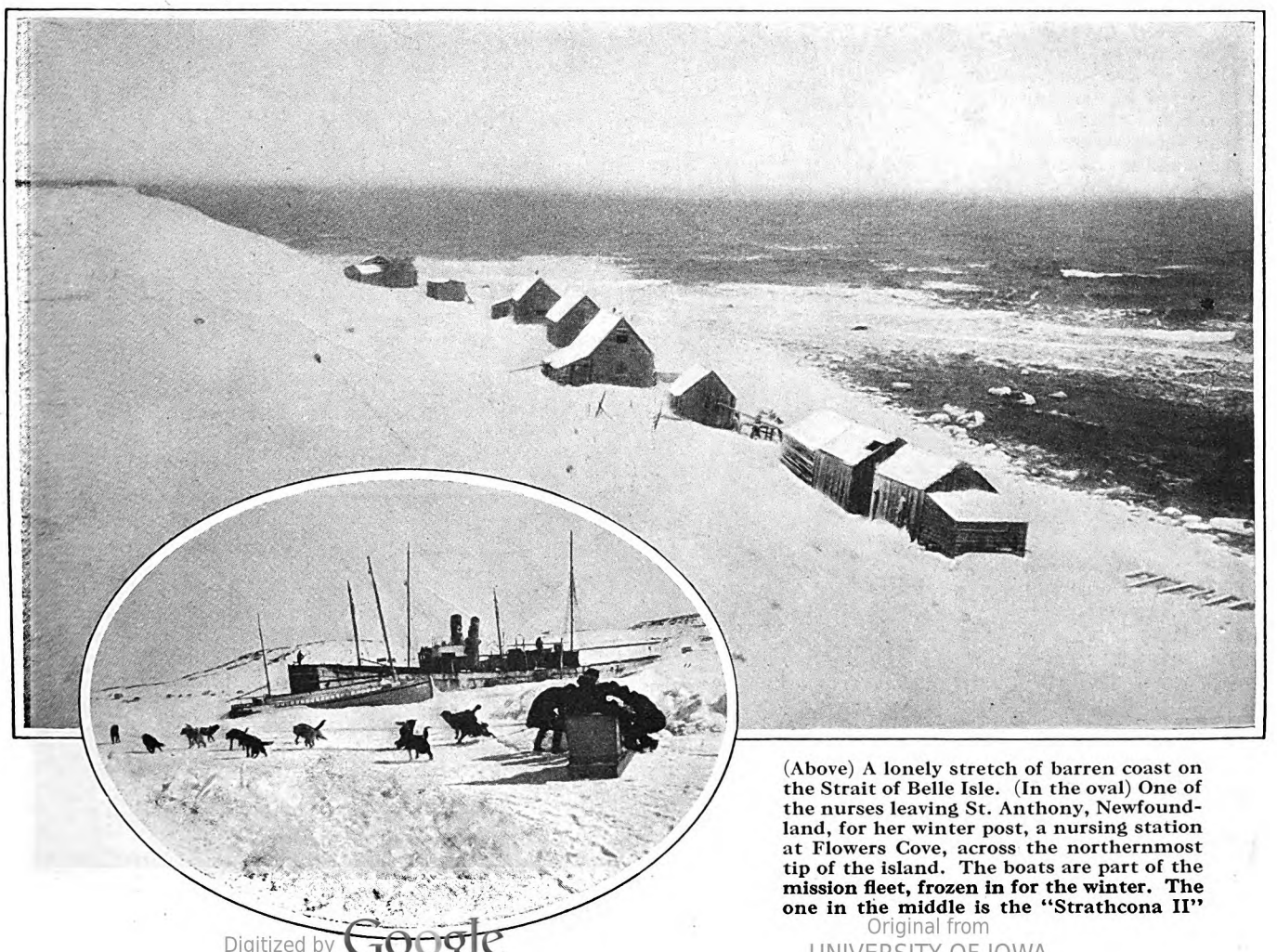
"That was refreshing, and I sat down, smiling. I did not know the name of the leader. Afterward, I learned that he was Dwight L. Moody, the American evangelist, who was then visiting England. His practical good sense appealed to me so directly that I stayed the meeting through, and it made a profound impression on me.

"I was a communicant in the Episcopal Church, in which I had been reared, but was hardly more than a nominal church member. Moody showed me that underneath the externals of Christianity there was a call to do something personally. Religion was perfunctory because it was too soft, too easy. I resolved to make my religion a mode of life rather than merely a bundle of beliefs, and when I left the tent that night it was with the determination to do the things that I thought Christ would do if he were a doctor in my place."



Ninety-seven and twelve. Uncle Jim Castles, of Jackson's Arm, a cod-fisherman for three quarters of a century, and one of the youngsters who never tire of Uncle Jim's stories about Doctor "Granfield"

GRENFELL was not a doctor yet, only a medical student in his second year; but this resolution led to his undertaking mission work in a dismal section of London. He was still active in athletics, and alternated university football with leading boys' clubs, teaching in a slum Sunday-school and doctoring among the poor. Finally, he received his medical degree, and almost immediately came



(Above) A lonely stretch of barren coast on the Strait of Belle Isle. (In the oval) One of the nurses leaving St. Anthony, Newfoundland, for her winter post, a nursing station at Flowers Cove, across the northernmost tip of the island. The boats are part of the mission fleet, frozen in for the winter. The one in the middle is the "Strathcona II"

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(Above) Sir Wilfred Grenfell with Miss Pressley-Smith, director of the Industrial Department, St. Anthony Hospital, examining one of the toys made by disabled patients as part of their cure. The toy represents a dog team, with sled and driver

an opportunity to go with a little mission sloop which ministered to the deep-sea fishermen off the east coast of England.

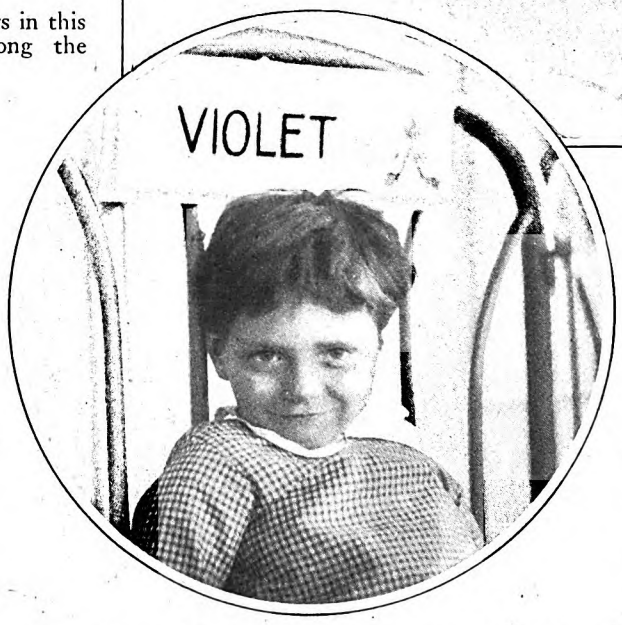
He spent five years in this work, cruising among the hundreds of smacks that trawled and seined the shallow North Sea, healing the fishermen's cuts, setting their broken bones, bringing reading matter and tobacco, leading prayers, and in a hundred ways befriending them.

But in 1891 one of his co-workers returned from Canada, bringing news of the Labrador fishermen. On the whole coast of six hundred miles, there was no physician, no nurse, not even a druggist. The population was mostly Anglo-Saxon, the same stock that had settled the American Colonies. The question was put to Doctor Grenfell, would he consider crossing the Atlantic with a view to introducing among these people the same kind of work that he had established so successfully at home?

"Yes," he answered promptly.

"It was exactly the kind of venture to appeal to my type of mind, and I jumped at it," he explained. "That winter of preparation was great fun. I supervised the remodeling of 'The Albert' to make her more suitable for hospital work, and we put an extra sheathing on her forward hull as a protection against ice. In early June of 1892 we set sail."

Seventeen days later, "The Albert" touched Newfoundland, and after a brief stay sailed north with a native pilot at the wheel. She arrived three days later at the harbor of Domino Run, on the Labrador coast, where the main fishing fleet was anchored.



(Above) A jolly group from the children's home at St. Anthony, enjoying their romp in a two-story snowdrift. (In the circle) Alice, a little shy, but proud to have her picture taken in the "Violet" bed. The children's beds in the hospital are provided with flower nameplates, to the great delight of the little patients

"Our unexpected arrival created excitement among the schooners," said Doctor Grenfell. "Every masthead ran up a flag of greeting, boats put out hurriedly, and soon we were surrounded by bobbing dories whose occupants wanted to know who we were and why we had come. When it was explained that I was a doctor and at their service—well, there was a rush of cases all day, children as well as grown-ups, for many fishermen take their families along on their summer voyages 'down north.'

"Late that afternoon, I noticed a forlorn figure sitting motionless in a small boat just off our bow. As I stood at the rail looking down, he called up in a hesitant manner: 'Be you a real doctor? Us hasn't got no money, but there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and look at him.'

"I went at once, and he led me to a poor hut. Inside, a man lay in a wooden bunk desperately ill of pneumonia. A woman was giving him cold water from a teaspoon. Six children huddled in a corner. The hut was paved with pebbles, its mud walls reeked dampness, and the only furniture was a stove and the built-in bunks.

"I gave what treatment I could; but any treatment under those circumstances could be only temporary. A pneumonia case in that miserable hovel seemed foredoomed. Beyond the man was the plight of the big family for which he was the bread-winner.

"I thought of this pitiable case every day as I sailed on along the coast, though heaven knows there were plenty of other cases cropping up continually.

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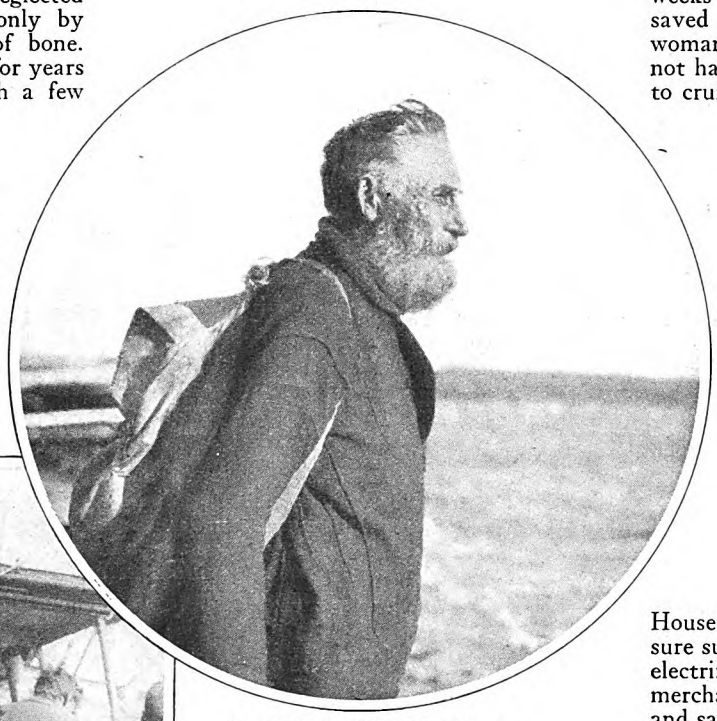
"There was, for example, the poor fellow who had fired a cannon to salute an incoming ship, and blew his two hands off in the premature explosion of the charge. He died of blood poisoning, which need not have developed if he had received proper treatment. A youth came on deck with a lopsided face, grotesquely deformed from the effect of a neglected tooth, which I could remove only by digging into the new growth of bone. Another man had been crippled for years by an ingrowing toe nail, which a few minutes' surgery relieved.

"I CAN never forget my first operation in Labrador. The patient was a large woman who had a tumor on her leg. I told her it could be removed by a simple operation, and that she would feel no pain under the ether. But she shook her head in solemn protest against the anesthetic. 'If the blessed Lord sends pain, us has got to bear it,' she said. When the time came, she appeared accompanied by five husky fishermen. 'I bring these men to set on me, Doctor, and hold me down, so's you won't have to give no ether.' We proceeded accordingly, the operation was successful, and the patient recovered.

"There were many scruples like this in our early years in Labrador. The people are deeply religious, and anything suggesting an evasion of divine providence is regarded as sinful. Eventually, we got them to accept the idea that chloroform is a blessing from God, and now there is no longer any conscientious objection to its use."

Doctor Grenfell treated nine hundred patients on this first cruise, working far north among the tiny Eskimo settlements that face toward Greenland.



A postman of the Far North

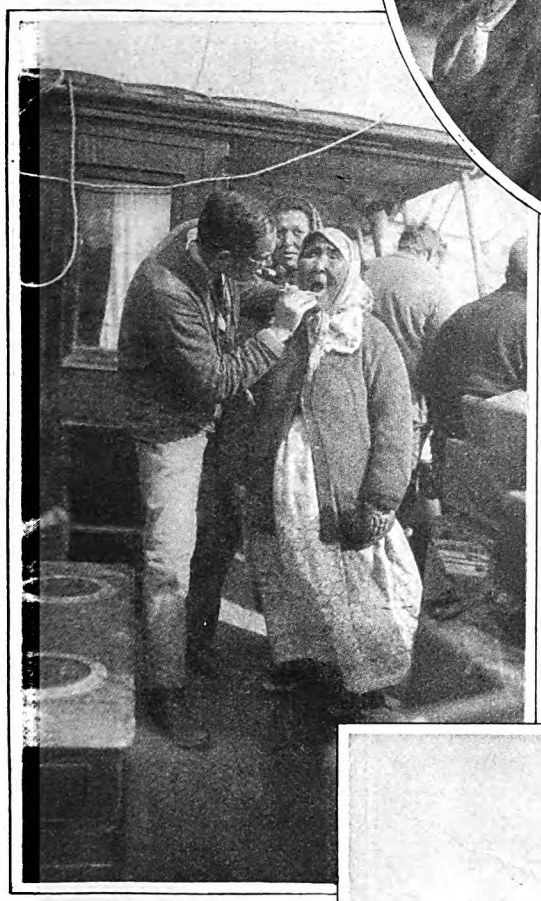
One morning in October, he came on deck to find an added crispness in the air. The water line of "The Albert" was marked with a ridge of glistening ice. It was the Arctic's warning that winter was at hand, summer had gone, and ships had better be getting along, too.

He stopped again at Domino Run, remembering the pneumonia patient. There was a new grave, and in the hut a widow and six orphans faced the long winter.

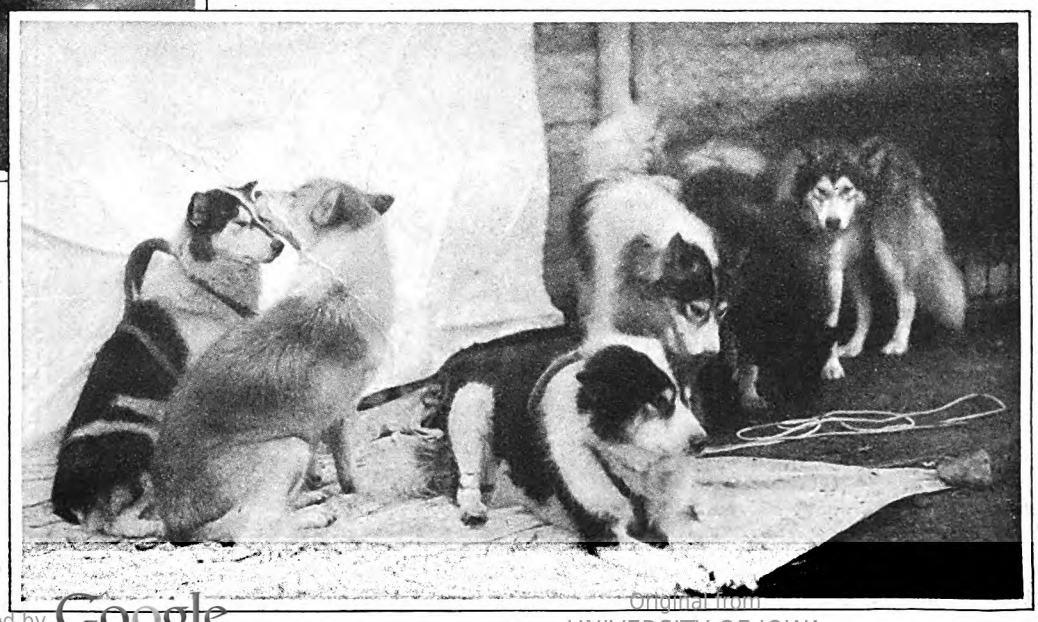
The Doctor was haunted by this case. It seemed to epitomize the whole Labrador problem. He felt that a few weeks in a hospital might have saved this life, and then this woman and these children would not have been left alone. Merely to cruise among the fishing fleets and villages, he saw, would only touch the edge of the job he had tackled. There must be permanent stations, and, first of all, a hospital.

A FEW days later "The Albert" drew into the harbor of St. John's, the capital city of Newfoundland, under which Labrador is governed. News of the Doctor's work had preceded him, and the harbor craft whistled and tooted and waved enthusiastic welcome. The governor called a meeting at Government House to express thanks and assure support, and the meeting was electrified when one of the biggest merchants in the province arose, and said that his firm stood ready to present a building on the coast for use as—a hospital.

"That sealed the venture," said Doctor Grenfell, "and I decided forthwith to return next year and establish the mission on a permanent basis, with a real hospital at Battle Harbor. Before winter was over, a cablegram announced that another mercantile firm had provided a second hospital, at Indian Harbor, two hundred miles farther north. As both places were anchorages for the fishing fleets, they seemed well (*Continued on page 102*)



"Say 'Ah'!" Dr. Carl Eberbach, medical assistant to Doctor Grenfell, examining a patient at an informal clinic. (Below) One of the best dog teams on the coast. The light-colored dog is Brandy, the king of the pen



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If You Want To Slow A Man Down Try Bawling Him Out

"That method," says the head of the Graybar Electric Company, "is guaranteed to put a man in a frame of mind that will prevent his doing any really good work for several weeks!"

By Helen Christine Bennett

DID you actually polish up the handle of the big front door?" I demanded.

Albert L. Salt, president of the Graybar Electric Company, looked startled.

"No; it was the bell," he countered quickly. "It couldn't have been the handle, because it was an old-fashioned one of black iron. I dusted that every morning—but *how* I polished the bell!

"I suppose in some ways I do resemble the lad in Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Pinafore' who 'polished up the handle of the big front door.' Someone liberally misquoted that song for me once."

With a smile Mr. Salt recited:

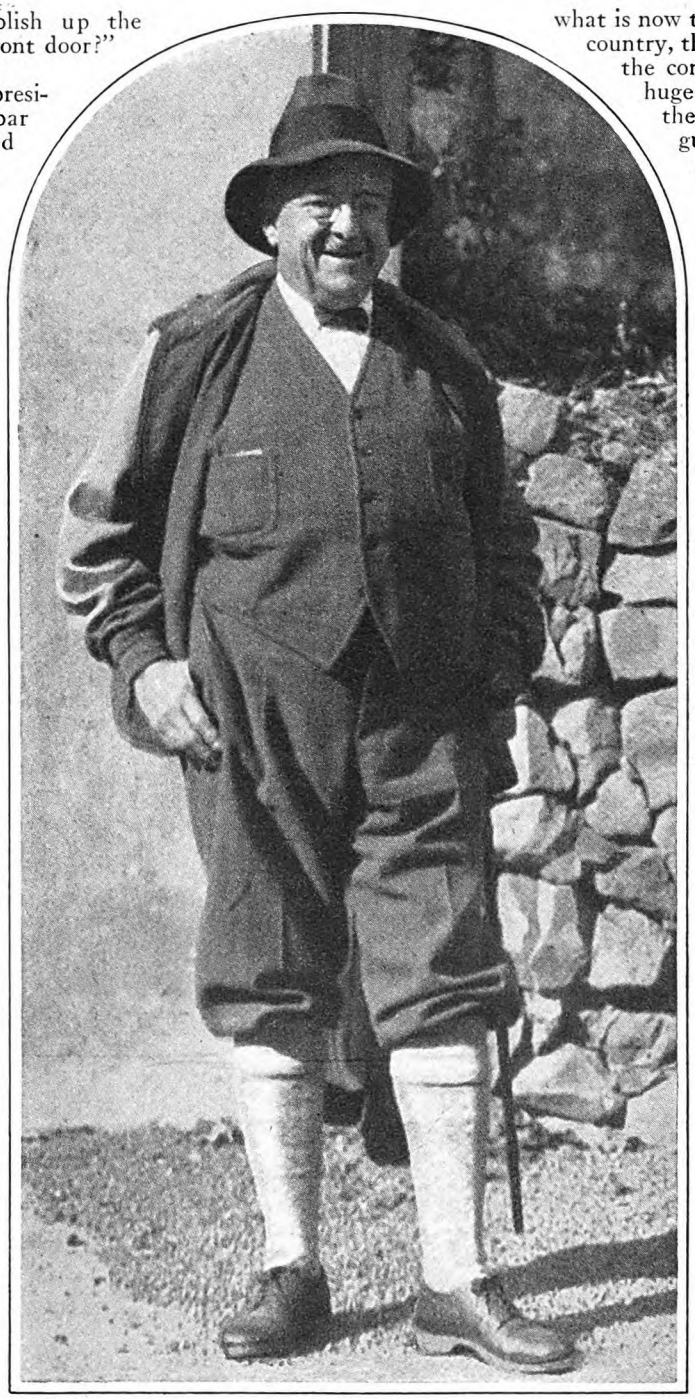
"When I was a boy I served a term
As office boy for an electric firm.
I washed the windows, and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the bell upon the big front door.
I polished up that door bell so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the company.

"I'm not the 'ruler' of the company I started with, but, with this discrepancy, I'm bound to admit that the jingle almost fits the facts." He laughed the happy laugh of a man who has worked his way up and who feels that the fight was squarely won. Although Salt has taken work seriously, he has enjoyed it hugely, and he finds plenty of fun in each day as it comes.

"You've traveled a long way," I suggested.

"Yes," he replied; "it's forty-seven years since I first polished that bell on the door of the office salesroom of the Western Electric Company just behind Old Trinity Church. And I've been here," indicating the spacious room in which we sat, "only a few months."

We were in the heart of the new financial district of New York, on the fifteenth floor of what is now the largest office building in the country, the Graybar Building, named for the company which Salt heads. The huge new building is a feature of the city eagerly pointed out by the guides of the tourist buses. Located between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets on Lexington Avenue, it stands directly above the tracks of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads. By a marvel of engineering, the thirty stories that rise boldly to the skies spring not from a foundation cellar but are supported by steel stilts sunk deep into the rock of Manhattan, and these are sheathed with rubber coverings which act as shock absorbers.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Albert Lincoln Salt is president of the Graybar Electric Company, a huge buying and selling organization formed to take over the supply business of the Western Electric Company

Two years ago, when Mr. Salt was elected president of the newly created Graybar Electric Company, this building was projected, but not assured. He conferred with the builders, and was convinced that the plans were sound from every standpoint. He foresaw that the unique character of the building would bring it widespread publicity.

THE Graybar Electric Company had been created to take over the supply business of the Western Electric Company, which is the largest maker of telephone equipment and electrical devices in the world. Bereft of the support of the name of the parent company, the new organization needed to make itself known. Salt reasoned that if the name "Graybar" could be borne by the largest office building in the world, the new company would gain immediate prestige. He went to the men who were backing the Graybar Company, and proposed that they locate in the new building, and take a financial interest in its construction.

The Graybar Company, however, had just taken a ten-year lease on its quarters,

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which would have to be disposed of. Moreover, the proposed plans were still speculative; nothing like this building had ever been attempted on this scale. It took all Salt's selling ability to get the backers of the company to the point of consent. But he won out in the end. Immediately, Salt started to utilize the prestige he had gained. Long before the building was complete, people all over the country knew that it was coming. When finally, in the spring of 1927, the company moved to the acre of office it occupies, his foresight had been justified. The name of the new company, coupled with that of the building, was known far and wide.

IN ALL of his forty-seven years of work, Salt has been connected with electrical equipment. The Graybar Company buys and sells almost every conceivable device used in electric lighting or electric power service—wiring, bulbs, machines small and large. It maintains sixty-five warehouses and sales stations in twenty-eight states, and its wares are distributed throughout the entire country. Last year it bought and sold over seventy million dollars' worth of products. It is frankly and unashamedly an efficient and energetic middleman, and Salt glories in the title.

"Within the past ten years," he said, "everybody seems to have had a shillalah out for the Distributor, and used it whenever he could, with the result that hammering the Jobber or the Distributor, loosely termed the Middleman, with little or no thought regarding the economic function he performs, has become a great national pastime. We maintain that the efficient distributor saves money for the manufacturer and for the ultimate consumer, by reducing the cost of merchandise."

In that belief Salt has organized the Graybar Company as a great buying and selling organization, extending to manufacturers the possibilities of reduction of a sales force to a minimum, extending to retailers the comparative knowledge that concentration of sixty thousand items in one catalogue must bring.

When anyone asks Salt why he has succeeded to the post of the presidency of the Graybar Company, he replies:

"I guess it's because I got started right and gave everything I had for forty-five years before I got here."

I passed that question along to Mr. H. B. Thayer, chairman of the board of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who has known and worked with Salt for forty-five years.

He said, "I'd put it this way: Albert Salt was the best office boy we ever had, the best clerk we ever had, the best salesman we ever had, the best purchasing agent we ever had, and he never knew when the whistle blew."

That, in a nutshell, epitomizes Salt's progress. In every position he has occupied he was the best, not because of exceptional and startling brilliancy, not because of a particular gift in any one direction, but because he did his job well and was no "clock-watcher."

If he has a gift that is God-given, it is his ability to make friends. From the days when he traveled over the country visiting telephone companies and electricians in the hope of selling them new apparatus, to the present, when he sits in his luxurious office in the biggest office building in the country, he has continued to make and hold friends.

Now, even God-given gifts need human direction, so I asked Mr. Salt how he managed to win so many friends.

He looked at me a bit quizzically. "Perhaps," he said, "you in your work have had experience with the man who agrees readily to do something, and then puts it off and puts it off, maybe never to do it at all. Well, I made up my mind that I would not be that kind of fellow. When I'm asked to do something, I either say I *can* or I *can't* do it. And if I can do it, I do it then and there, without waiting. If a man, for instance, wants an introduction to someone, I take up the 'phone and make the introduction. I do what is asked when it is asked."

I had already sensed that. I had asked for an interview while Salt was on vacation, fishing in Maine; I got the interview on the day he returned to his office. It was my first experience in seeing the head of a great corporation directly upon his return from a vacation. Salt arrived at his office that morning, cleared his desk, and was talking with me at two in the afternoon.

"Will you tell me something of the days when you polished up the bell?" I asked.

"I'll begin at the beginning," he agreed. With a memory for complete detail that was in itself a revelation, he talked freely of himself and his work. Salt talks readily, giving his attention to what he is saying; but he is without dramatic flourishes. He commands a fine vocabulary and his words are carefully fitted to express his exact meaning. But as you read this narrative you will soon become conscious of two facts: first, Salt remembers the name—middle initials and all—of practically every person with whom he has worked from his school days; and, second, he mentions with profound gratitude everyone who has at any time stretched forth a helping hand.

I am not going to try to describe Salt. He looks, I may say, exactly like his picture. But after he has talked for a few minutes you don't know what he looks like. He has effaced himself, and is entirely absorbed by the matter in hand.

"IT WAS back in July of '81," he said, "that I began. I had just finished a course in Grammar School Number One, in Brooklyn. My principal, Charles R. Abbott, and my teachers, Miss Tracy, Miss Ostrander and Miss Hyde, had done their best for me. The family had decided that I was to become a minister. I hadn't given much thought to the matter. In the summer, I usually went out to a cousin's place on Long Island, and I was looking forward to a vacation. A friend of mine told me that the branch office of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company on New Church Street was looking for an office boy. Work was a new idea, but it had an attractive sound and I discussed the matter with my parents. I was fifteen years old at this time but I was considered only a child, and Father and Mother, and Grandfather and Grandmother, who lived with us, all took the affair to heart and gave it serious consideration. They argued that I didn't even know the streets in New York, which was true; but I couldn't see what harm it would do to try, and I persuaded them to let me apply for the job. My grandfather, who was an architect, and a person of distinction, even traveled to New York to see that the job was all right. You can see that I was anything but an independent character when I started.

"I named my own salary. That is, I was led to think that I had. When I was asked what wages I expected, I said:

"'Four dollars a week.'

"Mr. F. R. Welles, who was manager of the branch office, and to whom I had applied, shook his head.

"'Why, Albert,' he said, 'that is preposterous! I never heard of a boy getting more than two.'

"If I had been a little wiser I might have suspected that he was kidding me, but I replied seriously:

"'I don't see, sir, how I can possibly get along with less than four.'

"He apparently yielded.

"'Well, all right,' he said with heartiness; 'we'll try it.'

"A GREEN office boy is meat and drink to any office, and I was very green. I reported to Mr. W. P. Cleaver, the chief clerk, and listened in some confusion to his explanation of my duties. It seemed I was to be a little of everything. I was to keep his and the other desks and the show cases in first-class order. I was to polish the bells, not only the one on the front door, but those on the sample boards of electric bells and annunciators. I also became a manufacturer of ink compounded of lampblack and castor oil, for Edison's electric pen. After I had been in the office only a few hours Mr. Cleaver called me.

"'Albert,' he said, 'do you know what bills of lading are?'

"'Yes, sir,' I said.

"'Well,' he replied, 'here are a few receipts. I want you to go to the companies named and take out bills of lading in triplicate for them, one for every receipt.'

"I took the pile. There were twenty of them. I went away to a remote corner and sat there, wondering how on earth I was going to accomplish the task. I hardly knew a street in Manhattan. But I sorted out the receipts as well as I could, took my cap and started. I decided to ask my way as I went. How I hustled! Some of the distances between the companies were long; but I took the street car and paid my fare out of my own pocket. I got the twenty bills of lading, and at the end of the day returned them to Mr. Cleaver. When I handed them over, he said:

"'Well, of all the— How many are here?'

"'Why, all of them,' I replied.

"His eyes opened and his mouth too.

"'All of them?' he said. 'Why, it's impossible; you couldn't possibly.' He was running them over as he spoke, and he found them all there.

"'How,' he demanded, 'did you do it?' I told him how. I said that I had paid my car fare and rushed from one place to another to make time. He listened with his eyes popping, then he told me it was all right, and I went away. But not before I heard him say to one of the clerks:

"'Well, of all the— Say, we never had anyone 'round here like this before!'

"Napoleon, Cæsar, and the President of the United (*Continued on page 191*)

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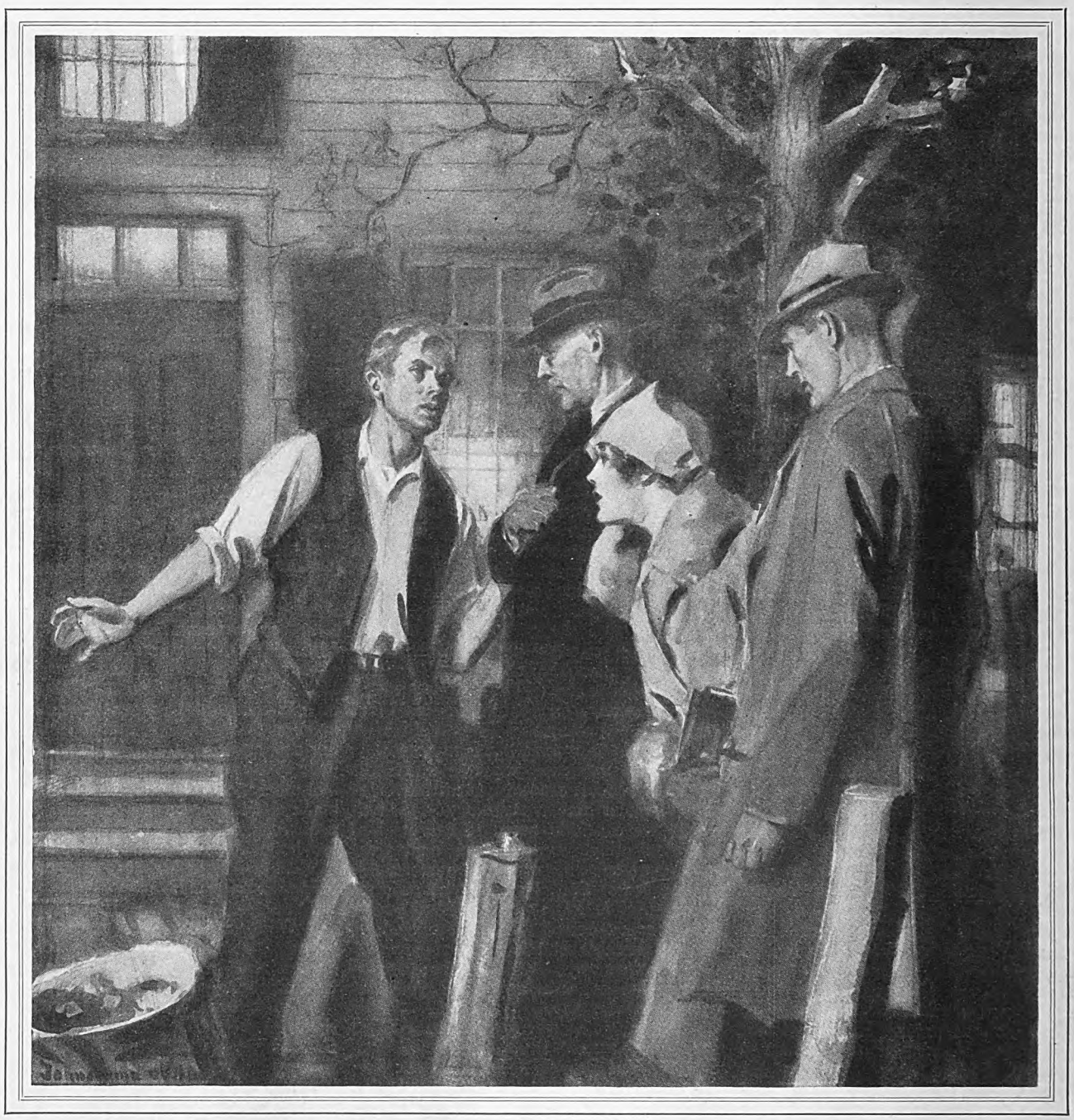

"I don't think she'll need no nurse, lady," he said, anxiously. "She's got her mother there"

THIS ROAD IS CLOSED

A Love Story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

OAK STREET runs east and west, so that the sun walks down it. A tranquil and pleasant suburban street, it is; nothing has ever happened there. Nothing but birth and death, delight and anguish, victory and defeat, things no more remarkable than the rising of the sun. And nothing happened this day. It was a riotous May morning; a rough little wind was blowing; the sun was up in the bright sky; an enchanting morning, but not one to trust, for sudden clouds drove by, like frowns, and there was a bite in that frolic wind.

Three persons went out of three separate houses on Oak Street that morning. They came back, only a little later than their usual hour, and they would have said, each one of them, that nothing had happened, except that they had come home a new way.

Yet perhaps there is no adventure so strange or so moving as that—to come, by a new way, back to the familiar home, the dear and well-known face. Perhaps nothing in the world is so wonderful as old things, seen by a new light.

In the neat white cottage at the end of the street where the sun came up, Jess was down on her knees among the regiment of boxes in her mother's closet. There was nothing for it but to open each one; here was an old, dusty velvet hat of her own; here, in another box, was a ridiculous little jet bonnet; another box was filled with streaked and faded artificial flowers and bits of old ribbon.

The door swung closed on her heels, and she pushed it back with a crash.

"Can't you remember where you put them, Mother?" she asked, with a sort of desperate patience.

"I'm sure I didn't put them in there, dear," said Mrs. Rivers anxiously. "I was

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so sure I'd put them in your top drawer."

"You always do put things in here," said Jess, sighing. "All this rubbish that no one will ever want—of course things get lost. I wish you wouldn't bother any more, Mother. Just leave my things; I can do them when I get home."

She was sorry to say that; she knew it hurt.

"I can't help it!" she thought. "I've got to look decent for the office, and I haven't time for this eternal hunting for every little thing. I really don't see why Mother can't just wash out a few stockings and iron a few handkerchiefs, without mislaying them."

"I can lend you a *nice* handkerchief, dear," said Mrs. Rivers.

"No, thanks. I want my green linen one. Do please, Mother, try to think where you put it!"

Mrs. Rivers sat down on a chair against the wall, and shut her eyes, a look of sternest concentration on her thin face.

"But she's not concentrating," thought Jess. "She can't. Her mind's so undisciplined."

Not for anything in the world would she have said such a thing aloud, though. Crossing the room, she put her arm about her mother's frail shoulders.

"Never mind, darling!" she said. "I can stop and buy a hanky."

Mrs. Rivers looked up into her child's face. Jess was smiling, and she smiled too. But, in her heart, "I'm a muddle-headed old idiot!" she thought. "I'm always forgetting things. I'm old and stupid—and useless."

But she would not say that, to hurt her dear child. They smiled at each other, Jess resolutely stifling any feeling of desperation, Mrs. Rivers gallantly bent upon hiding the fact that she was so old and tired.

"Mercy!" she cried, jumping up. "There's the coffee boiling over!"

THE percolator had boiled over and put out the gas, and the outside of the pot was covered with trickles of liquid and grounds. Jess did so hate anything like that. In haste, Mrs. Rivers took up a cloth to clean it, but the cloth was torn, and her hand came against the hot metal. It hurt horribly.

Mrs. Rivers had no time to be hurt, however. She wound the cloth about her burnt fingers and went on; it was late, and she did so want Jess to start off with a good breakfast. There was a pan of nice little egg muffins in the oven; but she could not get the oven door open with her hand tied up.

"Let me help you, Mother," said Jess, coming into the kitchen with her hat and coat on. Then she noticed the tied-up hand.

"Mother! What have you done?"

"It's nothing," said Mrs. Rivers hastily. "Please sit down, dear."

"Let me see!"

"I tell you it's nothing, dear. Please begin your breakfast!"

"Let me see!" said Jess again, and her voice was stern.

"Goosey!" said Mrs. Rivers, trying to laugh.

"Mother," said Jess, "please don't be a martyr!"

"Jess," said Mrs. Rivers unsteadily; "it's not . . . nice of you to say that."

"It's not nice of you to hurt yourself and not tell me. You know that I want to take care of you."

"I don't want to be taken care of!" cried Mrs. Rivers. "I'm quite old enough to take care of myself."

SHE hadn't meant to belittle all that her dear child did for her, hadn't meant to wound. But she saw by Jess's face that she had done so.

"You see, darling," she said, taking off the clumsy bandage. "It's nothing."

But it was worse than she had realized. Jess ran up-stairs for ointment and gauze, and bound up the injury very skillfully.

"Yes, it does feel ever so much better this way!" said Mrs. Rivers.

Yet she would rather have endured twice the pain than to have seen Jess go off with her breakfast half eaten. When the door closed behind her child, she sat down at the table and stared at the untouched muffins.

"A useless, muddle-headed old woman," she said to herself.

Jess knew that her mother would be thinking something of that sort.

"Oh, dear!" she thought. "Mother's really morbidly sensitive. I can't say a word to her. Now she'll be unhappy all day long! And her poor hand. If she'd only not be so—sensitive!"

She saw by her watch that she would have to hurry for the train. And she hated to hurry, hated any sort of confusion or disorder. Such a bad beginning for a day's work!

As she hastened down the street, she saw Jack Griffith come out of his gate.

"Oh! Good morning!" said he.

"Good morning, Mr. Griffith!" said she.

That was all. He went on, ahead of her. He walked faster than she possibly could; very soon his limber, broad-shouldered figure vanished round a corner. But somehow the image of him lingered in her mind, his gray eyes, his engaging smile.

There had been a time, a few weeks ago, when young Griffith had walked to the station with her every morning. Then he had stopped, abruptly.

"It's just as well," said Jess to herself.

What could it profit a girl with her way to make in the world, and a mother to support, to walk in the spring mornings with a young fellow who was just starting in business, and could not afford to think

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

"You don't know," said he. "It might do . . . someone any amount of good if you—if you were just *there*"

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about anything but business for a long time to come? He was extravagant too, and careless and light-hearted, and a talk with him had the disastrous effect of making all the rest of the day seem gray and tiresome. Yes; it was a good thing that he walked on alone now.

But it would be better still if she never had to see him at all, and could forget his smile, his gray eyes, the things he had said, and couldn't have meant. She went on without a glance at the imposing brick house where he lived.

JOHN GRIFFITH, SENIOR, stood by the window of the dining-room in that house, waiting for the car to take him to the station. He saw his son set off on foot and he knew why the boy hadn't waited. Those bills. . . .

"Ashamed of himself!" thought Griffith. "Well, he ought to be!"

His daughter Nina was still sitting at the table, leisurely finishing her breakfast. And her tranquil, happy air was almost too much for him. Twenty-five dollars for a leather jacket! What did she want with a leather jacket, like an aviator's? Anything to waste money on, she and her brother. Bills, bills, bills! And when he remonstrated, they put on that kind, soothing manner. . . .

"Now!" he exclaimed, "there goes that girl—Miss Lake—Miss Pond—Miss Rivers—there's a girl! Earns her own living."

"She's awfully pretty," said Nina.

"Pretty? That's got nothing to do with it. She's an independent, self-respecting girl, earns her own living."

"I bet she wouldn't, if she could get someone else to do it for her."

"You've no right to say that!" said Griffith severely. "You—"

"It's true!" said Nina. "Any girl in the world would rather have a dear, generous, peevish, darling old Dads like you than go to work in an office and wear a coat three years!"

She had got up and come to his side, and put her arms about his neck. It was sweet to have her so; he loved this pretty, laughing girl of his more than he could have expressed. But he would *not* be cajoled.

"That's all very well," he said. "But that Miss Rivers—"

He remembered what he had said to his son about Miss Rivers, a few weeks ago.

"You'd better put your shoulder to the wheel, my boy, and make a man of yourself, before you go running after a fine girl like that—wasting her time. What d'you think she'd say to these bills, eh? You can't even keep yourself. Two weeks' salary for a garage bill!"

He had said a good deal more than that. He had told the boy he was no good, that he was an empty-headed, wasteful young ne'er-do-well.

Well, compared with what John Griffith had been at twenty-four, so he was. And compared with her mother, what was Nina at twenty-one? He himself had been a married man at twenty-four, living in a humble little cottage, with that brave, wonderful girl. They had been poor enough, but it had been such a gallant and hopeful sort of poverty.

He had worked, and she had helped him, had cooked and sewed and swept, and helped him most of all by just being alive, by waiting in the doorway with a smile. That smile. . . . If only she hadn't gone! He needed her so; as much now, when he was gray-haired, as when he was young. Even more. Even more. . . .

And she was dead, and he had nobody now. Only these two selfish youngsters, with their bills, their unending demands. Didn't seem possible that they were her children.

"I'm—I'm disappointed in you!" he cried. "In both of you—you'll never know what a disappointment—"

The car had come to the door.

"I've got to go now," said Griffith.

His daughter released him, and drew away. And, glancing at her, he felt a little twinge of pain. After all, she was very young—and somehow so touching, with her curly head, her warmly-colored, sunburnt face, her hurt blue eyes. Yes, she was hurt.

"There, there, my dear!" he said, and patted her shoulder, and kissed her, rather absent-mindedly, and off he went.

As he went out, the door of the small house next door burst open, and a young man came out and ran headlong down the steps.

Griffith opened his mouth as if about to speak, but changed his mind and got into his car.

"No," he said to himself. "No, better not. Clever fellow like that—"

He sighed.

"I've missed all that," he thought. "I've never met a writer. Never see anyone but business men—lawyers—downtown—both my clubs. House always full of those empty-headed youngsters—jazz—radio—so on. Fellow like that young Buller ought to be interesting. But—"

He sighed again.

"MIGHT have offered me a lift," thought young Buller, watching Griffith's car roll out of the drive. "Now I've missed my train."

Still he kept on at a tremendous pace, his face grim, as if he were bent upon escaping, running away from something.

"All right!" he said to himself. "I don't care if I do miss it. And lose my job."

Mr. Griffith's superb car had turned a corner and vanished.

"Good lord!" thought Buller. "There's that man—made a fortune out of iron castings. Iron castings! And look at me! A poor, shabby, harassed devil, running for a train—which I've certainly missed. Intelligent? I'm a fool! Enid was right. Too bad I'm *not* a carpenter."

Enid had not said that, and he knew very well that she had never thought anything of the sort. But he chose to take it that way. She had only suggested that he might try to get an earlier train home, so that he could put up some shelves in the kitchen for her.

"Sorry!" he had answered, curtly. "It's impossible."

He had had a vision of his desk, piled high with work, with proofs, with unread manuscripts, with unanswered letters. He was assistant editor of a small weekly paper with an admirable reputation; he did a good deal of desk work, and he also wrote articles on international polity and economics. He had already won a name for himself in his own field; but he certainly was not likely to win a fortune.

Enid had not realized in the least what she had done; she had looked a little startled by his curt tone.

"I just thought that possibly you could manage, Hilyard. You see, the carpenter would charge so much, and I do so want a place for those French casseroles."

He had worked late the night before; he was tired; and he was not at any time a very patient man.

"That's all you care about now!" he had cried. "The House! You used to talk. You used to be interested in books, in ideas. But now— You never think of anything but your shelves and your casseroles and your—your House!"

"Well, you see, Hilyard," she had said, in her grave, straightforward way, "I've never had a real home before."

"What of it?" he had shouted. "Who wants a 'real home,' and this—this atmosphere of dishes and pots and pans? Think how it used to be!"

A WAVE of bitterness and regret had come over him. He had remembered the old days, the gay, careless days, when Enid had lived in a studio apartment with two other girls, and he had used to go there for queer little dinners, or he and Enid would go out to some table d'hôte.

And she had been such a wonderful companion, so intelligent and earnest, so pretty in her shabby hats and old dresses. There had been so magical a glamour about those days, her face, seen by candlelight in the studio, or smiling at him across a restaurant table. . . .

"Think how it used to be!" he had cried.

Now, after six months of married life, look at her! In a gingham apron, talking about shelves for casseroles!

"I know," she had said. "But—it's such a dear little house!"

"It's not! It's a jerry-built, stereotyped, vile little house! I'd—I'd rather live in a cellar—with some sort of mental stimulation."

Then he had caught sight of the clock, and, snatching up his hat, had hurried off. And, just outside the door, he had had a sort of vision of Enid, standing there, so straight, like a forlorn little soldier who mustn't resent or explain anything. He *had* to go back.

He had caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Good-by!" he had cried angrily. "You know I love you, anyhow."

Half way down the path, he had had to go back once more.

"Enid!" he had said, "I didn't mean—I mean—"

He didn't know what he meant. He had held her tight, in a sort of despair, filled with the strangest mixture of tenderness and exasperation; they had clung to each other, silent, because their bewildered young hearts knew no words for the pain they felt. Because she was a woman and he was a man. Because they were two separate human beings, who had lived a little lifetime before ever they had met and had come together, each with a thousand qualities—prejudices, virtues, and failings, all developed. And now, after six months, they faced the truth, that she was she, and he was he; and they were *different*. And it hurt them so.

"He doesn't know!" she had thought. "I wanted so to make him happy. Oh, Hilyard! Oh, my home, my poor, darling little home!"

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"That's all you care about now!" he cried. "The House! . . . You never think of anything but your shelves and your casseroles and your—your House!"

"She doesn't understand," he had thought. "I suppose no woman ever does understand what a man's work means. I shouldn't have expected so much."

But he *had* expected so much. He had expected that life with Enid would be the gayest, most gallant adventure, a thing still touched by the glamour of candlelight. And it was not so.

He thought of that spotless little house, that was like a hundred others; he thought of Enid, whose magic was vanished now, Enid who wore a gingham apron and sang over her work in the kitchen. He didn't want that life, that brisk, humdrum, cheerful life. His heart ached for the romance that was gone, for the other life he had missed.

THE five-twenty-five from New York was late that evening. When it came into the suburban station the sun was going down; in the western sky a ribbon of gold still lingered, but the rest of the world was blank and gray. And the wind was coming up from the sea, a rough spring wind that blew a little chill into the faces of the belated passengers as they descended.

Buller was the first one up the steps, because it was his habit and his nature to hurry. When he reached the street, he glanced up and down, with a preoccupied frown on his lean face; then, turning up the collar of his shabby overcoat he set off, head down against the wind.

It had been a hard day; everything had gone wrong; he was tired and dispirited.

"If we could go out to-night," he thought, "go to some little restaurant where there'd be music. But no! Of course Enid'll have something all ready in her confounded casseroles. Never wants to go out. And I'm so *tired!* . . ."

He turned the corner he always turned, strode along the (*Continued on page 151*)

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"I'm a rich man, but—

I Need My Job As Station Agent!"

By Keene Sumner

GO WEST through Pennsylvania and, just before you leave the anthracite coal region you will come to Shamokin—accent on the second syllable, please. It is a big town and a busy one, with forty-five thousand people in the borough and its suburbs.

I have met only half a dozen persons among all these thousands. Yet if I should meet them all, I am sure I should not find another man among them as extraordinary as George J. Higgins.

He is not only unique among Shamokinites; but, so far as I have discovered, he has no parallel anywhere else.

Do you know of any man who, although he has become rich, still continues to be a railroad station agent? I doubt it—unless the man is George Higgins. He is the only one I have heard of.

It is rather odd too, that he loves his title of station agent, but that he hates to be styled a wealthy man.

"But you *are* wealthy, aren't you?" I asked.

"Well," he conceded reluctantly, "I own property worth more than a million and a half. But I don't *feel* like a rich man, I don't *act* like one, and I don't want to be called one!"

"Still," I persisted, "you're glad that you *are* one?"

"Sure I am! But I have less pride and pleasure in that than in being the station agent of the Reading Railway right here in Shamokin! Next to my home, the place I love best in all the world is my little office, up-stairs in the Reading depot.

"I know people think I'm queer because I don't give up that work. Some of the young fellows in the railroad's employ even grumble a little. 'Higgins don't need the job,' they say. 'Why won't he quit and give somebody else a chance?'

"They don't realize that *nobody* needs that job as much as I do. For the salary it pays me? Of course not! My wife and I give away that much—and more—every year, although we don't advertise the fact.

"I love the job because I *made* it what it is; because I have held it for nearly thirty-seven years; because it has brought me an army of friends; and because, so long as I hold it, I belong in the Reading 'family.' If I got out of it, I'd be as lonesome as a cat without a home to go to.

"People talk about my 'other interests.' Yes, they *are* interesting. But my job as station agent is part of my life! If I am sick and my wife keeps me at home for a day or two, I fret to go back to the office.

"'My work is my medicine!' I tell her.

"The minute I get to my office at the station, with the trains rumbling past, the engine whistles blowing, and men coming in for instructions, I begin to pick up.

"I'll be sixty-three years old next July. When I'm seventy, the age at which employees are automatically retired, I'll have to quit whether I want to or not. If I live that long—well, I won't live much longer. That's certain. I'll stop! Like a watch without a mainspring.

"Just having money doesn't keep you alive. But having work that you love—gosh! I tell you there's nothing like it!"

Here's a Lucky Man Who Knows When He Has Enough

"THE greatest happiness money has brought me," says Mr. Higgins, "is this: I have been offered dozens of promotions, but I can *afford* to keep on being the station agent in Shamokin. In other words, I can afford to keep the job I love, live in the town I love, and be close to the families and friends I love. So far as I am concerned, I don't want anything better than that."

Coming from George Higgins that remark is not to be sneered at, for he knows what work means. He ought to; he has been hard at it for almost fifty-five years. Figure that out and you'll find that he began when he was eight years old.

He was living then in the coal-mining town of Tamaqua, where he was born. At that time, his father was a molder. But with wages far less than they are to-day, and with a rapidly growing family—eventually there were thirteen children in all—it was no easy job to make both ends meet.

In those days, boys in that section began to work in the mines as soon as they were big enough to sit astride a chute and pick slate out of the passing stream of coal. 'Breaker boys,' they were called; and George Higgins became one of them when he was only eight years old.

"I worked in the Hauto colliery, about nine miles from Tamaqua," he told me. "And my wages were two dollars and forty cents a week."

Incidentally, I might add that when he said this, we were on our way to the country club, in his motor-car, with a chauffeur on the front seat! The station agent and ex-breaker boy didn't seem to be impressed by this detail, but I couldn't help making a mental note of it.

"I used to get up at two-thirty every morning," he went on. "So did my father and mother and the three children who were older than I was. We had our breakfast by lamplight. Then we all went out into the country and collected milk, butter, and eggs from the farmers.

"When we got back to town, about six A. M., my mother and my sisters took the stuff around to the dealers who sold it; and my father, two older brothers, and I went to our work.

"I had to ride the nine miles on an open railroad truck no matter what the weather was. Nowadays, the companies take their men back and forth in closed cars—but not when I was a boy

"AFTER a twelve-hour day at the breaker, I rode back to Tamaqua on the truck, reaching home about seven o'clock. Then I had my supper. And after supper my father would give us our lessons to do before we could go to bed. I didn't attend school, except when the mines were shut down and during the cold winter months.

"The family had it pretty hard in those days," he said reflectively "Later, when we moved to Shenandoah, my father went into the shoe business and did pretty well. But we older children learned the meaning of hard work and hardship. And yet—well, I like to look back on that time! It kind of makes you feel as if you had earned the right to live. There's a lot of satisfaction in knowing that you could fight and not get licked. Folks who have it too soft and easy never know how much grit they've got, or whether they *have* any grit at all.

"Every penny I earned I handed over to my father; and as long as I lived at home I continued to do this. Afterward, when I was working in other towns, I kept only enough for my living expenses. The rest I sent to my father.

"When the time came that he didn't need it for the family, he started a savings account for me. Until the very day before I was married, I used to send him every dollar I could spare, although I was a grown man then, almost twenty-six years old.

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"Maybe I never would have had as much as I've got now, if it hadn't been for the money my father put by for me. It came in very handy later on.

"If I hadn't had it, I couldn't have made my first investment. I found that if I had saved *some* money, people were willing to lend me more. And I wasn't afraid to borrow it, because I had learned that by saving I could pay off the debt. You'll see how this worked out.

"AFTER we moved to Shenandoah, another coal-mining town, I got a job as messenger for the Philadelphia, Reading and Pottsville Telegraph Company. I was fourteen years old and my pay was six dollars a month.

"Up to that time, I had been working in the mines. But my second oldest brother was killed in an accident; and my father said then that he would never again allow one of his boys to work in a coal mine.

"I just loved my new job from the very beginning! Before I became telegraph boy, I had taken lessons in penmanship. That wouldn't be so important now, with everybody using a typewriter. But fifty years ago it was a decided advantage to a boy if he could write a good hand. For a while I was chief clerk and operator at Shenandoah, with a salary of about five dollars a week. I had to be on duty from four A. M. to eleven P. M.; but that didn't bother me. I was just like I am now—rather be at the station than anywhere else.

"I was shifted around from one town to another; sometimes as chief clerk, sometimes as station agent. Finally, thirty-six years ago, they sent me here to Shamokin.

"The place wasn't half as big as it is now; but, even so, the railroad wasn't getting as much business as it should. There were two other roads, and competition was fierce. The job was such a hard one that the station agent had been changed five times in the two years before I came.

"I didn't intend to be the sixth failure! But I had my own notions about the way to make good. There were half a dozen employees who were to work under me, and I called them together the morning after I got here.

"'Now, boys,' I said, 'I don't know a thing about this station; and I don't *want* to know a thing about it for the next two or three weeks! You've been here some time. You go on with the work, and don't come to me about anything, unless you have to, until I'm ready.'

"Then I got hold of the man who had been special officer at the depot for years.

"'See here, Jim!' I said. 'You know everybody in town. If you don't, you ought to! Take me around and introduce me.'

"DAY after day, we went from store to store and from office to office. I met every business man in Shamokin. I said to each of them: 'I have come to this town to represent the Reading Railway and to be of service to you. If I can do anything for you, please let me know.'

"When I had finished this part of my program, I started to study the work itself. I wanted to serve both the railroad and the community. Yes! And the people who were going to work under me! So I started to build up an organization that would be efficient and loyal.

"If I do say it, that's what I have succeeded in doing. I've trained some fine boys here. Girls, too, for that matter. They stick by me; some of them for years.

"A while ago, when I had a long sick spell, I thought maybe I ought to quit the job, but the officials wouldn't let me. They said I had made my organization so efficient that it could run without me until I was able to take full charge again.

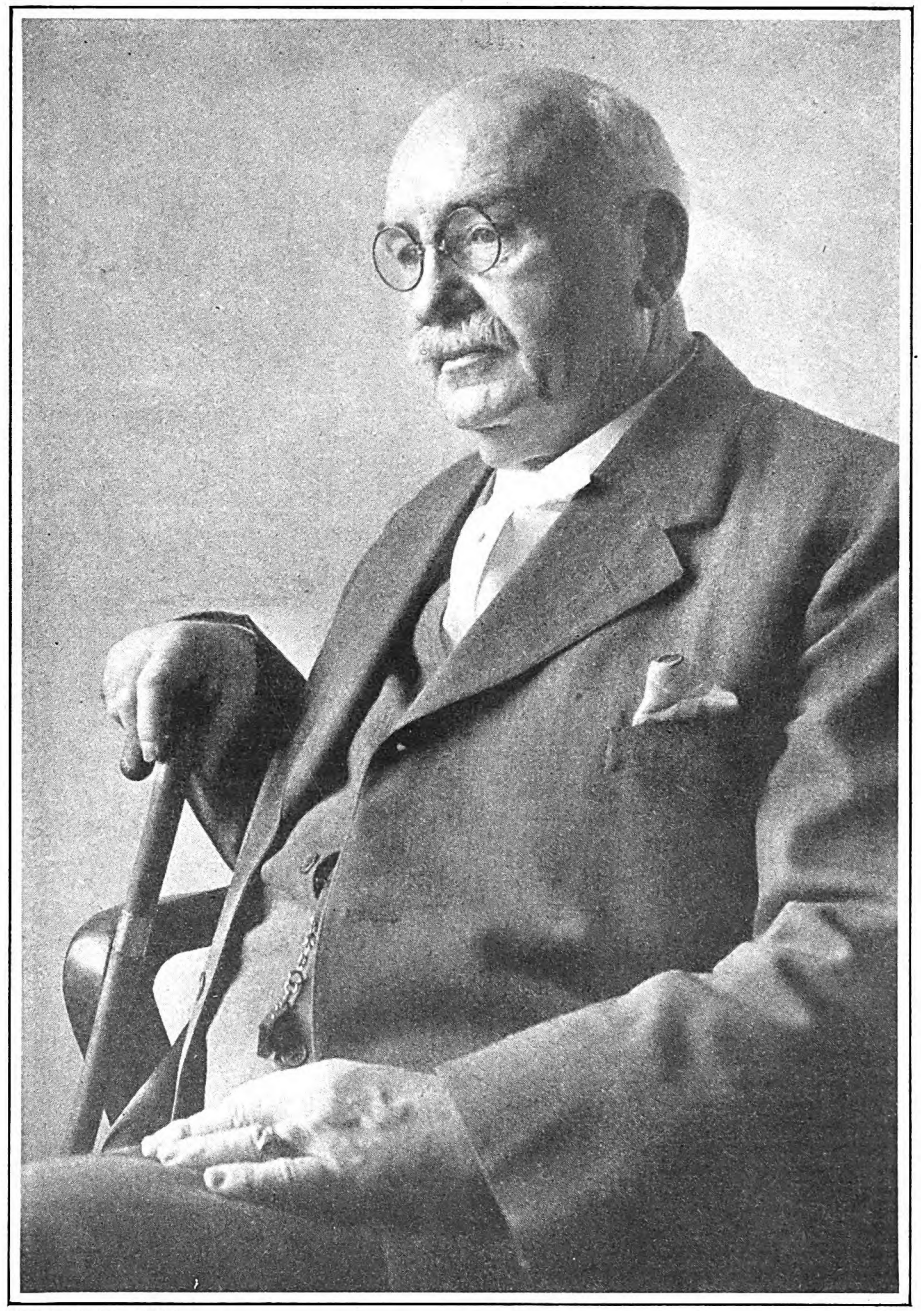
"That doesn't sound as if I had slighted my work for the railroad, does it? I don't want you to make any mistake on that point. The railroad, and my family, always come first with me.

"As for the family, I was thinking of that, even when I was a boy in Shenandoah, going around with a girl named Julia M. Tobin, whom I hoped to marry some day. If I ever should have children, I didn't want them to work as hard as I had in the coal mines.

"Not that the work had hurt me! I grew up strong and husky. But you know how it is: We like to give our children more than we have had ourselves. I guess that isn't very wise either, but it's human nature.

"ANYWAY, I was always looking for a chance to earn extra money on the side. A lot of men could do that, if they weren't afraid of work. I wasn't! So, in addition to my regular job, I used to act as agent for the express companies.

"As there wasn't enough express business in those little mining towns to enable the companies to keep a man on salary, it was done on a commission basis instead. Here at Shamokin I didn't get much out of it at first; only fifteen or twenty dollars a month. But even that was a big help: Added to my railroad pay of seventy dollars (*Continued on page 113*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

George J. Higgins, station agent for the Philadelphia and Reading Railway at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, for the past thirty-seven years

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Second Article

Houdini—
The Master Magician

His early hardships, the beginning of his fame, and the explanation of some of his tricks

By Harold Kellock

(Above) Houdini in one of his spectacular escapes. No collection of shackles could daunt him. (In circle) The milk-can trick, in which Houdini made his escape from a galvanized iron can filled with water or milk after its lid had been fastened on with heavy padlocks. Houdini would get out in about a minute. To the amazement of the watchers, the can would be found closed, and full, with all the locks intact

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY MR. B. L. ERNST

(Above) Houdini at the age of four

THE baby who was to be Harry Houdini was born in the little town of Appleton, Wisconsin, April 6th, 1874, the son of Dr. Mayer Samuel Weiss, a rabbi, and his wife, Cecelia. He was named Ehrich. He was the fifth child, and others were to follow. When Ehrich was born, Doctor Weiss and his wife were newly settled in Appleton, whence they had come from Hungary. Doctor Weiss and his wife both were members of cultured and prosperous Jewish families living in the city of Budapest.

Ehrich was a strong, happy baby. His mother always insisted, in later years, that he never cried. Only one characteristic gave her a little uneasiness—he slept barely half as much as had her other babies. At times when the average well-ordered infant would be deep in slumber, young Ehrich would lie in his crib, awake and content, for long periods, his bright steel-blue eyes roving curiously from one object in the room to another.

The self-sufficient baby developed into a fearless small boy possessed of as much overflowing energy and endless curiosity about the world as an eager, darting terrier. His roving curiosity and lack of fear gave his parents frequent concern.

It was inevitable that locks should have received his early attention. Lock-picking had its advantages as well as satisfying his desire to know how things were done. His mother, for reasons obvious to any mother of a large brood, kept a substantial lock on the cupboard that held her *apfelkuchen* and *tortes*. Though the lock gave no signs of having been tampered with, sweets began to disappear with annoying regularity. Circumstantial evidence developed to attach the thefts to Ehrich. Mrs. Weiss reinforced the defenses of the cupboard with a large padlock, but within a few days the mystery of this device was also solved and bits of pastry continued to vanish.

To the end of his days, by the way, Houdini's devotion to pies persisted. On his last Sunday at home in New York, before the final tour from which he never returned, Mrs. Houdini made for dinner two strawberry pies, of which he was particularly fond. She, too, kept a lock on her pie closet—not to keep out Houdini, for no lock was too complicated for him—but for other domestic reasons. They went for a walk in Central Park in the morning, and as they promenaded her wifely instinct

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detected in Houdini's pleased yet placating manner some unconfessed mischief. Just before dinner she discovered the peccadillo. One of the pies was gone. On the empty plate lay Houdini's visiting card.

But the great delight of Ehrich as a small boy was in magic. A traveling circus came to town in one of his early summers, and along with several other adventurous youngsters he managed to slip under the canvas. Wandering about among the sideshows he came upon a conjurer producing bunnies, flags, long streamers of ribbons, flowers, omelets, from an inexhaustible silk hat, and making cards and coins appear and disappear in the air. Immediately, the fat woman, the living skeleton, the elephant, and even the acrobats were forgotten completely, and Ehrich parked himself in front of that man of simple guile, staring absorbedly at his manipulations of wonder. When he did not return for supper, his anxious family began making inquiries, and Rabbi Weiss found him finally, round-eyed, between the conjurer's knees, being initiated into the mysteries of making a dried pea appear under any one of three cups. He had to be taken home by force.

THEREAFTER, when a circus came to town, Ehrich made straightway for the dusty platform where the "peerless MYSTERIARCH of Three Continents," or "The Wonder-Working Wizard of the World" performed his homely mysteries to the accompaniment of crude patter. Neither circus guards, nor watchful town constables, nor parental threats could keep him from these shows. He began early to practice card palming, coin materialization and the simpler sleights he had observed.

The Weiss family had so many boys that they were a gang in themselves; but Theodore—"Dash"—was his brother Ehrich's most devoted follower. Together they practiced the balancings and stretchings and jumps of the clowns and acrobats that also were a matter of great admiration to the ambitious Ehrich. But Ehrich could surpass Dash's utmost endeavor, for he had a limberness and quickness and loose-jointedness that gave him an unfair advantage in contests. In the matter of rope-escapes he could beat them all, too. Boy-fashion, the gang cherished all scraps of rope, and in his visits to the circus lots the future "Escape Wizard of the World" picked up a variety of ingenious rope-ties from the good-natured canvas men.

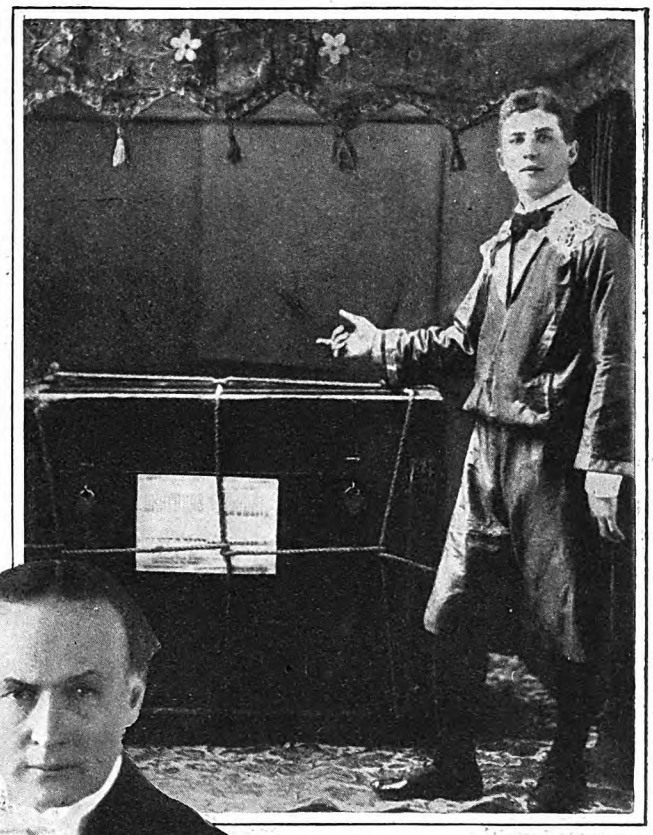
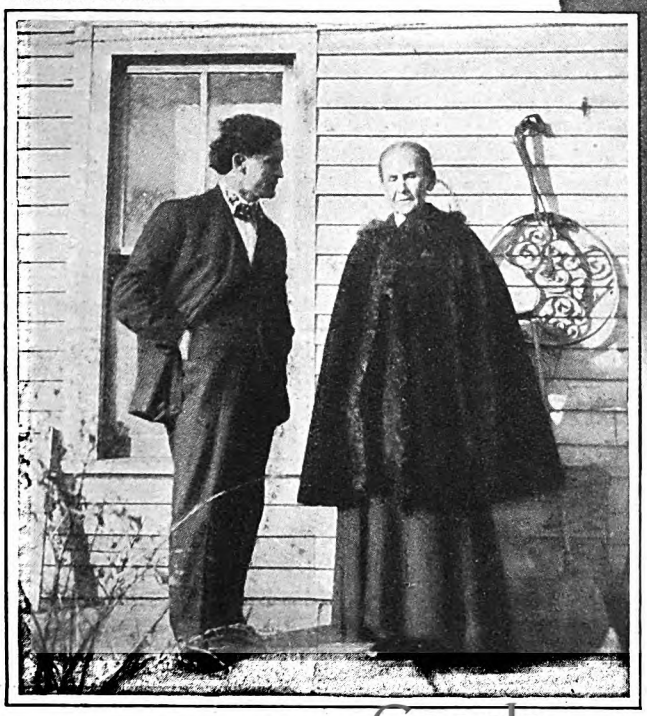


PHOTO BY FEINBERG, N. Y.

(Above) One of the early advertising pictures showing Harry Houdini of the "Houdini Brothers," with the chest used in the escaping trick which was one of their first successes

PHOTO BY BUTLER, CHICAGO

COURTESY MR. B. L. ERNST



(Above) Houdini performing a card trick. He practiced these tricks incessantly. (At left) Houdini with Mrs. Flitcroft, who befriended him when he was a runaway boy, and whom he never forgot. Part of his first salary went to buy her a present

MEANWHILE the Weiss family grew steadily larger, but the Weiss income smaller. Doctor Weiss's little classes in Hebrew and his rabbinical services, taken together, brought in but a pittance. Under the circumstances, Ehrich—at the age of six or seven—began to hunt odd jobs. He was fond of telling, in later years, how, as a newsboy, he had sold copies of the first issue of the Milwaukee "Journal," and, as a bootblack, he had on one proud occasion polished the shoes of the governor of the state.

At the age of nine, came Ehrich's big thrill. Jack Hoeffler's Five-Cent Circus came to town, and the lad applied for a job as performer. The manager let Ehrich show him his tricks. They suspended Ehrich head downward from a rope and saw him pick up pins with his eyebrows. He let them tie him up with ropes, from which he speedily managed to free himself. Ehrich was engaged, and thus, at the age of nine, started his professional career. During the few days that Hoeffler's Circus stayed in Appleton he was in heaven! Of course he wanted to go off with the circus when it left town, and of course his parents refused.

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Ehrich hung about the shop of the local locksmith in Appleton so much that finally the man gave him a job. He was then eleven years old. In a few weeks he was able to pick every lock in the place, and he fashioned out of a bit of wire a little picklock which could master any fastening apparatus with which he came in contact.

The town sheriff entered the shop one day with a gigantic prisoner in tow. The man had been arrested on some complaint, but had been discharged by the justice for lack of evidence. When they had come to unlock the handcuffs the key could not be found, so the sheriff had brought the discharged prisoner to the locksmith to have the iron bracelets filed off.

The locksmith filed away for a time at the tough steel. It was a hot day. Sweat streamed down the old fellow's face. The sheriff yawned. "Jim, let the kid work on them things for a spell, and you come out with me and git a glass of beer." There was nothing criminal in getting a glass of beer in those days, and the locksmith went.

Ehrich had been staring at the stranger with the fascinated attention always bestowed by small boys on lawbreakers and other heroes. The man scowled at Ehrich silently.

The minutes rolled on while Ehrich worked and sweated, but the file made little impression in his inexperienced hands. The man grew more and more restless.

Ehrich had a sudden idea.

"Wait a minute," he said, and fished out of his pocket a tangle of string and bits of metal and other miscellany, and finally his picklock. The man was watching every move of Ehrich's fingers with unwavering intentness.

A minute later one cuff fell off, and the second quickly yielded. Then Ehrich stepped back hastily and shoved the picklock back in his pocket, while the man rubbed his wrists and stared at the boy thoughtfully.

What idea was gathering under the man's thatched skull Ehrich never knew, for at that moment the sheriff returned and the man was told to clear out.

He was probably the only man who ever was able to watch Houdini opening a handcuff.

AFTER a time the locksmith went out of business and Ehrich again sold newspapers, blacked shoes, and did other tasks which no longer interested him. He wanted to go off into the world; but he knew this project would be vetoed if he placed it before his father and mother. He pondered over the matter for many weeks.

A serious conversation with his father on Ehrich's twelfth birthday reënforced the boy's resolution to set forth to seek his fortune. Doctor Weiss had been greatly impressed by the mature sense of responsibility shown by this son and by his deep-rooted tenderness for his mother. "Ehrich, I am getting to be an old man," he said. "Promise that, if anything happens to me, you will see that your mother never comes to want."

Ehrich solemnly promised, and to him that pledge always remained a consecration. A few weeks later he took the first step toward fitting himself to carry out his vow. He vanished from Appleton, leaving no message behind, for he took no chances on being followed and brought back. Several days—days of frantic uneasiness in the Weiss household—elapsed before his mother received a postcard from the wanderer. "Dear Ma," he wrote, "I am going to Galveston, Texas, and will be home in about a year. My best regards to all. Your truant son, Ehrich Weiss."

In his later years Houdini could throw no light on why he had fixed upon Galveston as a destination.

Ehrich set out on a sunny morning with no possessions save the clothes on his back. Partly on foot, partly beating his way on a freight train, he came in the afternoon to the little town of Delavan, Wisconsin.

A HOUSEWIFE, Mrs. Flitcroft, responding to a knock upon her door, found a very ragged and dusty small boy, who inquired if he could do some job about the place to earn a meal. Mrs. Flitcroft took him in, fed him, and allowed him to sleep before the fire. While he was sleeping she noticed two big rents in the trousers of this diminutive wanderer. Without disturbing his weary boyhood slumber, she took them off, patched them and cleaned them. In the morning she sent Ehrich on his way, his pockets plentifully filled with food.

When, some years later, Houdini got his first real engagement as a performer, out of his first week's salary he bought a silk blouse for Mrs. Flitcroft and sent it to her with a five-dollar bill pinned upon it. This gift, in the abrupt Houdini manner, was the beginning of a long series of similar remembrances.

After leaving Mrs. Flitcroft, Ehrich wandered on from place to place, sometimes tramping the roads, sometimes taking informal rides on freights. He worked at odd jobs, doing his tricks wherever opportunity offered and taking up a collection from the onlookers He found no ready pot of gold, but he did not starve. At first his course was southward, then pretty steadily east. If Galveston was really his original destination that was soon forgotten.

Sometimes he would come upon a provincial circus or a fair. The resolute little wanderer would seek out some man in authority.

"I am Eric the Great," he would say. "I can let anyone tie me with ropes, and I can get free."

If the man was persuaded to give him a test, he could usually get a brief engagement to exhibit his skill. That was what he liked to do; but any job—delivering packages, watching a baby carriage for a shopping mother, or helping men at work in the fields—was good for the price of a meal. He had abounding courage and resourcefulness, plus good health.

Once, when he was performing at a country circus, a local constable tied him up. After Ehrich had wriggled free, the man pulled from his pockets a pair of handcuffs. "Here, bub," he said good-naturedly. "D'you think you kin git loose from these?"

"Eric the Great" hesitated. He jammed his hands into his pockets. In one he could feel the bit of wire with which he had freed the handcuffed prisoner in Appleton.

"I'll try," he said. "You must let me go off by myself to try."

The constable snapped on the cuffs, while the crowd grinned. "Eric the Great" vanished behind a convenient curtain, and in a few minutes he reappeared, carrying the cuffs opened.

The amazement of the officer and of the rest of the country crowd made a great impression on the boy. "Eric the Great" mused on the possibility of putting on a handcuff-escape act.

About this time he was able to send a little money home and to get a letter from his mother. His father, he learned, had finally given up the struggle in Appleton and had gone to New York to try his luck there. The rest of the family were remaining in Appleton until Doctor Weiss could afford to make a home for them in New York. Ehrich presently made his way to that city and joined his father. The two had not seen each other for nearly a year.

Ehrich helped in his father's little school in New York, for he had learned a smattering of Hebrew at his father's knee. In between helping to teach Hebrew, Ehrich worked as a messenger boy.

While Ehrich was still a messenger, he and Doctor Weiss managed to save enough money to send for the family. In a little flat secured in the upper East Side there was a joyous reunion. They were deplorably crowded, but happy to be together.

After the family arrived Ehrich got his first regular job, as a necktie cutter, and in this he continued for over two years. He was a good worker. Hungry for recreation, he joined the Pastime Athletic Club, and he became an amateur runner, winning medals in various junior classes.

But Ehrich purposed to be neither runner nor a necktie cutter. During every spare moment he practiced magic and card tricks and studied the mysteries of locks and rope ties. He was continually astonishing the members of his family and the neighbors with his increasing skill; and after a time such organizations as the Friendly Circle ("entertainment and ball at Schillerbund Hall"), and the Literary Society of the Y. M. H. A. ("special ladies' night") began to include Ehrich Weiss, conjurer, on their programs of home talent. Sometimes, when he confined himself to card tricks, he was billed as "CARDO," sometimes he appeared as "Eric the Great."

IN HIS sixteenth year came a notable event in Ehrich's career. Already the boy had begun to haunt second-hand book shops, pouncing on books on magic and, unless the price was beyond his eager reach, lugging them home as treasure-trove and poring over their secret lore by the hour, until long after the rest of the family were asleep. In one of his prowling excursions he came across a battered volume entitled "Memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author and Conjurer, Written by Himself." At the cost of a few cents, Ehrich went home that evening the owner of the volume.

After dinner he retired to his room with the book and immediately was plunged into a new world of wonder.

He read of secret and complicated mechanisms to control automata which

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could write messages, draw pictures, or fetch from a miniature shop any kind of pastry or wine, seemingly in response to the conjurer's wand; of ingenious blowpipe arrangements whereby orange trees were made to flower and give fruit in response to the same commanding motion; of complicated rods and hidden shelves to support beautiful ladies, apparently floating through the air in a "trance." Poring over the pages, the excited neophyte found the key to miracles of sleight and illusion that had puzzled him for years, and to many other magical secrets hitherto unknown to him.

This book, written in a free and romantic style, the apparent autobiography of a great magician, has captured the imagination of many others interested in magic; but to no other person, probably, had Robert Houdin seemed such an authentic major prophet as he did to Ehrich Weiss.

When Ehrich's mother got up next morning she discovered him still seated beside his bed, fully clothed, bending over the precious volume. The bed was undisturbed. Through the night he had read with steadily growing enthusiasm. At last he had found the key to the world of wonder which he had been half-consciously seeking since he was a slip of a lad.

EHRICH lost no time in relating to his friend Jack Hayman, who had performed with him at some amateur gatherings, the news of his wonderful discovery. Both boys were thinking seriously of venturing into magic as a career, and for Ehrich the book clinched the argument. Jack said that the addition of the letter "i" to the name Houdin would give the meaning, in French, of "like Robert Houdin." This suggestion struck fire in Ehrich. "I asked nothing more in life than to become, in my profession, like Robert Houdin," he wrote, years later, in recalling the incident. Immediately he adopted that proud name. In later life, when Houdini had become a scholar in his field, he studied fully the life of Robert Houdin, discovered that his early ideal was somewhat of a charlatan, and wrote a book, which he called "The Unmasking of Robert-Houdin."

A few months after the discovery of the memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ehrich abandoned his job as a necktie cutter, and he and his chum Jack Hayman launched forth as professional entertainers under the name of the Houdini Brothers. They performed various feats of magic, including, as their most ambitious feature, the so-called trunk trick. The trunk is concealed for a minute by a curtain, and when it is reopened the original occupant has vanished and in his place his partner is discovered bound in the same fashion. Houdini delighted audiences with this trick to the close of his career. It was not original with him; but he brought it to a stage of development which would have amazed the older magicians.

Houdini's decision to put to the test his ability as a professional magician was strengthened by the death of his father, in 1892. When he felt himself failing, Doctor Weiss summoned Ehrich and bade him repeat his pledge, made on the boy's twelfth birthday in Appleton, that he would always care for his mother. Through his life Houdini observed this pledge in generous measure. Even in his poorest days he always managed to send most of his salary to his mother, and after he won fame nothing was too good for her.

The partnership with Jack Hayman was short-lived. The boys could not agree, so after a few months Houdini substituted his brother Theodore as the other "brother." They played clubs and schools, and entertained at minor social gatherings for a small fee, picking up a precarious livelihood, which they usually had to reinforce by doing odd jobs of a wholly unmagical character.

In 1893 the brothers gravitated to Chicago and filled an engagement at a side-show at the World's Fair, and thereafter Ehrich, as Harry Houdini, "Handcuff King and Escape Artist," appeared for a time alone at Kohl and Middleton's famous Dime Museum, at Chicago, doing twenty shows a day for twelve dollars a week.

At the Dime Museum, Houdini performed his handcuff act, which was his own novelty, and he supplemented this by escaping from a packing box. The latter was not a new trick. Harry Keller had introduced it before American audiences in the seventies. A prepared box with one trick board was used, and with this apparatus—which, by the way, can still be bought from venders of magic—it was easy for any performer of fair agility to mystify simple audiences. In later days Houdini discarded the trick box altogether, and permitted challengers to build their own chests and nail him up on the stage.

Houdini and Mrs. Houdini five years after their runaway marriage

BACK in New York, in the spring of 1894, Houdini played for a time at a beach resort, and at about this time he fell in love, in his abrupt and impetuous manner, and married the girl who was to be his only intimate companion to the end of his days. He was then nineteen, she eighteen. He was a Jew, she a Gentile and a Roman Catholic. It was a runaway marriage, the ceremony being performed by a political boss at Coney Island. Subsequently, two other ceremonies, one Catholic, the other Jewish, were gone through with, out of respect for the beliefs of the two families.

Houdini's mother accepted the young girl as her own daughter immediately, and thereafter the three were inseparable. Beatrice Houdini was not only her husband's comrade in life for thirty-three years, when his death parted them, but she was also his stage partner. The marriage was a beautifully happy one. "I realize that the perfect smoothness of our marriage," says Mrs. Houdini, "was due in large part to my mother-in-law's fine sense of human values and generosity of spirit." Houdini, himself, was the soul of affection.

"Soon after our marriage, when Houdini and his brother were working together at a dance hall in Coney Island, I had a bad scare," relates Mrs. Houdini. "Houdini asked his brother and me to take a walk with him (*Continued on page 168*)

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An Explosion Taught Me How To Live

By Elwin R. Sanborn

FOR twenty-seven years I had been working at one job. It wasn't a monotonous job, for a photographer of wild animals, even those in a zoo, cannot complain that life holds no thrills for him. Especially so, when on occasion he takes to the woods and swamps, and makes pictures of creatures that have never been caught.

Nevertheless, I had drifted into that state of mind which sometimes comes to a man who has been too long without radical change. The ordinary routine tasks I could perform easily, but anything out of the common run tended to upset me. I began to dread the taking of a trip; so much so that I never planned to go anywhere that I did not regret, at the last moment, having made any such plans. I could think of a hundred reasons why I should not leave my daily work. On the eve of leaving it, even for a few days, I was almost overwhelmed with a feeling that I could not possibly get away. There was so much to be done. Or so I felt.

Along with this symptom of nervous fatigue, I developed another—it upset me to meet strange people. Sometimes it upset me to meet my friends. I had a restless feeling when talking to someone, as if I did not have time for such an occupation. Life was almost oppressing me.

But the worst symptom of all was unreasoning fear. A vagrant pain would sometimes throw me into a panic. My pulse didn't seem right to me. I was sure there was something terribly wrong with my insides. If I read any book or article on health, I immediately developed the symptoms described therein. Yet, somehow, these health things fascinated me. I was lured to them, though afraid of them. I had lost my capacity for care-free living; but perhaps others did not know this. Always I was busy, for my work demanded much of me. But I probably thought it demanded more than it actually did.

In short, I had a bad case of agitated nerves. I was a victim of suggestibility. If I strained my back slightly in some unusual exertion, I thought I had incurable kidney trouble. If a pain hit me in the abdomen, it was appendicitis. A little shortness of breath suggested heart disease, or tuberculosis, or something equally as dreadful. Still, I managed to keep right along, no one knowing what weird thoughts flitted into and out of my brain. Perhaps you have had such spells. If so, you will be sympathetic, not denunciatory. There are certain nerveless persons who cannot understand vivid imaginations, and who have no patience with a sufferer from imaginary ills. But ills of the imagination, as I know from bitter experience, are very real, distressingly real.

New York City is perhaps the worst place in the world for a man with mental depression. He feels so alone in the vast crowds. Out at the Bronx Zoölogical Park, where I am the official photographer, editor of "The Bulletin," and some other things, thousands of persons come. I felt apart from them all. They seemed so well, so care free, so happy. They didn't know of the ominous pain that had just hit me, and that undoubtedly was the forerunner to a bad disease!

And a man who lives in New York is always reading of accidents, of men rushed to the great hospitals, placed there alongside of strangers, all the while the families of the injured men remaining in ignorance of their alarming plight. There are even stories of men who fall dead on the streets, and whose families subsequently identify their bodies in the morgue. Gruesome stories. Lurid pictures. How I dreaded the idea of being suddenly hurt and rushed off to some strange hospital there to die amidst strangers! I was careful in crossing streets, too careful. I walked slowly when there was any probability of slipping on an icy pavement. But I must repeat that all of this I kept to myself; foolishly kept it to myself, for had I talked of it, no doubt the unfounded fears would have evaporated. I did my work well. My misery was solely my own.

An Accident Ward Is No Place For Self-Pity

"I HOPE I shall never again be blown up!" says Mr. Sanborn, "even though my first experience of that sort resulted in the most helpful three weeks of my life. But if I should again be the victim of an accident, I trust that I shall have sense and courage enough to tell them to put me into a room with other patients, where I'd have to get well for the sake of those around me! A hospital ward, I discovered when a patient in one, is a place of high courage, of easy friendships, and of quick sympathy. In a miscellaneous ward, human beings are reduced—or elevated!—to a common level, and each one helps the other to get well. A fellow in a ward can't bemoan his fate out loud, can't pity himself too much, lest he hurt the morale of the other patients, or arouse their resentment."

EACH day I came to my office in the Zoölogical Park and worked faithfully there. I liked most of my work. But my real delight came with my home and my garden in Norwalk, Connecticut, from where I commuted daily to the city. I felt at home with home folks, and with flowers. I had a great garden, with many rare plants in it. Eagerly I returned each afternoon to familiar and friendly sights and tasks.

In my office I did some experimenting of a semi-scientific character with photographic plates and the like. My photographs, I thought, were good, for there was always a big demand for them. My mental state never impaired my work. As I have said, I kept it to myself, and under control so far as anyone could judge.

In one of the rooms where I work, my photographic dark room, I had a cabinet set against the wall. A sort of unattached closet, it was. On the shelves in this cabinet I kept various acids and other chemicals for use in my work, and also my flashlight powders. Some of my prints were curling, and I was experimenting with various preparations to preserve them and keep them flat. This task was especially interesting to me.

One morning I set myself to solve the problem of the curling prints. I went to the cabinet, mounted a sort of low step-ladder searching for glycerin on a high shelf, catching hold of the shelf to steady myself. In some way I momentarily lost my balance, and in clutching the shelf toppled the cabinet over toward me.

I tried desperately to right myself and the cabinet, but it was too much off balance. As it fell forward, pinning me under it, I was bombarded with rattling cans and crashing bottles, followed by a terrific explosion that almost blew me free from under the cabinet. I was in a panic, and rightfully so this time. A second explosion followed. My face burned like fury. My

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body burned. I felt sharp objects penetrating the skin in many places.

Somehow, I wriggled from under the trap, got up and staggered out of the inferno of smoke, acids, and flame. Other office workers from down-stairs were rushing to me, for the explosions had startled them. I heard someone urging me to sit down. I was in terrible pain. I wanted to souse my head and hands in cold water, but knew better than to try that, dazed though I was. Up-stairs, the fire was extinguished, while I still sat in a daze and in agony. The clanging of an ambulance bell outside roused me a little. I was lifted into the ambulance, and rushed off to Fordham Hospital.

THE thing which I dreaded had come to pass. I was the victim of an accident, and was on my way to a strange hospital ward, there to die, as I firmly believed, amidst strangers. To me it seemed the threshold of the morgue.

The doctors and nurses worked skillfully with me. I was still vaguely conscious. One doctor lifted my eyelids, and I heard him say, "A miracle! You can thank God for that. Your eyes are not injured!" I'll never forget him, it was Doctor Walsh; his optimism under the distressing circumstances impressed me; I realized deeply his friendliness.

They found the skin all burned from my hands and forearms and from my head and face. They found holes in my legs, blown there by fragments from the explosion. They bound me in petroleum jelly bandages until I must have looked like a newly wrapped mummy. Then they rolled me on a stretcher car into the public accident ward, for there was no private room available. I wanted a private room, where I could suffer and die in decent seclusion. My wife, who had been informed, wanted me to have a room all my own. The Zoölogical Park authorities would have provided me with a room, even if I could not myself have afforded one.

But there was no room, and so into the ward I was taken. Through a small opening in the bandages I could see the rows of beds. Miserable! Oh, how miserable I was! I dreaded hospitals at best. Now it seemed I was to be chucked into a miscellaneous bunch of accident victims, none of whom, probably, had any cultural background in common with me.

I sensed a little quickening of interest among other inmates of the ward. I was a "new man;" I was a break in the dreary days for them. A big, red-faced man, who had been hit over the head with an iron pipe in a fight, and whose mind, I learned later, had been temporarily affected, sat up in his bed, with the sheet held in front of him like a screen. He gave me a terrified glance, shouted "Good night!" and quickly lay back down, pulling the sheet over his head to hide the apparition. And I dimly realized that *I* was the thing he feared.

They rolled my stretcher beside a bed, and gently lifted me from the one to the other. Then, in that mysterious, fearsome way of hospitals, the stretcher noiselessly disappeared and I was left alone. Left alone to die. I was sure of that.

Elwin R. Sanborn

"Have a cigarette," I heard someone say. Rolling my eyes to one side, I saw a colored boy offering me a cigarette.

"Oh, lord, no!" I said wearily, and no doubt with despair in my voice. "I don't want to smoke. I don't want anything."

The negro, when he offered me the cigarette, was prone on his bed beside mine. But he leaned over toward me.

"You mustn't talk like that in here," he said. "You'll be all right," he continued, "if you fight. And you've got to fight to help the rest of us. A fellow's got to help out in here, to keep all of us from gettin' low in the mind. You'll learn."

Such was my initiation into a public accident ward in a great city. I lived through that early twilight, through that night and the next day. On the third day a private room was vacant, and they said I might have it; but I refused! They couldn't have taken me, except against my will, out of that ward. I had learned, as the negro said I would. I had caught the *esprit de corps* of the ward, had come up to the high morale of the patients confined in such a place. Ward patients help each other. I was "the new man," so particularly did they help me. Those who were able to walk, came over and talked with me. Others shouted from distant beds to know how "the new man" was (*Continued on page 136*)

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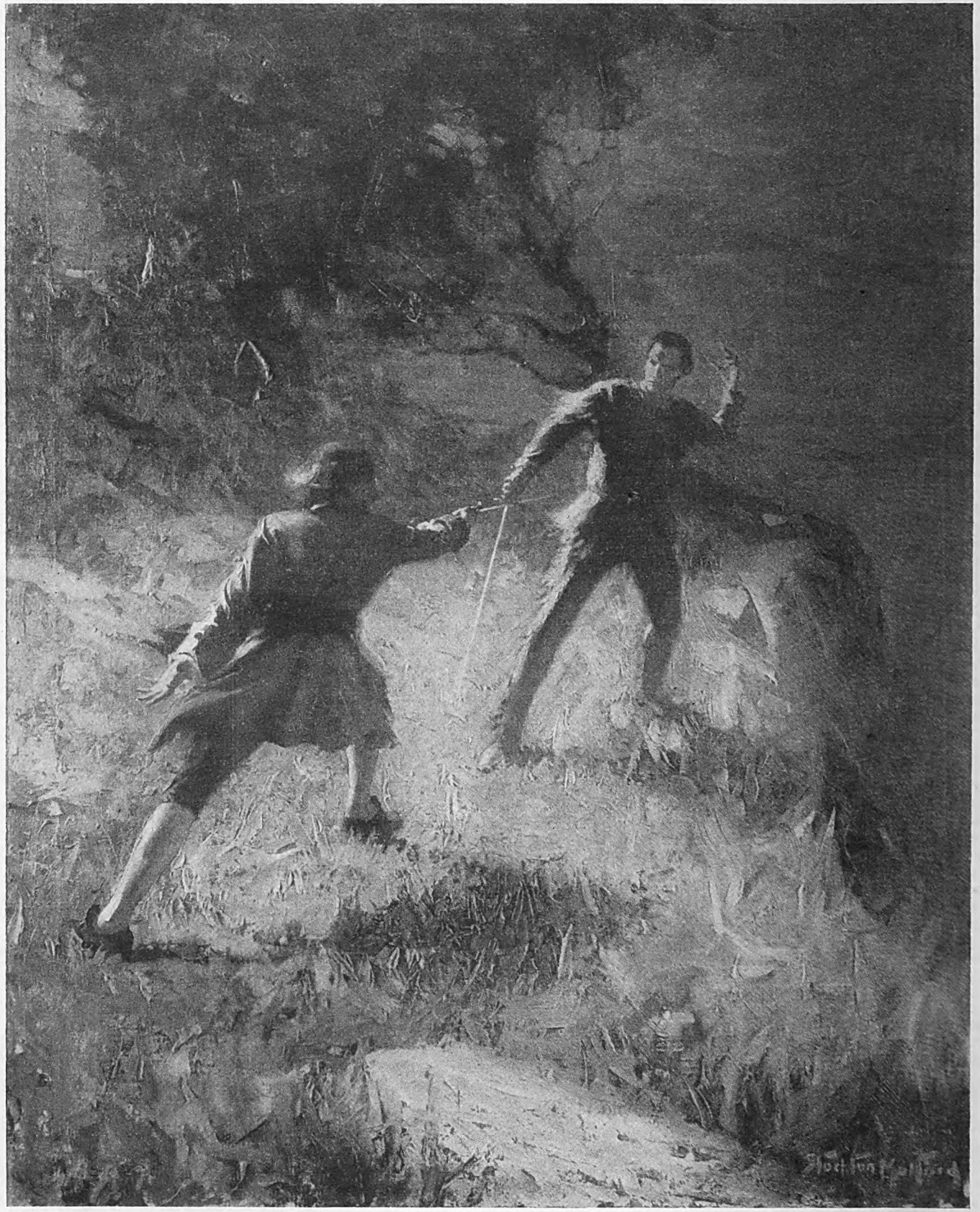

Lachlan knew that they had circled the moonlit meadow many times, Falcon always advancing, himself always retreating. He knew, too, though he was scarcely conscious of the knowledge, that at last eternity was drawing to a close, that the battle neared its end

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Last Instalment

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

IT SEEMED to Lachlan that he had been fighting for an eternity—that for unnumbered hours he had been circling the moonlit meadow under Sani'gilagi's summit, parrying, thrusting, battling for his life, while in front of him Lance Falcon danced and shimmered behind a shifting, glimmering veil of steel—a crouching, hideously-smiling figure, yet darkly handsome, unreal, elusive as the moonlight itself, baleful as some nameless phantom of a dream.

To Lachlan all that had happened and was happening was unreal. It seemed to him that his mind and body dwelt apart; that his hand and eye were fighting this fight without direction from his brain; that the moves which he made were not made consciously, but were wholly mechanical, as though his body had become an automaton animated by some force within itself over which he had no control.

Yet he knew that never before had he fought so well. His eyes—and apparently Falcon's also—seemed as much at home in the brilliant moonlight as in the full light of day. He knew that he was fighting with all the art of which he was capable, that he was utilizing with almost perfect skill all that O'Sullivan had taught him; and he was not alarmed at the discovery, which he had made early in the combat, that Falcon was at least his peer in swordcraft, while enjoying also the advantage of height and reach.

He had no sense of apprehension or of nervousness. His mind was not here in the moonlit meadow where he was battling with Lance Falcon but in the little hut on the mountain top where Jolie Stanwicke was sleeping.

He saw her lying on her couch of boughs, smiling a little, her red-gold hair pushed back from her cool forehead. How beautiful her face was, and how lithe and strong her slim body, and how brave she had been amid all the perils of the wilderness! With a quick thrill of pleasure he recalled how she had learned to love the wilderness, despite its hardships and its terrors; and he wondered dully whether she had learned to love it well enough to go with him to his own land of Talasé and to dwell with him there.

But that, he told himself calmly, could not be. There was Gilbert Barradell, who had her heart and had crushed it, though as yet she did not know that Barradell was false. And there was Lance Falcon—this devil with whom he was fighting—Lance Falcon, who loved her as a fiend might love an angel and who would come back to Sani'gilagi with his Spaniards and Spanish Indians and carry her with him to St. Augustine.

The thought stung him to fury. Yet it was like the unreal fury of a dream, and almost at once it passed, leaving him cold. Eternity wore on. Falcon was attacking more vigorously, more boldly. Lachlan knew that they had circled the moonlit meadow many times, Falcon always advancing, himself always retreating. He knew, too, though he was scarcely conscious of the knowledge, that at last eternity was drawing to a close, that the battle neared its end. His mind still dwelt apart; but he was hazily and quite calmly aware of Falcon's more aggressive offense; and he knew mechanically—as though his senses knew it but not his brain—that Falcon planned to finish soon.

The slow, interminable minutes passed. He was retreating more rapidly now. He was moving backward around the meadow, and the rasping, hissing swords were as swift as lightning, as nimble as the flickering tongues of snakes.

Swift as was Lachlan's sword in defense, Falcon's was swifter in attack. Lachlan realized grimly the truth of what O'Sullivan had told him—that this man was an almost perfect master of the rapier, and that his enormous strength and his length of arm rendered him doubly formidable. Lachlan could not hold his ground for an instant. Falcon was rushing him, attacking him like a raging tiger, and Lachlan gave way before him—faster, faster, faster.

A SLOW cunning grew in Lachlan's brain. Now, with the final crisis upon him, his mental lethargy fell from him, his mind sprang awake to the fight, to his peril, to his opportunity.

There was one chance in a thousand; one faint, infinitesimal hope; one tenuous, almost incredible possibility.

He had been retreating so long and so swiftly that Falcon must think him beaten. If, now, he should suddenly attack—

Falcon's point touched Lachlan's shoulder, a moment later pricked his bare forearm. This, then, was the end: he had waited too long.

Lachlan laughed, braced himself for the shock, flung himself in the teeth of that whirlwind assault, lunged and lunged again.

A moment they stood like battling stallions, thrusting, stabbing, clashing steel against steel. Then Falcon staggered backward, stood swaying, fell face downward in the grass.

PRESENTLY Lachlan was aware of a voice behind him speaking his name—the voice of Jolie Stanwicke. He turned his head slowly.

She was standing, clad in her stained and faded buckskins, near where the trail came down into the open. Her eyes were wide and staring, and her face in the white moonlight was like that of a ghost. Behind her, where the trail entered the meadow, stood Mr. O'Sullivan.

She came forward slowly, and Lachlan walked toward her, while O'Sullivan ran quickly to the spot where Falcon lay motionless. She spoke no word, but she lifted her face as they met, and Lachlan took her in his arms. He looked down at her, and in her eyes he beheld a miracle.

He bent and kissed her lips. He told her then that he loved her, and she answered quietly:

"And I love you, Lachlan McDonald, though I did not know it till now!"

O'Sullivan had come forward as she spoke, and she held out her hand to him and he pressed it between his hands.

"I have known it for a long while, Jolie," he said softly, "ever since our first days on the mountain. I was only afraid that you would not discover it in time."

He paused and looked at her gravely.

"Captain Falcon is dead," he told her very gently. "Will you go back to the camp and tell Almayne what has happened here?"

When she had gone O'Sullivan turned to Lachlan.

"It was God's will, God's goodness," he said reverently. "She came out of her hut and ran to me where I sat on watch beside the ashes of the fire—Almayne had left me not five minutes before. She had dreamed, she said, that you were in peril here in the meadow, and I remembered that you had come this way and had taken my sword. We ran down the trail together, but she was swifter and left me a little behind."

The little man stood silent a moment.

"God's ways are strange," he continued. "From the trail above I saw what happened. She came out into the meadow a moment before you attacked. I think

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that Falcon saw her standing there in the moonlight and that for a fatal instant he was confused."

O'Sullivan paused once more.

"You owe your life to her, lad," he said, his hand on Lachlan's shoulder; "but perhaps it will be best if she never knows."

The two Muskogee warriors kept watch over Falcon's body that night lest some wandering wolf pack should find the place; and next morning, before Jolie had awakened, they laid him in a shallow trench dug with tomahawks, and piled stones upon the spot. Almayne leaned on his long rifle, frowning and scornful, while Mr. O'Sullivan spoke a few words of prayer over the grave; but Lachlan, remembering a day when he had stood by Falcon's side on the "Good Fortune's" deck in the midst of blood and death, seemed to hear once more a great voice booming above the gale.

O'Sullivan ended his prayer, and stood, a small, plump, white-headed figure in torn, black knee-breeches and mud-stained white shirt, gazing down at the mound of stones at his feet.

"He was an evil man," the little Irishman said slowly, "but, by Paul, he was a swordsman!"

With this brief epitaph they left Lance Falcon.

THAT day passed much as their other days on Sani'gilagi had passed. Yet for two of them it was such a day as had never been seen before. For Jolie Stanwicke and Lachlan McDonald the world that they had known had been blotted out and a new world had begun.

From the valley below, as they sat together near the edge of the cliff, the faint, insistent throbbing of the war drums floated upward on the evening air; but if they heard the sound, and remembered for a brief moment the peril which surrounded them, that peril mattered little.

Only once Jolie spoke of Gilbert Barradell; and it was then that Lachlan made known to her what Almayne had learned from Aganuntsi the Conjurer.

She listened calmly while Lachlan told her of Barradell's marriage to Concha's daughter. Then she kissed him and held his face between her hands and smiled into his eyes.

"I am glad that Gilbert is happy," she said, and sat for some minutes in silence, her head against Lachlan's shoulder.

Presently she laughed aloud. "Do you remember," she asked, "how I quizzed you about this Indian girl, this daughter of Chief Concha, and how I hoped that she was ugly? You did not guess what was in my mind?"

"I guessed it later," he answered.

"I think," she continued, smiling, "that even then I knew that Gilbert was as false as I have been—that even then I doubted him."

Her eyes softened suddenly.

"Listen!" she whispered. "A sanguilla; but it sings a different song."

"It is a mountain sanguilla," Lachlan told her, "a brighter, more beautiful bird, and one not often seen."

She listened to the bird, her eyes soft and thoughtful.

"Have you forgotten," she asked him, "the name you gave me—the Lady Sanguilla? Almayne told me. I have never heard you call me that, and I should like to hear it now!"

He whispered the name in her ear. She nodded and said no more. A few minutes later she was asleep, her head pillowed on his shoulder. He laid her gently on the moss, looked for a long while at her face with the long, silken lashes veiling the closed eyes, brushed the red-gold hair back from the smooth forehead. Then he joined Almayne and O'Sullivan.

It was at deep dusk of the second day after this that Aganuntsi the Conjurer came again.

They had finished the evening meal and were sitting around the little fire in front of Jolie's hut. The moon had not yet risen and only a few stars sparkled in the sky.

Suddenly, straight in front of her, Jolie saw two points of light. For an instant she believed that they were twin stars low against the southern horizon; but, as she watched them, they moved, and they were not white or yellow but pale yellow-green. She knew then that they were the eyes of a wild beast moving along the edge of the cliff, directly in front and not fifty yards away; and in the same instant she discerned dimly the outlines of a huge catlike shape behind the eyes.

She whispered a warning to the others. They needed no warning. Lachlan and O'Sullivan had already seen the beast; Almayne and the two Muskogee warriors, sitting at the other side of the fire, had turned their heads cautiously and were searching the gloom. Little Mink was reaching for the bow which lay on the rock near him, when Almayne spoke.

"It is the tame panther," he whispered. "Aganuntsi is coming!"

The words were scarcely spoken when the darkness took shape and the Conjurer stood before them.

Almayne rose and stood facing him. Neither uttered a sound. Aganuntsi turned and strode away into the night, and without a word Almayne followed him.

The twin stars which were the panther's eyes were motionless now. The beast had lain down near the edge of the precipice and there it waited, its yellow-green orbs glowing in the fitful light. Jolie could hear the low murmur of Aganuntsi's voice, could distinguish his form and that of Almayne standing motionless near the entrance of the trail leading down the mountain side.

In the circle about the fire no one spoke; none dared ask aloud what this second visit of the Conjurer could mean. Jolie shivered. With a strange fascination her eyes remained fixed upon the yellow-green orbs in front of her; and suddenly, as she watched them, they vanished.

Moving her head slightly, she saw Almayne returning. A steely light glittered in his deep-set eyes; his thin, tanned face was like that of a hunting hawk. His eyes rested on Jolie, and his lips tightened.

"AGANUNTSI came to warn us," he said slowly. "An Appalache scout wandered up the mountain this morning and saw us. They are coming to-night to take us. We must try for Fort Prince George."

There was a silence. Then Lachlan asked quietly:

"What think you, Almayne, of our chance of reaching the Fort?"

"A slim chance," the hunter growled. "One chance in five hundred. But they've been sending out scouting parties from the Fort. Aganuntsi didn't know in which directions— Heaven send one headed this way!"

Mr. O'Sullivan leaped to his feet and there was a smile upon his lips.

"We are going to win through for your sakes, Jolie and Lachlan!" he told them. "And I think there will be a minister in Fort Prince George."

Every moment was precious. Yet Jolie found time for one last look at the little camp on the mountain top before they stole down the path to the woods-encircled meadow below the summit, where the horses grazed. Within a few minutes they were mounted and away.

They followed no trail. They descended the upper slopes of Sani'gilagi by a steep and rocky way where even the sure-footed Chickasaw ponies were sometimes in danger of falling. The moon shone fitfully. Sometimes the forest around them was bathed in ghostly light, and twice Almayne halted them until drifting clouds obscured the moon once more.

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There were many alarms. Again and again Jolie saw dim forms moving amid the trees, but always these proved to be small bands of deer. Once they were close to disaster, and were saved only because Little Mink, the taller of the two Muskogee warriors, was swifter of foot than a Cherokee sentinel who saw them and sped away through the moonlit woods.

Jolie saw the beginning of that race but not the end. She knew only that after a time Little Mink reappeared at Almayne's side, and nodded in reply to a short, guttural question of the hunter.

It was due to Aganuntsi the Conjurer that they were able to pierce the circle of enemies around Sani'-gilagi. Knowing the precise location of every Indian camp, he had advised Almayne as to the best route to take, and the hunter's consummate woodcraft and his intimate knowledge of the ground enabled him to follow these directions in every detail. Yet it was not only a miracle of skill which brought them safely through that first dangerous stage of their journey; it was also a miracle of good fortune.

When the dawn came they had left far behind them the valleys around Sani'-gilagi, where the camps of their enemies dotted the woods. There was less danger now, for a while, of a chance encounter with some wandering Indian band; but with every moment there was greater need of haste. Long ago their flight from the mountain top had been discovered. That they were being pursued was certain, and there was no telling how close behind them their pursuers were.

In the gray light of morning Almayne wheeled Nunda, his piebald pony, to the right and headed straight up the slope of a steep oak ridge. A few minutes later they found themselves in a narrow, deep-worn path or road winding along the ridge's wooded summit.

In short, quick-spoken sentences Almayne explained his change of plan, pointed out the necessity of greater speed. This was a buffalo path, he told them, one of the highways trodden out by the herds in passing back and forth across the mountain barrier. For some miles it would lead them in the general direction of Fort Prince George, and they would follow it for a while, because they could ride faster than in the unbroken forest. Without further word he set out at a brisk trot, the two Muskogees running just behind him.

To Jolie the swifter pace brought a sense of exhilaration. Her mind was oddly content. Throughout this journey she had been aware of a strange indifference to danger. Always, as she rode, she saw in her mind's eye the image of Lachlan. His place in the column was behind her; she could not see him without turning her head, and she turned it seldom. But with the eye of her (*Continued on page 163*)

Her horse was abreast of Almayne's, and she realized that he was shouting to her. . . . She could barely distinguish the words above the thunder of hoofs

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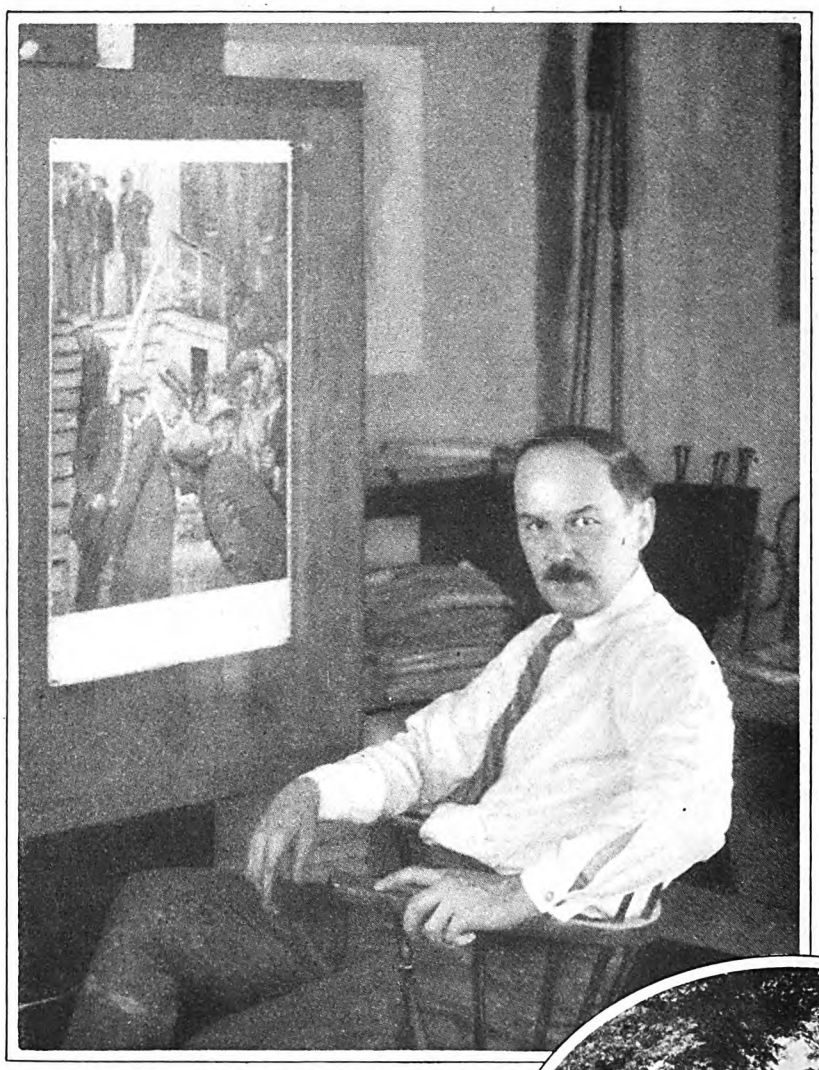
INTERESTING PEOPLE

Paul Meylan Has Drawn the Picture Of Scattergood Nearly a Hundred Times

PAUL MEYLAN has established at least two records among present-day American illustrators: he has drawn one character in approximately one hundred different poses and situations, and he has won the national amateur fencing championship. Perhaps he has a third record too, for he does not use professional models in making his pictures. His neighbors and friends in and around Bethel, Connecticut, pose for him. He lives eight miles from Bethel, on a somewhat remote farm, where he owns a beautiful old house with a great maple tree in front of it.

Readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE know him as the man who illustrates Clarence Budington Kelland's stories about Scattergood Baines. He has been illustrating these stories for many years. Each story is complete in itself, and does not depend upon those that have gone before. And Scattergood, Kelland, and Meylan are still going strong! Stronger than ever. In the illustrations for a story the picture of Scattergood often appears more than once, which accounts for the fact that Mr. Meylan has made more Scattergood drawings than there have been Scattergood stories.

Mr. Meylan grew up on the lower West Side of New York City. His father was an expert watch maker, and intended that young Paul should follow in his craft. For generations, the Meylans have been famous as watch makers. This family trait of painstaking exactness in work influences Paul Meylan's art strongly. He is noted for his attention to detail.



Paul Meylan, illustrator of the "Scattergood Baines" stories in "The American Magazine," lives on a farm eight miles from Bethel, Connecticut, and uses his country neighbors for his models. Mr. Meylan is a former national amateur fencing champion. (In oval) Mr. Meylan's home

"I always did have a leaning toward art," Mr. Meylan says. "When I was just a child, I used to amuse the other members of my gang in West Seventeenth Street by drawing pictures on the sidewalk. I managed to study art while attending the public schools of New York. At the age of eighteen, I was given a job on the New York 'Evening World' as an illustrator. Then I went to the Boston 'Herald,' where I worked for three years, and took a few courses at Harvard in my spare time. In 1903, I returned to New York to become a free-lance illustrator. Since then, that has been my profession. But fate has played a funny trick on me. My pet hope has been to get a story in which there is a fencing duel. But never yet have I had a story of that kind, although I have been a fencer for years, and once held the national amateur championship.

"Fencing and baseball! How many of my hours have those two sports consumed! For years I fenced some every day, and when I lived in New York City, as I did until five years ago, I could never work in the afternoons if there was a baseball game in town that I could get to."

When Mr. Meylan first began to illustrate the Kelland stories, he used a New York policeman as his model for Scattergood. The imaginary hardware merchant of Coldriver then had black hair. But Kelland has been writing the stories so long, Meylan illustrating them, and the public demanding them, that now you see old Scattergood with snow-white locks. And the New York cop is no longer the model. A resident of Connecticut is the man who now poses for this famous short-story character.

"When I first moved to Bethel," Mr. Meylan said, "I had some trouble with my work, because I needed models. It was hard to get my neighbors to pose for me. But they now do it almost eagerly. I see someone who looks like a certain character whose picture I am to make, and I ask him, or her, to pose, paying, of course, the usual model's fees, as I think

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that is only the right thing to do. Sometimes people ask to be allowed to pose!

"My friends ask me to tell them when a Scattergood story is coming out, and when one does appear, every copy of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is sold from all the nearby stands, for the people want to see whom I have used as models, and also to read the story, of course! Scattergood is very real to us around Bethel. Everyone knows who poses for his picture. But there is great curiosity as to whose pictures will appear for the occasional characters.

"'I see you used that dairyman's boy in your last story,' some man will say to me. 'When you going to get a story that has someone in it who looks like me?' That's how friendly Scattergood has made us up around my home.

"Whenever I get a new Scattergood story from the magazine, I have to wait until after supper, and then read it aloud to my wife and daughter. They won't let me read it first, though I should like to. I receive many letters from Scattergood's admirers."

There is one feature of the Scattergood illustrations that you have never guessed. In nearly every story, Mr. Meylan draws a picture of himself. If there is a crowd, his likeness is in it. If there is some man in a ludicrous situation, Mr. Meylan takes that rôle.

"I put myself in the illustrations," he explained, "because I did not have a model who could register the decided facial expressions I sometimes need, and because I do not want to picture any of my neighbors in ridiculous poses. It would make their friends laugh at them.

"I study the character I am to take, get into his feelings, then stand in front of a camera, screw my face up to denote a stomach-ache, break into a great guffaw, or do whatever the scene may require, and Mrs. Meylan snaps the camera. I then draw myself from the photograph.

"But all of this is far from what I set out to do years ago. When I was younger, I collected a great library on Napoleon, and studied hard all sorts of military matters, hoping to illustrate military stories. When I became a fencer, I hoped that I might occasionally be called on to draw a man with a sword in his hand. As I have told you, this hasn't happened yet. Still, I'm not kicking. Scattergood suits me; Scattergood and the other stories I get from magazines." JAMES C. DERIEUX

She Isn't Afraid of High Places or People

LIKE the Northwestern Mounted Police, Virginia Edwards "gets her man." But more frequently it is a woman, for women, especially pretty ones, are always in demand for newspaper pictorial sections. Sometimes it is a child, since child pictures can be depended upon to attract even the casual reader's attention. Not infrequently it is a "shot" of an accident, in which a street car has crashed through a house or an engine gone over a bridge, or a panorama of a crowd, or a hasty snapshot of a famous visitor to the city as he is driven around Monument Circle.

For any or all of these things may come in the course of a regular day's duties of a newspaper photographer in Indianapolis, and because Virginia Edwards is a woman—one of the very few women photographers in newspaper work in any part of the country—doesn't excuse her from any sort of assignment. "In fact," she says, "I've been able to get several pictures that wouldn't have been available to a man. That isn't on account of my ability, you understand, but because men are still a little soft-hearted when they deal with women, and will make concessions they wouldn't make to a man. And, while I try not to take advantage of this, I certainly never object to any courtesy that's shown me, for it helps me to get the picture, and that, after all, is the important thing."

"Do you ever fail to get a picture because it must be taken from some point that is impossible for a woman to reach?" Miss Edwards was asked.

"I've never seen such a place," she replied. "One of the first pictures I had to take for the Indianapolis 'Times' was a shot at the crowd at the dedication service of the Indiana War Memorial. There were two men photographers there, and they had discovered that the only place to get a good picture of the crowd was from a narrow ledge on the monument, a pretty scary distance above the speakers' stand.

"Not only was the distance something to think about, but the climb had to be made in full view of an audience of several thousand persons—and all of them, I knew, would enjoy the novelty of a woman scaling a scaffold that was even a stiff climb for a man. However, there was nothing to do but climb it, so I hung on to my camera with one hand and the scaffold with the other, forgot the crowd, and pulled myself up alongside of my masculine competitors, both of whom were good enough to give me a lift on the last and worst stretch.

Virginia Edwards, photographer for the Indianapolis "Times," doesn't mind climbing monuments or scaffolds to get pictures. The hard part of her job is persuading her subjects to be photographed

"I had a chance to return the favor later on, however—not in helping them to a high point of vantage but in supplying the flashlight for a picture that couldn't be taken in the late afternoon light. It was of a street car that had crashed into the front room of a house; and we had to rush out and get the picture before the car was moved.

As usual, I took with me everything I might possibly need—I guess that's the feminine quality showing up in me—and when I got there I found the photographer from the morning paper bewailing his luck because he'd arrived without any flashlight powder, and the light was too poor for a picture without it. Naturally, I supplied the flash; I had to, to get my own picture, and he shot his at the same time—and used it first, since his paper came out in the morning and mine couldn't be used before noon."

Another high climb that Miss Edwards made was out of a skylight and across the roof of the Union Station, to photograph a flag-pole painter.

"And if I could have made a better picture by climbing the flagpole, I'd certainly have tried it," she added.

"It isn't the high climbs or the hurried 'runs' that try a newspaper photographer's ability, however. It is the difficulty of dealing with every sort of person, from criminal to society woman, from politician to publicity representative.

"If I tried to name any one class of people who are the hardest in Indiana to photograph, I'd say it was the Indiana politician going to sign his bond. Some time ago, indictments against public office holders were not uncommon, and every time an indictment was returned I had to rush over to the courthouse, hide around a corner, and 'shoot' the indicted one as he came out. During the recent political scramble in which Mayor Duvall was ousted and his wife and two other contenders put into the office temporarily I almost camped at City Hall, photographing mayors; and while the incoming ones were willing to look pleasant, the outgoing

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ones didn't want to be photographed at all.

"Since I've been in newspaper work I've perfected a method by which that 'hard' look so characteristic of newspaper pictures is done away with. There isn't time for retouching, so, to remove the harsh line, I do my enlarging through a screen of four thicknesses of metal cloth.

"I've found that women are more willing to be photographed if I give them time to fix their hair, and men seem always to appreciate it if you suggest that they straighten their ties. It pays to make friends with your subjects, for the better humor they are in, the better the picture will be—and the better your chances are to get another picture if you need it.

"Nearly all women object at first to being photographed, and have to be coaxed, and it is very rare indeed for a woman—or a man—to refuse after he's been reasoned with for ten or fifteen minutes."

Miss Edwards's only technical preparation for her work was several years' experience in a small studio, where she did photographing, developing, printing, and enlarging. She does all of this now, between hurried trips to pick up some "rush" picture. But the technical ability is only a part of the qualifications of a newspaper photographer, she believes.

"I think that any newspaper photographer must remember certain requirements of a 'news picture,'" she explained. "First, it's necessary to get people into the picture. Second, a good newspaper picture ought to have action in it. Third, it must be right as a composition. And, along with all of these, you've got to watch your light, your background, your time. But, most of all, you've got to like your work, to find it so interesting that nothing you run up against matters, so long as you make good."

LEONORA ROSS

You Can Shoe a Horse or a Car at the Whitneys' Place

THIS is the story of an auto mechanic. His name is Raymond Whitney, and his shop and house are near the little hamlet of New Marlboro, Massachusetts. And any day, if you are motoring up near Great Barrington and happen to follow a line of cars off the main road, you are likely to find that you are following a beaten path to his door. For on Sunday, as well as every other day in the week, twenty or thirty cars are parked in the yard waiting for Mr. Whitney to diagnose their troubles.

Wealthy people from New York bring their summer cars up to Mr. Whitney to be put in repair during the winter. Vacationists in the Berkshires with auto licenses ranging from Florida to Canada wait anxiously for Mr. Whitney to emerge from under their cars and give the result of his examination.

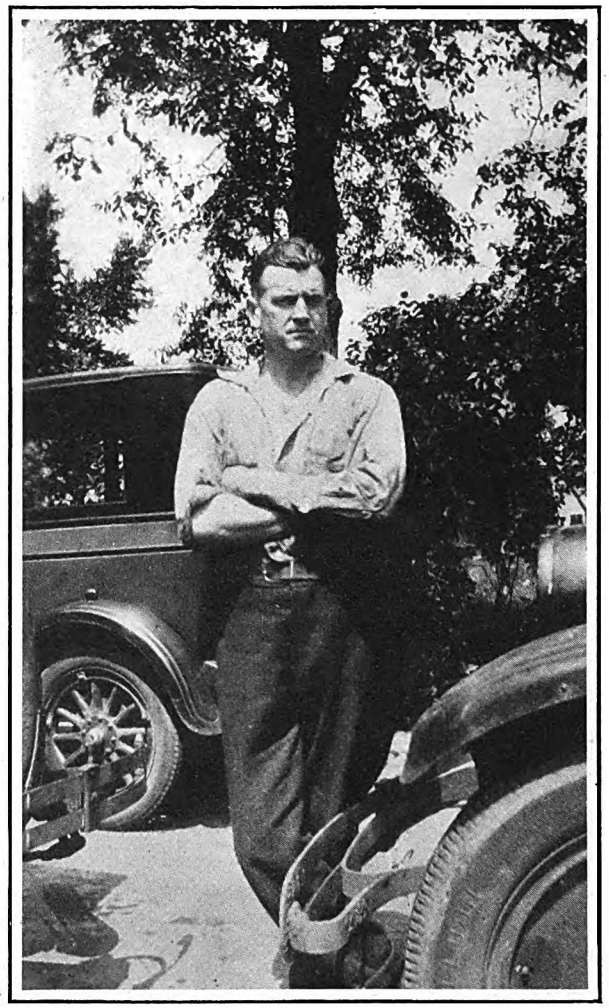
Strangely enough, Raymond Whitney is not called by his first name, as most mechanics are—although he is very popular with his customers. When you see him you like him. A mop of curly blond hair tops a keen face that might be that of a broker if it were not for his athletic body, which is too husky for a mere Sunday golfer. If you don't find him in at the shop, wait a few minutes, and you will probably hear the noise of a motor racing down the road. It will be driven by one of Mr. Whitney's men, while Whitney hangs on the side of the car with his ear to the motor, like a doctor listening to the beat of his patient's heart.

The Whitney shop, in spite of the fact that it is off in the hills, is one of the most complete anywhere in the country. It has its own machine shop, welding and forging departments, and a corps of five enthusiastic mechanics—"Whitney-trained."

Much of his knowledge Mr. Whitney attributes to his father, the village blacksmith. He points to a pile of horseshoes stacked higher than a man's head—a strange sight in these horseless days.

"You see, they still find Dad," he says, "even though the main road was steered off in the other direction, and left us up here in the woods 'way off their route."

Like a connecting link between the old era and the new, the modern auto repair shop is joined right onto the old blacksmith shop, which was built some fifty years ago. And Albert Whitney, Raymond's father, still uses the anvil which keeps the farm horses of that vicinity in shoes, just as his son keeps the horseless carriages in shoes. Although the son is an expert mechanic, and doesn't go in for vulcanizing, he is always ready to remedy auto ills, whether it is a flat tire or a burned bearing.



Raymond Whitney, automobile expert of New Marlboro, Massachusetts. His father has a blacksmith shop beside the garage, and his sons want to be airplane mechanics

Some time ago, a school-teacher summering in a small car of a very old make, stopped by the Whitney shop in the midst of a busy day.

"I've lost a lug off my spare tire, and I have to carry it in the back of the car. It's almost ruining a bandbox with my new hat in it. Can you get me another lug?" she asked.

"I'll fix you up," Mr. Whitney promised. "I'll run over to Barrington and get you one. Drop in to-morrow."

But neither Barrington nor any other town near by yielded the exact sort of lug needed. On schedule time, however, in the midst of another busy day, the school-teacher appeared for the lug.

Mr. Whitney scratched his head, and looked at the spare tire which threatened the bandbox with the new hat in it.

"I'll have to make you one," he said. And going into the blacksmith shop he got busy at the forge, and a little later came out with the finished lug.

Mr. Whitney received his early training at the old forge. "But Raymond's interest was always in mechanics," his father said. "He used to help me here in the shop when he was only a youngster. In those days, up there 'round the bend of this road was where the old grist mill used to stand. There were two stores up there too, and we were right on the main road, where folks had to pass. Sometimes we'd shoe as many as sixty-five horses in two days.

"At night, Raymond used to study books on mechanics. There were plenty of broken-down flivvers up in these rocky hills and he got lots of practice."

Perhaps you wonder why the Whitney shop is hidden away up in the hills, where the approach is rocky and winding. There are two good reasons: Mr. Whitney's two boys, aged seven and nine. They, by the way, aspire to be airplane mechanics, so perhaps some day the old blacksmith shop and the auto repair shop will boast a new addition, for fliers in trouble—thus completing three generations of progress.

HAZEL CARTER MAXON

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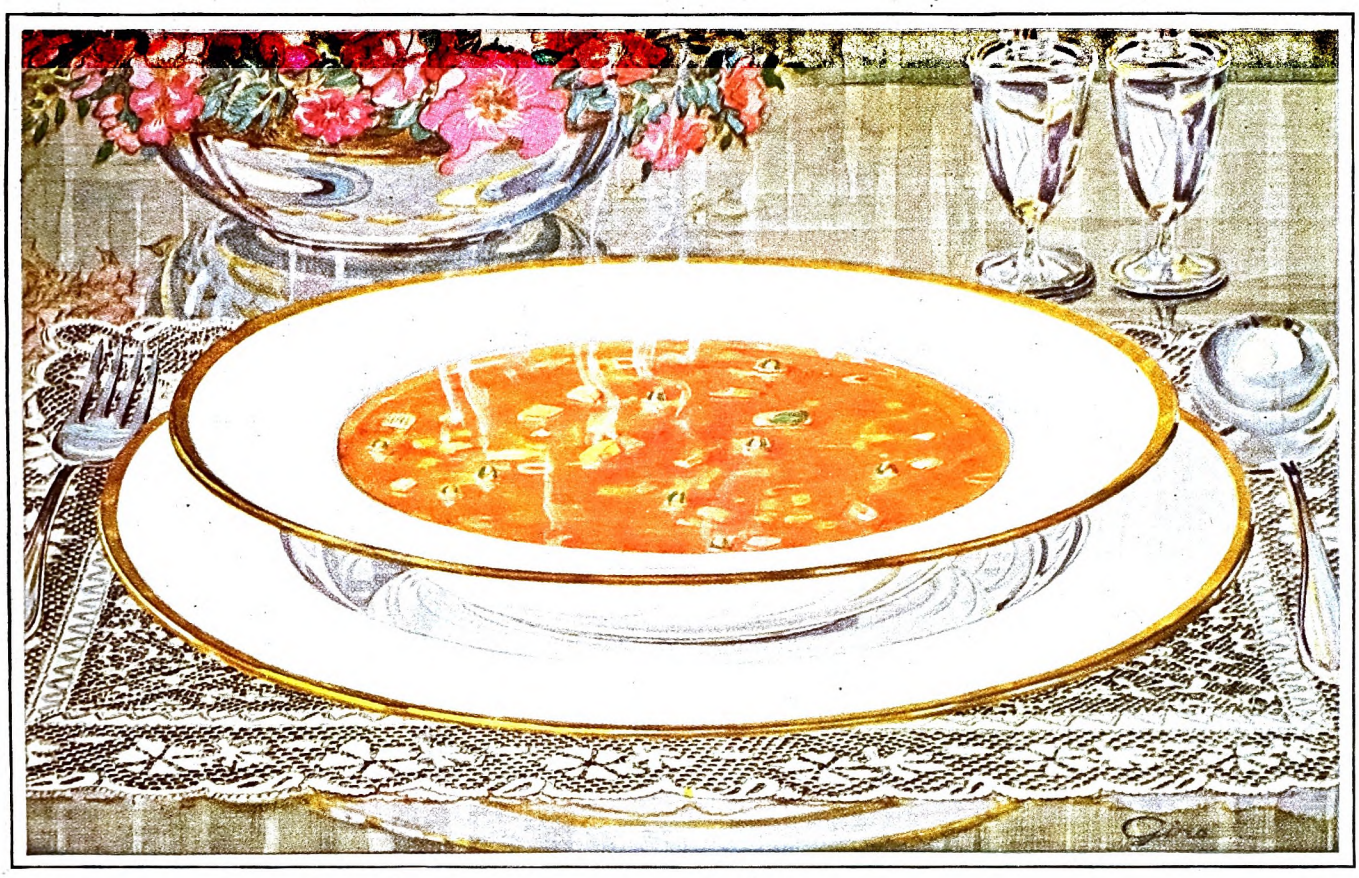

The most delicious vegetable soup you ever tasted!

BABY lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Sweet corn which is the aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots, white potatoes and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality.

Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Because it takes no less than thirty-two different ingredients to make the best vegetable soup!

This soup, with its ideal combination of vegetables, cereals, beef broth and condiments is the wholesome kind of food from which good health and bodily vigor are built.

Usually in the home kitchen, the water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away. Yet that water has absorbed mineral salts valuable in building bone and muscle and tissue. In the making of soup, these salts are retained in abundant strength and, of course, they are especially rich in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its fifteen different vegetables.

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal dish—so filling—so welcome to the appetite. At dinner it provides a generous portion of the needed nourishment, again making your task that much simpler.

And the children! What a problem they often present to the mother so anxious that their food shall give the most benefit. Let them eat often, and freely, this most healthful of foods.

Campbell's kitchens offer to your table no less than twenty-one different soups—each the masterpiece of its kind. Read the full list on the Campbell's label. Then make your selections and go to your grocer. He has, or will gladly get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

And think of the convenience! All you have to do is add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Then the soup—hot, savory, delicious—is all ready for your table.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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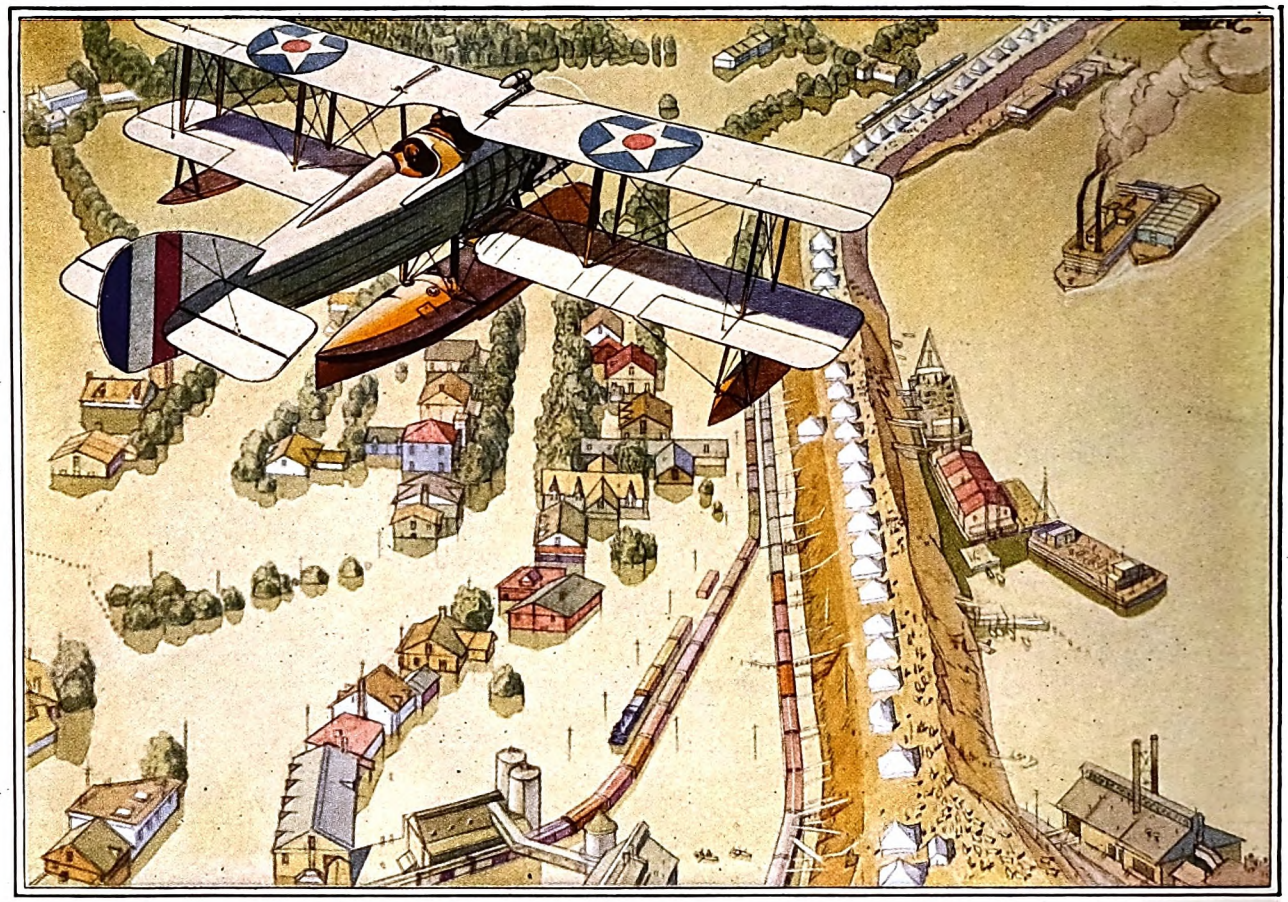

Illustration painted from authoritative government photographs

THE RISE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Only a few months ago the Mississippi River overflowed its banks. And, seeking refuge from its swollen, yellow waters, millions of men, women and children were thrown together, homeless, helpless, often starving—subsisting for a period under the most primitive conditions.

Fifty years ago, disease would have flared up inevitably. Contagious diseases, spreading through the camps of refugees, would soon have threatened the entire country. Then the Mississippi disaster, dreadful as it already was, would have assumed terrifying proportions under the grim shadow of pestilence.

But instead, from every part of the country, by automobile and train and airplane, vaccines and antitoxins in tiny, precious vials came to the flooded regions. Organized bands worked day and night, inoculating, vaccinating, applying all the available knowledge of preventive medicine to avert the peril of contagion. And their labor was successful. At no time was disease ever a threat outside of the stricken area.

* * *

The rise of preventive medicine has been swift indeed. Two generations have not gone by since Pasteur proved to the world that it was within the power of man to conquer contagious disease. And already typhoid, yellow fever, cholera, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever—many of our worst enemies—have been mastered.

More important still, we are no longer satisfied merely to fight diseases. We are learning actually to make ourselves immune to their attacks.

In this work of prevention, E. R. Squibb & Sons have always been recognized as important factors. The work of the Squibb Laboratories in furnishing dependable serums and antitoxins during such emergencies as the Mississippi disaster was in line with a tradition built by almost seventy-five years of active co-operation with the medical profession in its struggle against disease.

During these years physicians have come to rely more and more upon the purity and reliability of Squibb Products. They have learned by experience that everything under the Squibb label is of unquestionable trustworthiness. For only the purest materials go into Squibb Products. Science, skill and care are used in their manufacture.

Thus Squibb vaccines and antitoxins have given the medical profession powerful and dependable means for prevention of infectious diseases.

Similarly, the familiar Squibb Household Products such as Bicarbonate of Soda, Epsom Salt, Milk of Magnesia, Castor Oil, Cod-Liver Oil, etc., have given thousands of homes reliable means with which to meet the minor emergencies that often arise in every-day life.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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THE HICKS ARE NOT ALL IN THE COUNTRY

By H. I. Phillips

Wherein the Author succumbs to a rural urge

THERE is a saying, "You can take a hick out of the country but you can't take the country out of a hick."

The author of that tune is no bush-league philosopher.

I've lived in a big city a long time now and I like to think I'm what is known as a big-city man. But I'm really a hick all over. And I know it. Still, I've got company. There are probably more hicks per square foot in one block in any metropolitan city than there are per square mile in the small towns. And they're not all visitors.

A hick is a man who left the country for the city but who can never quite forget it and be on the level with himself.

He is a man who pretends to himself that he likes bright lights, jazz orchestras, wise-cracking actors, the roar of subway trains, automatic lunch-rooms, first-night openings, the $3.50 table d'hôte dinner, and the right to pay $8 to see a terrible show. But he is also the guy who, in his sincere moments, knows he has a secret itch for the country store, the pinochle game at Hose Company No. 2, the cows in the clover, bird dogs, the old swimming hole, a shot at partridges, a chat with Joe Snarks, the combination game warden, sheriff, chief of police and dog catcher, a good home-cooked dinner at Aunt Minnie's, and an hour in the cool of a spring evening listening to Sparks's Military Band on the village green.

I'm a hick.

And I've about decided I'll never live it down. Furthermore, I'm going to stop trying. Apparently, there's no use trying. I dress like a city feller, keep abreast of every change in collar styles, speak sternly to taxicab drivers, submit to being robbed by the producers of the smartest musical shows, pay restaurant checks without adding them up, call at least six head waiters at leading hotels by their first names, live in an apartment that costs about three times what I can afford, sit nonchalantly in a subway train while a woman with two children stands up in front of me, accept credulously from a barber a tip on General Motors, and even attend all the return bouts between Dempsey and Tunney, without complaining. Yet any person told to look at me and behold the Typical Big Town Boy would ask, "What's wrong with this picture?"

Somebody is always squinting at me curiously, and then saying, "Aren't you from Medicine Hat?" "Didn't I see you in Chillicothe last Fair Day?" or, "I know you. You're Ed Rivers, who used to play in the Stony Creek Fife and Drum Corps. How's everything back home?"

In my ten years in New York, I have never yet been mistaken for a born-and-bred New Yorker. Nobody has ever made the mistake of striding across a night club, slapping me on the back and saying, "Hello, Cohan, what's new in the Roaring Forties?" Evidently I don't look the part.

I'd like to be, and I've tried to be, but, no matter how you scramble a country egg, it will still be a country egg.

THE cow in Central Park, New York, has been there for years, not a stone's throw from Broadway, and while she looks somewhat more sophisticated than the common herd of bovine creatures, you would know at a glance that she is still a cow.

I know dozens of city dwellers whose every attitude, gesture, expression, and action indicates that they were born in the subway, raised in the lobby of a skyscraper hotel, and educated in a revolving door, yet the low-down on these lads is that they helped pitch hay, water the stock and milk the cows until they were very big boys. Why, most of 'em never saw a moving stairway, a Broadway song writer, a marble lobby, a moving-picture actress, an original musical comedy cast, a highway robbery in front of a police station, a genuine traffic snarl, or an ambulance scoring four victims while going for one, until they were old enough to vote.

Now and then you meet a chap who can be both the hick and the "city slicker" without feeling that he's double-crossing himself. But it takes a good man to do it. One of New York's best-known men about town, a man who is a familiar figure in the night life of the city, and who knows his New York as few other men do, makes his home on a farm by day and is proud of it. He loves the White Lights and he loves green hills. And he manages to feel at home with both. It's a good trick—if you can turn it.

Now, cabarets, night clubs, first-night performances, smart hotels, zippy dinners and gala balls don't dazzle me. Frankly, I am bored by the Big Parade. The Gay White Way strikes me as neither white nor gay. Much of what should, I suppose, impress and awe me seems the bunk.

After I had been on a New York newspaper three years, and developed what I thought was a real big-city air, I gave myself away at once. I took a sight-seeing boat to see the Statue of Liberty, and even climbed up into the lady's shoulder. The office heard about it, and it took me months to get back as a member of the staff in good standing. Sight-seeing is still my weakness, and you will often find me looking down on New York from the Woolworth Tower, going by bus to Chinatown, riding through the park in a hansom cab, staggering through the Metropolitan Museum of Art, watching the seal at the Aquarium, visiting Grant's Tomb, and sailing around Manhattan Island on a wheezing ferry boat with the rest of the yokels.

A couple of weeks ago I went to Battery Park and paid a fakir ten cents for the privilege of looking through one of those telescopes with window glass in both ends. It wasn't the first time, either. Within the past year, I have bought a "Guide to New York" from one of those Park Row venders. I don't know why. I bought it on a day when I wasn't feeling like sight-seeing. It must have been the old hick instinct.

If a man enjoys being a rube, why bother about curing him?

I MADE my first visit to Chicago not long ago. It is one of the greatest cities in the world. It has public buildings, parks, drives, theatres, night clubs, and other institutions well worth visiting; but where do you suppose I spent my one afternoon there? You're right. Visiting the stock yards! The only thing that consoles me is that my companion in yokelry was a man who prides himself on being a man of the world, a big-city notable, a true cosmopolite. In fact, he suggested the expedition. Yes, he's from a small town too.

I got a real kick out of the stock-yard visit. I even liked the smell of the stock

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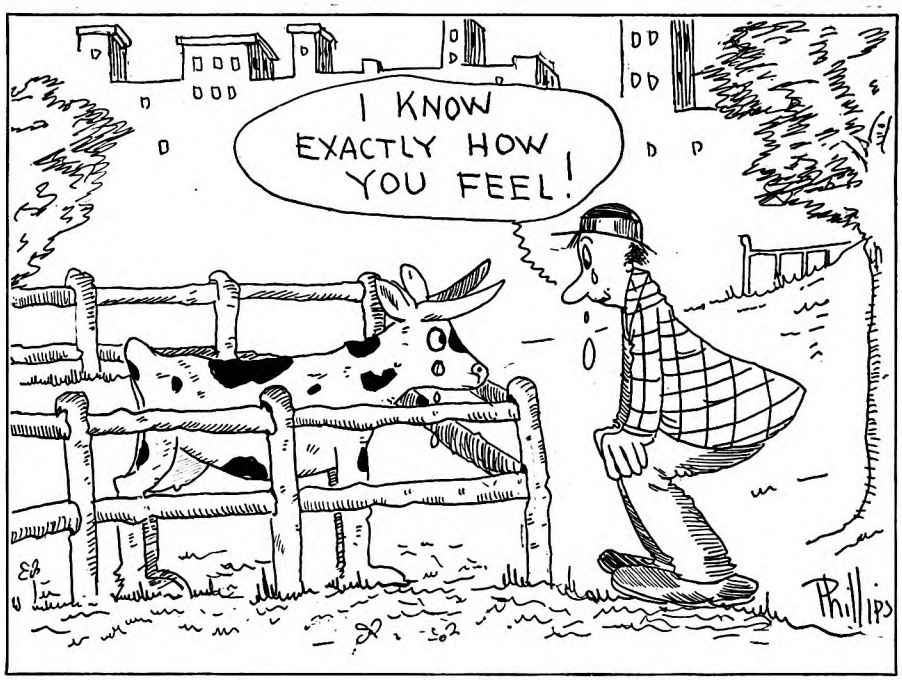
yards, which is the ultimate test of chronic and incurable hickeritis.

To me, the most attractive things in New York are the Bronx Botanical Gardens, the Zoo, the view of the Hudson from Inspiration Point, the Poe Cottage, Paddy's Market, the bar John Masefield once tended, the Coney Island boats, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Stock Exchange, the ruins of Fort Washington, Fifth Avenue at the height of the Christmas rush, Madison Square Garden, Roxy's and the Paramount Theatres, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Trinity Churchyard, Louis Mann's collars, the exhibit of old railroad trains at the Grand Central Station, Grand Central Palace, the Flea Circus in the heart of the Gay White Way, Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, the site of the first Edison Electric Light Plant, the Hippodrome, the Woolworth Building, the Jersey ferries and the river and harbor traffic as seen from a bench to leeward of the Aquarium.



The Central Park cow meets a man who understands her

I WOULD rather spend ten minutes in the Bronx Botanical Gardens than three hours in the swellest night club in town. The sheep in Central Park interest me more than the vaudeville and musical comedy stars to be seen any time in Longacre Square.

I think the best three entertainments in New York each year are Tex Austin's Rodeo, Ringling Brothers, and the Poultry Show. Fourth place goes to the Dog Show, with special reference to the setters, pointers, and collies. The fifth best entertainment, as far as I am concerned, is the annual auction of excess zoo stock by the municipal park department. I have attended this auction for years. My first year in New York, a city editor sent me up to cover it, and one of the jolts I received was in identifying one of the most interested spectators as Flo Ziegfeld, supposedly the most blasé of blasé cosmopolites.

He was not only a spectator but a buyer. He bought a couple of elks and some sheep.

I made a bid or two that year and have been among the bidders nearly every year since. I bid on bison, gnus, polar bears, tigers, camels, Shetland ponies, sheep, prairie dogs, hedgehogs, wolves, bears, and leopards. I haven't the slightest use for any of these animals, nor is my apartment adapted to their care. I have never visualized a spotted deer over by the phonograph, a bison behind the floor lamp or a camel beside the radio set. I bid for these animals because it exercises an impulse that must be a kind of throw-back to aboriginal ancestors.

One of these days an auctioneer is going to say, "Sold to that gentleman over there with the scared look!" before somebody tops my bid. This distressing circumstance will occur, in all probability, while I am bidding on an African lion or a Bengal tiger!

I have never been able to see any sense in that time-honored classic of life in a big city, the Six-Day Bicycle Race; but I will fight anybody for a chance to see a good old-fashioned trotting meet.

I'm on Broadway a lot, but if you were making a search for me you probably would find me in one of those fake jewelry auctions, bidding $4.80 for "a genuine 18-stone diamond ring," watching a demonstrator demonstrate a corn plaster in a drug-store window, listening to a street-corner go-getter shout about the unparalleled opportunities to be derived from a small investment in some far-off property, having my photograph taken in one of those stores where a new machine takes you from eight angles at once, or gazing into a rôtisserie window watching the chef tend the roasting chickens. I even stop in front of Childs restaurant windows and watch the girl "flip" wheat cakes. Greater proof of a hick than that hath no man.

There's something about a side-show that gets me every time. Sword swallowers, snake charmers, fat women, blue men, Siamese twins, Wild Men of Borneo, fire eaters, midgets, giants, and bearded women will distract me from any errand, mission, or work.

I never failed to get up before sunrise to see the circus arrive and pitch tents until I was close to thirty years of age. I recall no moment of greater joy in the big city than that experience, about two years ago, when, by arrangement with the press department of Ringling Brothers circus, I dressed as an Indian maharajah and marched in the Brooklyn parade directly in front of the elephants. I felt a great urge to stay with the show, and might have done so if the regular occupant of the costume hadn't demanded it back.

I WOULD, beyond much doubt, meet all the specifications for what used to be known back in the McKinley Administration as a "rubberneck." It is no effort for me to stop and look, and not much to listen. A safe being hoisted up the side of a tall building, a sign painter putting a number in gold leaf on a store window, a window dresser arranging the dummies to carry out the idea of a perfect day at the Fox and Hounds Club, a policeman putting chalk marks on the wheels of an automobile that has exceeded the parking time limit, a litter of puppies in the window of a dog store, a private car owner and a taxicab driver in an argument over the right of way, a truckman gathering up a crate of cabbages that fell from his truck in a congested street, a musician trying to get through a turnstile with a bass drum, a motorcycle cop following a dashing lady in a low red roadster, an armored truck being unloaded outside a bank, a street urchin angling for a dime below a grating with a piece of gum on the end of a stick, a fakir demonstrating a cement for mending broken crockery, a patrol wagon going through the street with a load of hoboes, a crowd milling in front of a movie theatre, a horse fallen down on a slippery street, will command

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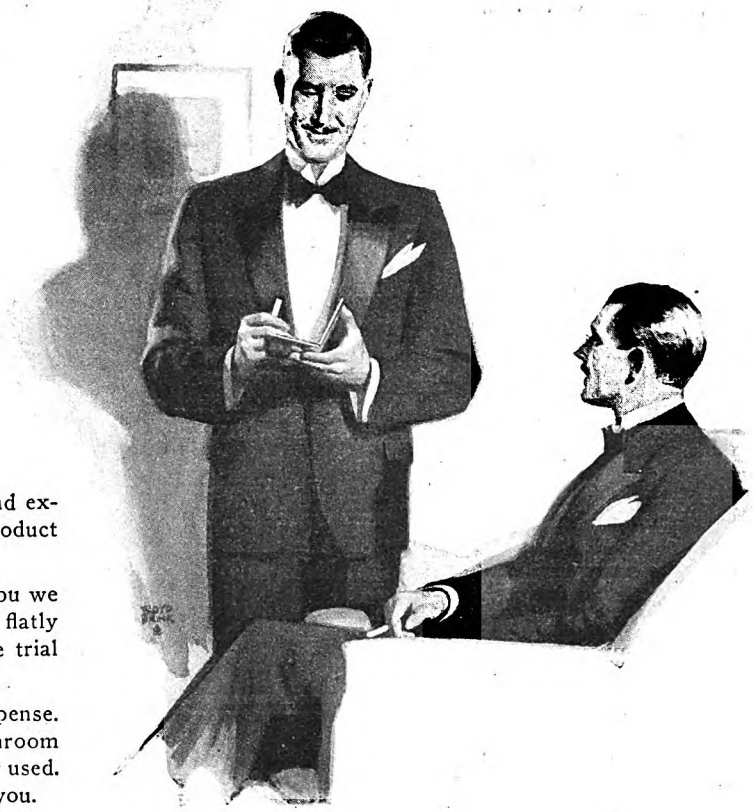
How We *Win* Men

To Our New Shaving Cream

A 10-day test at our expense that proves to 85% of those who try it that the claims we make are based on fact



GENTLEMEN:

No man is ever convinced against his will. And extravagant claims fail to impress when the product itself cannot live up to them.

So in introducing our new shaving cream to you we discard bombast and boasting, and rest our case flatly on your decision after you have made a suitable trial of the product itself.

Now we offer you a ten-day test, at our expense. We expect it to prove to you in your own bathroom that this is the finest shaving cream you have ever used. Our whole case rests on *merit alone* convincing you.

We take the risk—not you

If we are right, surely you want to know about it. And, since the big majority of those who make this test become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream, we feel we have a good chance to win you.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is no accident. We started by asking 1000 men what they most desired in a shaving preparation. Then set out to give it to them.

Formula after formula failed in the complete result—129 in all. Then success came. Our great laboratories, skilled for 60 years in soap supremacy, had created another leader.

These 5 things you wish

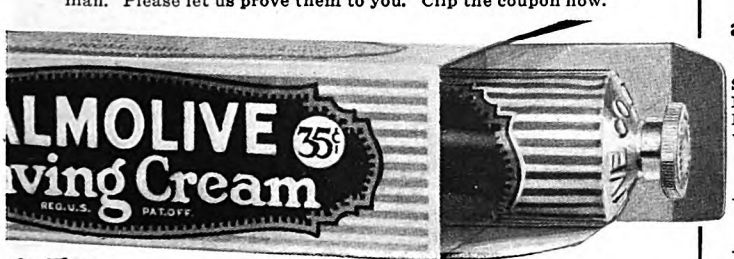
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Won't you mail the coupon, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.



35c

3910

10 Shaves FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1471, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

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my undivided attention at any time and any place.

I once lost my wife in a Fifth Avenue crowd when I became too absorbed watching a Maltese cat try to cross the street at the height of a traffic rush. Even on a hurry call to a doctor's office I will stop to observe every detail of that fascinating sight—the driver of an interurban bus full of passengers trying to jack up the car and change a flat tire. Only last week I missed a ferry to Jersey because I stopped to watch a billboard artist paint in the eyes, nose, and teeth of a character in a famous chewing gum advertisement. When he had finished the eyes I was tempted to leave, but he began work on the nose at once and held me. I then tried to leave, but was intrigued by the desire to see him do the lips and teeth. All my life I have wanted to catch at work the man who precedes the painter and lays out the design in crayon or pencil. I have never been on the job at the right time, but some day I will catch him, and suspend work for the day.

A man with a surveying instrument anywhere will slow me up considerably, and a chance to watch one riveter toss red-hot rivets to another in the steel structure of a new building will keep me from my best friend's wedding. More than once I have sacrificed an important hour waiting for a couple of Italians to touch up a blast that would crack up another ton of rock in excavating for a new skyscraper.

I can never pass an excavation without looking in to see what is going on, although I know very well it won't be anything I can comprehend. Firemen testing the pumping efficiency of a new fire engine by determining how high it shoots a stream of water can always count on my deep interest. A man chasing his hat in a breeze seems to fascinate me, and I am one of those goops who always stop to look at a police dog or great Dane in the front seat of an imperial limousine.

THIS is nothing to be proud of. It costs me plenty of time and money. I'd be much farther ahead financially if I could be taken to work in a curtained hack and brought home again in a covered wagon.

Now and then I try to conquer my curiosity. I made a valiant effort to do so the day Lindbergh arrived back in the United States. Here was one of the greatest demonstrations and receptions of all time. I didn't want to miss it, but had just returned from a strenuous week-end on the morning of his arrival in New York, and had decided to stay at home and hear it on the radio. This sacrifice was in a measure due to the fact that I knew it would mean quite a struggle to get anywhere near our hero. I tuned in on the radio and heard the broadcaster describe the scenes in down-town New York, the great crowds, the decorations, the picturesque doings on the water front as the arrival of the boat bearing Lindy was awaited.

"I never saw a more wonderful sight," he said. "I've seen a great many demonstrations but never anything like this . . . and Lindy isn't even in sight yet!"

Then he described the passing of some troops and societies through Broadway, and I could clearly hear the bands and the drum corps. "It's a wonderful sight, folks," continued the announcer, having no idea how he was ruining my plans. "The crowds are swelling every minute. . . . There! . . . They've broken through the police lines . . . it's a great sight, folks. . . ."

I was getting weaker and weaker.

Presently I could hear the tooting of harbor craft and the booming of guns.

"Lindy's ship is coming up the bay," said the announcer. "The harbor has gone mad. Oh, folks, you don't know what you're missing if you're not down here to-day. This is a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Folks, the ship is now—"

IT WAS too much.

I grabbed my hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Phillips.

"Down-town to see Lindy arrive," I said.

"But I thought—" began Mrs. Phillips.

"So did I," I replied, hustling downstairs and grabbing a taxi. I made the City Hall just as Lindy was starting the parade from the Battery, stampeded the newspaper office by a last-minute demand for a reception ticket, and, despite the interference of several picket lines of husky policemen, managed to get to the City Hall steps and be in on the big doings. As Lindy turned from Broadway into City Hall Park, I was on the edge of the speakers' platform, my head bloody but unbowed.

Wanting to "see all the sights" is not my only hick weakness. I have other truly rural characteristics. For one thing, I am still backward about letting the porter at the railroad station grab my suit case. I still have that unsophisticated feeling that he may not be a porter at all, but just a crook in disguise. Head-waiters still awe me, and I feel positively awkward in the presence of hotel and apartment house doormen whose uniforms indicate they outrank General Pershing, and Admiral Sims.

The first thing I do after getting a room in a hotel (fireproof or not) is to look for the fire escape and plan what I should do in case of a fire. Then I look in the closet to see if any bandit is therein concealed. I suffer from that backwoods belief that all box-office attendants make it a point to sell patrons seats behind pillars, and that they, in common with all hotel cashiers and taxicab drivers, will short-change anybody who isn't vigilant.

I feel ill at ease in dinner clothes, and think a stiff shirt should be worn by ambassadors, Cabinet officers, Vice Presidents, waiters, minstrels, and men being punished for serious crimes. I would feel conspicuous wearing spats, and always have a guilty look when carrying a cane.

I buy souvenir programs at boxing bouts, must have peanuts to enjoy a ball game, and can't leave a circus without some red lemonade.

A month ago I did that which no man with the hay out of his ears ever does: I rode on the back of an observation car throughout the daylight hours of a one-thousand-mile trip! All that consoles me as I make the confession is the fact that my companion was a born-and-bred New Yorker, a Man of the World, and a city dweller who would be hurt if anybody intimated that there was anything of the hick about him. The observation car platform ride was his idea, believe it or not.

We were going to Chicago on the same train. "The train leaves at three-forty," he said. "Now, let's get there early and grab chairs on the platform of the observation car. Otherwise, somebody'll get 'em. We can ride all the way to Syracuse on the back platform."

It sounded all right to me.

"How early should we get to the station?" I asked.

"Three o'clock," he said. "The minute the gates open we can rush in and grab those chairs."

If I had realized at the time that it was a hick stunt, I would have suspected some practical joking. However, he was there ahead of me at three o'clock and led the rush to the rear platform. Even after we passed out of the electrification zone and the steam engine took hold of the train we remained on the platform. From time to time some other passenger would come out for a few minutes; but we were the only two in the whole train who were apparently there on an election bet. We got enough coal in our eyes, nostrils, and throats to keep several families warm all winter. Our faces were coated with dust and dirt; we were in need of a Turkish bath; but we stuck it out.

I was for quitting several times, but my companion insisted it was the only way to ride and enjoy the scenery. As he was a man who had the reputation of knowing his onions, I assumed he knew his anthracite.

Not until I reached Chicago and told a friend about the rear platform did I sense the shame of it all.

"You can see all the scenery from inside the observation car," he said with disgust. "What's the idea riding on the platform? Taking soot samples for the Public Health Service or something?"

My new friend, the big-towner, the Man of the World, rode back to New York that way. But I stayed inside the car. Even now I'm not sure which is the real hick.

Anyhow, I've given up trying to cure myself.

A FEW days ago I had an appointment to go to the station and meet an old friend from the great open spaces on his first visit to the big city. He thinks I'm a regular city feller, a wise, blasé big-towner.

I was late and missed him.

Later, I located him at a hotel and explained that I was unavoidably detained. I didn't say what detained me.

Several things did it: First, as I left the office, there was a skywriter writing a cigarette advertisement in the skies, and, of course, I had to stand and watch him until he completed the last upstroke on the final letter "S."

And then, just when I had nearly reached the station, I had to stop to watch some waiters decorate a restaurant window with a likeness of Gene Tunney made out of a sponge cake, frosting, mayonnaise dressing and passementerie.

Nope, there's no use, I'm doomed to remain a hick!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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SALMAGUNDI

The Social Side of Easter

Friendships grow brighter with Easter — the season of rejoicing — the time when thoughts for others spring naturally to mind. Remember your friends with Salmagundi — the chocolates that convey a message.

Salmagundi is a genial merrymaker — a boon companion in festive gatherings — a center of attraction.

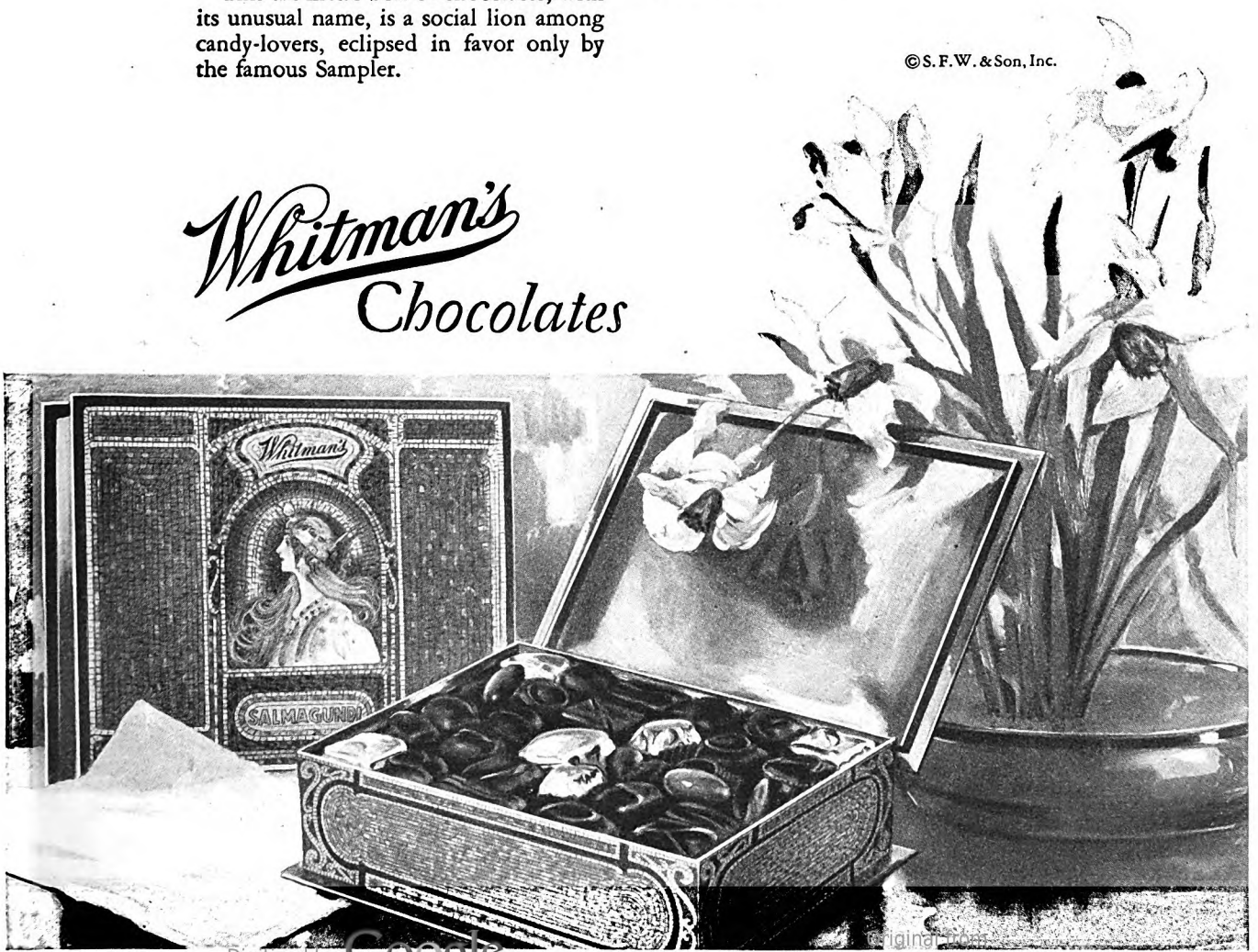
This art-metal box of chocolates, with its unusual name, is a social lion among candy-lovers, eclipsed in favor only by the famous Sampler.

Your appreciation of your hostess could not be more gracefully expressed than with a gift of Salmagundi. And sending Salmagundi through the post, to a friend at a distance, is to bestow one of life's pleasant little thrills.

One and two-pound sizes, with special wrap for Easter. The Whitman Agent near you will mail Salmagundi for you, if you wish.

©S.F.W.&Son, Inc.

Whitman's Chocolates



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"By Jove!" Said Roosevelt. "It Reads Like the Real Thing!"

(*Continued from page 34*)

to say nothing of two excellent and readable plays: "Van Zorn" and "The Porcupine."

Of this great body of work a critic recently said: "Whoever of his contemporaries misses Mr. Robinson's art misses the key to a treasure of rich experience, for his poetry is one of the most valuable yields which this time shall yield to other time."

Recently, before a log fire in a cottage-like, one-room stone building known as the Veltin Studio (it is situated in an isolated spot on the estate of the Edward MacDowell Association at Peterborough, New Hampshire, I was talking with the man of whom these words were spoken. Passing through the great pine woods on my way to his workshop, I had pondered this question:

Apart from the sheer beauty and spiritual consolation of his art, what is perhaps the one great thing that such an achievement means to us?

Let me say at once that in this first conversation I did not discover what I believe to be the answer; but later I found it; and if you follow this narrative through you too, I think, will see that it is something of great significance to us all. Suffice to say here that this is not merely the story of a long struggle, a high ideal, and a ringing triumph: first and foremost, it is the story of a boy who early *found out what he could do*, and who forever after followed the Gleam with unswerving faith in himself and his work.

THE biographers of men of genius tell us that not infrequently great and rare achievements are to be foreseen in the events of childhood. So I asked Mr. Robinson about those early years, and this is what I learned:

At seven, he was reading Shakespeare. Like the average youngster of that age, he understood little of what he read. *Unlike* the average, he got great pleasure from the music of the verse. The plays and the sonnets, which he also read at this time, were a feast. Two years later, at nine, he was becoming critically inclined. He scanned the lines, picking out those over which the bard may have nodded, lines that were incomplete or faulty in other respects.

At eleven, he was writing verses. At sixteen, he was taking himself seriously. Cicero's first oration against Catiline he translated into blank verse just for the pleasure it gave him, and was surprised to find how well it went. He did the same with a long passage from Virgil, and likewise with the whole of Sophocles's "Antigone."

In school he was getting along all right, only he wasn't much for sports. He didn't care particularly for baseball. He liked to go for a walk by himself along the shore of the deep, blue, navigable Kennebec. Rivers always fascinated him.

Of the barn on his father's place he made a kind of retreat. Sometimes he climbed into the hayloft. Sometimes he wrote in the harness-room on the oat bin, or he might sit in the old sleigh when it was stored for the summer. Nobody knew what he was up to. He told no one of the great Fact that had fired his inner consciousness. He thought pretty well of his stuff in a boyish way, but this mood would pass. The same fate overtook it all: it went up in smoke. Of all that he wrote up to his twentieth year not a line survives. Such was the self-exacting discipline imposed upon himself by a stripling, now revered by his fellow artists for the quiet beauties, the august simplicity—the Olympian fire and mirth and sting and gladness—of his verse!

BY THE time he was twenty-three, when he had returned from Harvard and was giving more attention to the technical side of the poetic art under the influence of the versifying physician who lived next door, he had written a great many poems, short and long. Presently he had forty that he thought were worth publishing. "I arranged them in manuscript form," he said, "gave them the title 'The Torrent, and The Night Before,' after the first and last poems, and sent them to a publisher.

"I knew that it was then difficult to get poetry published in America, but I thought that a publisher would be glad to get them. They came back. I was surprised, and hurt a little, I suppose. I sent them out again. Again I was surprised, but not hurt this time. As the manuscript acquired the chronic habit of coming back, I got over being surprised, and got mad. I felt that all that work shouldn't go for nothing. At all events, I wanted to find out who was right, the publishers or I. So I arranged for publication at my own expense through the Riverside Press of Boston."

He was twenty-six when "The Torrent and The Night Before," came out. A little book in blue paper covers, the whole edition of three hundred copies cost fifty dollars. On the fly-leaf of the little blue book appeared these words:

> This book is dedicated to any man, woman, or critic who will cut the edges of it. I have done the top.

"I wouldn't mind if you could forget that dedication," he observed. "It was a cocky thing to do. I must have been conceited and still a little bit mad. Maybe it attracted some attention. Anyhow, the edges on some of them were cut in the course of time."

With a complete library of his own works on hand, the author had a peculiar feeling. For one thing, he wanted to get rid of the books as rapidly as possible. He felt embarrassed. He sent them to literary people, to critics, to magazines and newspapers. Anyone he happened to hear of who was interested in literature got a copy. It wasn't hard to give them away as long as he paid the postage. In a couple of weeks they were all gone except one or two saved for home consumption.

"A trifling incident occurred while I was getting rid of those blue books which had interesting results—for me at least," observed Mr. Robinson. "In Gardiner we had a group of young men who had formed a kind of club. I don't know that we called it a club. Anyhow, we had a meeting place. It was in a room over a store on the main street. We went there to talk and smoke. We talked about literary things, and one of the boys played the fiddle.

"One summer night toward the close of the summer of 1896, our gathering broke up and we trooped down-stairs to find that it was pouring rain. One of my friends said he was going back to hunt his umbrella. I went with him. While he was looking for it, I picked up and read by the light of the gas a little magazine which lay on the table. In it was a quatrain that struck me as pretty good. It was by a Doctor Coan, and his address was given. I didn't know it at the time, but later I learned that he was an editor of a sort, assisting amateur literary aspirants to prepare their compositions for publication.

"Forthwith, I sent Doctor Coan a copy of 'The Torrent and The Night Before.' Back came a letter of the most enthusiastic commendation, one of the most enthusiastic that the blue book got at the time. Among other things, he said that if I ever got down to New York he wanted to get in touch with me."

NOW, this incident, on the surface so trifling, was to have an important bearing on the production of a masterpiece that was to come in the not distant future. Presently, I want to describe the circumstances under which this work came into being; but first let us dispose of the little blue book.

A few reviewing notices were given it almost at once. Some said one thing, some another. The directness of the language, the straightforwardness and simplicity of the subject matter differed widely from the mode of the day. Some implied that the poet was a painter in lugubrious colors; others said: "There is true fire in his verse . . . the swing and the singing of wind and wave, and the passion of human emotion in his lines. . . ."

At all events, the little blue book occupies to-day a position that is all its own. It is exceedingly rare, half of the edition having disappeared. It is one of the most eagerly sought of all modern American first editions. At an auction recently, one faded copy sold for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, nearly eight times the cost of the original three hundred! Still another copy offered for sale by a collector of Americana attracted a purchaser at five hundred dollars, but the offer was declined! So much for one poet's faith in challenging attention for his first little book at his own expense!

Meanwhile, events have taken a turn:

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New LOWER PRICES $670 and upwards

Utmost in Motor Car Value

The whole world knows how Chrysler has won public preference in every price field because of vital developments in performance, appearance, comfort, dependability and long life.

And now this leadership becomes more emphatic than ever by Chrysler's new sensational low prices and new sensational values.

Because of Chrysler's unvarying custom of stepping faster than the procession, the world today expects and receives extra quality and extra value in every Chrysler.

As confirmed by ever-climbing sales which have lifted Chrysler from 27th to 3rd place in volume of sales within 42 months, the world is recognizing that the Chrysler spirit of progressiveness positively assures this extra value.

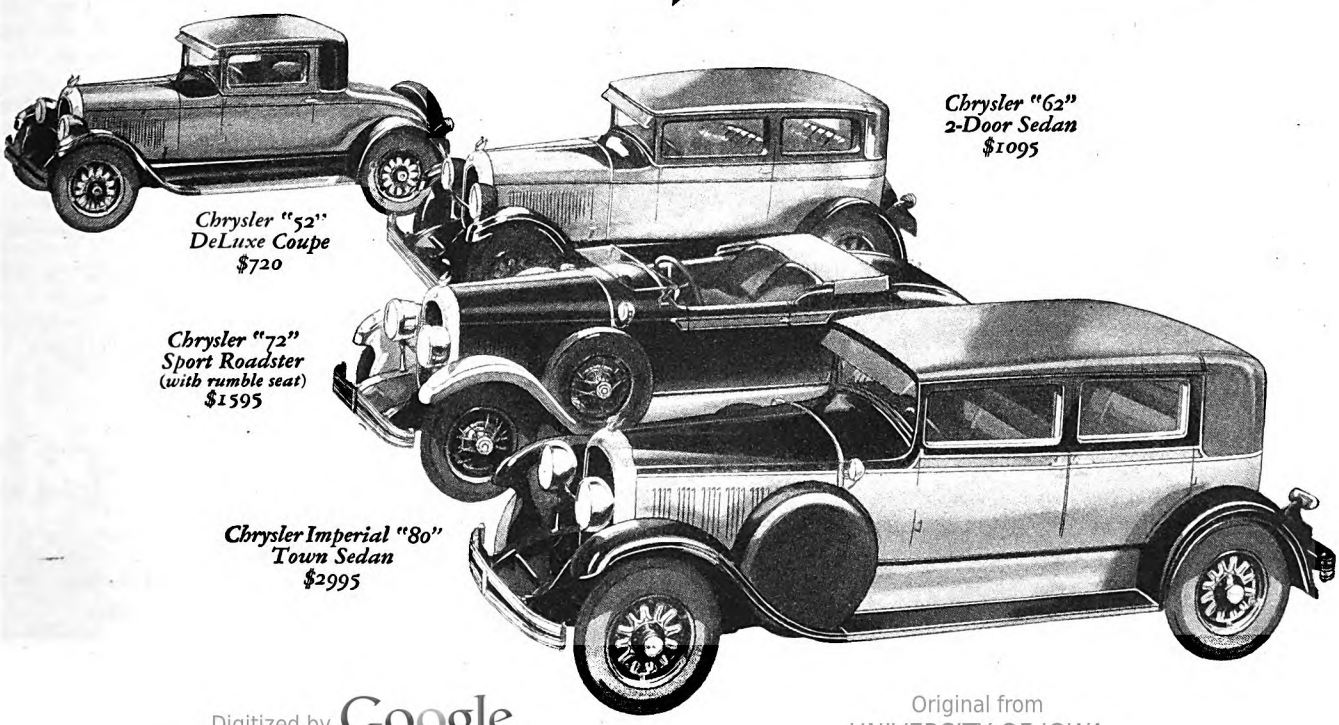
For it is this progressiveness which, since the first Chrysler, has continued to pioneer and develop the worth-while improvements in motor car performance and smartness for the remainder of the industry to emulate and imitate.

See the new Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80"—now priced from $670 upwards. Study them in closest detail and note how far they are in advance of all competition. Then make any test you wish, yourself at the wheel. The more exacting your requirements, the more certain your choice of a Chrysler.

New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles, $670 to $790. Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles, $1065 to $1235. Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Seven body styles, $1545 to $1795. New 112 h.p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron, $2795 to $6795.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

Chrysler



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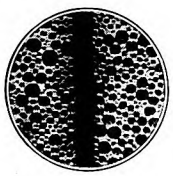
Off .. come Whiskers

Smooth and Clean

when beard is softened at the base

Small Bubble Way



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard

Bell Boy knew what he wanted! Asked for Small Bubble Lather . . . and he got Colgate's. Razor-pull? Not on your life! There's a world of comfort in a small-bubble shave.

HERE'S a smoother shave, men! Here's speed and comfort too.

A new type of lather, that soaks whiskers soft in a strictly scientific way . . . a lather that makes shaving serene and comfortable without razor-pull, sting or smart.

The secret? Small bubbles. And oh, what a difference they make!

Your face feels clean . . . delightfully refreshed. You can sense the difference instantly . . . see it in your mirror. "Makes your skin feel smooth as velvet" . . . that's what thousands tell us.

Now, to introduce this Colgate product to men who haven't tried it, a test is being offered. See complete details in coupon below.

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the whisker base, where the razor work is done.

You'll see the difference quickly

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs above proves this better than words. Note how the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather fail to settle close to the whisker.

Now contrast them with the closely knit, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles packed close around the whisker.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for the razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

Please don't confuse Colgate's with ordinary shave preparations. Once you try it, you'll see the improvement over old-fashioned methods. You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort . . . never known such smoothness in all your shaving days.

You be the judge . . . for seven days

We'll gladly send a seven-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Compare it with the shaving cream in your bathroom now.

As an extra dividend we will also send you a sample box of Colgate Talc for Men. Just try it after shaving.

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 501-D*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream.
Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name_____

Address_____

The family fortunes have collapsed upon his father's death. His mother, too, is gone. The home is broken up. The house is sold. Now, in 1900, having previously spent one winter in New York, he goes there to live, making shift to establish himself as a poet upon his share from the sale of the Gardiner home.

In New York, he has his friends—a playwright, a poet or two, a musician, young men who, like himself, were later to become well known. Among them he is known and welcomed as the author of "Children of the Night," his second volume, which a newly established publishing house in Boston had recently brought out; for they sensed the fact that the New Englander's two little books were big with promise.

AND here enters the sequel to that incident mentioned a moment ago: The poet looks up his correspondent, Doctor Coan, the author of that quatrain which had come to his attention one rainy summer's night in '96. And Doctor Coan makes him acquainted with a character named Alfred H. Louis, a man of wit and learning. Mr. Louis is an old man. He sees something in this young poet from Gardiner, Maine, and he puts his finger on it. Mr. Louis has ideas. He talks. He overflows like a mountain of Vesuvian lava.

"Old Mr. Louis!" observed the poet, in a tone reminiscent of great affection. "I should never have known him, and 'Captain Craig' would never have been written except for the accident of my friend's forgetting his umbrella on a rainy night in '96.

"Old shabby bearded, and poor—God knows how poor he was!—God knows how he kept body and soul together!—he looked like a prophet out of the Old Testament. An Englishman, an intellectual Jew, a graduate of Trinity College, and a convert to the Catholic faith, he was versed in the religions and philosophies of all the world, the most learned man I have ever encountered.

"Some way or other he managed to live. Somebody gave him enough to keep him alive. Doctor Coan helped him out, and there were others. One way or another the ravens looked after old Mr. Louis.

"I came to know him well, and to feel that I wanted to perpetuate his personality, that air of greatness which there was about him and which was like a legend, with no date in Circumstance, or Time, or Thing. He is the central figure of 'Captain Craig.' He *is* Craig. Of course he wasn't a captain of anything. He didn't belong to the Navy, never had sea-faring experience He was a Captain of Souls so to speak, a General of Philosophy, a derelict adrift."

And after time,
When it had come sufficiently to pass
That he was going patch-clad through the streets,
Weak, dizzy, chilled, and half-starved, he had laid
Some nerveless fingers on a prudent sleeve,
And told the sleeve in furtive confidence,
Just how it was: "My name is Captain Craig."
He said, "and I must eat."

The Captain is rescued from starvation by a group of young men in Tilbury Town. Tilbury Town is Gardiner, Maine.

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Hundreds of pounds lighter but faster than ever

New work for lubrication

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But—the burden thus taken off your engine is more than replaced by the increased speed at which the lighter car travels.

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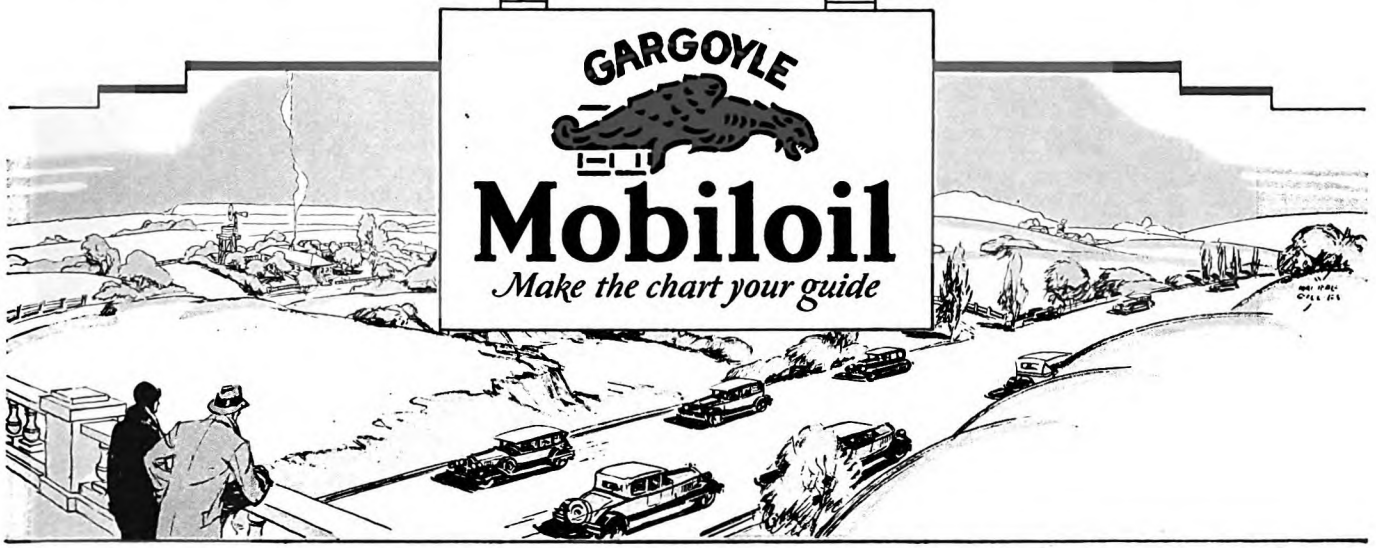
When you buy the correct grade of Mobiloil you will protect your engine with the greatest possible margin of safety that engineering experience can devise.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's, and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	...	....	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	. ..



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So unaware of you . . . and all you do for her

This simple plan will help you guide her

SUDDENLY, with a catch at your heart, you see she's growing up! Your little girl. Already she begins to think she needs you less—now when your guidance means most of all.

Thoughtless about bed time—heedless in her play—capricious at the table. Perhaps it's her finicky, little-girl appetite that troubles you most. Particularly at breakfast.

Because bad habits at breakfast are so wide-spread among children, school and health authorities have made the right sort of breakfast the subject of a nation-wide movement. They are pointing out what mothers long have sensed—the vital need of every child for a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. They have found that children's success in lessons and in games depends upon establishing the habit of a *hot, cooked* cereal in the morning. Now, in over 70,000 school rooms this rule hangs on the wall:

"*Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast*"

Teachers and mothers both say that children with the regular habit of a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast are most apt to get the highest marks and do the best at sports. And the child who eats a good hot bowlful of Cream of Wheat in the morning is not tuckered out by night.

Authorities have been recommending Cream of Wheat for over thirty years as the ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for school children for these reasons:

1. It is rich in the energy-giving food elements needed by little minds and bodies.
2. Cream of Wheat contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat, and so is very easily digested.
3. Children love its creamy goodness, easily varied by stirring in raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

While she's still a little girl, do this simple thing that will help her grow up well and strong. To rouse enthusiasm for the *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast—try the plan described below. Start her out regularly with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it. Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

***FREE**—Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A plan that makes your children *want* to eat a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a new enlarged edition of the booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Just mail coupon to Dept. P-13, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....
First name Last name

Address..... *City*.....

The young men frequent a club known as the "Chrysalis," where one Morgan plays the fiddle and Killigrew and the learned Plunket make remarks. As though to requite this kindness, the Captain not only expounds philosophically upon occasion, but delivers his opinions of these young men and their activities, and their literary efforts, all "with a tuneful ooze of rhetoric."

"Old Mr. Louis knew of the use to which I put him," observed Mr. Robinson. "He read the manuscript. He laughed and was immensely pleased. He was tickled, as I have no doubt his ghost will be to-day by this association of him with the original of Captain Craig. He never saw Tilbury Town, of course. The other characters in the poem, who also were taken somewhat from the life, never saw him. It just pleased me to place him in that environment. And if anyone, reading 'Craig' to-day, should feel that the Tilbury boys, while feeding the Captain crusts and keeping life in his half-starved body, throve prodigiously on his philosophic outpourings, thus receiving far more than they gave, I should be glad. It is a thought I meant to put there."

Now "Captain Craig," which has often been referred to as the finest long poem ever written by an American, which has already stood the test of a quarter-century, and which can never die as long as there are critics to discern the excellent, was written in Cambridge and New York; and soon after this the author went to Yonkers. Perhaps someone had told him that writing poetry was cheaper in the suburbs than in the metropolis. Funds were low, exceedingly low, almost gone. Here in Yonkers he had a room in a humble house, in a narrow, congested street, opposite a factory. The floor of the room was covered with linoleum. There was a stove. A big, fat, good-natured landlady came in to buzz and poke about. Also, there was a table, draped with a red-checked cloth, on which he both dined and wrote.

When "Craig" was finished, there arose this question: Who was going to publish a thing like that? Composed in the smooth-running, lean, keen, strong, invincible lines of blank verse, and otherwise daring in a technical sense, it was new, revolutionary. Who, indeed, would publish it? As for the answer, it was not forthcoming immediately.

THE young poet is back in New York now, in a room in West Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. Broke, without a cent, he is hunting odd jobs, and now and then missing a meal. "A job? Sure! We want a man as time-keeper on the subway."

This was the job with which Fate met the extremity. They had started building subways in 1900. It is now the fall of 1902, and the subway is finished as far up as Fifty-ninth Street. Meanwhile, a friend, having read "Captain Craig," had predicted that he could find a publisher, and he does so. So at just the time when "Craig" comes out, to be discovered, discussed, praised, appreciated, and likewise attacked and misunderstood, the poet goes to work at two dollars a day.

Keeping track in his time-book of the little brass numbers which the laborers wear, he proceeds south in the subway ex-

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March Weather!

hard on clothes but harder still on skins!

RAW COLD, sleety rains, wind, soon weather your skin—if it's unprotected. The natural oils dry out. The skin loses its silken feel—and looks years older. So protect your skin. Keep it safe from weathering and chapping—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Pat on Hinds Cream before you go out. Pat it on again when you come in. Use it at night. In the morning. Every time you bathe. Then your skin will be safe. For Hinds Cream prevents chapping and all weathering. Keeps the skin like silk—soft, and smooth, and fresh—through any kind of weather. (It's delightful as a powder base, too!)

Try Hinds Cream. The coupon below will bring you a sample bottle. Just fill it in and mail.

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Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c. and $1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

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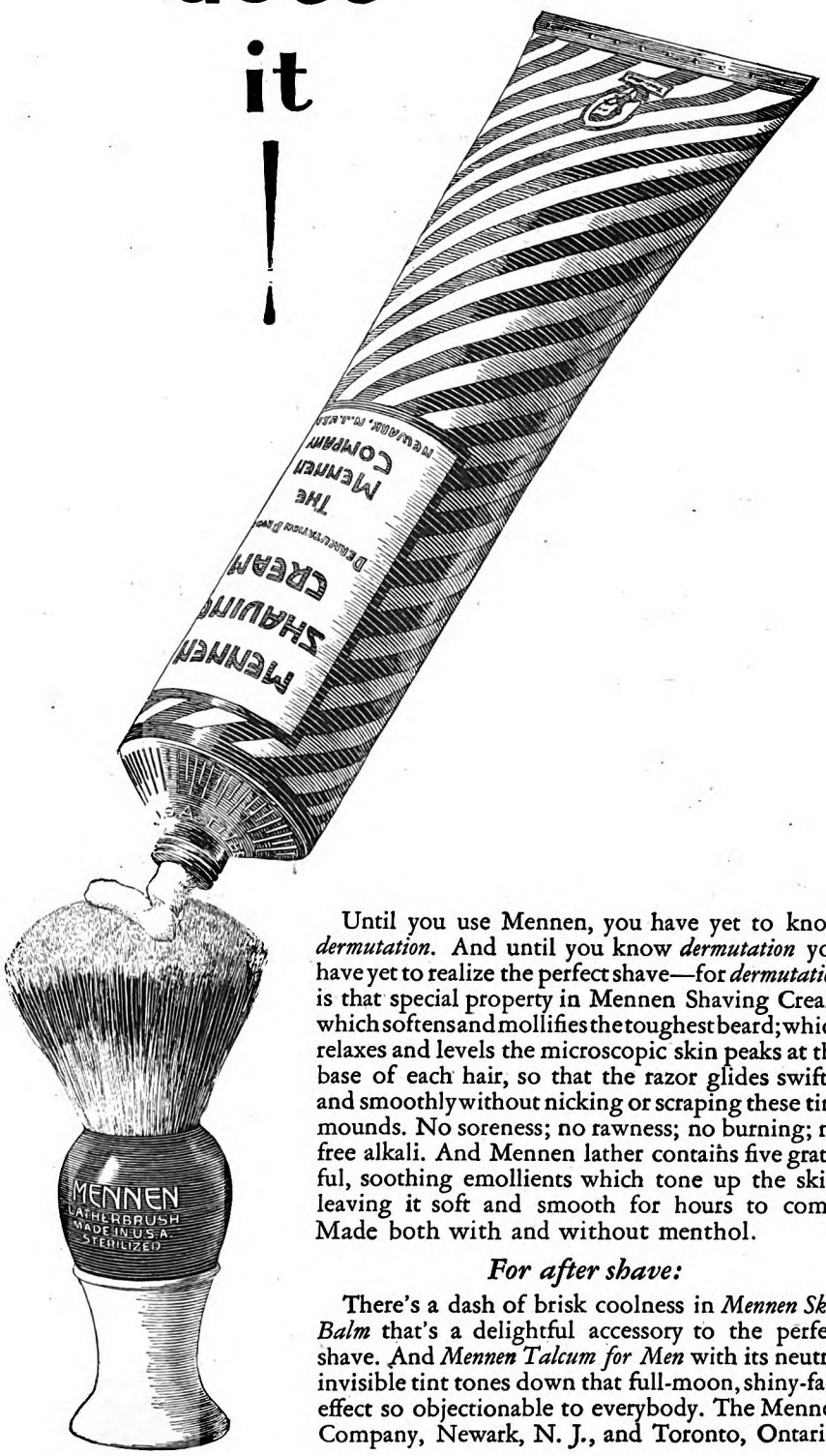

Until you use Mennen, you have yet to know *dermutation*. And until you know *dermutation* you have yet to realize the perfect shave—for *dermutation* is that special property in Mennen Shaving Cream which softens and mollifies the toughest beard; which relaxes and levels the microscopic skin peaks at the base of each hair, so that the razor glides swiftly and smoothly without nicking or scraping these tiny mounds. No soreness; no rawness; no burning; no free alkali. And Mennen lather contains five grateful, soothing emollients which tone up the skin, leaving it soft and smooth for hours to come. Made both with and without menthol.

For after shave:

There's a dash of brisk coolness in *Mennen Skin Balm* that's a delightful accessory to the perfect shave. And *Mennen Talcum for Men* with its neutral invisible tint tones down that full-moon, shiny-face effect so objectionable to everybody. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

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SHAVING CREAM

cavation from One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street to Seventy-second, then north to One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street. It is winter and chillingly damp. . . . The walking is through wet places not always discernible by the light of an oil lantern; but mainly the trouble is that, while his feet are in the subway, his head is among the stars.

That winter and the following summer he plugs away. Part of the time he is "checker," keeping count of the loads of crushed stone carted away from scows at the river front for use in ballasting the tracks. As for "Craig," it's a sort of success. What the French call *succès d'estime*, a literary success of a high order without much money in it. Seven or eight hundred copies are sold; then, for a time, it drops out of sight. As for the subway, it is finished up to One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street, and the poet's job gives out.

And now he is in Boston, living in a small hall bedroom in Yarmouth Street, just off Columbus Avenue. Another job, a white-collar job! He is writing advertisements for a department store, and the job pays about ten a week, but enough to keep him going after a fashion. He writes an "ad." Then he writes a poem. He has resumed work on "An Island (St. Helena, 1821)," a dramatic monologue which he had given up while working in the subway. At this time, also, he wrote that ravishing thing of sudden falls and sweet accents, "For a Dead Lady," which later an English critic praised so highly. And the months go by. One way or another he is always pegging away. . . .

A CHANGE of scene! And a rainbow over the poet's destiny! A boy in attendance at the Groton School goes home on his vacation. In Washington, D. C., he lives in a house on which the eyes of all Americans turn continuously—the White House. And this young enthusiast is filled with the literary news that has been engrossing the attention of his circle at school. The boys at the school have been reading a book. It's by a certain young New England poet. There's an instructor in the school who came from the same town as the poet, who has praised it.

As the President of the United States, the father of the schoolboy enthusiast, listened to the tale of a new poet in the land, there came a flash of amused interest behind his eyeglasses. "I'll be glad to see what your poet's got," he said sympathetically. "I'll take a look the first chance I get!" And the boy tendered a copy of the book, which he had brought with him from school.

Late that same afternoon, coming in from a horseback ride in Potomac Park, the President, still wearing his riding clothes and brown leather puttees, dropped into a chair and picked up the book. Turning the pages, he read a little here and there. He became absorbed. He had thought to glance through it in a couple of minutes; but he didn't lay it down till an hour later, when he had read it all through.

There were things in it that struck him hard. "By Jove!" he exclaimed on one occasion. "It's something I'd missed. It reads like the real thing." The more he heard of the new poet from his son the more interested he became. Just who is this poet? How old? How is he making

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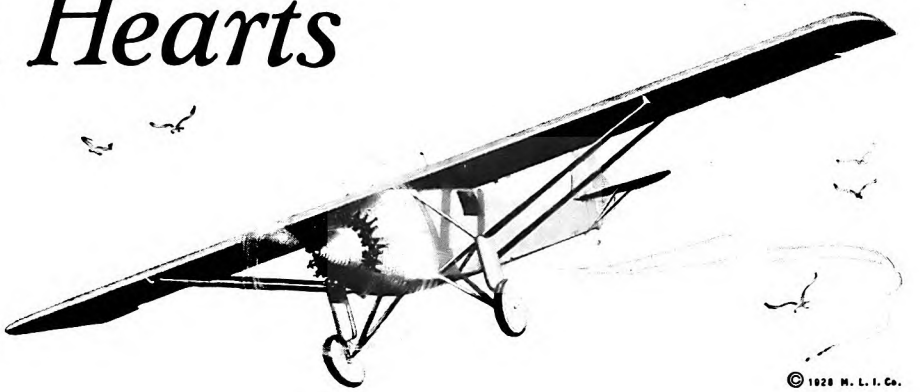
Metal Motors and Human Hearts



Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint. If the heart complained more it would probably have better care.

Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry. Many of the most useful men and women in the world can look forward to serene and happy old age despite damaged hearts because they have found out what their hearts can do and what they cannot do.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis, and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guess work. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.

Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.

The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One out of every seven who dies from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.

Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Strong Hearts" which sets forth the principal facts about this disease. It may be the means of saving you from serious trouble. A copy will be mailed free by our booklet department. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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out? Can he make a living off his verses? These inquiries the President pursued further, among editors and others; and on a certain occasion, leaning over a luncheon table in the White House, he pointed a finger at a celebrated editor, and said: "Now what about this man Robinson? He's a genius in his way! What can be done for him?" . . .

IT IS the close of a dark, drizzly, miserable day in Boston in the spring of 1905. In that little hall bedroom in Yarmouth Street, the poet gets up from his work table to go to dinner. In the dark hall he picks up a large square envelope which looks like an advertising circular. After tossing it inside, where it lands on his table, he goes 'round the corner to a "joint" where he can get dinner for twenty-five cents. On his return, he is sitting beside the table when his eye lights on the "circular." There's something curious about it. In the upper left-hand corner are the words "The White House." Within, a note consisting of a few typewritten lines.

It was a bolt straight from the blue. The note spoke briefly of certain qualities in the poet's work that had struck the writer, and went straight to the point. "What are you doing now?" said the note. "Would you like something to do?" And the note was signed in the familiar characteristic script of Theodore Roosevelt.

"The thing that astonished me," observed Mr. Robinson, "was that the President of the United States should be able to find the time to dig up a young poet out of the rather dark obscurity that veiled him from view and to think of ways to help. It wasn't so astonishing that he should be *disposed* to help. He was that kind of man. There were depths in his nature which, during his lifetime, he was not too often credited with.

"After I had informed the President that I should be glad of a chance to do anything at which I could make a living, there was some talk, I believe, of making me an immigration inspector with a location in some foreign country. However, I preferred American soil, and New York to any other place. Presently I was informed of an opening in the Special Agent's Office of the Customs House."

Now the book which had stirred the President's interest in the poet was not "Captain Craig," but his second volume, "Children of the Night." It made its appearance in a second edition just as the poet took up his job in the Customs House. Among the reviewers who noticed it this time was the President himself. "There's an undoubted touch of genius in it," he said, writing in a literary periodical. "It is full of a curious simplicity and good faith." In another sentence he threw down this challenge: "Whether he has the power of sustained flight remains to be seen." And he added this: "It is curious that Mr. Robinson's volume should not have attracted more attention."

Curious, indeed, if it didn't attract more attention now!

We hurry on to a splendid culmination. Four years in the Customs House. It is not a prolific period, but is sufficient for the harvesting of one more volume, "The Town Down the River." For this the President was instrumental in finding a publisher. It was the first of the poet's books to be published with no strings tied to the financial arrangement. Dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, it contained two poems on two Presidents, "The Master" (Abraham Lincoln), and "The Revealer" (Roosevelt).

In 1910, Mr. Robinson left the Customs House to give his whole time to writing. A fortunate legacy tided him over for a while. In 1911, he went to work at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire. Here he has worked continuously, four or five months of the year, and here he demonstrated that he had the power of sustained flight. "It is to the Colony," he observed, "that I owe the opportunity I had always wanted, and never expected to get—the chance for sustained, uninterrupted work. I am certain that many of my books never would have materialized except for what we have come to call 'the Peterborough idea'."

IT WAS in 1916, with the publication of "The Man Against the Sky," that he first became a national figure. With that, the popularity of his work began to increase until now his sales rival those of some of our popular novelists. On his fiftieth birthday, in 1919, sixteen American poets of the highest distinction paid him tributes through the press, crowning him their peer with the laurel of affection and admiration. Various awards have come to him. In 1921, a volume containing all his verse published up to that time ("Collected Poems") was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and was also selected by the Authors' Club as the most significant contribution to American literature that same year.

"Weren't you surprised by the way it all came out?" I asked.

"There were times when it seemed that the day would never break," was the response. "But remember one thing: When a man has something that he very much wants to do, something that matters a great deal to him, whether or not it does to anybody else, he isn't likely to think so very much about the outcome. If a thing of that kind once gets hold of you it isn't hard to work without recognition or encouragement. I was always fortunate in being able to do my work in my own way, with the confidence that the end would take care of itself."

"It takes more even than faith of that sort to make a poet," I observed.

"The secret of it all, it seems to me, lies in this: Behind any achievement worth calling by the name, you will find a man who, in some way or other, early or late, has hit upon what he can do. People should *find out what they can do*—which is something that many people never discover at all.

"But watch any man who is swimming along, making a go of his enterprise. The chances are that he likes it. Presumably, it *goes* because he likes it. Take George M. Cohan, who is undoubtedly a genius in his field. He likes what he is doing; he does it well; he communicates that liking to all of us."

"A MOMENT ago you said that you were sixteen when you came to the conclusion that you were to be a poet. Was that when you found out what you could do?"

"Whenever it was that I began really to write. After that I never doubted it would come out all right, if I kept at it.

"I felt as certain that this was what I should *try* to do as any boy who has been expecting from his earliest memory to follow his father's footsteps into the law. My conviction was that my contribution, if any, was to be in artistic form. It was just a Fact, with a capital F perhaps. I wasn't particularly elated by the prospect. I had read enough to know that writing poetry didn't mean a bed of roses. Rather, I felt that I was 'in for it.' But I wasn't frightened. It seemed like a gigantic venture. I anticipated hardships. Looking back, I'm surprised that they weren't much greater than they proved to be."

And it strikes me that here is the great lesson for all who would *try* and *do*. Have you ever driven down a hill, and seen on the opposite side of the valley another hill rising sheer and precipitous, so steep that it seemed, at a distance, impossible to ascend? But as you approached, how that hill flattened out! How much easier than it looked! So it is in conquering most of our objectives. The man who, in pondering the difficulties, stays at a distance, sees them *magnified*. The man who goes on, taking one step after another to overcome them, sees them grow less. So, obstacles are leveled and great ventures accomplished. That hill across the valley is steeper before you get there than ever it will be once you've begun the ascent!

"There is this to be said," observed Mr. Robinson: "I don't believe that a man can do with great success anything that is much above or below his natural abilities. However, if a man has the innate ability to do a specific thing, there is a fair chance that he will *will* to do it, and *try hard*. *Vice versa*, if he wants to do it so much that he will try hard, that may almost be taken as a sure sign that he has the *ability* to do it.

"Heredity has a good deal to do with it—perhaps everything, when it comes to the arts. In the great shuffle of transmitted characteristics, traits, abilities, and aptitudes, the man who fixes on something definite in life that he must do, at the expense of anything else, if necessary, has presumably got something that, for him, should be recognized as the Inner Fire. For *him*, that is the Gleam, the Vision and the Word! He'd better follow it. The greatest adventure he'll ever have on this side is following where it leads."

DOES a young fellow have as much chance to rise now as his father had? "More!" says W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. That's what you would expect a big executive to say, isn't it? Well, Atterbury does more than say it—he cites actual facts, and gives definite reasons why the young man of to-day has a better chance, mathematically and otherwise, to rise to a big position. This article, which will be printed next month, is packed with real stuff.

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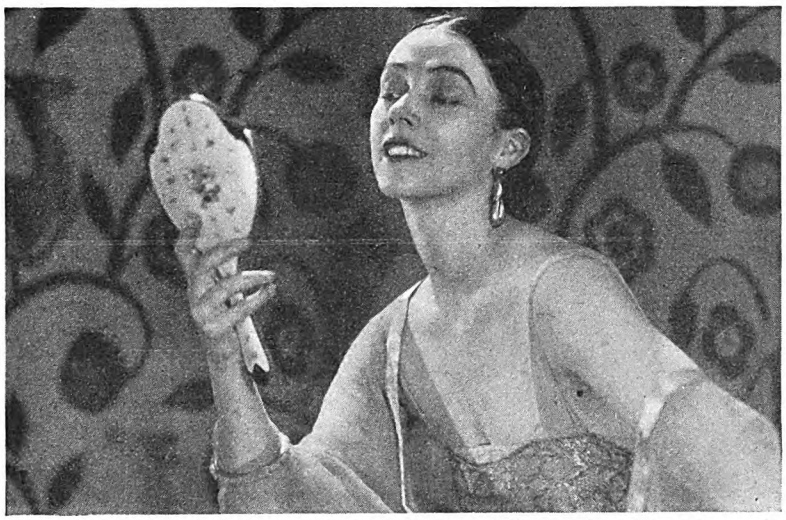
Glistening *Clean Teeth*

since Childhood Days

Her Reward...for this Daily Dental Care

Miss Marguerite Fish has used this cleansing dental Cream for nearly twenty years. And today her flashing, brilliant teeth are envied wherever she goes.



We persuaded Miss Fish to sit for this portrait just to show you how beautiful her teeth are today, after using Colgate's for nearly twenty years.

CLEAN!

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

EVER since she was a little girl, Marguerite Fish has used this one dental cream . . . and you should see her beautiful teeth today.

We wish you could meet Miss Fish personally. You'd be fascinated by her charming personality . . . her glorious flashing smile.

Her teeth are famous for their beauty—admired wherever she goes. A glance at the portrait above will give you an idea of their loveliness. Note how they glorify her smile.

Ask Miss Fish the secret, and she will tell you the daily use of Colgate's. She has used it for almost twenty years.

"Colgate's certainly keeps your teeth in sound, healthy condition," says the dentist to Miss Fish.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file. Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. These people did nothing that you cannot easily do.

They visited their dentist for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered below.

Send for a Free Sample Tube Today

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201-D, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

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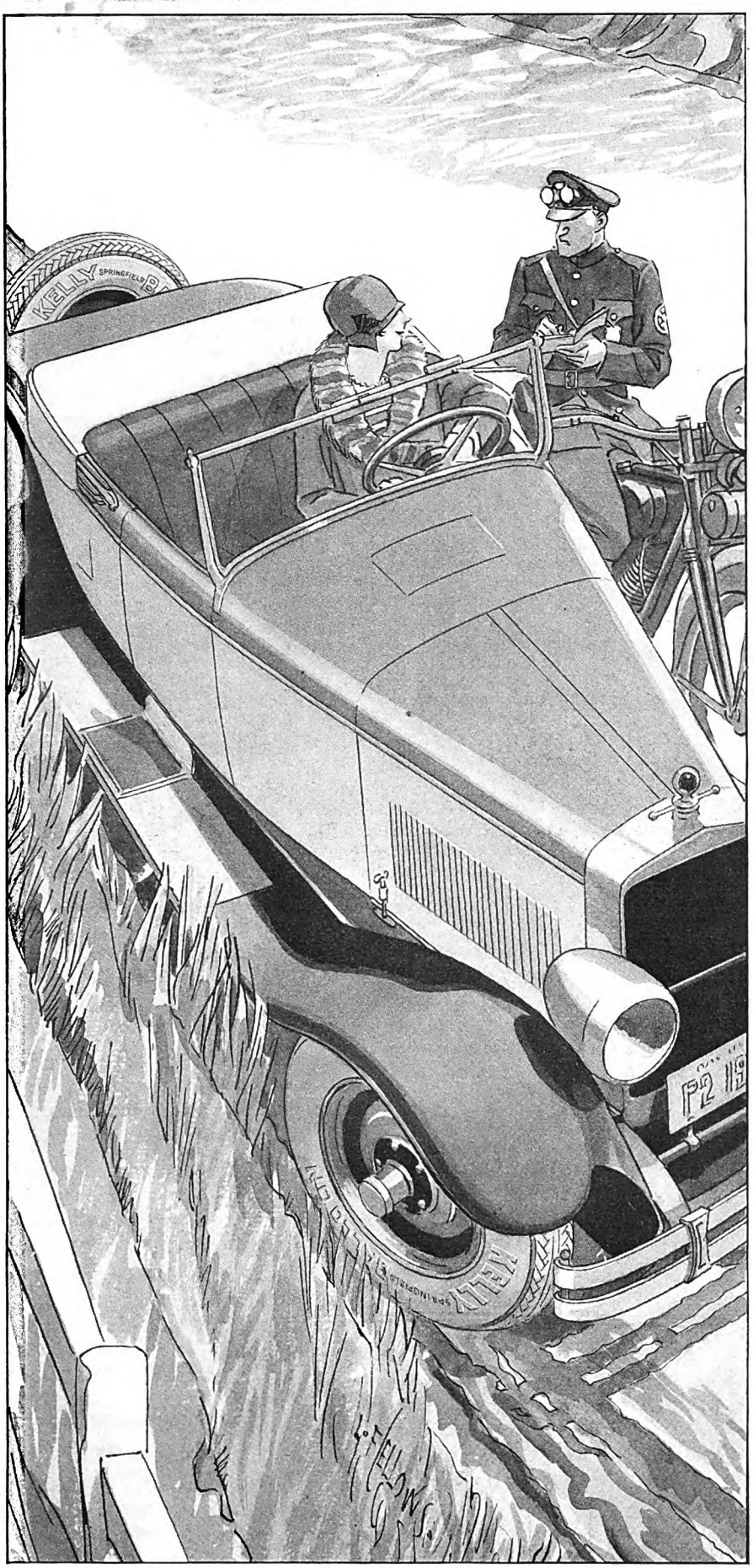

"Oh, but you must be mistaken, officer; I would never dare to drive that fast on these old tires—why, they've gone over 20,000 miles."

"You might get by with that if they weren't Kelly-Springfields, but you can try it on the judge."

Colonel Braxton Chooses a Client

(*Continued from page 23*)

Fort Pitt, to be wielded with one hand. And instantly Colonel Braxton realized the tragedy of the thing. . . .

But why Orlandus Wood and himself called in?

Mr. Ridgewood Carter went forward with his explanation of this disorder.

He had hurried here at his sister's death, and after the burial had taken possession of the place, as was his right under the will she left. Colonel Braxton was probably familiar with that will.

It devised the house and lands to him, and an heirloom of old plate to the distant niece, Miss Sarah Carrington.

He indicated the violated cupboard on the east side of the fireplace at the south end of the room. His sister had stored the plate in that cupboard, and had caused it to be nailed up. And so it had remained. It was a foolish thing to do. She had been advised again and again to remove it to a place of safety. But she had refused. And it had remained in this wooden cupboard, protected only by the nailed-up door.

There was perhaps no great danger while the ancient woman lived, for the thing was secret. But at her death, when the will was published, it was known. And, like a tale of hidden treasure, it traveled fast and far and accumulated exaggeration. It would come quickly to the knowledge of the desperadoes of the river—gathering a fictitious, lurid value.

Last night, under cover of the storm, some company of brigands from a river boat, who had evidently got knowledge of the thing, had landed here, entered the house and accomplished the robbery.

Mr. Ridgewood Carter, sleeping in a distant portion of the house, had not heard them.

The thunder and the rain were continuous. The storm fell about midnight and raged with no break in violence of noise and rain until almost dawn. It was quite certain that the man's statement was here in agreement with the fact. He knew nothing of the robbery until he came down in the morning, and then he had at once sent for Miss Sarah Carrington, her attorney, and Colonel Braxton.

COLONEL BRAXTON felt the depression of the pit about him.

He looked at the speaker, clearly, from all evidences, stating the truth, and at Mr. Orlandus Wood. . . . But at the girl, silent and motionless on the horsehair-covered sofa, he could not look. She was so helpless before this disaster, so young, so innocent, so unsuspicious of the world of men.

And, like youth, in its virginity of the morning, she failed to realize all that it must inevitably mean to lose this inheritance. There was no bitterness and no anxiety in her face, only a puzzled sweetness, as of a child that does not understand.

And suddenly, with a clear extended vision, Colonel Braxton knew who it was that he represented in this matter.

Mr. Ridgewood Carter went forward

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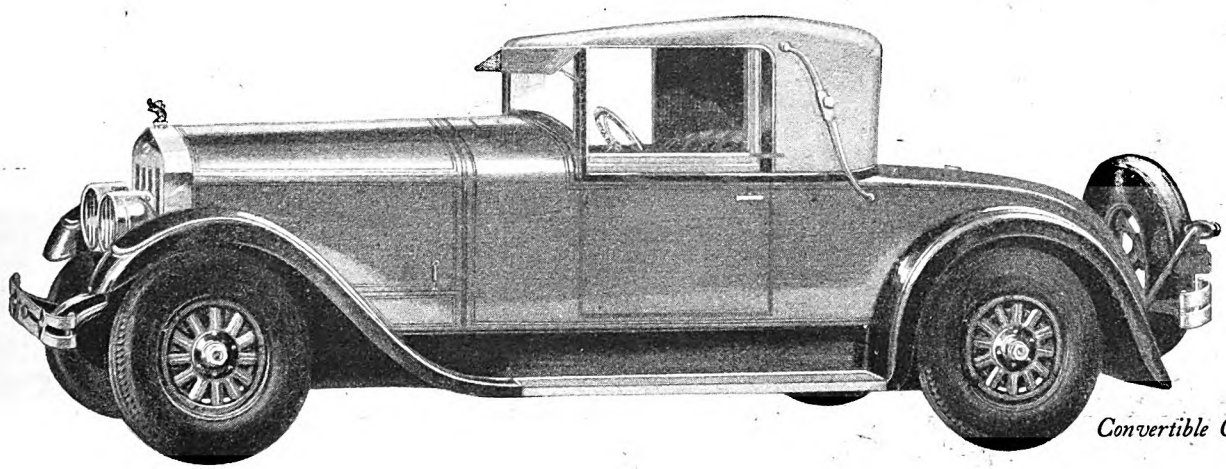
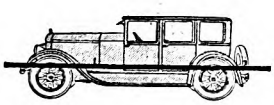
New discoveries await you in the Airman



Convertible Coupe



Another Exclusive Superiority Feature—light unsprung weight—the weight of all parts below the springs. With scientific light-weight construction, the pounding of the road is greatly reduced—the chassis absorbing part of the shocks, the springs taking care of the balance—and the body riding easily and smoothly.

THIS year—more than ever before—automobile buyers realize that if a car is to be out-of-the-ordinary, it must be built specifically to achieve that distinction.

Aviation's spectacular endorsement of air-cooling affords the latest indication that Franklin possesses exclusive superiorities in performance. The powerful Airman motor has the zooming pickup of the airplane. A touch of the accelerator sends the car dashing ahead, eager to display its flashing ability. Road emergencies are always met with a liberal reserve of power.

And the exclusiveness of the Airman's motor extends equally to the car's handling, riding comfort and beauty. High speed can be maintained for hours on end—with no overheating or injury to the motor—and with absolute comfort for driver and passengers. Balancing this speed are synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes to assure positive action and utmost security at all times. Scientific light-weight construction and Franklin's unique spring suspension make for a fuller, more restful comfort.

There are now thousands of experienced motorists ready to advise you not to select your next car, until you have ridden in "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built"—and investigated the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE

Airman Series **FRANKLIN**

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$8 to $40

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The many shapes and shades of Spring Stetsons make a becoming selection easy.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

"World's foremost makers of fine hats"

with his explanations. He seemed concerned that Colonel Braxton should see all the evidences for himself. He went out onto the lawn and along the track of the desperadoes to the river. Colonel Braxton followed, with the girl and Mr. Orlandus Wood.

It was all precisely as Ridgewood Carter had described it.

The trackage of a landing party was all about the lawn and at the water's edge. An old, decayed boat, moored to the bank and held in place at its stern by a rusted chain anchored in the river, had been used as a landing place by the thieves. There was mud about the inside of the boat, as of many feet, and the rusted chain had been dragged across the rear board as by the lurch and motion of some craft pulled up against it. It was all quite clear:

The thieves, on the mission of this robbery, had pulled out from the river, landed alongside this abandoned craft, fastened their boat to it, gone about their depredation, and, returning, embarked from this old boat, as from a sort of wharf —on their way to New Orleans with the loot.

BUT Colonel Braxton had now a new and urgent interest in this affair, and he considered it as he would consider a desperate case turned over to him in a court of law.

He looked sharply at every evidence. He scrutinized minutely every detail. But he said nothing, and he gave no physical expression of this new and commanding direction that had descended on him.

It was Mr. Orlandus Wood who spoke at some length, when they had come again into the house. He sat down before the desk-board of the secretary and drew out a legal paper, newly written, on which the ink was scarcely dry; and which to complete required only the signatures of the parties.

"Colonel," he said, "you will be surprised and pleased at the ultimate issue of this affair, as I have myself been surprised and pleased. A great loss of an inheritance to Miss Sarah Carrington has, by the generosity of this gentleman, Mr. Ridgewood Carter, been turned about to the gain of an estate of something like an equal value."

He paused, and fell into a recital of the facts:

"You are cognizant of this affair; how the testatrix, the aged Martha Carter, by her will, devised this house and land to her brother here, and a quantity of plate to her distant niece, Miss Sarah Carrington. I have before me in her hand, the items. And if those items were correct, sir, there was the value of a fortune in that plate.

"It was the accumulation of a great family in its day, imported out of England, the valued pieces of the greatest silversmiths of Europe. An inheritance, sir, not to be equaled in its kind. And not to be left dependent for its safety to the nailed-up door of a wooden closet. But the eccentric decedent so left it, and, naturally, when the rumor of it got about, the thing happened that must inevitably happen in such a case."

He made a gesture toward the broken closet and the hatchet lying against the wall, where the robbers had struck in to pry off the door.

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In 16 years we have not published *a more dramatic story than this*

This is the story of a man who almost threw $10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president, who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it.

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for $10,000 in that little book."

"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that $10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way today, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—$10,000 and all."

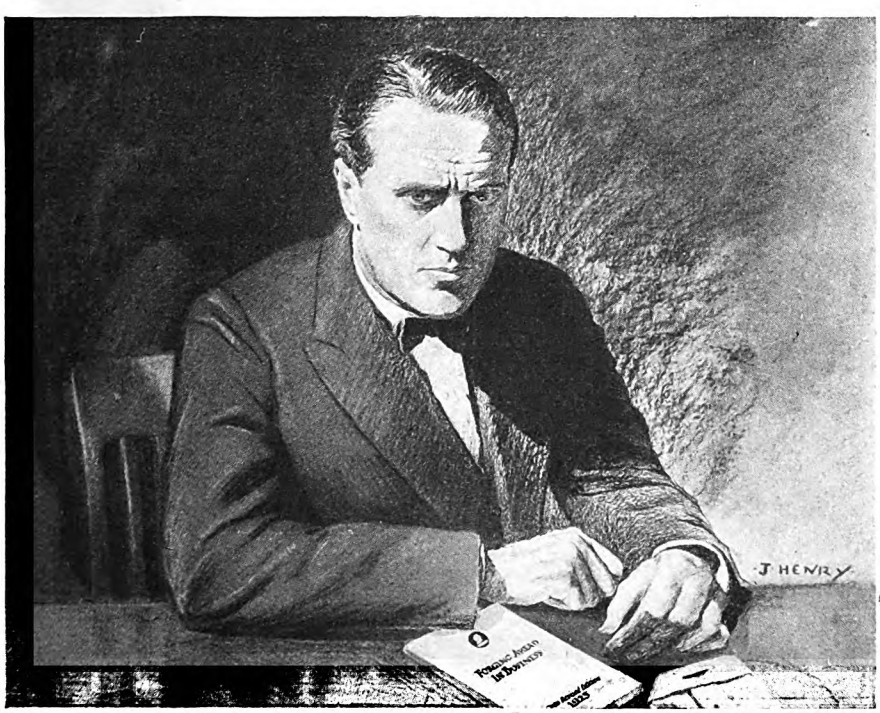
Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which *all* business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion—curiosity—which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and, like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.



"I said to him, 'There is a check for $10,000 hidden in that book.'"

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
536 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature _____

Please write plainly

Business Address _____

Business Position _____

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., Toronto.

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PUT OFF UNTIL *TOMORROW*
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"Now, sir,"—and he went on in his legal voice—"the ordinary man of business in our selfish time would have left Miss Carrington to her loss; but not so this considerate and generous gentleman. He feels—and I can understand the pressure of that feeling—that, as this plate was in his custody and care, he is responsible to Miss Sarah Carrington for its safety. And as it is lost to her, he must make good that loss as far as he is able."

He moved the legal paper before him with his hand.

"And so he has sent for Miss Sarah Carrington and her counsel, and for you, to convey to her by deed this house and lands in lieu of this plate that cannot be delivered. . . . I arrived before you, and I have drawn the instrument. I think, sir, you will find it in form and valid. And I shall be obliged if you will approve it; as representing Mr. Ridgewood Carter in this affair."

The reply of Colonel Braxton surprised Mr. Orlandus Wood:

"I CANNOT represent Mr. Ridgewood Carter."

And, putting his hand into his pocket, he took out the five gold pieces and presented them to the man.

Colonel Braxton was standing in the center of the room facing toward the river.

Mr. Wood sat at the secretary; the girl was again in her place on the haircloth sofa, directly to the right of Carter, who stood behind her with his back to the violated doors. When Colonel Braxton advanced toward him with the money he did not move, but he put out his hand that was farthest from the girl and took the gold pieces.

He murmured some expression of vague courtesy, but he did not fall into a formal speech. It was Mr. Orlandus Wood who struck into that. He turned on the lawyer in amazement:

"You cannot represent this gentleman. . . . Why not?"

"Because," replied Colonel Braxton, "I represent another."

"Another!" he echoed in astonishment. "What other?"

When Colonel Braxton spoke, his voice was firm, even, and decisive.

"I appear," he said, "for the guardian of Miss Sarah Carrington."

Wood flung about in his chair.

"A guardian? I did not know that she had a guardian!"

"Why, yes," replied Colonel Braxton, "Miss Sarah Carrington has a guardian, and I am here to represent him."

He came over to the table and took up the deed that Mr. Orlandus Wood had written.

"This indenture," he said, "is in form. The consideration of one dollar and love and affection is valid in the law. It has my approval, and I shall be glad to have Mr. Carter sign it. I suggest only a formal change in the body of it. It recites that the title to the plate, if recovered, or to any part thereof, so recovered, shall vest in the grantee, Mr. Ridgewood Carter."

Wood interrupted:

"You see, Colonel, this plate will be taken to New Orleans by these river thieves, for disposal there. It is Mr. Carter's intention to follow at once and

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Faster, easier, deeper cleaning "POSITIVE AGITATION"

THERE is but one real test of an electric cleaner—its ability to remove dirt.

In such a test, made under actual home conditions, the Hoover easily ranks first. It removes the most *dirt per minute*.

This means that in actual use the Hoover gives you the *fastest* cleaning—*easiest* cleaning—*deepest* cleaning.

It does this because of "Positive Agitation," a remarkable and exclusive cleaning method which develops beating—the time-honored cleaning principle—to a new degree of efficiency.

The Hoover's ability to remove more *dirt per minute* has been repeatedly proved in tests. We shall be glad to demonstrate it to you in your own home. Because of the Hoover's outstanding superiority, you owe it to yourself to see this accurate measure of its efficiency before buying *any* cleaner. Telephone the Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. *New* . . motor-driven floor polishing attachment, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
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The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute

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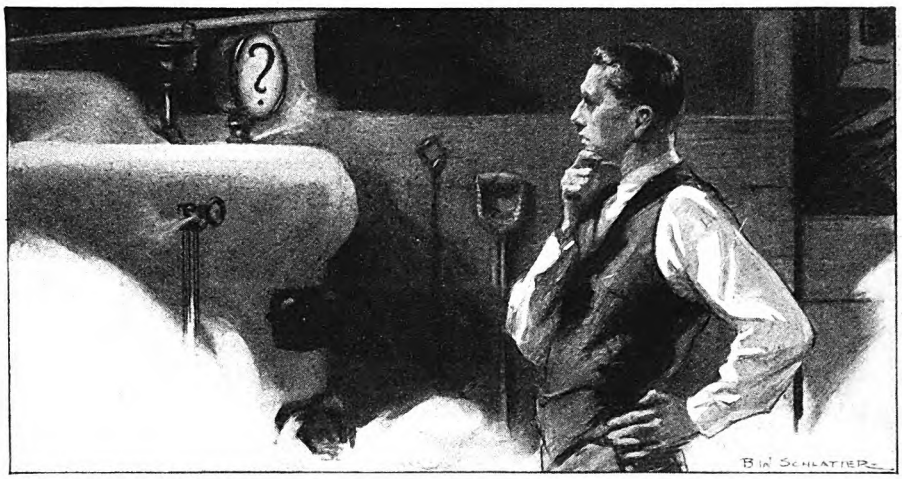
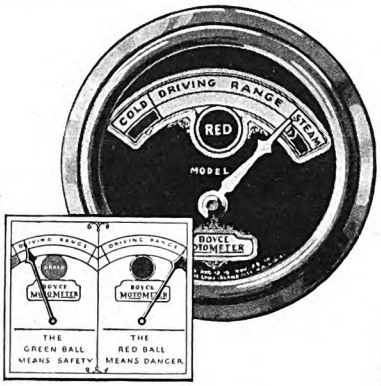


Would you be happier if your furnace had no gauge?

Of course not—yet, there are many motorists unmindful of the many costly repairs caused by an over-heated motor. Every Boyce Moto Meter, whether on the dash or out front, is a warning signal device affording complete motor protection. A car worth buying is worth saving!



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Model "H" $8.00
Model "L" (Illuminated) $10.00
Model "S" (Illuminated) $12.50
(Steering column attachment)

BOYCE MOTOMETER

***Radiator type,* always directly in the line of vision. A simple, dependable warning signal.**
12,000,000 in use today!
$3.50 to $15.00. Illuminated Model: $12.50.

The following cars are factory-equipped with Moto Meter panels, Moto Meters—or both

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Panels and dashboard equipment manufactured by the National Gauge & Equipment Co., La Crosse, Wis.

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LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Factories in Canada, England, France, Germany, Australia

World leaders in the manufacture of dashboard instrument panels and motor heat indicators of every type

see if he can recover any part of it. But he can have no right to undertake that, unless the title to the plate is in him. He cannot send back thirteen hundred miles for Miss Sarah Carrington to establish her ownership in this plate. You will understand why the deed contains this provision."

Colonel Braxton made a gesture of assent.

"Yes," he said, "I understand why the deed contains this provision. . . . And you are quite right, sir, in your general observation on it.

"But I will ask you to put it in a little different form, in order that this precise intent may be clear in its meaning to all men. Write it, sir, that if the plate, or any part thereof, be recovered in any jurisdiction beyond the boundaries of Virginia, the title shall so vest in Mr. Ridgewood Carter. This will accomplish the purpose that you have in mind, and it will give this deed that wholly generous aspect that Mr. Carter would have it carry on its face."

Mr. Orlandus Wood made a gesture of assent.

"If you wish the clause so written," he replied, with a judicial air, "I see no reason to deny you. There is merit in your observation; for I may add, as outside the deed, that it has been all along this gentleman's intention, as he so advised us, to return the plate to Miss Carrington, if he is fortunate enough to find it. But he wished to make that donation as a gift, and not as an obligation of this indenture. I may add that, in some experience of affairs, I have never known a nobler attitude to be taken by any gentleman of our time."

He paused and took up the pen.

"I will interline the deed as you suggest. It will serve, as you so wisely see, to make clear and unequivocal the generous intention that is moving Mr. Ridgewood Carter in this affair."

THE man standing behind the girl did not reply, but he began to pace backward and forward behind the sofa. By reason of the slightly shorter right leg, he had acquired the habit of putting down the toe of that foot first and making the toe thus do service for the foot. The habit took up the inequality, but it gave the man's step a certain strained preciseness. His face was in reflection, and out of the corner of his eye he followed Colonel Braxton.

That attorney moved about the room while Wood interlined his deed. He went over to the cupboard and looked closely at the splintered door, and at the hatchet lying on the floor against the wall where the thieves after the breaking had thrown it down. There was nothing about this implement by which the owner could be established.

Colonel Braxton turned back and came leisurely toward the table at which the attorney wrote. He regarded the man pacing behind the sofa, and suddenly, as though a light were flashed into a darkened corner, he recalled him. He did not pause nor was there a change in a feature of his face. But on the instant he had a great upward sweep of the heart.

It was not for nothing that the Guardian of Miss Sarah Carrington had sent him here this day!

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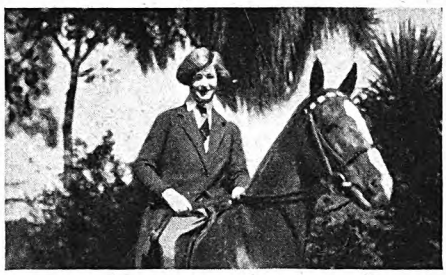
RIGHT

Berkeley, Calif.

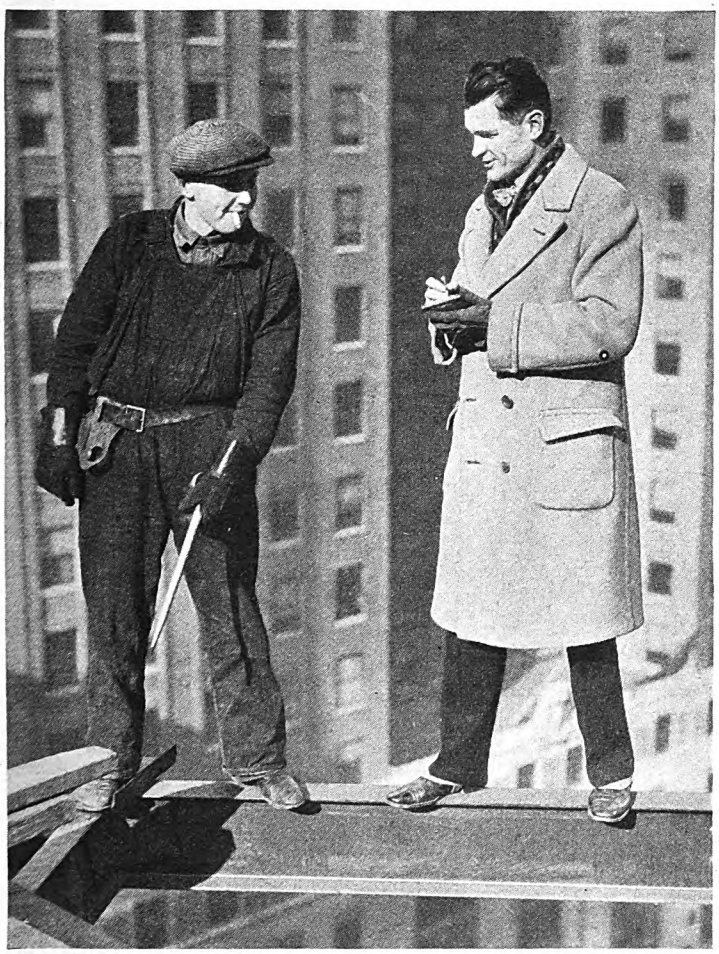
"AROUND THE TIME of my high school graduation, I became run down. Too many parties and dances, I guess—and then there was the Senior play. The vice-principal urged me to withdraw from the play. But I didn't want to do that.

"It happened that my father was an ardent Yeast enthusiast. I decided to try it myself. To my surprise I was better within a month, and in two months I was entirely well. My skin became clearer, too, and I was soon able to begin my preparations for college. Now, whenever I feel the slightest return of sluggishness, I go back to eating Yeast again."

MRS. GWENDOLYN DE JONGE



"... nerves are like iron now"



MR. FREDERICK D. WADE (*above, at right*), *of New York, gathering data for a magazine article on the hazards of structural steel work*

"But I take no chances of another breakdown," says Frederick D. Wade

New York City

"BY THE TIME I was fifteen years old I had run away from home so often that my mother gave up trying to keep me there.

"After working my way around the world on tramp steamers I entered college, where I specialized in journalism. But the pressure of study and overtraining in athletics brought back my old enemy, indigestion.

"When I graduated I was suffering from a bad case of 'nerves'—practically a breakdown. But heeding a suggestion of an athletic trainer I began eating three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast.

"In three or four months I was *well*—my nerves as steady as the iron in the construction jobs on which I worked for a time after leaving college. I am writing short stories and articles now, and giving boxing instruction. But I am still eating Yeast—to keep myself in shape." *Frederick D. Wade*

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine but a *food*—wholesome, fresh as any vegetable.

Yet this food has unusual virtue in correcting certain common ills—indigestion, skin troubles, headaches, "nerves." Ills such as these generally come from an unclean intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines active, *clean*. Softens the wastes. Strengthens sluggish muscles. Brings healthful "regularity."

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-51, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

RIGHT

Miss Margaret Alexander's mother writes:

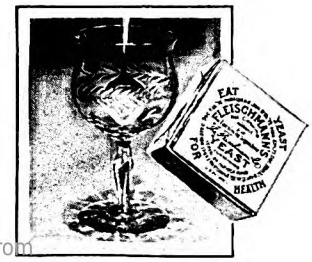
"MY DOCTOR had prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast for my brother-in-law. So when my daughter Margaret became bothered with constipation it was the first thing I thought of giving her. At first she took it dissolved in milk, but later she ate it just like candy. In a month she was perfectly normal again. Now, whenever she goes into a store with me she says, 'Don't forget the Yeast cakes, mother.' They have been nuggets of gold to me."

MRS. EDITH M. ALEXANDER

Philadelphia, Pa.

How thousands have found health:

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals: just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.



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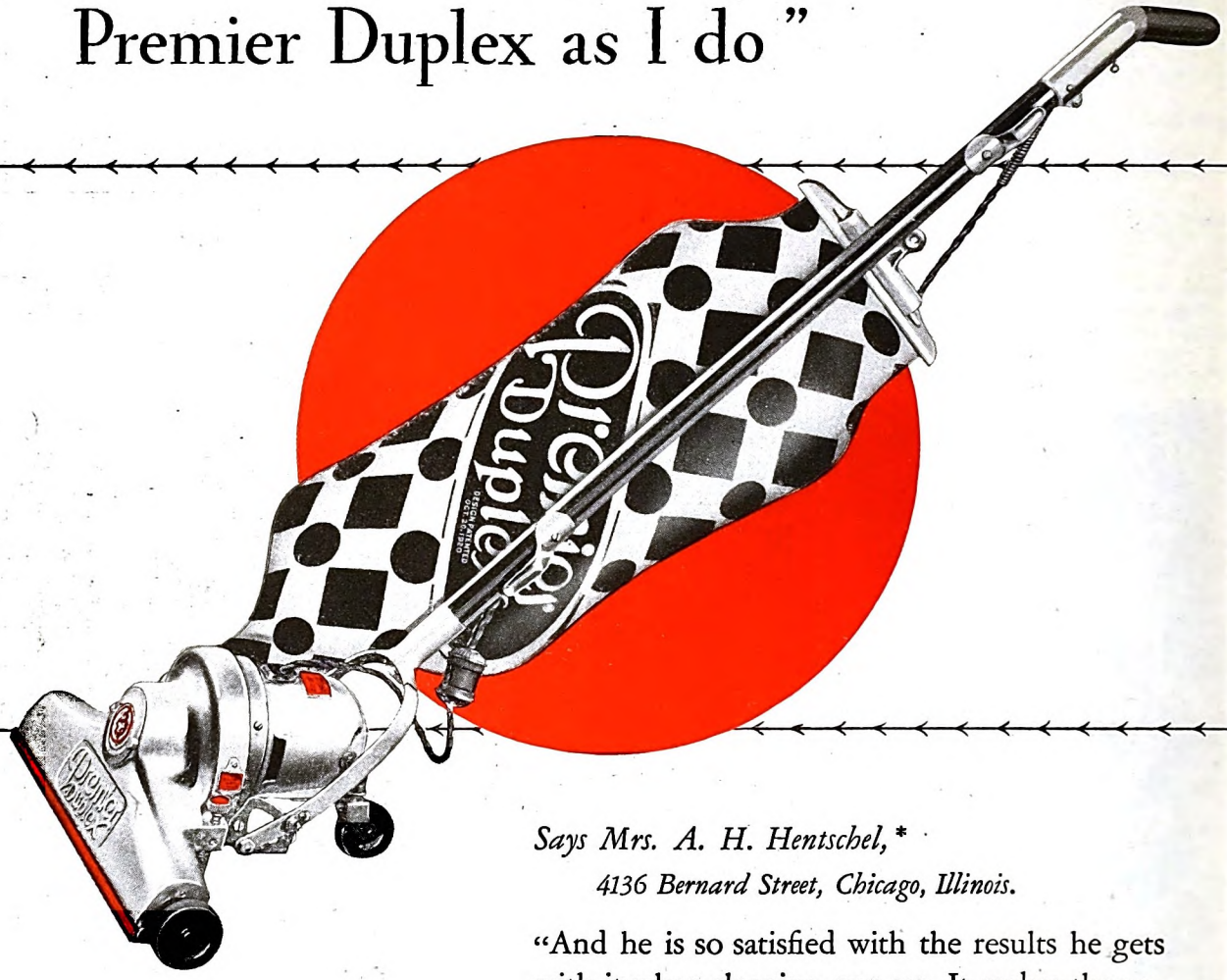
"My husband thinks as much of our Premier Duplex as I do"



*Says Mrs. A. H. Hentschel,**
4136 Bernard Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"And he is so satisfied with the results he gets with it when cleaning our car. It makes the upholstery look like new. As for myself, I could not keep house without its help. I would rather have the Premier Duplex than an extra maid. It really is wonderful to see how it cleans rugs and carpets. It takes up every particle of lint and dirt. Our Premier Duplex is light and easily carried anywhere we wish to use it, whether upstairs or in the basement. It is a thorough cellar to attic cleaner."

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 204 Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities.

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. Sold over the entire world outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

* If you would like an interesting booklet containing the experience of women in every type of home from coast to coast, just ask the nearest Premier Duplex dealer or write to us direct. Without the slightest obligation, we will mail your copy.

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Mr. Orlandus Wood finished with his interlineation, rose and beckoned the grantee to the chair before the table. Carter came over without a word and sat down before the secretary. He spread out the legal paper with the hand toward Colonel Braxton, and with the other dipped the pen into the ink and wrote his name.

He had come to a decision in his pace behind the sofa and he went forward, with no hesitation and no comment.

But he was not wholly at his ease.

"I trust, sir," he said, addressing Colonel Braxton, "that this deed of gift here will be agreeable to the guardian of Miss Sarah Carrington, whom you represent."

Colonel Braxton replied at once and with a gracious gesture:

"I can assure you, sir, that it is entirely in conformity to his will."

"And I hope, sir," the man continued! "that he will understand precisely my motive in this act."

And again Colonel Braxton answered:

"He will precisely understand it!"

CARTER rose from his chair. But he was not at ease, even after these courteous assurances.

And he began to consider what in this affair he could have overlooked. He thought that he had acted with a care beyond any human hazard, not only within the law but within the generous conceptions of all men of honor. He could see no flaw, and yet this inscrutable attorney somehow strangely disturbed him.

Mr. Orlandus Wood came forward, sat down at the table and wrote out the acknowledgment of the grantee in form and as required by the statutes of Virginia. He dried the ink with a little sand sifted over it, folded the deed and placed it in his pocket. He got up then, buttoned his frock coat, and took up his top hat from a chair.

"I believe," he said, "this matter is now concluded."

He looked toward Mr. Ridgewood Carter and extended his hand toward his client, as though with a formal courtesy he would lead her to her carriage. But Colonel Braxton stopped him.

"You are not going away without the plate?"

"The plate!" echoed Wood.

"Why, yes," replied Colonel Braxton. "Miss Carrington will wish to take the plate."

The amazed attorney swung 'round on his heels.

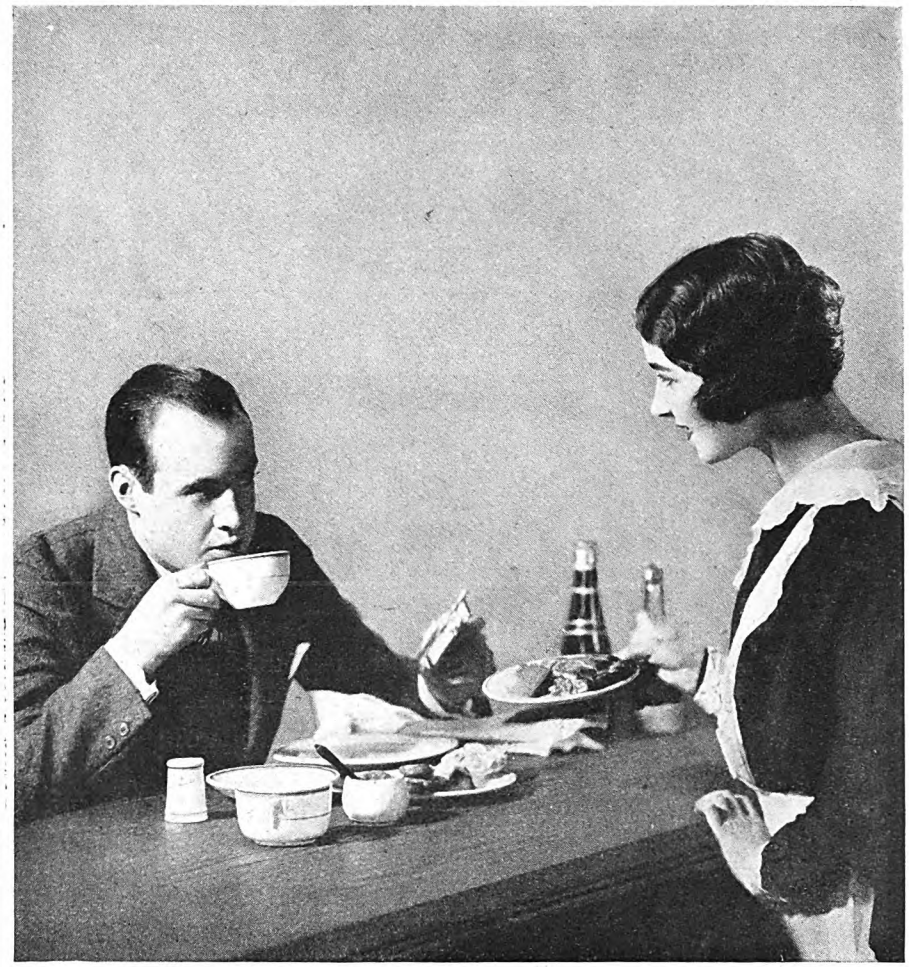
"Then you have a clue to this robbery?"

Colonel Braxton looked at the man, as in a vague wonder.

"A clue!" he said. "Why, sir, there is here the very signature of the man set down in his act. I have observed it in a hundred cases. There is no escape from it. The criminal agent leaves always his individual distinguishing mark behind him in his work. He signs it, sir, as the artist signs his picture, or the sculptor chisels his name on his monument. . . . We have only to look at it with a little care to read the name. . . .

"Come with me to this broken closet."

They went with him to the far end of the room by the splintered door. Colonel Braxton took up the hatchet lying on the



"—sandwich, coffee, apple pie—an' please hurry it up!"

Do you "grab a bite"?

So many of us eat to get it over with. And how we pay about two hours after!

There's a little trick in thwarting Indigestion. So simple you wouldn't think it would do any good. But it works! It's simply the eating of a few Pep-O-Mint Life Savers after meals. The peppermint in Pep-O-Mint is a proven digestion aid. Pep-O-Mint Life Savers give it to you in a pleasant and effective form.

* * *

Indigestion *is* a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple, old method our grandfathers used —peppermint.

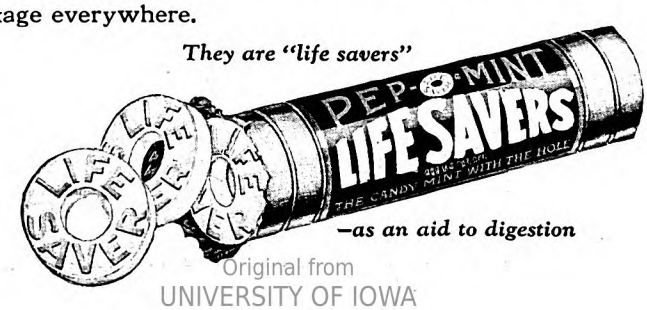
And now it is available in a really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, logy feeling comes over you. Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let.

5 cents a package everywhere.

They are "life savers"

P. S.
Lots of folks are enjoying LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS, Orange, Lemon, Anise, Lime and Grape. Have *you* tried them?



—as an aid to digestion

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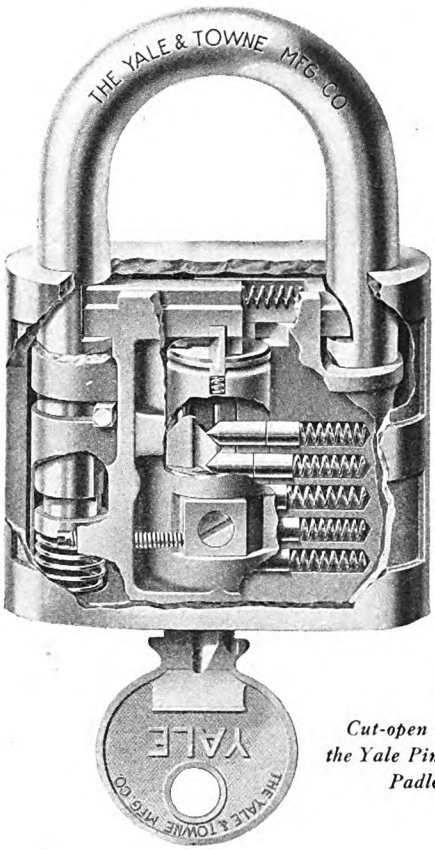
TRADE **YALE** MARK



Cut-open view of the Yale Pin-tumbler Padlock

What's Inside a Yale Pin-tumbler Padlock?

LOOK at the illustration above and you will appreciate the infinite care and precision used in the construction of the Yale Cast Bronze Pin-tumbler Padlocks. The interior mechanism, including pin-tumblers, operating parts, locking bolts and key stop are all carefully designed, made and fitted by master workmen—resulting in a padlock that represents the highest degree of security.

The cast bronze cases, too, are heavy and sturdy, and will withstand severe punishment when subjected to violent attack. The shackles are made of a special grade of hardened steel or phosphor bronze. A final thorough inspection test insures their accuracy.

Yale Cast Bronze Pin-tumbler Padlocks can be master-keyed in sets with all Yale Builders' Cylinder Locks, such as, entrance door locks, office locks, garage locks, closet locks, deadlocks, deadlatches and cabinet locks using the same size and type of key.

Write for booklet entitled "THE WAY TO SECURITY"

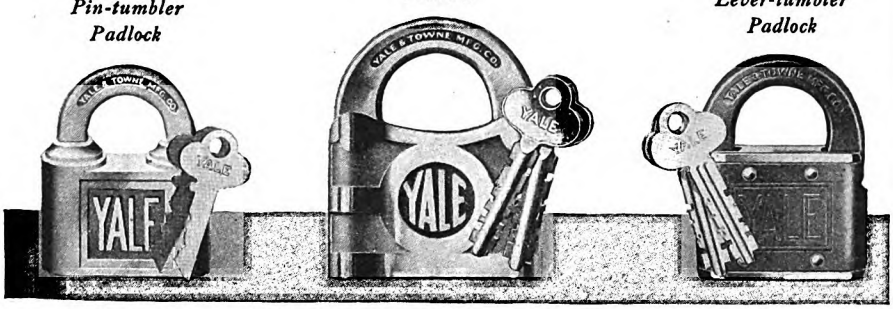
The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

No. 805 F Pin-tumbler Padlock

No. 853 Lever-tumbler Padlock

No. 8454 Lever-tumbler Padlock



YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

floor and stepped into the corner before the violated closet.

"You will observe," he said, "that the door to this closet was forced by driving the blade of this hatchet into the crack where it is hinged to the east wall of this room; precisely at the right angle which this closet door makes with this east wall. You will notice, further, that these heavy blows of the hatchet drove the blade straight and directly into this crack of the door.

"Therefore, the one wielding this implement stood directly in front of this crack in the door when he made the assault on it, and, therefore, he was standing close against this east wall of the room facing this corner where the door is hinged. . . . The marks of the hatchet blade, as I have said, go straight, deep and directly into the crack of the door in this corner, and therefore they must have been made by someone who held the hatchet in the hand that was on the side of the east wall of the room.

"He must face the closet door, and to have faced it and used the other hand the blows of the hatchet would have been oblique, slanting toward this east wall, for he must have struck across the width of his body to reach the crack in the door. But the marks of the blade in the crack of this door are precisely straight into it. And, therefore, the robber struck with the hand that was on the side against the east wall. And, therefore, he struck with his left hand . . . and, therefore, he was left-handed!"

Colonel Braxton threw down the hatchet.

"AND now that we know the man," he said, "let us get the plate."

He crossed the room with long strides, passed through the broken doors and out onto the lawn.

The three persons followed him.

But when he stepped down from the brick terrace onto the sod, Mr. Ridgewood Carter stopped him. The features of his mask were tense, as though emotions strained it, and his voice when he spoke was like a thing held level by a pressure.

"You know where this plate is?"

"Yes."

"How did you discover that, sir?"

Colonel Braxton looked the man squarely in the face.

"By the simplest observation in the world," he said.

And he extended his hand toward the river. But at this moment an inexplicable thing took place: Mr. Ridgewood Carter vanished! The expression is almost accurately descriptive, for he sprang aside into the bushes and began to run south along the river to a distant forest, dodging in and out among the trees.

Mr. Orlandus Wood cried out:

"What is this?"

"This," replied Colonel Braxton, with a gesture toward the distant fugitive, "is the escape of the thief."

"The thief!" repeated the attorney.

"Precisely that," replied Colonel Braxton. "The thief."

He turned about toward the attorney and the girl. And when he went on in his explanation, his voice was low-pitched and leisurely.

"I will tell you how I know it: When I came to examine the physical evidences

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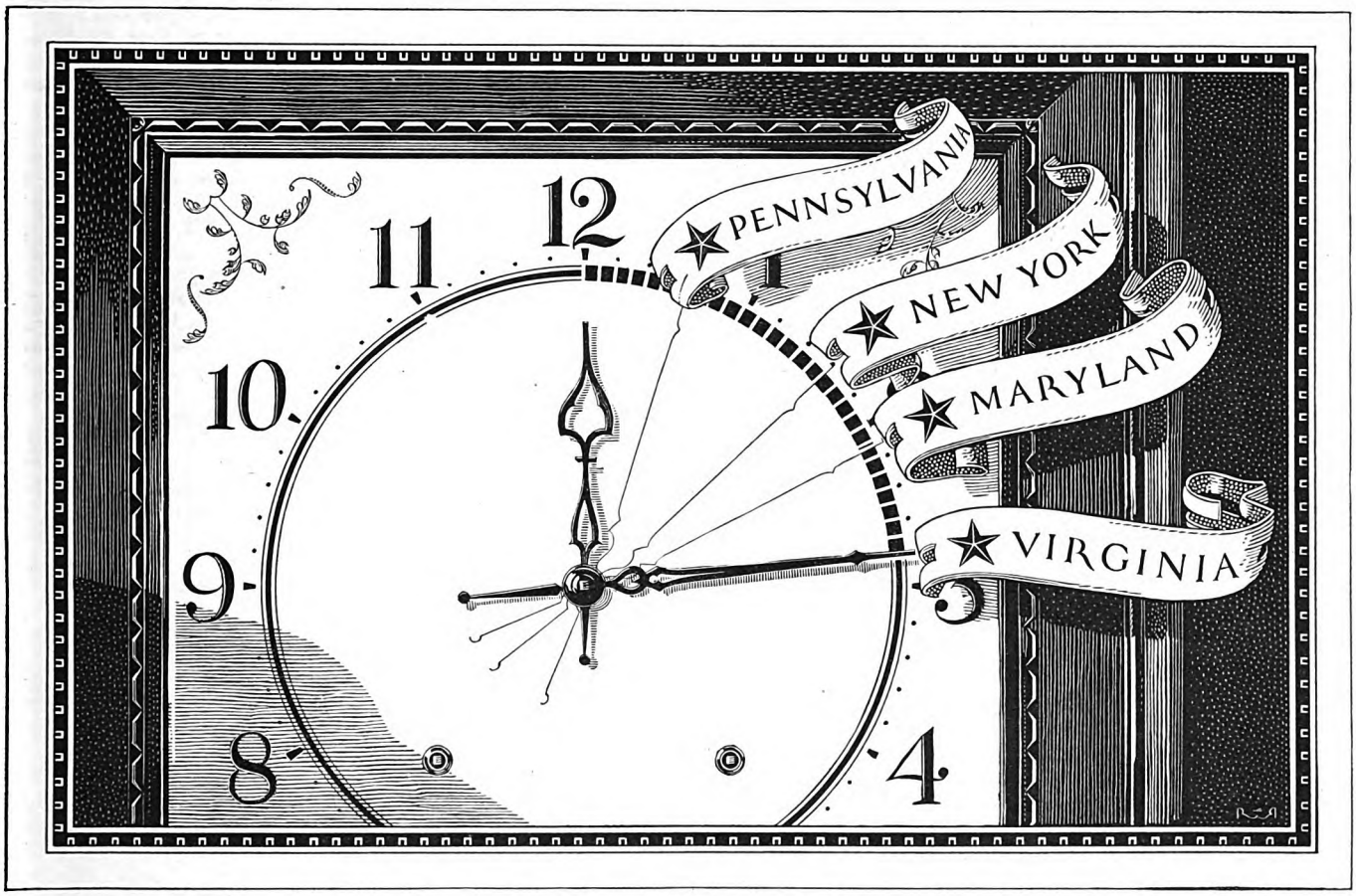
2400 Miles

$1700 *worth of* Business *in* 14 *minutes*



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A PENNSYLVANIA cement company called by Long Distance and secured a 30-ton order from a town in New York. Telephone charges $1.95. A 24-ton order from a Maryland town; charges $2.50. A 20-ton order from a Pennsylvania town; charges 75 cents. And a 15-ton order from a town in Virginia; charges $3.50. . . . Twenty-four hundred miles were "traveled"—*there and back.* Total orders secured, $1700. Total charges, $8.70. Talking time, 14 minutes.

So many businesses have found Long Distance indispensable in sales work that the "key town" plan has been developed as a further assistance and saving. By this plan key towns are selected. Each one of these is central to all of the towns in its trade territory. From the key towns in the various territories, the representatives cover the other towns by telephone, in minimum time and at low cost.

To facilitate the use of the key town sales plan, interested firms may arrange for credit identification cards to be issued to their traveling representatives.

Long distance telephone service can be custom-made to fit your business. Surprising how much long distance calls will do and how little they will cost. Ask the nearest Bell business office about the key town plan. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

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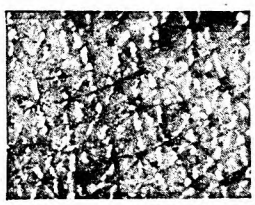
He *thinks* his face is Clean.... but *is* it?

The pore-dirt that hides in every face can't be SCRUBBED away!

WHEN you get out your razor and scrubbing brush for tonight's date, place one thing beside them. A jar of Pompeian Massage Cream!

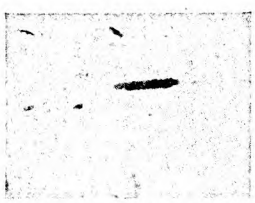
Here's why: Pore-dirt can't be scrubbed or scraped away. And pore-dirt hides in *every* face!

What with dusty offices, crowded cars, and windy streets, the air about you all day is alive with millions of tiny specks of gray. These particles fall onto your face. Cling to the skin. Get rubbed into the pores . . . down deep, where washing never finds them.



1. *Photomicrograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.*

These remarkable microscopic photos show *that.* And they show one other thing. Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every gray speck of pore-dirt free!



2. *Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.*

Goes in PINK . . . Rolls out GRAY!!

The upper photo (1) shows a section of skin that somebody *thought* he had cleaned. Compare it with the lower photo (2) taken after Pompeian had gone into the skin and made it REALLY clean.

Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream . . . gray with the pore-dirt that just a few seconds' massage lifted away.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage tonight. Before you start out, free your pores of the sallow-toned dirt that grays your skin. Pompeian not only spruces you up with a clean, invigorated feeling, but sets your face tingling with the ruddy glow of an athlete in the very "pink."

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it FREE. Fill in and mail the coupon below — NOW — while you are reading this page.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-D, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

of this robbery, it was clear, as I have explained, that it was the work of a left-handed man. That, in fact, no other than a left-handed man could have accomplished it. That much was certain. But that was not enough. A thousand left-handed men could be assembled. The problem was to distinguish the one certain left-handed man who had done this thing. What left-handed man was it?

"NOW, to determine this it was necessary to examine all other evidence with care, and when Carter took us over this trackage of the robbery to the river I noticed every detail. Presently, a conspicuous thing appeared, that you will yourself at once see when I name it. Occasionally, where the earth was soft on the lawn, and all about the mud banks of the river, I observed that a number of the footprints were more deeply indented at the toe than at the heel. In fact, where the track was not deeply pressed in, as at the river, the toe only of the footprint was visible.

"This fact would seem, at a first glance, to confirm the theory that a number of persons had accomplished the robbery, for here was an inequality of tracks. But when I looked more closely, I observed that all the tracks were roughly of the same length and width. It became clear, then, that, even with this marked difference, the whole trackage had been made by one person. This peculiarity in certain of the tracks was due to some peculiarity in the foot of that person.

"Following this idea, I presently saw that all these peculiar prints were prints of a right foot. It was therefore evident that these tracks were all made by one man, and that this man had some peculiarity of the right foot; something that caused the toe of the right foot to be more deeply indented, in a print, than the heel.

"Now, a right leg that was a trifle shorter than the other would cause this, because, to equal the stride, such a person would step with the toe first, and the weight of the body when it came on the right leg would be borne by the toe. Consequently, it was clear that this robbery and all this evidence of trackage had been done by a left-handed man who had also a short right leg."

Colonel Braxton paused, and indicated the tracks made in the soft earth where Carter had sprung aside into the bushes.

"You will see," he said, "that deep print of the toe of the right foot."

The amazement of Mr. Orlandus Wood could not be concealed.

"But the man is Martha Carter's brother!"

"He is that," continued Colonel Braxton; "but he is also something more."

He went on:

"I could not recall him when I first arrived. But when he began to pace behind the sofa, stepping only on the toe of his right foot, and when he put out his left hand to receive the gold pieces, and when he signed your deed with his left hand, I knew where I had seen him. . . . It was in a court-room at New Orleans, where he was sentenced to the penitentiary for a looting by his boat crew. He had been shot in the leg and captured. He stood up on his crutch, and he raised his left hand when he was being sworn

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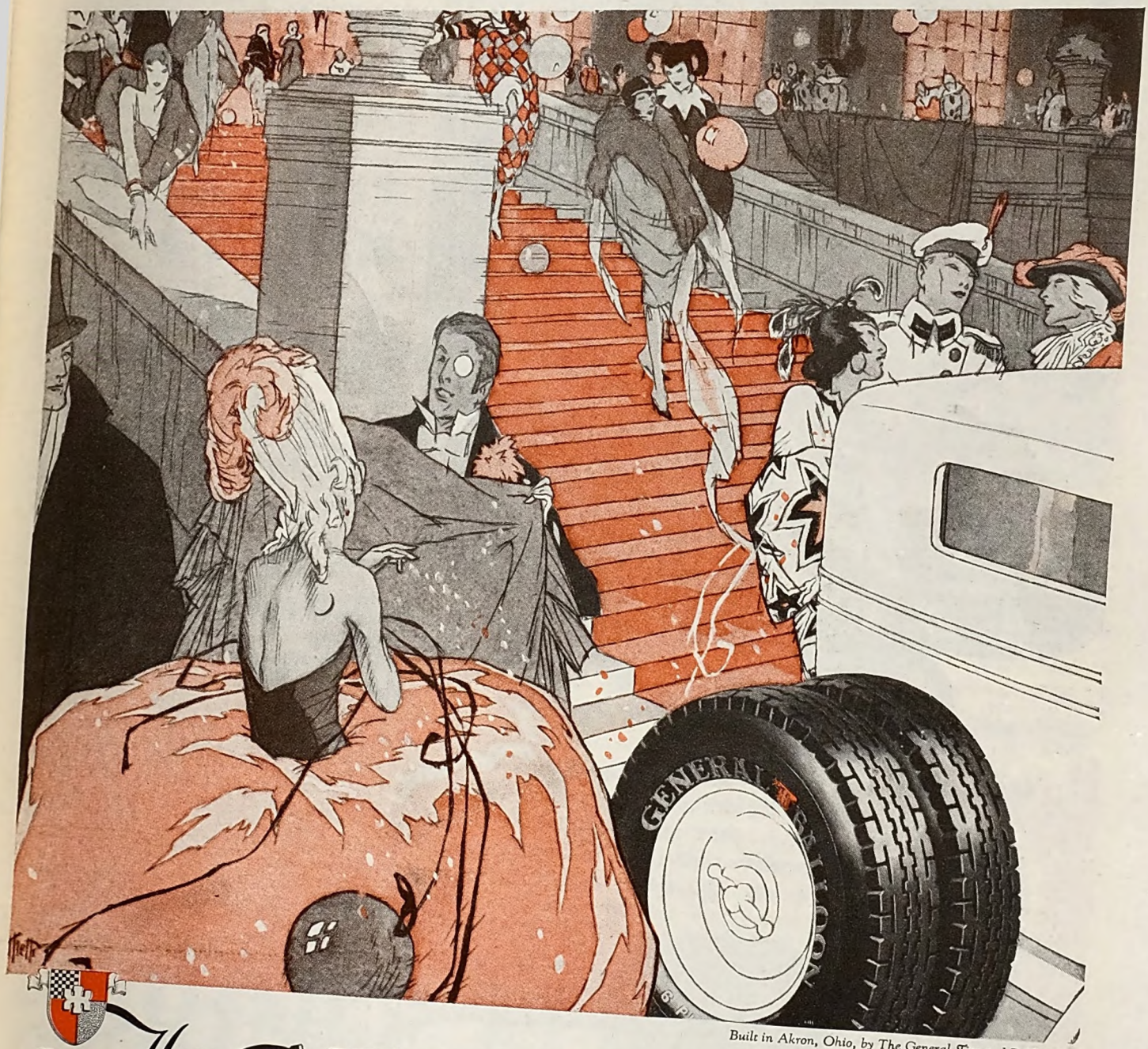
MANY a shortcoming can hide behind an outer mask of quality in tires. General has always made a beautiful tire to look at and every tire that General makes bears its name—but the outstanding preference it enjoys is due to qualities that go deeper than the tread—qualities you can see and feel as well as prove in service.



Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

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IN NEW YORK MEN WEAR
BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN

WHERE style and quality set the pace, along Fifth Avenue, you will see Bostonians. They've an air of smart, distinctive style that marks the dress of a gentleman. And a quality that is seldom associated with their modest price. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

A guide to Bostonians—this window sign.

A guide to smart styles—our new Style Booklet.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

© 1928 C. S. & L. CO.

in his defense. He is the convict owner of the 'Eldorado'."

"But the plate," cried the attorney! "How can you know where it is hidden?"

"Now that," replied Colonel Braxton, "was a mere matter of deduction. When I knew that Carter was the thief and that he had acted alone, I was certain that the plate would be hidden somewhere about the premises. Because, as he had no accomplice, he would keep it near him until he could, himself, take it away. I was puzzled until I began to consider why Carter took the trouble to make the old boat appear to be the landing of the robbers. And when his explanation of the abrasions on the board at the rear of this boat was so obviously false, I knew where he had concealed the plate.

"That abrasion on the board by the chain, anchoring the rear of the boat into the river, was not the lateral abrasion that the swing and lurch of a river boat landing against it would necessarily make. It was a straight, vertical abrasion, clearly made by drawing up the chain. But the boat had not been loosed from its mooring to the river bank. It had not been used for any purpose. There could be only one reason for thus drawing up the chain—obviously to conceal the stolen plate by lowering it on this chain into the river."

And now that his eyes were opened, the attorney was even more amazed.

"Colonel, Colonel," he went on, "why these indirections? Why these involved maneuvers by the man? And why, in the name of all common sense, should he make this deed?"

"Because," replied Colonel Braxton, "he did not wish a further experience in the penitentiary. He did not intend to divide with an accomplice, and so manufactured all these evidences himself. And by this deed as you had written it, he got a title to the plate he stole. He was giving, as he knew, a doubtful value for it."

"A doubtful value for it?" repeated Mr. Orlandus Wood. "Do you call this house, these lands, of doubtful value?"

"Of doubtful value!" replied Colonel Braxton. "The title is defective. It is based on a tax deed and subject to redemption."

IT WAS further on that Mr. Orlandus Wood remembered another thing that had given him some concern:

The plate, tied up in a sack, and sunk in the river, fastened to the boat chain, had been recovered, and the priceless pieces emptied out onto the floor of the violated room. It was a great treasure, worth a fortune. The girl hovered over it, in silence, in wonder, as before some enchantment of the fairy.

But Mr. Orlandus Wood stood up with a grave, and somewhat troubled face.

"This guardian of Miss Carrington," he said. "We must make a careful report of this affair for him."

"He will know all about it," replied Colonel Braxton.

"But how could he know?" continued the lawyer. "He is not here."

"Not here!" replied Colonel Braxton in his leisurely drawl. "Do you practice before the juries of Virginia, and forget the Scriptures? . . .

"The Guardian of the Fatherless . . . not here!"

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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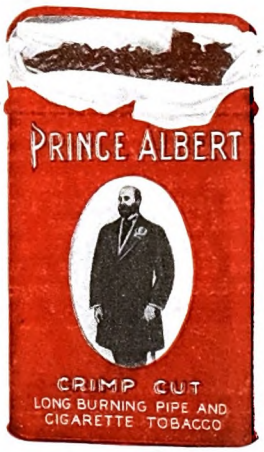
I'm for it a hundred per cent!

I'M ALL for **P.A.** Without a single mental reservation. It's my brand and I want the whole world to know. That's not sentiment—it's sanity. Swing back the hinged lid on a tidy red tin and let that glorious **P.A.** fragrance broadcast its own story. Then load up and light up. . . .

Cool as the box-office man. Welcome as two-on-the-aisle. Mild as milk-toast, yet with plenty of rich, satisfying body to let you know you're smoking. A pipe is a grand old pal when you pack it with **P.A.** And you want to pack and puff from morning to midnight, once you get a taste of this tobacco in your jimmy-pipe. You'll say so.

More Prince Albert is smoked than any other brand. Nobody can tell me that this just "happens." *That* many million men can't be wrong.

No matter what your present set-up may be, try long-burning P.A. If you don't check with me, then *you're* right and the *world's* wrong!



Every tin contains TWO full ounces of the grandest tobacco you ever smoked.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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"Pink Tooth Brush"

—a protest from over-coddled gums

HAVE you ever noticed, as you brush your teeth, a tinge of pink upon the bristles of your brush? If you have, it is a sign that you should at once begin to look after the health of your gums.

Most cases of "pink tooth brush" and other troubles of the gums can be traced to our present-day habits of eating.

Our diet is soft and creamy, we eat too quickly. Our teeth and gums do not get enough rough, hard chewing that coarser fare would give. The circulation within the gum walls becomes sluggish and slow. The gingival tissues lose their tone, they grow soft and tender to the brush. They bleed—the first warning of more serious troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage repair the damage soft food does

But it is simple, as any dentist will inform you, to keep the gums in health in spite of modern food.

Massage is one great aid. Ipana Tooth Paste is another. A gentle frictionizing takes but a minute morning and night and helps to restore the normal circulation, to relieve congestion and to bring the gums back to a healthy state. And Ipana, because of its content of ziratol, aids the massage in toning the gums and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to disease and infection.

The ten-day trial tube will acquaint you with Ipana's delicious flavor and its unexcelled cleaning power. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

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The Labrador Doctor

(*Continued from page 47*)

situated for our purpose; and so they have proved. A few years later, we established our third hospital, at St. Anthony, on the narrow peninsula of Newfoundland which sticks up northward toward Labrador. Gradually we added nursing stations, orphanages, schools, a seaman's institute, and other centers. And so the mission has gradually grown."

Nothing has ever impressed the Labrador fishermen so powerfully as this sudden, amazing arrival of a doctor in their midst. To the pious it seemed almost a divine visitation, something that could come to mortals only once in a lifetime. But next summer Doctor Grenfell was back with two additional physicians and two trained nurses. And never since has the Labrador lacked a doctor—though Labrador weather has frequently made it difficult to get a call through to the doctor and sometimes made it all but impossible for the doctor to get to his patient.

In his second winter on the coast, Doctor Grenfell had just returned from a two-weeks circuit of three hundred miles in which he had visited several villages in his komatick (Eskimo sled) when he was awakened in the night by men's voices and the sound of dogs on the crisp snow at the hospital door. They were from Stark's Cove, fifty miles to the north. Jennie Gardner had broken her arm, and, "Doctor, she needs you bad."

"The men had struggled all day through the heavy drifts," said Doctor Grenfell, "but it was all I could do to persuade them that a few hours' delay for rest would not prove fatal to a broken arm.

"WE WERE away at daybreak. Fresh snow was falling steadily and kept up all morning, making the going very difficult. Our lead dogs sank almost out of sight. We walked in front of them in our racquets to beat a path. Night found us in a dense spruce thicket, and there we spent the night in a wayside log tilt.

"All night the snow fell. At the first peep of dawn, we were up, shook the snow out of our clothes, and boiled the kettle. Two of the dogs were missing, and there was a provoking delay until they were excavated from an immense snowdrift, where they had slept cozily all night while the storm piled additional inches of blanket over them.

"At sundown of the second day we still had eighteen miles to go; but the country was level and the road beaten hard, so we decided to push on. Finally, only three miles remained, and we came to the forking of the trails. The left trail was ours, the right led to Safety Cove. We noticed that the Safety Cove trail was marked by the fresh tracks of many komaticks, and paused, wondering what could be the reason for so much traffic. Soon we caught sight of two men waving a flag and shouting to us, obviously an emergency call.

"So I called to my lead dog, 'All right, Charley. *Ouk! Ouk! Ouk!*' He swung to the right, and in a few minutes our whole cavalcade was pulling up the Safety Cove way and the messengers were running down to meet us. They directed us to the house of Jim Kempson, who 'had a bad knee.'

"It was a very bad knee. His leg was swollen to the size of his body, and the poor fellow lay half unconscious surrounded by a houseful of friends. The two down-stairs rooms were packed. Even the little up-stairs space under the roof—which was divided by a partition into two bedrooms, in one of which Jim lay—had its quota of sympathizers. To clear the house of this kindly gathering was a delicate undertaking but it was managed.

"Three of the neighbors stayed, at my request, to help. One was detailed to take down the partition between the bedrooms, plane the boards, and make a full-length bathtub. Another cut a window in the roof, for Jim needed fresh air. I asked the third helper to take every thing movable outside—room was needed for the work that was ahead.

"My hunting knife served for a lancet. I made seven incisions in Jim's leg—it was a case resembling erysipelas—and then he was placed in the newly made bath, which had been half filled with a warm antiseptic solution. The tub was a thoroughly shipshape job, its seams caulked with pitch. Blankets sealed Jim in his bath, only his head protruding. Faithful friends kept port and starboard watch all night."

As morning dawned, Doctor Grenfell journeyed to Jennie Gardner's and set her arm. It was now the fourth day since she had sent for him, and I suggested that she must have been rather nervous and fretful.

"Not a bit of it," answered Doctor Grenfell. "She actually said that she was proud she broke her arm, since it had brought me in time to save Jim Kempson's life."

But Jim was not out of danger. It was four days before the crisis passed and Jim emerged from his long drowsiness. Then the Doctor harnessed his dogs and was off on the trail back to the hospital.

PERHAPS the Doctor's closest call is an experience that began one Easter in St. Anthony. Doctor Grenfell was walking home from church at noon when runners arrived with an urgent summons from Englee, sixty miles south. A young fisherman there, who had been operated on for an acute bone disease, was threatened with blood poisoning.

Within two hours Doctor Grenfell was on the trail, with his well-packed komatick behind his best team of dogs. By dusk he had traveled twenty miles and reached the village of Lock's Cove, on the edge of Hare Bay. Here he spent the night in a fisherman's cottage, and started on the trail again early Monday morning.

"It was raining as we put out," recalled Doctor Grenfell, "and the snow was beginning to get slushy. I skirted the edge of the bay, which was thick with broken ice, and soon spied a natural bridge of ice which crossed the bay to an

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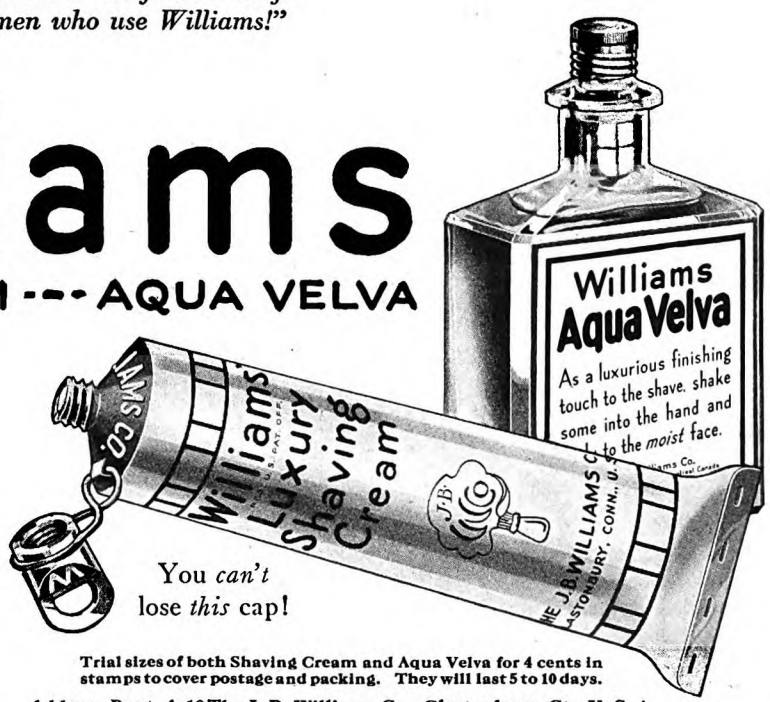

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But through the alchemy of fire
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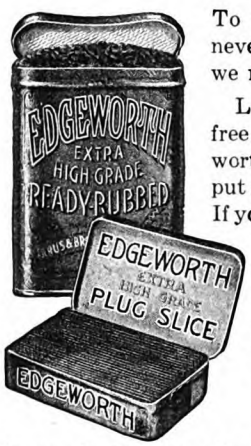
April 7, 1927



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island three miles out. If I could travel across this, instead of making the circuit around the bay, I would shorten my journey by several miles—and I decided to risk the ice.

"All was going well. I had reached the island, crossed it, and was only a quarter mile from the farther shore, when suddenly the wind fell off and I saw the ice loosen. Then its real character appeared: it was only 'sish' ice, fragments chipped off by the pounding of the big pans and topped by a thin crust of fresh ice. The wind blowing into the bay from the sea had forced this sish into a compact mass; but without the wind my 'bridge' was crumbling under my feet."

This process was hastened by a new turn of the wind—it now began to blow from off shore, and in a few minutes there were innumerable cracks as the ice was driven seaward. Doctor Grenfell cast off his oilskins to be free for swimming, got down on his hands and knees to distribute his weight on the thin crust, and urged his team ahead. But they had not gone twenty yards before the dogs wavered, and down sank doctor, komatick, and the dog team into the slushy ice.

"I QUICKLY reached forward with my sheath knife and cut the traces, being careful, however, to hold the leader's trace which I wound round my wrist," said Doctor Grenfell.

This lead dog, Brian, was floundering near a large slab, upon which he presently climbed. By hauling on the traces, Doctor Grenfell reached Brian's floating island, and helped the other seven dogs upon it. Then he saw that its sides were already crumbling, so he quickly selected another pan, some twenty yards distant, and by a strategy got the dogs to swim to it. Partly by swimming and partly by hauling on the long trace, the Doctor reached this second refuge. But it proved to be no more substantial than the other, and in a few minutes he chose a third ice-pan, and by the same process finally landed himself and his dogs on it.

"This ice-pan was an irregular-shaped slab about twelve feet wide and perhaps a foot thick," explained Doctor Grenfell. "It was really snow which had packed over the slob ice and frozen, and it seemed a poor raft for so large a load. But we could only stay with it now, for I was chilled from my three encounters with the icy water and, besides, we were rapidly drifting into heavier seas. At one time I thought we might drift ashore, but suddenly the pan hit a projecting rock. A large piece broke off, and we were swerved around and sent seaward.

"I could see my komatick still protruding above the broken ice, its food, vacuum bottle of hot tea, dry clothes, and everything, going to waste, while I shivered in my dripping clothes. I had left my oilskins at the komatick, discarded my khaki overalls on the first ice-pan, and lost my hat, coat, and gloves. I still had on a flannel shirt, sweater vest, a pair of running shorts (relic of my university athletics which I had chanced upon just recently), a pair of woolen stockings, and sealskin moccasins which reached to my hips. I now cut off the moccasins at the feet, split the legs and made a sort of cape which was some protection to my shoulders. A few minutes later, I saw my komatick disappear under the ice."

By afternoon Doctor Grenfell had gradually dried his clothes by taking off a piece at a time, wringing it, waving it in the wind. But the air was growing colder; he must have more clothes, and the only ones available were the fur coats on his dogs. Sorrowfully, he selected the dog that he could spare best, slipped a noose over his head and threw him. Then he stabbed him in the heart, and in a few minutes had removed the shaggy hide.

I asked him if that was not risky—killing and skinning a large animal on a flimsy cake of ice in near proximity to seven hungry dogs.

"Oh, I know how to kill a dog," he answered. "The most difficult part was bringing my mind to sacrifice a faithful friend. But we could not all live. As I killed him, I wondered if a quick death were not better than the slow torture that seemed ahead."

Before dark Doctor Grenfell had killed two more dogs in this way. He piled up the carcasses and sat behind this windbreak, ripping up the flannel binding of the leather traces and stuffing the ravelings into his shoes, knickers, and shirt as an additional protection against the biting cold. Then he made the largest dog, Doc, a ninety-two-pounder, lie down by him and, wrapping up in the three skins, cuddled close to Doc. With this warm bedfellow, his ice cradle rocked by the sea, Doctor Grenfell went fast asleep.

"I awoke shivering, with a frozen hand, to find the moon rising out of the open sea which was now just ahead of me. Out there, in the big swells, we could not last long, I knew. I prayed for a miracle. Suddenly the wind shifted, and was followed by a dead calm. The cold now was intense. More ice was forming every minute, which was uncomfortable but encouraging. I lay down beside Doc and dropped off to sleep again.

"Suddenly I awoke with the idea that I must do what I could to signal my friends in the morning. I must have a flagpole. I set to work in the moonlight to take apart the legs of my dead dogs. It was slow, and rather painful with the frostbitten hand, but before daybreak I had made a clumsy staff by binding the legs together with old harness rope. At dawn I stripped off my shirt, attached it to the staff, and began to wave it. Fishermen are early risers—daybreak is the usual time for starting on the komatick trail—and if there was any eye looking my way I didn't want it to mistake me for a slumbering seal or a bit of wreckage."

THIS was Tuesday morning. Doctor Grenfell had been a day and a night afloat. During that time he had not seen a sign of life on shore, not a curl of smoke nor the gleam of a bonfire, nor anything to suggest that his plight was known to his friends. "As I stood in my dog skins, waving my shirt at those bleak headlands, I laughed at the ludicrous figure I made." But he felt that it was now or never. The day was brilliant, cloudless. The sea glittered. At times the Doctor thought he saw men on the snowy cliffs, and he waved his gay shirt until his arms ached.

"At one time I saw a peculiar flash on the water. I watched it and decided it was only another deceptive reflection of sunlight. To think of a boat there was

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unreasonable, for among those heavy pans a boat might be crushed like an eggshell under a cartwheel.

"But when I came back to my flag-waving a few minutes later, I saw the same glitter again, more distinct, and it was regular, like the dip of oars. As I watched, gradually there appeared a darker shadow which seemed to be the hull of a boat."

Twenty minutes later, the boat was alongside, and the man in the bow stepped onto the icepan. "Not a word was spoken," said Doctor Grenfell. "Tears streamed down his cheeks as he grasped both my hands. It was the same with the other four rescuers. Hearts were too full for words. I swallowed some hot tea and a bit of bread. Then we loaded the five dogs into the boat. As we struggled back, the men rowing laboriously through the slob, at times hauling the boat upon the larger pans and dragging her over, I had a picture of what they had risked, and of the meaning and sacredness of friendship."

These five men had been trying all night to get to Doctor Grenfell. Just before dark Monday, a fisherman caught sight of something strange on the ice, and had run to the only man in the village who had a spyglass. They hurried to the cliffs and saw that the strange object was a man. By a process of reasoning they figured that it must be the Doctor. Finding it impossible to launch a boat at night, they sent messengers along the coast and stationed lookouts on the cliffs. Fortunately for the peace of mind of the hospital staff, the messengers did not reach St. Anthony until Tuesday morning. Miss Jessie Luther, of Providence, Rhode Island, who was a volunteer at the hospital, has told me of the awful pall that fell upon the place when it was known what had happened.

That narrow scrape with death threw into bold relief the generous, ungrudging, cheerful nature of the service the Doctor had been giving so freely all the years. Everybody up and down the Labrador and all over Newfoundland was talking about the Doctor, about his hospitals where miracles are done, and about the kindly nurses and physicians and teachers he had brought up to the coast. It was a costly reminder; but it knit the people even more closely to their Labrador Doctor.

BESIDE the hospital in St. Anthony, there is an orphanage.

"That just happened, and then grew gradually," explained Doctor Grenfell. "Those who attended the World's Fair in Chicago may remember the Eskimo Village, and, if so, they will recall Prince Pomiuk, the little Eskimo boy whose dexterity with the thirty-foot lash of his dog whip made him one of the attractions of the Fair. Well, one day, on a cruise up a far northern fjord, I found a boy lying on the rocks outside a hut, naked, hungry, helpless with a diseased hip. He was Prince Pomiuk. The Eskimos were willing to be rid of the crippled boy, who was 'no good for the fishin',' so I took him in our ship. He spent the few remaining years of his life with me—our first orphan.

"A little later, I was called to visit a sick family which lived on a lonely headland fifty miles north. I was surprised when we anchored, to receive no signs of welcome. We landed and hurried to the little cottage. The mother lay dead on the bed, the father was on the floor dying, and five frightened children hid themselves in odd corners of the house. Next day, we made coffins, dug a grave, conducted the funeral service—and found ourselves with five children. An uncle agreed to adopt one, two we placed with a devoted couple in Massachusetts, and with the remaining two we started our Children's Home, in St. Anthony. Later, we established a second orphanage farther up the Labrador, at Sandwich Bay."

It is hard to think of a Labrador problem to which Doctor Grenfell has not lent a helping hand. Education, for example: Schools were few and feeble, and when the Doctor took on the orphans he discovered that his responsibility also included their schooling. Gradually this boon of education was extended to village children, and schools multiplied. Now there is a string of them along the coast. The more promising graduates are sent to the United States to complete their education. It is a matter of pride to the Doctor that out of ninety-two Grenfell students who have thus gone to the States, eighty have returned to the coast to devote their trained minds and skilled hands to Labrador problems.

Doctor Grenfell has helped his people organize their own coöperative stores, so that they may buy and sell for cash, instead of being hopelessly in debt all the time to traders, who advance provisions against the season's catch of fish. The Doctor has also been active in fostering other enterprises—a coöperative sawmill, a fox farm, rug-weaving and other industries, and in importing a herd of reindeer from Lapland.

AMONG the many functions that are united in Doctor Grenfell, the missionary, are those of magistrate, coast surveyor, commissioner of wrecks, and preacher, not to mention that of skipper, for he is a licensed navigator, master of his hospital ship.

There have been several hospital ships. "The Albert" was succeeded by the "Sir Donald," gift of Sir Donald Smith, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This, in turn, gave way to the "Strathcona," the gift of Lord Strathcona. It was wrecked five years ago, but was promptly replaced by a new and more modern "Strathcona II," which is Doctor Grenfell's present hospital ship. In addition, there are several auxiliary vessels, launches, and a schooner.

"The picture of the Doctor that is most characteristic," said one of his long-time workers, "is the sight of him at the wheel of the 'Strathcona,' edging up to the landing of some remote village. All the men are down to greet him, perhaps there is some jovial reference to 'How you nosed her in, Doctor!' and then he lands. Everybody wants to grip his hand, some have 'a hurt' to show, perhaps one exhibits proudly a healed arm that the Doctor treated on his last visit. Meanwhile, the women have been gathering at one of the cottages. It is the event of the summer—the Doctor's visit! Some of them just sit, rather inarticulate, but the Doctor has a word and a handclasp for each, and then he leads the simple prayer

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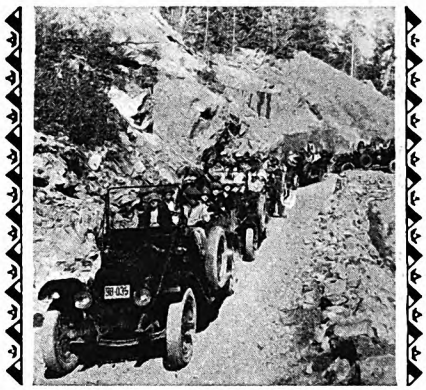

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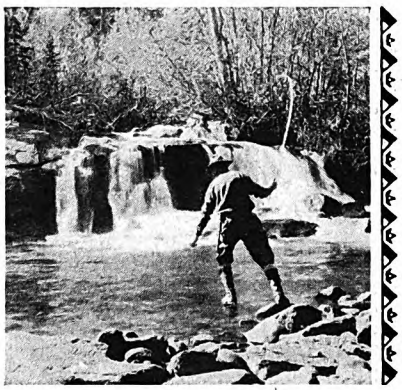

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You can afford it. Round-trip summer vacation fares are surprisingly low. The cost will be no greater than an ordinary vacation near home.

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Three fine trains daily from Chicago and Omaha and two from St. Louis and Kansas City provide a service so fine and complete that it has made the Burlington known everywhere as "the most popular route to the Rockies."

At moderate additional cost you can also have your Burlington ticket take you to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. Only the Burlington's *complete* service to the entire Rocky Mountain region makes vacation bargains like this possible.

This summer—you *can* go. Send for the big Vacation Book and begin planning *now*.

Burlington Route

Burlington

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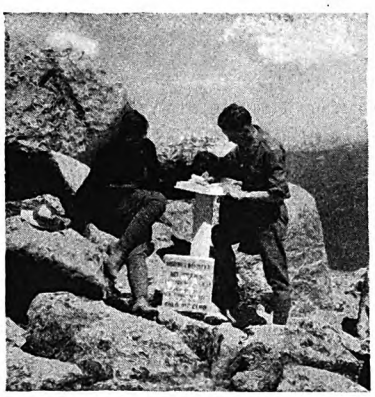
COLORADO!

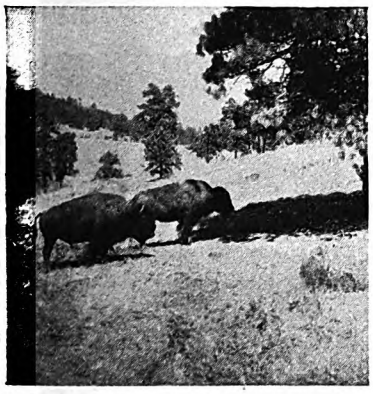
Bargain vacations — 2 weeks or longer. Send for Free Illustrated Book containing full information

HERE you will find luxurious hotels with every convenience, inns, lodges, cottages. Convenient lodgings and board as low as $17.50 a week!

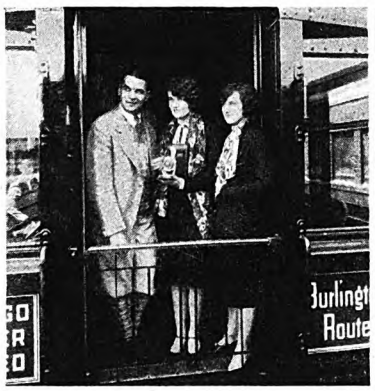


THIS new Colorado is not merely a place to see *things. Above all it is a place to* do *things. This couple scaled Mt. Evans—14,000 feet high*

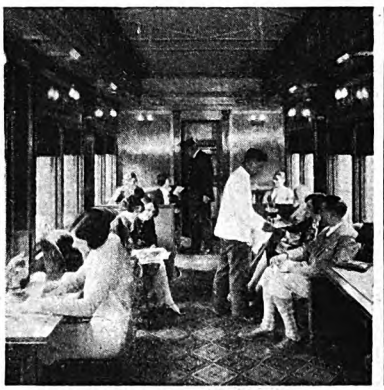
WHILE some prefer just to loaf in blessed ease, most everybody rides in Colorado. This is in Rocky Mountain National (Estes) Park



BY the way, there's the wild animal life—interesting to camera hunters in this country so wild, yet so well equipped with modern conveniences



AND there is lots to see along the way from the Burlington's famous sun-porch observation cars. Your vacation fun starts when you board your train



THE Burlington's equipment, service, hospitality has won for it the largest patronage of Rocky Mountain vacationists given to any railroad

BIG VACATION BOOK FREE

What can you do in two weeks (or longer) in Colorado this summer? This big, profusely illustrated Vacation Book tells you. It takes you on an easy-chair tour as absorbing as fiction. It shows you exactly what each dollar of your vacation money will buy in Colorado. Please accept it with our compliments. Send the coupon and begin planning your greatest vacation—now

Burlington Escorted Tours

A new, carefree way to see the Rockies—with a Burlington Escorted Tour party. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned in advance. Travel expert with each party. Mark coupon for Tours Book.

Burlington Travel Bureau, Dept. A-1
547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free Colorado Vacation Book.
Name.....
Street.....
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☐ Mark X here if you wish book on Burlington Escorted Tours

Route

The most popular route to the Rockies

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Only
DUNLOP'S
EXPERIENCE
in building literally millions of dozens of fine golf-balls, could have produced the Maxpar.

The Maxpar combines under one cover all the qualities of the best golf balls. Slanting mesh that means easier cleaning . . . lasting durability . . greater length of flight . . . extreme accuracy in putting . . . ability to stand punishment without becoming "egg-shaped."

You can play the new Maxpar hole after hole without changing. And since scientific research has proved that the resiliency of any golf ball increases with play, you get out of the Maxpar every yard of the long distance built into it.

With the Maxpar on the tee, the combination of every advantage that can be gained in a ball is yours.

75¢
DUNLOP

MAXPAR

service and perhaps makes a brief address. If he were the Archbishop of Canterbury the people couldn't be prouder of a visit. He visits the sick, and any who need hospital care are taken on board the 'Strathcona.' Almost every village has its Uncle Malcolm or Aunt Jane or other aged person—the Doctor never fails to visit them and have a cup of tea. When the rounds have been made, he is off—the next village may be a day's journey—and your last glimpse is of him at the wheel, the sure-eyed skipper, proud of his vessel, piloting her through the narrow channel."

"The hardest work I have," Doctor Grenfell said to me, "is lecturing." Much of his time each winter now must be spent visiting the cities and towns of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Great Britain, telling of his work.

It was while returning to New York from a lecture tour in England in the spring of 1909 that Doctor Grenfell met on shipboard Miss Ann McClanahan, of Chicago. He proposed marriage before the ship docked. The young lady protested, "But you don't even know my name," whereupon, it is said, the Doctor replied, "That doesn't matter; I know what it's going to be."

They were married in Chicago in November, and Mrs. Grenfell had the exciting experience of arriving at her new home in a Labrador blizzard, which frosted the ship like a huge Christmas cake. She took to the northern life as naturally and enthusiastically as did the Doctor, accompanied him on his trips—traveling countless miles both on the komatick trail and aboard the "Strathcona." Even a growing family of three children and the care of "the Doctor's House" on the hill at St. Anthony, do not divert her major time from the Doctor's work; and among the great company of volunteers who have helped to make the mission, she takes first place.

THESE volunteers are an amazing tribute to the Doctor's personality.

Many of them are highly-trained professional men. One of the leading eye specialists in the United States travels every summer from San Francisco to Labrador to give his service to the Doctor's people. "That one man," said Doctor Grenfell, "has made more of our blind to see than are listed in all the miracles of the four Gospels."

Last summer, when the new hospital at St. Anthony was dedicated in the presence of a notable assemblage of guests from many lands, the Governor of Newfoundland tapped the Labrador Doctor on the shoulder with his sword, in the name of King George, and made him a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

So now it is Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell. The people are proud of the new honor that has come to their long-time friend; but they keep on calling him "the Doctor."

"As you look back upon the years in Labrador, what looms up as its greatest compensation?" I asked Sir Wilfred.

"The life itself has been its best reward," he answered quickly. "I have always thought that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to. I went to Labrador for the same reason—and I have enjoyed the life there hugely.

"Anyone who went there with a feeling of complacency at his own self-sacrificing goodness, would soon have it shamed out of him. One winter night, after traveling all day through the snow, I knocked at a cottage to ask for a night's rest. The man and his wife were out of bed instantly; he got out his lantern and insisted on feeding my dogs while his wife was heating cocoa for me. Later, I learned that the milk and sugar which went into it were a precious hoard, saved for guests. Nor did I know, until long afterward, that the bed they sent me to was the one they had just quitted, and that they spent the remainder of the night on the floor of their kitchen.

"On another occasion, when I awoke in the morning, I found that my host had risen earlier and had taken the road to the next village, fourteen miles away. I was bound for that village, and he had walked ahead to break a trail through the snow for me; and, also, to carry some milk and sugar to 'save the face' of the poor family who were to entertain me that night.

"MONEY could not compensate for such kindness and hospitality—nor would it be accepted. 'It's th' way of the coast.'

"One morning I landed at Deep Water Creek to see an old Englishman known as Uncle Solomon. I was directed to the home of Skipper John, who greeted me cordially at his cottage door. Inside, a young man was playing on the floor with three children. I supposed they were Skipper John's grandchildren; but no. He explained that their mother had recently died, and he had temporarily taken the orphans into his own home.

"My patient was up-stairs, in the triangular space under the roof. On one corner, screened off with cheesecloth, was Uncle Solomon, indistinguishable under a pile of bedclothes, while near by his blind wife sat on a low bench droning a hymn tune. 'Uncle Solomon, it's the Doctor,' I said. He put forth a trembling hand. 'No pain, Uncle Solomon, I hope?' Grasping my hand he answered, 'No pain, Doctor, thank the Lord and Skipper John. The Skipper took us in when the old lady and I were starving.' But the old woman put in, 'He suffers a lot, Doctor, but he won't own it.'

"As I came down the ladder, Skipper John met me with the most solicitous thanks for my coming. 'But thanks aren't dollars, Doctor. What little we'd put by has gone to help the old people, and I've got not a penny now. But if I gets a fox skin this winter, I'll pay you for your visit anyhow.'

"'Skipper John,' I asked, 'what relation are those old people to you?' He answered, 'Well, no relation 'zactly.'

"'Don't they pay you anything at all?' He shook his head. 'Them has nothing, and was homeless and the old lady already blind.'

"'How long have they been with you?'

"He was silent, counting up. 'Just twelve months come Saturday.'"

Three orphans down-stairs and the aged couple up-stairs!

"Why do you do it?" Doctor Grenfell asked. The old man looked intently at the Doctor.

"What, what would you do?" he said, in reply.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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One, two—it's good for you,
Three, four—they all want more,
Five, six—it comes in sticks,
Seven, eight—the flavor's great!
Nine, ten—say it again—
It's Wrigley's!
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Here is a new and better Peppermint Flavor!

Wrigley's Double Mint has full-strength, Peppermint flavor—lasting, luscious, refreshing.

It aids digestion, cleans the teeth, soothes the nerves.

1-10

After Every Meal

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It's light as a patty shell. Its crinkly round top is butter-nut-browned. It nestles in your cereal dish as if it were made to order—just the right size for the morning's appetite!

It's pure whole wheat. Firm, meaty grains, cooked, drawn out to a ribbon so filmy-thin, so fine-spun, there's three whole yards of it, wound round and round, to every Muffet! Baked. Toasted crunchier than toast itself! Crumbles in the mouth like oven-crisped crackers.

All whole wheat's health properties, too—vitamins, calories, minerals, roughage (bran). Easy digestibility. And, best of all, corking good to eat!

Serve Muffets at breakfast tomorrow morning, with cream and sugar. Or add fruit, fresh-sliced, stewed or preserved.

Enjoy one yourself, and get an extra treat out of watching the rest of the family enjoy them!

The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

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"I Need My Job as Station Agent!"

(*Continued from page 55*)

a month, it enabled me, in 1891, to marry the girl back in Shenandoah, set up a home, and keep on saving something.

"But I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to earn still more. So I tried to figure out some way of increasing my express commissions. I knew that raw silk shipments went by express. As they were very valuable, the charges—and consequently the commissions—were high.

"I wanted these commissions! So I got the judge of the county, our congressman, and a few personal friends to start a silk mill in the outskirts of Shamokin.

"Later on, a young man, C. K. Eagle, came to learn the business. Eventually he and his brother took over the mill. Today it is a ten-million-dollar corporation with three extensive plants in Shamokin and many in other parts of the state.

"What was the result for me? Bigger commissions; not only from silk, but from general shipments as well. Because the silk industry made the town grow, and that made the express business grow.

"Here's something I want to tell you in that connection: The express company recognize the fact that I *built up* the business; and they think it only fair that I should continue to share the rewards. So you needn't talk to me about 'soulless corporations.'

"Well, as you can see, I was getting along pretty good for a young man with just an ordinary job. I probably would be promoted. In fact, at one time it looked as if I was going to be transferred to Reading; so I bought a house and lot there, using the money that had been accumulating since my father started to save it for me.

"The transfer wasn't made, but I kept the property and rented it. Then a new addition to Shamokin was opened up. It was called Edgewood; and it was so pretty out there and such a nice place for our two little children, John and Margaret, that I decided to build a home there.

"MOST of my savings had gone into the Reading property. But my mother-in-law, who was as good to me as my own mother, offered to help me; and in this way I was able to pay something down. I gave mortgages on the Shamokin property, and on what I owned in Reading; and so was able to borrow the rest.

"You have to know all this in order to understand what I did later. In due course of time I paid off the mortgages. It took all I could save for a number of years. But when it was done I owned a pretty nice home—we still live in it—and I had established myself as a man who could be trusted to meet his obligations.

"I was so relieved to get out of debt that I would have been glad, I guess, to *keep* out of it for a while. It was my boy, John, that got me into it again.

"One day, about eighteen years ago, we were all eating our lunch at home, when John said to me: 'Did you know the sheriff is going to sell the Majestic Theatre?'

"'That's good news!' I said.

"You see, my kids were crazy about the movies, and my wife and I weren't far behind them! The Majestic Theatre, in spite of its grand name, was only a little five-cent house. But we lived so far out that every time we went to a show I had to pay car fare, both ways, for the whole family, which made it pretty expensive. So I figured that closing the theatre would certainly help my purse. But John, who was fifteen then, had a different notion.

"'I wish you'd buy it for me!' he said.

"'What would *you* do with a movie theatre?' I demanded.

"'I could run it,' he said. 'Tom Heaton and I could do it together.'

"Tom was his buddy; and of course I laughed at the idea of two kids running a theatre. But before I left for the office my mother-in-law got me off into a corner and added her persuasions.

"I laughed at her too. But as I rode down-town on the street car, I couldn't get the thing out of my mind. I remembered how, when I was a boy, I had begged my father to buy a certain piece of property. He laughed at *me!* But afterward, when the property was sold for three times what it would have cost us, he couldn't forgive himself.

"FINALLY, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to turn down the first request of the kind that my own son had ever made. If I should lose the money, all right! Out of that experience John would at least learn something that would be of value to him.

"That afternoon I 'phoned the sheriff and asked him how much he had against the Majestic. He said it was nine hundred and fifty dollars on the building and equipment. The site was leased ground. When I told him I would buy it, he thought I was crazy. If a regular theatre man couldn't make it pay, how could I expect to do it?

"That was just what I had said to John; and he had given me the answer. The man who had owned it, he said, had gambled and drunk the profits.

"To pay the nine hundred and fifty dollars just about cleaned out every cent I had been able to save after paying for my house. But I gave the sheriff a check for it, and took possession of the theatre.

"It was a little frame building, seating only two hundred and ninety people. I didn't know a thing about the business, so I hired the man who had been running it for the previous owner—and I started in to learn the job myself. But I did it at night, without taking an hour from my regular duties!

"We cleared forty-five dollars the first week. When we came to the fourth Saturday night, we had ninety-five dollars profit for that week and everything looked fine. But after the performance that night, one of the state inspectors came to me and told me I'd have to close the theatre, because it did not comply with the requirements of the law.

"In my ignorance of the business I hadn't known anything about these legal requirements. When the inspector explained them to me, I realized that I

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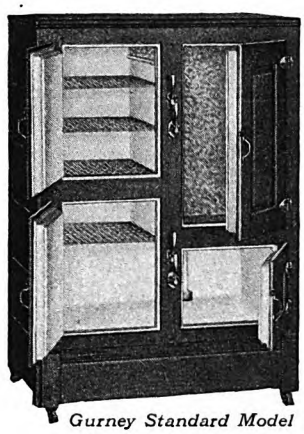
Many Brands, Many Prices—

but don't be confused!



Gurney Standard Model

PAY ENOUGH TO GET A GOOD REFRIGERATOR

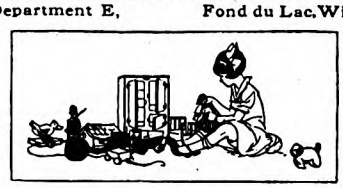
— But Not a Dollar More

Correct insulation is one of the things you are glad to pay for in a refrigerator. Also, you demand a well-built cabinet that will not warp or pull apart at the joints.

Pay enough to get quality—but don't be persuaded to go beyond the price where true economy ends. Don't spend extra dollars for useless frills when all you want is an efficient, well-designed refrigerator — the kind Gurney has built for 37 years.

Your Gurney dealer will gladly show you a variety of wood or all-steel Gurney models, 50 to 150 lbs. capacity. All are built to accommodate standard size ice cakes.

GURNEY REFRIGERATOR CO.
Department E, Fond du Lac, Wis.

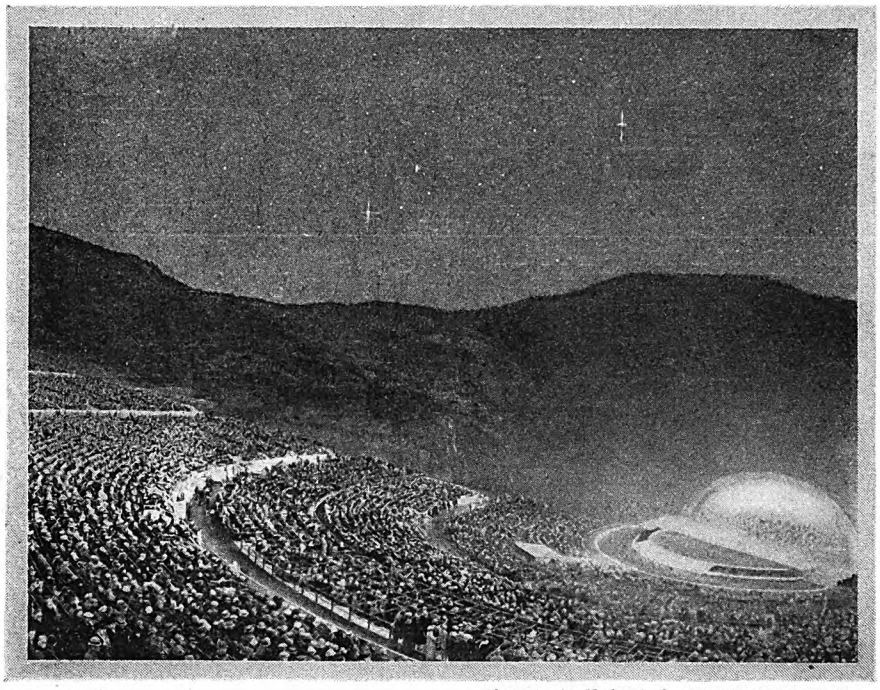


Free — toy cardboard Gurney refrigerator. Doors open and close. Delights the children. Shows how foods should be arranged for most effective refrigeration.

Gurney
REFRIGERATORS

Write for this free book,

"How Much Does a Good Refrigerator Cost?"



"Symphonies Under the Stars" at Hollywood Bowl.

Exquisite music beneath starlit heavens...

NESTLING among the mountains encircling Los Angeles is Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheatre dedicated to "Symphonies under the Stars." Here, during the rainless, invigorating summer nights, the world's greatest musicians and directors entertain.

The scene is enchanting, almost unbelievable. You are in the midst of thousands of enthusiasts, thrilling to the music in the refreshing coolness of a Southern California night; in front, the vast illuminated stage; above you, the starry skies alone! It is all so extraordinary, you seem transported to another realm.

Hollywood Bowl is but an incident of your vacation visit to Southern California next summer. Waiting for you, are 271 miles of Riviera-rivalling beaches with the keenest surf sports. Only an hour away are mile-high mountains to climb by trail, motor or trolley! And the orange orchards, Old Spanish Missions, canyons, palm-lined boulevards, mountain lakes and camps—what a country for really refreshing play or rest!

Los Angeles' growth and activity is astounding. Los Angeles County is immensely rich in natural resources, its oil fields alone being valued at a billion dollars. Last year its agricultural products approximated $95,000,000.

Five thousand miles of paved boulevards radiating from Los Angeles lead to every interest spot—to the highest mountains in the nation, to many of the great national parks, the ever-thrilling desert. You need never have an uninteresting moment in all your stay!

Start planning now to be here next summer. Los Angeles is the new gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, and the gateway to the whole Pacific Coast. Consult your nearest railroad ticket agent. Special low rate round trip tickets May 15 until Oct. 31.

Send for a 52 page, authentic vacation booklet offered below.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

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Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

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☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ San Bernardino
☐ Orange
☐ Santa Barbara
☐ San Diego
☐ Riverside
☐ Ventura

Name_____

Street_____ City_____ State_____

couldn't fulfill them, even by remodeling the building. I'd have to close up for good.

"My wife and the children were in the lobby, waiting for me; and when I told them the news they all broke down and cried.

"'Don't give up!' I said to them; 'I ain't through yet!'

"That very night I got hold of the man who owned the ground on which the Majestic stood. Woke him out of his sleep and got a lease on the adjoining lot!

The next day I saw the lumber company and the contractors. Then I arranged to borrow the money I would need. On Monday morning, work was started. And three weeks from the night that the old theatre was closed, I opened the new one.

"Compared with the ones I have put up since then, it wasn't much to boast of: a modest frame building, seating fewer than six hundred. But at that time it was the finest theatre in this section. That's one thing I've done. I have always given the people something better than they have had before.

"The second Majestic made money from the very beginning. But instead of thinking that I had just that much more to spend, I let the profits go toward paying for the theatre.

"It sounds simple; and, in a way, it *was* simple. But that doesn't mean that it was easy! I was absolutely faithful to my other duties. The theatre paid me much more than my job as station agent. But if I had been compelled to give up one of them, I'd have stuck to the railroad, and that's the truth.

"During the day, I worked—and I worked hard—at the station. And at night, often until long past midnight, I was at the theatre. John was too young then to be of much assistance. About all he could do was to help usher.

"Anyway, I wanted to send him to college. He did go to Villanova, but during his second year he had appendicitis; and when he got over that, he didn't want to go back. I felt I hadn't the right to force him to go against his will, so I let him start to learn the theatre business.

"I may be wrong," he went on, after a pause; "but, do you know, I often think it was a happy chance that my boy had that attack of appendicitis! I've had a good many men working for me in my various enterprises, and usually I have found that those who have made good are the ones who were trained to work when they *were* boys.

"A MAN asked me a few years ago how I was getting along.

"'Well,' I told him, 'I'm only about a yard ahead of the sheriff—but I manage to *keep* ahead of him!'

"'You don't need to worry,' he said. 'Think of the asset you have in your boy, John.'

"That struck me as a wonderful way of putting it. He's a good son. And he's a fine business man. Don't take my word for it. I'm his father! But you can ask anybody that knows him. We have four theatres and a hotel now, and John is general manager of them all.

"Before I had finished paying for the second Majestic, I built a theatre in Pottsville. That's the way I've always

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done. I've used one property to finance another.

"You see how it has all grown out of the *savings account* my father started for me when I was a boy. That enabled me to buy the house and lot in Reading; and that investment helped me to borrow the money to build my home in Shamokin. With these properties as security, I could get the loan for putting up the Majestic. I was building up *credit* all this time.

"I certainly needed it; for the Majestic Theatre at Pottsville cost over sixty thousand dollars—and every cent of it was borrowed money! But it was the finest movie house in Schuylkill County; and the people of that district were so appreciative that it simply could not help make money.

"I had been the leader in erecting good theatres in this community. But a leader is sure to have followers; and competition, here in Shamokin, was becoming pretty keen.

"FINALLY I went to the cashier of my bank, a rich man himself, and said to him: 'I'm either going to get into the movie business *right*, or I'm going to get out altogether!'

"When I had explained the situation to him, he asked me why I didn't buy a certain lot and put up a new theatre.

"'But, good heavens, man!' I said. 'They're asking $35,000 for the lot alone!'

"'Well, what of it?' he demanded.

"'A good deal,' I said, 'when I haven't got much more than *thirty-five dollars!*'

"'Oh,' he laughed, 'you go and get the lot. Then come to me.'

"Inside of twenty-four hours I had an option on the property for $27,000 and had given my check for $900 to bind the bargain. That check took practically every dollar I had in the bank, for I had just finished paying for the Pottsville theatre.

"Then I went to the cashier and said: 'Well, you've got me into a pretty mess! I've bought a twenty-seven-thousand-dollar lot which I haven't the money to pay for. And, even if I had it, where will I get the money to build a theatre?'

"'That's all right,' he said. 'Start building; and come to us for money as you need it.'

"So I began the new Majestic, borrowing the money from the bank as the work progressed. Finally, when I owed them $95,000, the bank inspector called a halt. That was $15,000 more than the law allowed the bank to loan to one person.

"'But we will be personally responsible for the excess,' the bank officers said to the inspector.

"'Have you put that in writing?' he asked.

"'No,' they said; 'but we will.'

"I didn't want them to do this. I told them I'd get the money from another bank. But they said they knew it was a safe loan; and that if I had to pay interest on money they wanted me to pay it to their bank. They insisted on my taking $15,000 more—which made me $110,000 in debt! To-day I am a director in that same bank.

"A man can accomplish almost anything, if he has friends and credit. I have been fortunate in making wonderful friends; and I have been careful to prove that my credit was beyond question.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Down the Columbia River Gorge

drop the waters of Multnomah Falls—in a ribbon of silver spray more than six hundred feet long. There are many waterfalls along the Columbia River Highway and mountains rise above the road to pierce the blue of the sky.

The Pacific Northwest

is a country of color and freshness—fragrant with orchards—cool with its lakes and its forests, with sports and scenery to match every mood!

The assurance of faultless service on the beautifully appointed "North Coast Limited" adds to the appeal of a trip to the Pacific Northwest. It follows the trail of Lewis and Clark—the direct route to the North Pacific Coast.

May we help you plan a vacation in the Pacific Northwest? Please mail the coupon.

Northern Pacific Ry.

Mail this coupon to E. E. Nelson, P.T.M., 638 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn. 60

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Books or trips I am interested in (√)	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
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☐ Rainier Park / Seattle, Tacoma	90.30
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations, $57.95 to	66.90
☐ Yellowstone Park	59.35
☐ Rocky Mts. (Helena—Butte)	61.95
☐ Inland Empire (Spokane)	85.05
☐ Alaska (Skagway)	180.30
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours (all expense)	$151.04 to 238.61
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The "North Coast Limited" Sets the Pace Out West!

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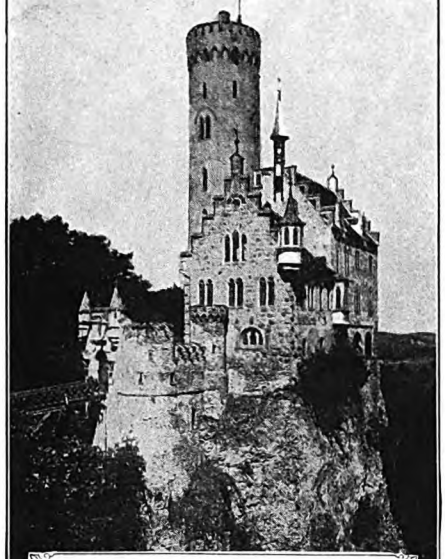
ROMANTIC GERMANY



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"Thirteen or fourteen years after I built the Pottsville theatre I undertook another enterprise. Tamaqua was my old home and I loved it. So I determined to give it the finest theatre and hotel in this part of the state, involving an outlay of $750,000! Which was *some* plan—for a man whose money was all tied up in other things.

"At first, I thought I'd form a company to finance it. But I didn't like going around and asking folks to buy stock; so I tore up the few subscriptions I had received and said I'd build it alone—or not at all.

"I borrowed $50,000 by mortgaging all my other property. It was far more security than I needed to give, but I wanted to be sure that no one would lose a dollar. Then I put out a $500,000 bond issue—which a few of my friends took. I have paid off most of the loans, and am gradually redeeming the bonds.

"The first thing I know," he laughed, "I'll be out of debt—unless I borrow another half million for something else. John's off to-day looking after something pretty big that we have under way, so there's no telling how much I'll owe before we're through."

"And yet," I said to him, "you keep your job as station agent!"

"You bet I do!" he exclaimed. "You see, *that's* the one I love! Not only because I made it what it is, but because it keeps me in contact with the best friends I have in the world. I know all the railway officials. Many of them, including the president, I knew when we were scarcely more than boys, working for the Reading even then.

"Every autumn I give them a party at the Valley Gun and Country Club, of which I am a member. I'll show it to you before we get to the Shamokin Valley Country Club, which is farther out. I was vice president of that when we started the new clubhouse; but it was too much work for a busy man who isn't as young as he used to be.

"The railroad officials come in their private cars to my party, and we have a couple of days together that I wouldn't miss for anything. The Reading organization is like a big family. I've been in that family for almost fifty years. Is it strange that I love it?

"I SUPPOSE you wonder why I am still only a station agent. Well, I've been offered dozens of promotions. If I hadn't made money outside, I'd have taken these chances and tried to go as far as I could with the railroad. But with my growing business interests, I wanted to stay in Shamokin. Not simply because of business but because it was home! My friends are here. Margaret and John are married and live here. And I have seven grandsons, who are the finest little fellows you ever saw.

"The greatest happiness money has brought me is this: I can *afford* to keep on being the station agent at Shamokin. In other words, I can afford to keep the job I love, live in the town I love, and be close to the family and the friends I love. So far as I am concerned, I don't want anything better than that.

As we drove along, Mr. Higgins pointed out the country home of one of his acquaintances, calling my attention to its beautiful location.

"Why don't *you* build a country home?" I asked.

"I did talk of it," he replied; "but my wife wouldn't let me!

"'What do we want of any more houses?' she said. 'We have a comfortable one here in Shamokin. There's our suite in the hotel at Tamaqua, always ready for us if we want to go there for a visit. And you have the country clubs whenever we feel like driving out of town. A house we don't need would be just a burden."

"You saw our home in town," he went on. "It's comfortable enough for anybody, but there's no show about it. We have that great big lot; but maybe you noticed that it isn't very well kept. That's because my grandchildren, who live across the street, use it as a playground for themselves and all their friends.

"Sometimes it seems as if seven kids can have about seven *hundred* playmates. But I don't care how many they have! I'd rather raise healthy children than grow roses, or fancy flowers of any kind. So, instead of a garden to show off, we have bare spots where the boys play baseball and football.

"ALL I want is to have them grow up to be as fine as my own children. John, when he began to earn money, always did just as I used to with my father—he brought it to me. After he came into business with me, he not only accounted for every penny that passed through his hands, but he wouldn't let me be as generous with him as I was willing to be. It's hard to spoil a boy like that.

"I guess he's like me in one respect: He loves the job for its own sake; not for what he gets out of it. My wife thinks I'm sort of queer because I always want to get down to the station. Sundays, for instance, when church is over, I tell Elwood"—the chauffeur—"to leave me at the station before he takes Mrs. Higgins home.

"I just like to sit there for an hour or so, looking over papers, and poking around a bit. I don't really work at times like that. It's more like resting; the way you rest when you sit down in an easy chair that just fits you, and talk with an old friend that you've known and loved all your life.

"A good many folks seem to lose their heads over money. They use it to get a lot of things which ain't what they *want* at all. But I don't intend to be cheated out of happiness just because I've made money. I get a lot of pleasure out of it. I like to give to the church; and I don't stop at giving only to my own church. I love to do things for my family. And there are other ways which, as I said before, I don't advertise. I like having a good car, too; and I enjoy belonging to the clubs and other organizations. My wife and I take a little trip occasionally; and we like that—but not so well as we like the getting home again!

"You see how it is. As I told you before, I don't act like a rich man. I guess," he laughed, "I act a good deal more like a station agent. And that's because everything that I care most about came to me when I was nothing but a station agent."

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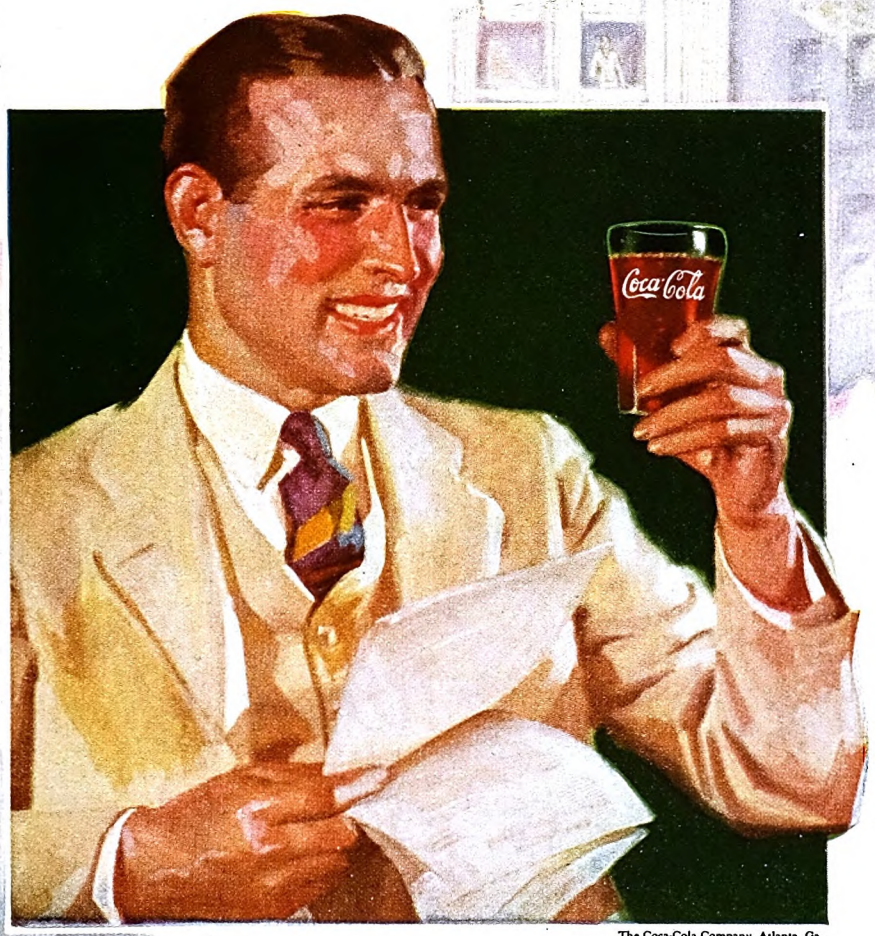

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

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When You Feel Yourself Coming Down With a Cold

(*Continued from page 25*)

oily compound to drop into the nose in the early stages of a cold is the following:

Oil of eucalyptus	20 drops
Menthol	10 grains
Liquid paraffin	2 ounces

In all forms of colds, particularly these annual colds, the diet should be what doctors call "basic" in character; that is, foods should be eaten which tend to increase the alkali reserve of the blood stream. This means that more fruit, vegetables, and dairy products must be eaten; less meat, eggs, and cereals. Potatoes should take the place of bread at such times.

NOW, what shall we do for the sore throat or the tonsillitis that sometimes accompanies these colds? Aside from any good that gargling may do, I think the best way to treat a sore throat is by means of the so-called "heating compress."

Take a piece of linen cloth, one or two thicknesses—or cheesecloth, four or five thicknesses—between three and four inches wide and about twelve inches long. This is wet in ice water or cold water and is wrapped snugly about the neck. It should be wrung so dry that there will be no danger of dripping.

Over this piece of wet cloth, wrap a piece of mackintosh or oiled silk, making sure that the wet cloth underneath is fully covered. In an emergency, one can use newspapers, table oilcloth, paraffin paper, or any other waterproof material.

The third layer should consist of one or two thicknesses of flannel about four inches wide, wrapped snugly about the neck, so as to prevent evaporation of any of the moisture from the wet cloth next to the skin. This throat compress should be worn all night, and the linen cloth next to the skin should be slightly moist when the compress is removed in the morning.

This compress constitutes the best-known local and external treatment for incipient sore throat, colds, pharyngitis, tonsillitis, together with hoarseness and tickling of the throat. When the compress is taken off in the morning, the throat and the back of the neck should be thoroughly rubbed, either with ice or ice water and a rough towel for two or three minutes, and then carefully dried. It is very important that you do not forget this application of cold when the compress is removed in the morning, as it is absolutely necessary to prevent chilling of the throat during the day.

Some doctors think that the ordinary stock "cold vaccines," if given in large amounts at the onset of a cold, are beneficial, and I have seen some apparently good results from this procedure. I don't know whether the vaccines are specific or whether the benefit comes from stirring up the body in a reaction against a foreign protein. It may be that we shall find some day that any foreign protein injected at such a time is beneficial. But one thing must be remembered—it has to be given at the very onset of a cold in order to have any effect on these attacks.

Three. *Treatment of recurrent colds, the catarrhal type:* They are the colds which come and go many times during the year as the result of chronic sinus infections, and other abnormal conditions of the nose and throat. All the methods I have already suggested for the prevention of colds and for their treatment are valuable in these cases, but they are only palliative. The important thing to do for this group of colds is to consult a nose and throat specialist, find out the real cause of the trouble, and have it corrected. There may be more than one condition at the bottom of such recurrent colds. Sinuses may be infected; tonsils may be diseased; adenoids may be present. The drainage of the nose may be interfered with by a crooked septum or by enlarged turbinates.

Just as certainly as we have three groups of colds that are contagious, we have three that are non-contagious. They are confined almost entirely to susceptible individuals. That these colds are not contagious is proved not only by observation, but by repeated experiments in which the secretions of the noses of acutely afflicted individuals have been transplanted to those of non-afflicted persons without producing any symptoms of a cold.

While attention to general hygiene and all efforts to upbuild the health and increase the vital resistance are of some va'ue in this group of colds, the thing of great importance is to remove the specific causes which underlie it.

FOUR: *Treatment of the deficiency colds:* The colds resulting from calcium deficiency or diminished alkali reserve in the blood—the acidosis colds.

In recent years we have come to recognize a peculiar type of cold which may appear in the summer or winter, and which, in some respects, resembles an attack of hay fever in that the chief manifestation is a copious water discharge from the nasal mucous membrane. This discharge is sometimes almost like scalding water running out of the nose. An examination of the blood in many of these cases shows a deficiency of calcium. Now, it is not always an easy matter to get the blood to take and hold it, and while the doctor will probably prescribe certain definite amounts of calcium to be taken each day, at the same time it will be a good plan for such patients to make regular use of the calciumiodized table salts which are on the market at the present time. When we are successful in restoring to normal the calcium content of the blood, these cases show remarkable improvement, and finally are cured.

In the case of "alkali deficiency colds"—those frequent and varied attacks which go under the name of colds and which are caused by an overamount of acid in the blood (acidosis)—we are confronted with the simple proposition of quickly restoring the alkaline balance of the blood. In the

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case of colds of this type, a testing of a fresh specimen of urine, which ordinarily runs about 30° of acidity, in laboratory terminology, will show that the kidney secretion is running an acidity of 50° to 60°, or even higher.

The way quickly to counteract this acidity is to take a rounded teaspoonful of baking soda, stirred up in two thirds of a glass of orangeade or lemonade, and repeat every thirty minutes until three or four doses have been taken. Of course the scientific way to do this would be, after first testing the kidney secretion, to repeat these tests at frequent intervals and regulate the soda medication in accordance with the reduction in urinary acidity. It is almost equally undesirable to over-alkalinize the blood; but in the majority of these cases the giving of three or four doses, as suggested, will be quite safe.

The real and permanent treatment of this sort of cold is to prevent this condition of acidosis by means of proper diet. It should be borne in mind that all foods, except the fats and sugars, which are completely burned up in the body, leave behind an "acid" or "alkaline" ash, and this type of cold is to be prevented by making sure that your diet leans slightly toward the alkaline side of the column. The following parallel arrangement will show where most of our foods belong.

Acid Ash Foods

1. Animal foods: All forms of flesh foods, fish, fowl, etc., including all kinds of meat broths' soups, beef tea, bouillon, etc.
2. Eggs.
3. Breadstuffs: All kinds of breads, whether made of wheat, rye, or corn, crackers, toasts, griddle cakes, etc.
4. Pastries: All sorts of pies and cakes—except fruit pies and other desserts containing milk or sour fruits.
5. Cereals: Rice, oatmeal, and breakfast foods of all kinds, including the flaked and toasted breakfast foods.
6. Peanuts, plums, prunes and cranberries (plums and cranberries fall into this column because of their benzoic acid, which the body cannot oxidize).

Alkaline Ash Foods

1. Dairy products: Milk, ice cream, cottage cheese, cheese, buttermilk, etc.
2. Potatoes and bananas.
3. Soups: All forms of vegetable and fruit soups and broths.
4. Fruit juices: All the fresh fruit juices (except plums).
5. Fresh fruits: All fresh fruit, sweet and sour, except plums and cranberries.
6. Vegetables: All kinds, especially beets, carrots, celery, lettuce.
7. Dried fruits: Figs, raisins, dates, currants—all except prunes.
8. The legumes: Beans, peas, and lentils.
9. The nuts: All nuts belong in this column—including almonds.

I have seen many cases of frequently recurring colds, where nose and throat conditions are perfect, cured by eating more largely of the alkaline ash foods.

FIVE: *Treatment of irritation colds:* Colds resulting from dust, diminution of nasal secretions, and lack of humidity.

Here again we meet with another group of non-contagious colds. A cold is often brought on by some extraordinary housecleaning on the part of the housewife. Workingmen have colds caused by dusty workrooms. I have known many a cold to be started up by sweeping out a garage or by trying to clean up the basement. Of

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course there may be a chronic diseased condition of the nose and throat, and this dust proves to be the agent that precipitates the fresh outbreak of the smoldering chronic infection.

In the case of many individuals over forty years of age, the mucous membrane of the nose seems to have largely lost its power of providing the germicidal secretions which were abundant in earlier years. This dry condition of the nose seems to predispose to that irritation which is capable of setting up the violent reaction we call a cold. This type of cold can largely be prevented by anointing the nostrils with a little simple ointment, such as borated vaseline. There are many of these ointments on the market which are not irritating to the nose, and which prevent that undue drying out and the formation of crusts during sleep. I don't think it is a good thing to start this practice early in life unless absolutely necessary, for when started it will probably have always to be kept up. A simple ointment for this purpose is the following:

Menthol	.3 grains
Camphor	10 grains
Oil of eucalyptus	15 drops
Petrolatum (white)	1 ounce

Mix into ointment and put up in tube.

Squeeze a little ointment out of the tube onto the tip of the little finger and thoroughly anoint both nostrils.

A great deal of this tendency to dryness in the nose is due to habitual lack of humidity in the air of our living- and working-rooms. This is one problem of modern civilization which has not been solved. Wonderful advances have been made in the past fifty years in the heating problems, but the humidification proposition has not kept pace with our heating development. If we could satisfactorily humidify the air in our living-, working-, and sleeping-rooms, I am satisfied that a very large percentage of the colds belonging to this group would immediately disappear; until we can improve our humidification about the best thing we can do is to resort, especially during the night time, to the simple ointments already suggested.

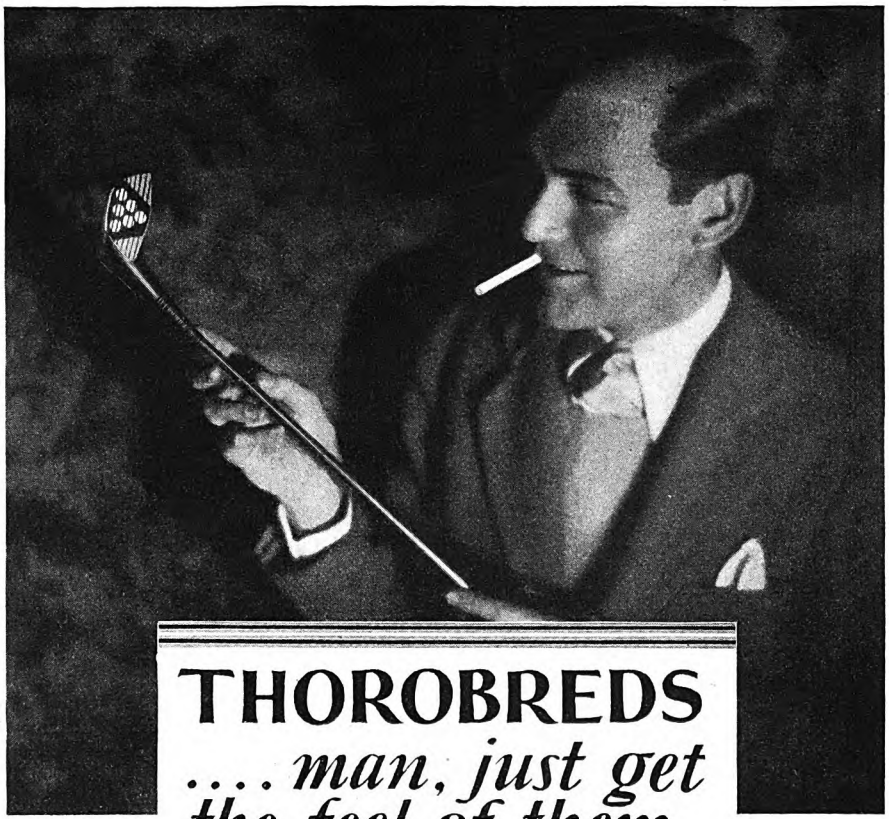
Colds of this irritation type can also be caused by numerous odors, fumes, dust, and gases, as well as by certain articles of diet. Certain susceptible individuals can bring on a cold, a mild bronchitis, or even an asthma attack, by inhaling too much smoke, or breathing in engine fumes.

We have long known that too much starch in the diet of young children definitely predisposes them to colds; but this probably acts by way of increasing the acidity of the blood stream, about which I have already spoken.

Every person should study himself in this way, and try to ascertain if there is any particular thing in his habits of eating and living which is associated with his attacks of colds.

SIX. *The hay-fever type of cold—so-called summer colds:* In reality these hay-fever or "rose-fever" attacks are not colds, but they are included in this classification because of the fact that many persons do not recognize that they have hay fever, but regard themselves as peculiarly susceptible to certain types of "summer colds."

The management of the hay-fever type



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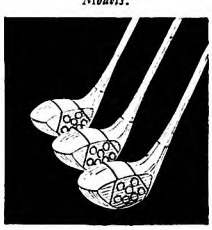

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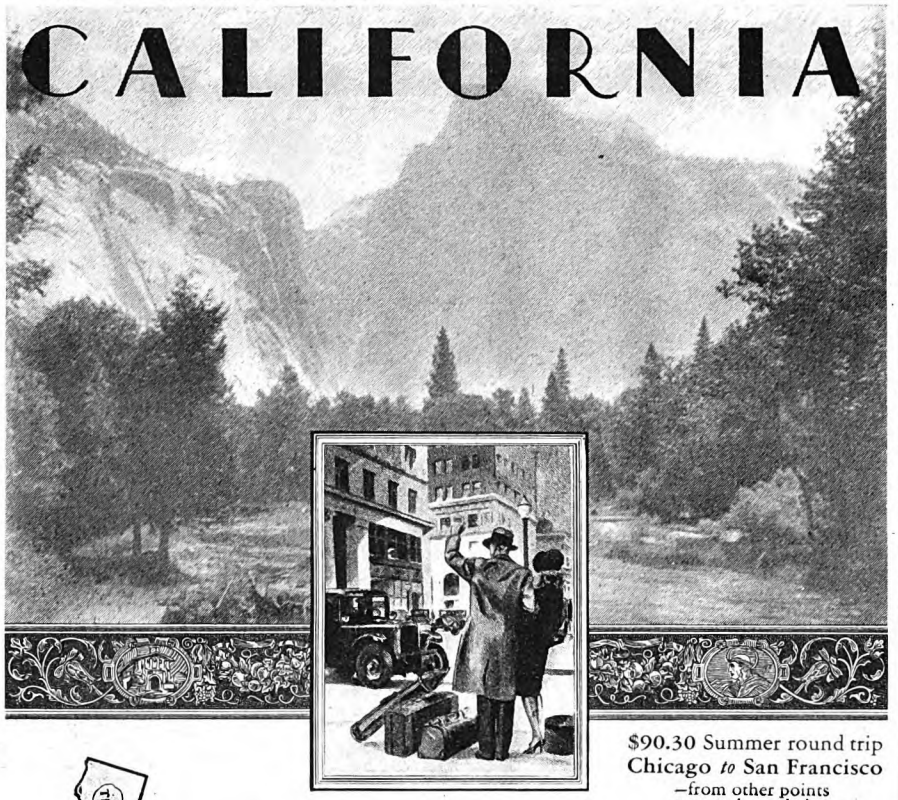

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of cold is simply the management of hay fever. Up to the present time the only *sure* cure is to pack up and clear out—beat it to some locality where they don't have hay fever.

In recent years the use of hay-fever vaccines, especially if repeated year after year, has afforded some relief to many people. But, after all, they only afford transient relief.

HAVING studied the best methods of treating these six different types of colds, let us summarize those which are in general adapted to helping any and all of them, aside from the hay-fever group.

FIRST: By way of prevention try to improve the general circulation. Do the best you can to overcome the tendency toward cold hands and feet. This is where the morning cold bath, properly taken, is of value, and where exercise is of particular service.

SECOND: In the matter of diet, avoid over-eating of such foods as meat, eggs, and cereals. See that the diet is on the "basic" side of the column. That is, that you eat more largely of fruits, vegetables, and dairy products.

THIRD: Do everything possible to maintain a cheerful frame of mind. Worry, depression, and anxiety, are all predisposing causes of those disturbances of circulation and digestion which are contributory to "catching cold."

FOURTH: See that the bowels move regularly, and that you have a good sweat once or twice a week. Keep the skin clean by at least two good warm baths and soap shampoos weekly.

FIFTH: As far as possible, train yourself to stand moderate drafts, sudden changes in temperature, but don't go to extremes. It is all right to make a sane effort to "harden" yourself, but let us be reasonable in these efforts to prevent colds. Particularly avoid wearing too warm under or outer clothing indoors during the winter months.

SIXTH: Remember that gargles and nose sprays should be used in the early hours of infection.

SEVENTH: The most important first aid to be employed in colds is the hot bath, being very particular to avoid chilling when getting out of the bath and into bed. Pay equal attention to the prevention of a secondary and profuse perspiration.

EIGHTH: Take a cathartic the moment you find you are "coming down with a cold." Castor oil is perhaps the best cathartic for general use, though salts act more quickly.

NINTH: It will not be out of place, in all forms of cold, to take a few doses of an alkali, such as common baking soda. Three or four teaspoonful doses, taken thirty minutes apart, is a safe general rule.

TENTH: Go to bed with a hot-water bottle to the feet and keep warm, but have plenty of fresh air in the room.

ELEVENTH: Drink an abundance of liquids, either hot or cold—water, ginger ale, lemonade, orangeade. For the first day take at least one glass of liquid every hour.

TWELFTH: In all colds, take a light diet for the first day or two, preferably liquids; but if the temperature is normal, a more liberal soft diet can be followed.

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The Dee-troit Kid

(*Continued from page 41*)

threw his tiller hard aport, held her there, shot toward the south pier, let her nose right at it, then brought her back, fair into the middle of the channel. His eyes certainly were shining when they came safely against the dock.

"For gosh sakes!" he announced. "That's 'most as much fun as you'd have in Detroit!"

Great concession, this; still, the boys in the pool-room took it up and made stinging fun of the remark.

So, October. And then November, with freezing nights and lashing gales, and the Kid living alone up on the bluff and running down early of lively mornings to see if Ezra was going to chance the savage lake. Ezra was the only one with whom he came in contact who was even civil to him now.

Our electric pump went wrong one stormy morning, and Hank Beauchamp was missing.

"Try the Kid," Fred Harding suggested. "Ezra says he's handy."

So I telephoned the Wayman house, and the Kid was there and said sure, he could fix any electric pump made. He could—mine, at least—and when it was working he remarked that I'd ought to live in Detroit, where you didn't have to fuss with your own water supply.

The pump is in the garage, and as he wiped his hands the Kid looked over the loyal flivver housed there.

"You're the author, ain't you?" he asked.

I admitted it.

"I suppose you've heard about Eddie Guest?" I admitted that too. "He's a Detroit author and, for gosh sakes, you'd ought to write books like Mr. Guest!" Then, with a look at the little old car, "He drives a straight-eight."

The only rejoinder, of course, was that Mr. Guest was as fortunate as he is talented.

"Yup. He certainly gets rich with his books! I know him, too. Why, I've eaten at table with him. Mr. Wayman had him to dinner once." After a moment he added, in the manner one will have when a matter that has long been weighing on his mind comes to conscious thought, "That was when I ate with the family."

SOMEHOW, that suggestion of a happier day carried a quick stab. His face was so thin, so pinched and starved for something; his eyes so bright and filled with such ready enthusiasms! . . . Once he had eaten with the family . . . no more. . . .

A dropped reference such as that sets one thinking, wondering, watching. An orphan, taken into the Wayman home; tolerated for a time, evidently; then edged out and left up here, because the attorney did not want him about and yet felt such responsibility he did not dare turn him loose in a city.

One watches a boy like that. One even loafs in a pool-room nights, and questions and listens and puts two and two together to make a sum greater than four.

An unwanted orphan, with a nebulous past, a discouraging present, and a questionable future. But—hungry for companionship, starved for friends, aching for a place, a place among people!

Recalling that day at the club when he was shouldered out of a party, one deduced that those few weeks when he ran with freedom with other boys and girls of the summer colony made a gala period in his experience. No lad, not even one with his store of enthusiasm, could have carried on his face such a wonderful look when he was with others, were he used to such contacts.

They had wearied of him, when he was having such fun; the town boys, to whom he turned next, now snarled at him; older men repelled his advances.

WITH these theories as guides, one could see the hunger now, in the boy's eyes. It came whenever he spoke of Detroit; it came when he saw a chance to play pool in a group go to someone else; it came when boys talked of their interests, to which they would not admit him.

And, now and then, one saw a little dart of hurt when someone bore down on him too hard. He tried not to betray this; but by mid-November he had stopped much of his talk. He would slip quietly into a room filled with others, and sit alone, hands stuffed into his pockets and shoulders hunched, even when the place was piping hot, watching people, listening with open lips to what they said. He would hang on the words of a gossip; he would laugh aloud all by himself when a joke was made. But he did not try to join groups now. He was out of things; out of the life of the Wayman household, out of the life in our town.

It was only mid-November when these matters became apparent; and he had until July to live in the town before the Waymans would return. A long stretch, that was, for a boy who was missing the only thing he desired.

He stuck by Ezra, though. No blow was too bad for him to go out in, although some of the fishermen had been waiting for those late autumn gales, thinking he would be seasick or show the white feather. They were wrong in this last. He was seasick once, but in a blow that made many an experienced fisherman lose his dinner.

And in that run for home, when green water went completely over the "Kittiwake's" housing, and the little craft staggered and reeled until men lay on the wet twine to keep from being thrown, he only sat, sick as he was, beside the heavy-duty motor, which was not working any too well, and nursed her in.

It was said, rather grudgingly, that he knew more about that engine than anyone except Hank Beauchamp; but Ezra said once that for a kid he understood the lake and boat handling pretty well, which was going a long way for Ezra.

"But what good's it to him?" one with a special antipathy for the Detroit Kid questioned. "What good's he to anybody, includin' himself?"

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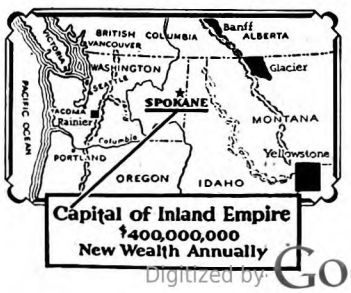

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Yes; what good, indeed? A lonely boy, with the first snow on the hills, and the days of fishing numbered. When ice floes locked the harbor, he would have nothing whatever to do but sit and watch others and listen; wanting so badly to engage with them. . . .

But even before ice came he was denied the one activity that gave him any happiness, for Ezra Graham slipped and broke his arm badly and could not be about to fish, but sat at home fighting the infection which set in, a sick, sick man.

Ole Larsen ran the "Kittiwake" for those last lifts. He had no time or patience for the Kid, with fretting when storms kept the fleet in, and stirred currents to snarl and tear, with the long gangs of nets waiting for them out yonder.

OH, THE Great Lakes are not mill ponds! We watched that fall, as we do every late season, the great carriers, steaming under forced drafts up toward Chicago, down for the Straits, booming along between gales, making those last bonus-rich trips before winter shuts down; and nights, when the wind yelped and snow flew, lights burned long in the poolroom, and every now and then someone stepped outside to listen for whistles out there. None could tell when the lake would bid for its toll of shipping.

But no disaster was reported, no craft howled for help along our shores . . . not until that early December night when the blizzard came down from the northwest as though in conscious effort to turn the lake upside down and smother all life on the land. Mercury shrank, snow came thick and fine, and the wind blew until shingles buzzed from roofs, and even tight window sashes let knife-thin drafts of zero cold into homes where stoves roared red.

No sound all that night above the gale. Sound, yes; but it could not reach men's ears, not through that mile of mad weather and raging surf. None knew she was there, bottom ripped out on the reef, bow clinging to boulders, stern sagging low in the deeper water inshore. It was daylight before men saw her. . . .

But the word then ran as fast as the gallop of the gale: houses spilled people as we raced for the ice-coated beach to strain eyes through the frequent lifts in the storm to see the hulk. She was an old wooden steam barge; one of the last few of the brave numbers that in another day freighted Great Lakes forests to market, and going, now, the way hundreds of her sisters had gone.

Cabin wreckage churned in the rollers. Excited cries were whipped away by the wind as men strode in the froth, searching for bodies. There were no bodies.

"Look! . . . Ah!" Something black fluttered from the shelter of the pilot house. They were there, then, huddled under the ice-sheathed texas, watching us, safe on land, their hope of life!

Someome ran to call the coast guard from twenty miles away; they'd mount their beach apparatus on a truck, and be here—

"Shoot a line to her?" Savagely, the questioning came. "A mile, man! Thunder, they have to come in their boat. . . . Four hours!"

Ole Larsen shook his head dubiously. "She'll be in pieces den."

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No, the guard never could be in time. . . . So we surged back toward the outhouses and the fishing fleet, safely moored. We stood there, watching the surf smash in, smothering the piers. A man never could get a boat out there. We all knew that, and Gunderson said it:

"Not a chance," mournfully, for he knew the lake. "No chance riskin' lifes for lifes nine-tent's gone a'ready!"

Others nodded. And then the Detroit Kid—

"You'd let 'em drown?" he shrilled, elbowing to the center. None gave him reply. It was no hour in which to have heed for a boy's blab. "For gosh *sakes*, won't anybody even try?" His bright, amazed eyes searched faces which paid him no attention. "For gosh sakes, in Detroit, now, you'd find lots to take a chance!"

"Shut your trap!" Beauchamp, this, nerves touched on the raw by the Kid's challenge.

"Coast guard on the way," was the word. We trailed back along the beach.

Holding his sick arm gingerly, Ezra Graham watched from his parlor window. He told afterward that when the Kid burst into the room his face was white as paper. "They won't go!" he screeched, dancing beside Ezra, who held his marine glasses against a pane to steady them. "None of 'em 'll try!"

"Small chance. . . . No chance!" Ezra was grave and gentle. "I know what the channel's like. And, even if a man got out, there's no lee, yonder. They couldn't get off th' stern; it's awash. She's head to the seas. How'd a man take 'em off, and come through sound himself?"

"But nobody'll *try!*"

"No. . . . Nobody. Not if Larsen won't. He's a heavy-weather man. He's welcome to the 'Kittiwake.' I'd give my boat to any man who wants—"

"Look! There goes her stack! . . . It won't be long, and the guard's got twenty miles of that sea to buck!"

The kid was gone, whimpering. . . .

OF COURSE, the cough of the "Kittiwake's" motor could not have been heard up there on the wreckage-strewn beach. It was sight of her housing, slipping out behind the north pier that caught an eye. An excited shout, and another surge along the ice-glazed sand.

"Who is it?"

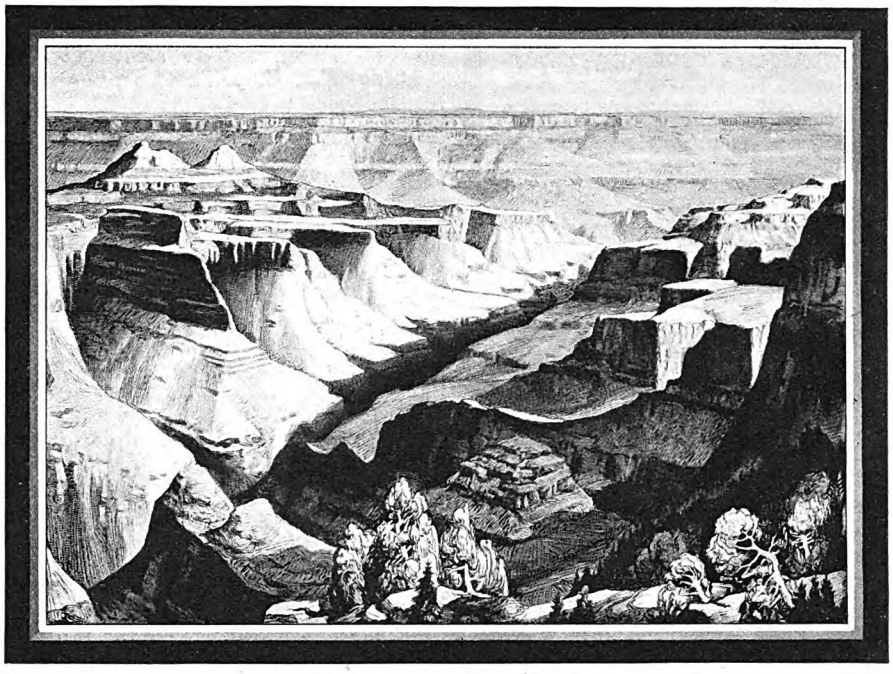
"Ezra's boat!"

"But Ezra's *sick!*"

"Who're th' fools?" . . . They poised there by the net houses, watching the little craft thrust her nose into the first smother of smashed roller. They saw her falter and mount and poise and pitch and go down, down into the trough, and halt sharply as she struck bottom, for seas like that suck safe depth out of the channel. That took her headway, let her list, and when she rose again she was thrown backward, swerving toward the south pier, as though to mount it and sink herself then and there.

But she did not; she cleared it by an arm's length. She gathered way; she mounted another hill of water, engine racing, taking the crest over her housing, losing boat hook, a buoy or two, and empty gill boxes stacked on top. She plunged on, did not strike in that trough, veered to the northward sharply, lifted, staggered . . . was clear . . . outside!

"Most marvelous of sights to man"



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"Ezra couldn't, I tell you. He's sick!" They checked the crowd. No man was missing, and here came Ezra, shawl about his arm. "Who? *Who?*" Almost desperately, the question was put now.

"The Dee-troit Kid!" someone cried.

"Na! . . . G'wan!"

"He wouldn't—"

"Look!"

They saw him then, for he had opened the starboard door beside the wheel, and was looking out across the tumbling water toward the wreck, a mile yonder. . . . The Detroit Kid, for sure! The fool! Oh, the fool! Again they checked the manpower of town. . . . Alone? Why, it *couldn't* be!

But he was alone! It is no great trick for a man to handle one of the little tugs alone in fair weather. The housing is not partitioned; the engine is only a step or two from the wheel. But in that gale, in that sea. . . . And attempting a rescue! One man cursed shrilly as Ezra came panting up. The fool, to lose the boat that way!

Then the "Kittiwake" was completely out of sight for the space of a slow breath. She came up again, shaking water from her housing, which was gray now instead of green, from its sheathing of ice. You could picture the Kid alone in there, feet wide spread, gripping the wheel with his skinny hands, holding her on as she jumped and carried and stopped as great rollers boarded her; hearing her groan, seeing water squeeze through the cracks about portholes and doorways; feeling her come back toward even keel, and gain headway when he had a series of lighter seas to buck.

FOR minutes, she would be out of our sight, and a dozen times men swore the fool Kid had lost Ezra's boat; but each time the "Kittiwake" appeared again, rearing and reeling, sending spray high, pounding on toward the black dots under the ice-hung texas, which were lives.

How he checked and did not lose her, none ever knew. But he did, gauging the turn of his motor well, and when he came alongside the barge he had the starboard door open again. The captain told this later. "White as paper, his face was," the captain said, "and his voice sounded like . . . like a tin whistle."

"When I go by, drop an engineer over!" he screeched, as he crawled parallel to the waist of the wreck. "An engineer! I'm alone!"

He crawled on, dropping into deep troughs, too close to the barge by feet, sucked almost against her old sides now; lifted to a level with her rail on crests. . . . And when he was abreast the pilot house, the second engineer, who was young and agile, and not so numbed with cold as his chief, slid and scrambled to the rail. We who had glasses could see him lift a leg over and poise there, ducking his head to flying spray—and then drop.

It looked for a moment as though he had washed off; but he was there, on his knees, hammering on the after door of the housing, which was fastened inside, yelling to be let in before the seas got him.

But the Kid could not let him in. He could not even let go the wheel to give the motor more speed. He had to stand at his wheel, crawling past the stranded ship, edging out beyond her bow before he could leave. Then he lashed the wheel, gave the motor gas, and fell aft to open the doors and drag the ice-sheathed man inside.

So much! How, now, would he get the others? We swore as we speculated on that. How get them? Providence had once prevented his smashing the "Kittiwake" against the side of the wreck. Would it stand by to serve him again? Buried in water half the time, her pilot-house windows were. A man couldn't *see* to steer, even if he knew enough. . . .

The Kid took no chance on that. We saw him crawl out the stern and knock ice from the little iron railings along the edges of the housing top, so he could have hand-hold; saw him plant his feet astride the tiller, even saw him stoop to yell his orders to the man at the motor.

WHEN he came about out there, women turned away. They were the wives of sailors. They knew there was no chance that he could get her around without capsizing. . . . But he did, that kid from Detroit! He got her around, after repeated trials; he ran before the seas until he was down-wind from the barge, and maneuvered again, squatting behind the cabin when crests came over, and once more crawled up beside that wreck, threatened by every sea. . . .

The pilot house was going then, leaving no shelter for the crew. They clung to ice-crusted lines. Three carried the cook, helpless from cold, to the rail and dropped him. He went down like a sack of meal, and the Kid grabbed him as he slid for the lake, grabbed and held, and still clung to his tiller until a sea helped wash the man back, and by then two more of the barge crew had jumped and could help. . . .

And the fool held his boat there. Smack there! Checked his motor and *held* her there, while the rest jumped, mind you, inviting the lake to crush him like an egg-shell. . . . But he didn't know that, of course; he never could have known a tenth the risk he took. . . .

"Come in! You're all done! Let one of us take her in," the mate of the wreck yelled when the Kid let her swing off and started home.

He could not speak at first, they said. He just shook his head, ice of his jacket collar falling off in flakes. "You don't know the piers," he piped. "I'll—"

He did not say what he would do. He just did it; brought her home before the seas, with our men strung along the piers, lines about their middles, knowing he would pile up, ready to go into the surf and drag those dying men to safety. . . . Eleven men, perishing with cold in the "Kittiwake," with water to their shins now, which she had taken through the open after doors. . . . Eleven men, ready to die, and a spindly kid who couldn't have known what he was doing.

You could see his face when he got her into the breakers, white as paper, indeed, livid as frost on a window. His cap was gone and ice was in his hair. He brought her across the bar, smothered to his knees in froth, motor wide open, driving at that narrow slot in the beach. The current got her, and we saw him kick frantically at the tiller.

She swung off, almost broached to, steadied, rose on a roller and hit the south pier broadside with a crash like a salute.

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New Blade Fallacy?

It isn't hard to believe that, because a blade is new it ought to give one a good shave. Lots of good men are fooled by that thought and thereby miss getting really fine shaves.

If a new blade is ready for shaving when it comes out of the wrapper, it is just pure luck. A blade may have had a bully fine edge when it left the factory, but highly tempered steel is like a temperamental child—it needs a good stropping frequently.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1792 Locust Street, Saint Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

Splinters flew, and the Kid reeled; but he had his arms spread across the housing for purchase, and did not lose his feet. She came in, ramming toward the north pier now; but the motor was in reverse, and she only grazed it as she slid to her berth. . . .

Gunderson had a fire roaring in his nethouse stove. The cook came in first, to the hot blankets. He moaned a little, pain from his smashed hip hurting through the anesthesia of cold. The rest spilled out, three of them collapsing on the dock. And the Kid. . . . Well, he grinned queerly as the men he had saved came up, fighting through his legs, which impeded their way out of the housing to the stern deck. He grinned a queer, white grin, and did not move, and then Ezra, seeing, said sharply:

"Get a hand adze, he's froze fast!"

Indeed, the sleeves of his jacket, from elbow to wrist, were welded to the cabin top. They chopped briskly, gingerly.

"That's good," he said faintly, when his second arm came free—and pitched sideways. They caught him of course.

It was noon before the Kid came around. He moaned from time to time, but that was nothing. The cook was yelling murder as the doctor set his hip, stopping that job now and then to come and feel the thin wrist of the Detroit Kid. Twice he jabbed that arm with a needle. A dozen men stood ready to do the doctor's bidding.

To help with the cook, yes; but mostly to help with the Kid. Mostly that—to help the Kid. Gunderson stoked his stove. Every hot-water bottle in town was there. For the crew, of course, if they really needed them. But for the Kid first; the Detroit Kid first. And steaming broth ready for the Kid. . . .

On one side of him sat Ezra; on the other, the steam barge captain.

"Twenty minutes," the captain kept repeating. "Twenty minutes more out there, and—" He never quite finished what he had started to say.

Noon. The Kid opened those big eyes. They were dull now, and he stared blankly at Ezra; then at the captain; then at the wall of faces about and above him—drawn faces, anxious, strained faces.

"All right, Kid?" Ezra asked, as the doctor came, and stared hard, and felt, and grinned, as a man will when he has done a good job. For a long time the Kid did not answer. "Feel better, Detroit?"

His eyes showed some life then. His colorless lips twitched, and he scowled a little. . . . More life in his eyes—the wraith of a smile.

"Fine!" You read his lips, rather than heard the word.

"Awful cold out there, son," Ezra said, leaning low. "*Awful* cold!"

The Kid stirred.

"For gosh . . ." he began, ever so faintly. It was hard for him to go on, but he did: ". . . sakes. . . . Don't know what . . . cold *is* . . . 'less you . . . been in . . . Detroit when . . . it's cold."

Ezra made a funny sound and stood up. One man in that amphitheatre of faces laughed dryly. Another—a young man, one of our strongest lads—brushed his eyes. No one said anything. They did not look at one another. They were so happy. One of their own had gone out to face grave danger, and had come home, unharmed, unchanged!

Adventures of a Bargain Hunter

(*Continued from page 43*)

fill. There is a very wealthy man in a small Southern town for whom I regularly buy corned beef, because I know a New York butcher who puts up corned beef exactly the way my client likes it.

"A charming New England spinster depends upon me to supply her pet canary with his favorite brand of seed. Another woman—an American who for many years has lived in London, with the finest linen shops in the world at her elbow—orders all her linens through me. Just recently, I shipped her thirty-six yards of sheeting. Still another client, a Frenchwoman married to an American in business in Paris, has me send her quantities of silk hose.

"But the strangest request I ever got came from a young mining engineer in a remote section of Wyoming who thought he wanted a teacher for the district school, but who really wanted a wife.

"Shortly after he landed in Wyoming, the young engineer found himself on the school board of the district in which his headquarters were located. Eventually, he became chairman of the board, and his fellow members, scattered ranchmen, largely left it to him to keep a teacher on the job. This was not so easy as it sounds. For several years, he imported teachers from Seattle. But as fast as he got the young women installed behind a desk, along would come a likely cowboy or an enterprising miner, marry the teacher, and leave the young chairman holding the bag.

"Finally, in desperation, he thought of me as the person who used to supply his sisters back East with any- and everything on short notice. He wrote me about his problem, and asked me to help him out. It was easy to tell from his letter that he was shy and homesick and hungry for romance.

"'I want you to pick out a sort of delicate girl,' he informed me. 'One that these cowpunchers won't fall for. All those girls who came out from Seattle were husky creatures who could brand a cow, or wield a shovel in a pinch. I don't want any more of that kind. They are a total loss as schoolmarms. Anyhow, if anybody marries the new teacher, I'm going to do it myself. It's dog-gone lonesome out here a million miles from nowhere. P. S. I like girls with blue eyes!

"Well, perhaps you'll have a hard time believing it," smiled Mrs. Leeds, "but I had heard some friends of mine talking about a girl who was desperately trying to raise enough money to get out of New York on account of her health. Her lungs weren't any too strong, and she was awfully run down. She hadn't a relative in the world. I called up my friends and got the girl's name and address. I told them that I thought I had a teaching job

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You may have your favorite shaving soap *but* —

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

Barbasol
Skin Freshener
A tonic stimulant. After shaving—after bathing—any time. 65c at all druggists

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU shave the same way every day. Same old soap. Same old brush. So much rub-in. So many towels. More soap . . . more brush . . . more lathering—*man*, it's a HABIT!

We'd like to change that habit. Not only to get a new customer, but to give you a better shave —*easier, faster, smoother*—with Barbasol.

So we make you this proposition:

Make this 3-day test

Use your favorite shaving soap, just the way you use it every day—but *only on one-half* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side* of your face—with hot water or cold, only so it's wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—*Wash the face {and leave it wet}*
2—*Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}*
3—*Shave!*

We'll leave it to your face! Soap side's full of razor pull and smart and beard resistance. Barbasol side is all cool and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Younger looking, cheerier, cleaner!

All druggists 35c and 65c. Send 10c for generous trial tube.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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◇ ◇

Performance *is the* Supreme Test!

MILLIONS of tire miles on Silvertowns have proved these facts regarding Goodrich construction:

First, the hinge-center tread eliminates uneven, wasteful tread wear.

Second, the rubber-ized cords of maximum strength and equal stretch reduce fabric breaks and bruises to a minimum.

Third, the Goodrich Water Cure results in a uniform toughening of the rubber, which has set new mileage standards.

Goodrich dealers, everywhere, are ready to equip you with Silvertowns. Make performance the supreme test!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Established 1870* Akron, Ohio
Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, California
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Listen In every Wednesday night. Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.

out West for her. Then, instead of inquiring about her qualifications, I asked if she were small and had blue eyes!

"In answer to a note I dropped her, the young lady came to call on me. She couldn't have weighed more than a hundred and five pounds and her eyes were as blue as cornflowers. I fell in love with her at once, and I was sure that my client in Wyoming would do the same, once he saw her. In short, I was pretty certain that those two lonely young things were just made for each other. So I packed the child off with a light heart.

"THREE months later, I got this telegram from the boy:

"Please be on look-out for new teacher Stop Prefer settled woman who will make life work of job Stop Mailing order for wedding outfit Stop Very happy Stop Thank you forever.

"And I give you my word that for days I went around feeling as if cupid wings had sprouted between my respectable middle-aged shoulders!"

Mrs. Leeds sighed gently.

"Thank goodness," she added, "the vast majority of my clients are not romantic young men in search of life partners, but extremely practical women in search of wardrobes for themselves and their families and furnishings for their homes. During the past thirty years, I have had more than twenty thousand names on my books. At present, about two thirds of these names represent active accounts.

"Sometimes I don't hear from a woman in two or three years, and then she'll bob up again and want a trousseau for herself, or for her daughter. Or maybe she needs a hank of wool to finish the sweater she's knitting for her husband's Christmas present. And I work just as hard to please her in one instance as the other. That's plain business sense. A bit of embroidery thread painstakingly matched has been known to lead to a big order later on."

"What is the smallest order you ever filled?" I was curious to know.

"I *think* the smallest order I ever got came a few days ago from an Ohio client of long standing," laughed Mrs. Leeds. "She simply wrote on a postcard: 'Please send me a paper of needles and a spool of black cotton thread number sixty.' That woman has become so dependent upon me to shop for her that it actually requires less mental effort on her part to write me than it takes to telephone down-town for what she wants.

"The biggest single order that ever dropped into my lap came from half way around the world a few years ago. It was a request from a couple of young men, who were 'baching it' on a New Zealand ranch, to furnish a seven-room house for them from cellar to garret. These boys are the sons of a customer whom I have served for fifteen years, or more. They hate shopping for themselves, and they insist upon having everything American. They say that American furniture keeps them from being *too* homesick for the States. I spent nearly twelve thousand dollars before I got those boys to feeling reasonably at home. The most expensive items on their list were an electric washing machine and a player piano, both of which they had set down under the head of 'labor-saving devices.'

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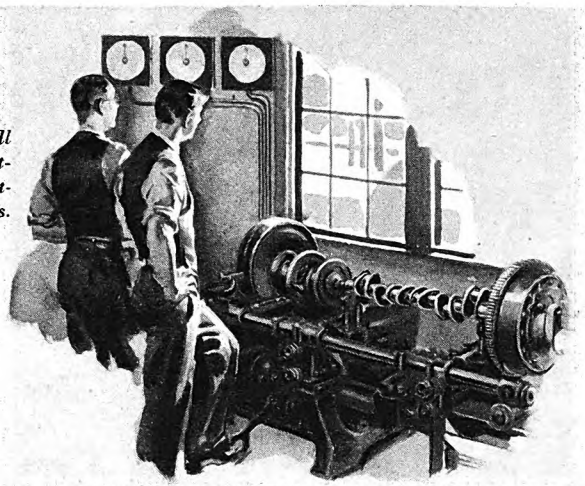


Precision machines eliminate all possibility of human error in attaining the super-accurate unit-balance of Nash rotating parts.

CARE IN BUILDING MAKES NASH A FINER MODE OF MOTORING

IF you could go through the great Nash factories and actually see the *extra care* and *finer design* which go into Nash construction, you would certainly decide you would rather have a Nash.

At one point after another, in the creation of this great motor car, C. W. Nash has established precision methods and machines which put extra hours of careful workmanship into every Nash.

Every Nash motor is tested and tested, again and again, to be certain it is right. Precision balancing machines balance Nash crankshaft, clutch and flywheel *all as one unit* to make the Nash 7-bearing motor the smoothest, most durable type on earth.

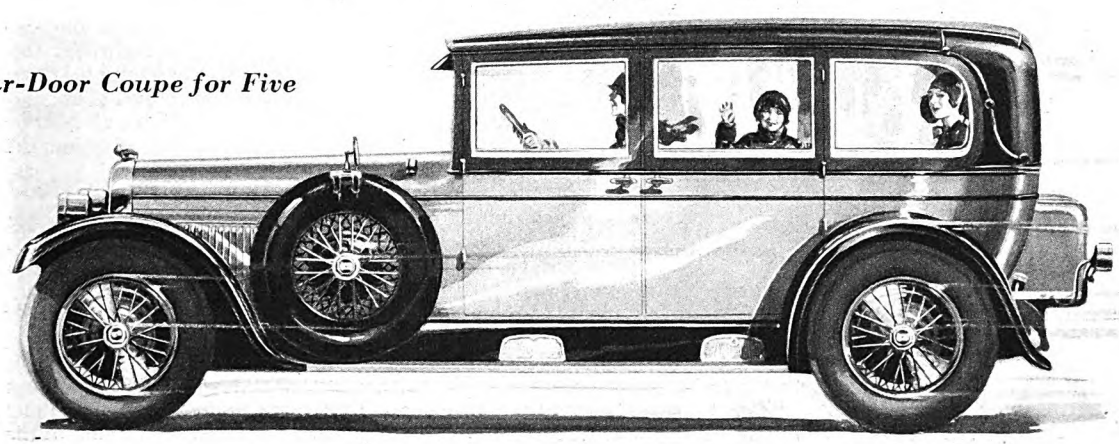
Another instance of Nash care in design and workmanship: Nash 4-wheel brakes are the safer, more efficient, *2-way* brakes, instead of the usual, single-action type. They are *fully equalized*, as well, to simplify their maintenance.

Nash cars follow the straight and narrow path of flawless performance, they give their owners more pleasure-of-driving and joy-of-owning, because they are built so well.

Nash really is a finer mode of motoring!

New Reduced Prices Now Effective

Four-Door Coupe for Five



NASH

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

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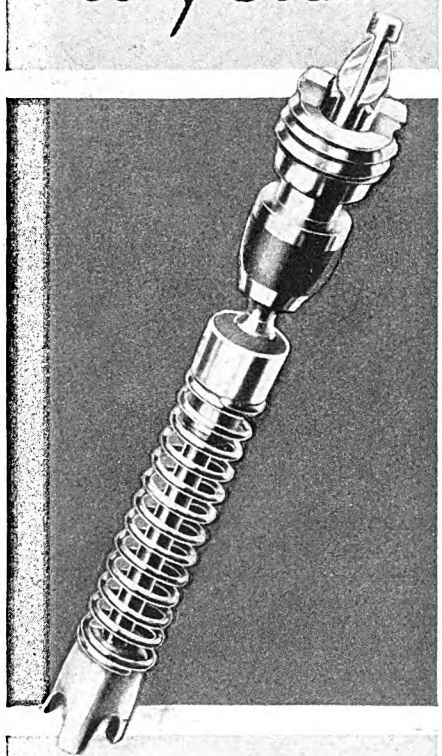
Replace *once* a year



NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with *genuine* Schrader Valve Insides in good condition screwed down tight.

To make sure the valve insides in your tire valves are in good condition, replace them once a year. No mechanism, however sturdy, will last forever.

Schrader Valve Insides are sold five in a red metal box costing but 25c. Buy a box from your nearest dealer today.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

"Undoubtedly, the easiest penny I ever earned was when a client with whom I was shopping for Oriental rugs liked and bought the very first one that the salesman showed her. The price of the rug was three thousand dollars. My commission was three hundred dollars. The time consumed in the transaction was a little over three minutes. That was like picking up money in the street. But it is the sort of thing that happens perhaps once in the career of an exceptionally long-lived and lucky shopping agent.

"Frequently, young men call on me to help select gifts for their brides-to-be. Nearly all the pearl necklaces I have bought for clients were ordered under such circumstances. But the final selection was made only after long and arduous shopping. The handsomest string of pearls I ever purchased went to a young man in Alaska who was getting ready to receive his fiancée from England.

"A bride's trousseau nearly always means a good big bill. And, besides, it is such good fun to shop with a bride-to-be. She usually goes around with her head wrapped in a beautiful pink and white cloud through which the dullest clerk can spy a wedding veil and orange blossoms. This means that we get the very best attention. All the world still loves a lover!

"I have had several ten-thousand-dollar brides, but I never enjoyed one of them more than I enjoyed a little girl from Virginia who came to me with three hundred dollars, which positively had to cover everything, including blue gingham curtains for the kitchen windows. Just to watch that child's eyes when we managed to squeeze in an unexpected bit of finery was to catch a glimpse of heaven on earth. I *knew* that she was going to make something beautiful of her married life.

"I WISH that all my clients would tell me frankly at the outset just how much they can afford to pay for the articles they order. It is sometimes difficult to determine from the quality of the stationery whether "John" is assistant cashier, or the president of the bank.

"Some women seem to have the notion that a purchasing agent will give better service if she thinks she is shopping for wealthy patrons. This is not true at all. The bulk of the professional shopper's business is with women who can't afford more than thirty-five or forty dollars for an afternoon frock, and who really hope for something 'different' at twenty-nine-fifty.

"And, of course, it's much better business for us to please the thousands of twenty-nine-fifty clients who keep on ordering year after year, than it is to make a hit with the moneyed minority who send to us between regular shopping expeditions to New York, or some other large city.

"You might be interested to know that very few of my clients try to dodge their bills. However, there are always a good many women who let their bills run until they are frightened by the sum total, and insist that my secretary has made a mistake in the bookkeeping. Being human, occasionally we do make mistakes, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred an itemized statement covering the whole period for which the client owes us simply shows her that she has bought a good deal more than she likes to remember.

"There's one thing I want to say to the distinct credit of the modern young wife: As a rule, she is much more careful of her husband's money than her mother was of her father's. In most cases, the bride of to-day held down a job before her marriage, and she knows just how a dollar comes and just how far it ought to go.

"If a client doesn't pay her bills with reasonable regularity, the shopping agent loses money on her account. You see, we make no charge for our services to a customer. Our income is derived entirely from the commission which the shops allow us. The client pays for an article which she buys through us exactly what she would pay if she went into the store and made the purchase in person. However, because a shopping agent buys several thousand dollars' worth of merchandise a month, the stores can afford to give her a commission on her purchases.

"This commission is never more than ten per cent, and in the smaller shops it is often less than that. If the purchasing agent fails to meet her bills at the stores promptly every thirty days, she loses her commission. And if her clients do not pay her promptly she simply has to borrow money from the banks in order to keep her credit good with the shops. A slow-paying customer's account eats up much of the profit on those that are paid on the dot.

"Naturally," Mrs. Leeds added soberly, "we have to be pretty careful about taking on new customers. A woman who wants to open an account with a purchasing agent is required to furnish the same sort of references she would have to offer in opening an account with a big metropolitan store.

"Of course," said Mrs. Leeds, "we sometimes run into unscrupulous people.

"Recently a shopper friend of mine had a rather embarrassing experience. Early one morning, a few weeks ago, she had a telephone call from a valued out-of-town client whom she had never seen. She met the woman by appointment at a well-known shop and helped her select half a dozen gowns to try on. While they were in the fitting-room, the client decided that she liked another dress at which she had looked in the main salon. My friend accompanied the saleswoman to make sure that the right one was brought. When the two returned, the client had exercised her feminine prerogative and changed her mind. She had settled on one gown of the lot already in the fitting-room and did not want the bother of trying another.

"BEFORE the two women left the floor, it was discovered, through the rigid checking system which obtains in this particular shop, that one of the dresses carried into the fitting-room had not been returned to its proper case. The saleswoman was questioned. She had been occupied with noting some slight alterations to be made in the purchased garment and had not counted the dresses, as was her careful custom. No mention of the matter was made to the client of course.

"Later, at lunch, the client, in crossing her knees, inadvertently exposed several inches of the handsome silk fringe which the shopping agent recalled as trimming the misplaced gown. My friend's wits worked quickly. Throwing back her head, she laughed heartily, and said:

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"A Word in Season"

FIRESTONE—this name on the tires of your car means safe, dependable driving, at any season, on every road. For the uncertain travel of spring, Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons provide a safe, sure hold. The broad, angular tread makes any car easier to steer and control; no need of anxiety when you apply brakes or turn corners. Gum-Dipping adds many thousands of miles of tire service as well as better cushioning and supreme comfort. You enjoy the benefits of this process when you specify Firestone Tires. The Firestone Dealer is equipped and ready with better service as well as better tires.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER .. Harvey S. Firestone

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those
"Some-Day" Trips

PLACES you haven't visited—yet! Tours you've long planned. Fishing jaunts to lakes and streams where "big ones" have waited too long—for you!

Make those "some-day" trips this summer. You can afford them all with a Harley-Davidson. Fifty miles costs you only one dollar—just 2c per mile for gas, oil, tires, *everything!*

A Harley-Davidson Twin has power that laughs at hills—comfort that smooths out rough roads—safety features that make you complete master of every highway and trail.

Know the thrill of motorcycling. Let your local dealer demonstrate the Twin. Ask him, too, about his convenient Pay-As-You-Ride Plan.

Send the coupon for literature and full details.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department A. M. Milwaukee, Wis.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Motorcycles

The Single
The famous low-cost, solo motorcycle. 80 safe, quick miles per gallon of gasoline—*one cent per mile!* Completely equipped, f. o. b. factory, $235.

Tear off and mail!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send literature describing ☐ The Twin ☐ The Single. ☐ Details of your dealer proposition. Is my territory open?

Write your name and address on margin below.

"'Oh, Mrs. Blank, you'll never guess what you've done. You've put on your dress over that gown of Blake's!'

"The client was naturally embarrassed, and asked my friend if they could not go to her hotel a few blocks away and have the frock returned from there.

"The shopping agent acquiesced. But the incident set her to thinking, and she quietly dispatched a telegram to the home town of her supposed client. It developed that Mrs. Blank was at home, and that the woman masquerading under her name was a former governess of the family, who had always enjoyed the complete confidence of her employers.

"My friend never heard from the masquerading governess again. Possibly this was her initial experience in shoplifting and she concluded that once was enough.

"OCCASIONALLY a woman tries to 'put one over' the stores by ordering a gown in a great hurry for some special event—a dinner, or a reception, or a week-end party. The dress is usually returned with the explanation that it arrived just a few hours too late to be of any service. But faint perspiration marks, or the barely perceptible crease of a new hem line tell a different story.

"Many of the shops were forced to make a ruling against sending out hats under any consideration. So many women found that they had to wear the hats to a bridge party, or to Easter service, to discover that they were unbecoming!

"And it isn't always personal apparel that suffers in this way. There was one woman who sent to me from a small Mid-Western town for a number of expensive hangings, curtains, rugs, and even some elaborate sofa pillows, odd pieces of silver, and candles of a special color and size. She was new to me, but her name stood high up in the social "Who's Who" of her state, and her banking references were quite satisfactory. As she had described her wants in detail, and as I had been fortunate in finding almost exactly what she wanted at reasonable prices, I was greatly surprised to have the whole order very promptly returned as unsatisfactory.

"Imagine my feelings, a few days later, when a letter came from another client in the same state telling of an elaborate wedding reception which she had attended at the home of my new patron. My correspondent described handsome rugs and other 'fixings' which I identified as those I had sent down. Little did she dream that all these things were back in New York.

"We soon get on to such impostors, however, and quietly put their names on the black list. This means that when they request service of a member of the Associated Purchasing Agents, they are regretfully informed that we are unable to execute their commission.

"THE real and ever-present bane of the professional shopper's life is the woman who sends the same order to two or three of us at the same time. She seems to think that New York is so large that she runs no risk of crossing her wires. As a matter of fact, most purchasing agents buy at pretty much the same places.

"There was the case of the Jones twins, two small-town girls who always wanted their frocks exactly alike. One day I got an order from them for a couple of turquoise taffeta evening gowns of a certain style. I found what they wanted, and placed the order. 'You're getting the last two turquoise taffeta frocks in the store,' the saleswoman confided as she made out my slip. 'We've booked out-of-town orders for half a dozen of these dresses to-day.'

"Her comment gave me an idea and I started a little investigation on my own responsibility. When I finished, I knew that those pestiferous twins had ordered similar gowns from two other purchasing agents, intending to keep those best liked and return the others. Result: The store completely out of blue taffeta evening gowns and very likely not a sale out of the lot. When we discover that a client is persistently unfair to us and the shops in this way, we are obliged to write her name off our books in self-defense.

"Experts," smiled Mrs. Leeds, "have figured out that a woman who shops all day in crowded stores actually works harder than a farmer who plows a ten-acre corn field. And the joke of it is that she can remain under one roof and cover more ground. The average male is inclined to make light of such statements as these; but a couple of hours in a big New York department store with a floor space that totals from fifteen to thirty acres will make him sing a different tune.

"Personally, I love to shop. On six days of every week—except during the time I am away on my vacation—I start out at nine o'clock in the morning, and I rarely get back home before six. And I am never too tired to look forward to the next day's shopping. Certainly, it seems to agree with me. I haven't missed ten days in twenty years on account of illness."

An Explosion Taught Me How to Live

(*Continued from page 61*)

feeling. The atmosphere of that ward was almost merry! A brave lot of men!

There was "Snowball," a little negro who, while sliding down a curving stair banister, had fallen and broken his head. There was a big German, whose hand had been caught in a bread-mixing machine. There was "Red Eye," a man whom "Snowball" had named because of an inflamed eye that looked terrible, then funny, as I became accustomed to it. And there were many others, one with his legs trussed up on something like a step-ladder, so that the many fractures suffered in an accident might heal properly.

Horrible sights I saw daily—or what I had always imagined would be horrible sights. Other "new men" came in as the days went on, and I felt constrained to do my part toward helping them. I became merry, hopeful. I felt worthwhile! The sight of bleeding men no longer struck

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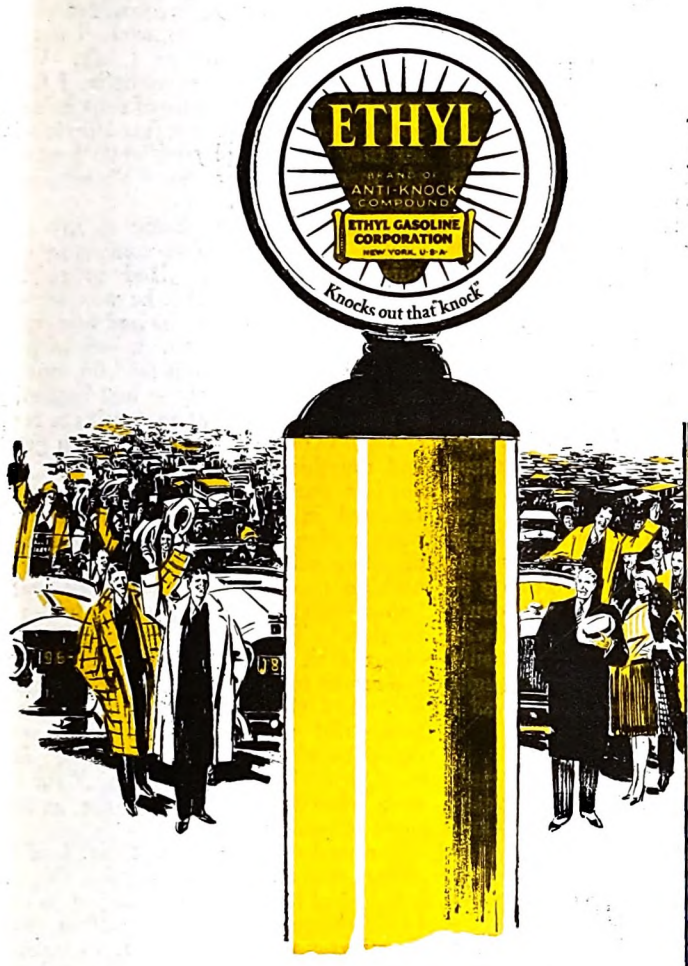

More than a million are riding with ETHYL

IT took seven years to develop Ethyl Gasoline—but it took only months for the motoring public to discover its advantages.

Today more than a million car owners are riding with Ethyl. They are enjoying a new standard of engine performance — more power on hills and heavy roads, faster pick-up, reduced gear-shifting, a cooler, smoother motor under all driving conditions. And to the owners of the new high compression automobiles, Ethyl is giving a still bigger thrill.

Follow the army of Ethyl users to the nearest Ethyl pump. It is identified by the trademark shown above. And the price of Ethyl Gasoline is simply the price of good gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the "ETHYL" ingredient costs.

Ethyl makes good gasoline better.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City

ETHYL GASOLINE

Facts about Ethyl Gasoline

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors Research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("ETHYL" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

"ETHYL" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "ETHYL" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "ETHYL" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

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Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

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Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

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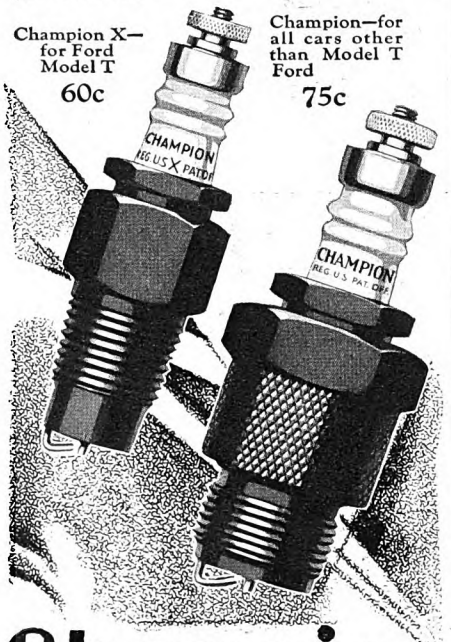

Champion

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

terror to my heart, as it always had done before I was blown up.

I had two private nurses there in the ward, which brought me some distinction among the patients, for none of the others had even one special nurse. I had screens about my bed when I wanted them. The "old-timers" soon caught on to the fact that I was supposed to be better off than they. They found that I had some education, and so they came oftener to talk with me. I had spent my life in acquiring education. They wanted to know what I knew. I was embarrassed to think that some of them looked up to me. For I didn't feel above anyone. I often thought of my plight and of theirs, and knew that, fundamentally, I was not as strong as they. "Here I am," I would say to myself, "supposed to be socially above these other men; but we are all on a level in this ward, except that the others have helped me more than I could possibly help them." I, in my secret thoughts, and I hope in my actions, looked up to those physically robust men who could stand pain better than I could, and who were superior to the haunting and silly fears that had plagued me. They thought they could learn from me, but it was I who was the learner!

FOR three weeks I was in that ward, and they were the greatest three weeks of my life. I would not trade them for any other similar period of time. I recovered there from my burns bruises, and gashes. More than that, I began there the recovery from my almost lifelong fears. I was shamed out of them. I was led out of them by strong men—Negroes, Irishmen, Swedes, Germans, Italians—thugs, some of them; honest laborers, most of them.

My dread of hospitals vanished. I learned what should always have been an obvious fact about hospitals: they are places where people are taken to get well, not to die. The doctors and the nurses strive with all their skill to make you get well when you are in a hospital. They regard your illness as a problem for them to solve; you are not just a specimen for them to "practice" on. Everyone in a hospital is working night and day to get you out alive and well.

After a week or two in the ward, I recalled a case of a llama over in the Zoölogical Park. He had an abscess on the jaw, and when the doctor went to treat it, the animal cut up like mad. It was a trying job to rope him and hold him while the doctor lanced the abscess. But the instant the operation was done, the llama became quiet, and after that he would almost walk to the gate of his enclosure to meet the doctor. He had not understood the purposes of the surgeon, any more than I had understood hospitals.

What an entertaining place a ward really is, if you can measure up to its high requirements in courage and geniality. A funny place, at times, for the "veterans" regard themselves as somewhat superior by virtue of their long acquaintance with what to a newcomer is novel. I became almost a veteran before I left. When other new men were brought in, I found myself feeling some sense of responsibility about them. Also, I felt just a little wise, for they were neophytes, while I was an old member of the great Fraternity of the Hospital Ward.

Occasionally there came to my bedside a patient who was somewhat of a nuisance, because he liked so to talk about his ailments. But he was allowed to do this only because he had been there a long time. No new man can bemoan his fate. "It ain't good for him, nor for us," says the fellow who is just beginning to get well. A patient in a private room is alone with his troubles. He can groan and mumble his prayers for help. But not in a ward! For there, his feelings are reflected in the feelings of others, and ward patients are amazingly thoughtful of fellow-sufferers. Many naturally so, because those who are taken to wards know rather intimately the troubles of mankind. There has been nothing aloof about their lives. They have not had the means to escape the sorrier aspects of life. And those who are not naturally thoughtful are required by the stern discipline of the ward to become so. In a ward, it's "Shut up or get out," for the man who will not join in the general spirit of recovery.

Hospital wards have their leaders, though no one would ever guess this unless he had himself been a patient in one. Leadership springs either from long "service" as a patient, or from uncommonly high courage and cheerfulness.

You learn all about your neighboring patients in the ward. In a few days you know who hit them, what hit them, or where they fell from. You know what they do for a living, and what they would like to do. A gossipy, intimate, confidential, helpful place is a ward!

I HOPE I shall not be blown up again, even though my first experience in that line resulted in the most profoundly helpful three weeks in my life. But if I should again be the victim of an accident, or again be sick and have to be taken to a hospital, I trust that I shall have sense and courage enough to tell them to put me into a room with others, where I'd have to get well for the sake of those around me.

Of course I'm not well yet. No man can recover quickly from a terrific shock. But I look twenty years younger than I did before that explosion in my office, and except for somewhat shattered nerves, I feel twenty years younger. I now can tackle new tasks with eagerness. I plan and look ahead, instead of worrying about the hundred uncompleted little tasks of daily life. The weight that was on my mind is lifting, thanks to the discipline of the accident ward in Fordham Hospital.

YOU have thought, of course, that you would like to retire when still young, and spend the rest of your life doing nothing except the things that you wanted to do. Well, a certain man tried that very trick. He retired when he was forty—quit absolutely. But the results of leisure disappointed him. At home, he was in the way. At his club, other men regarded him with suspicion. For a year or so he stuck it out, and then went back to work. He tells you his experiences in next month's magazine.

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The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

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The Dental Profession Studies Dingy Film on Teeth

Film forms on teeth and gives them that dull, "off-color" look. It fosters serious tooth and gum disorders

Remove it in the way now urged by foremost dental opinion of the day

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

SMILES ENVIED TODAY often remained unnoticed yesterday. Then Pepsodent played its all-transforming part and now gleaming teeth are seen on every hand. Tooth and gum troubles are on the decrease.

TWO things you may rightfully expect from the dentifrice you use, says a famous New York dental specialist: "That teeth be sparkling white and that you be protected from the commoner tooth and gum disorders."

A dentifrice that fulfills present scientific standards will accomplish these results by removing the film that forms on teeth. And it's to this film that "off-color" teeth and many tooth and gum disorders now are traced.

Thus in widespread use among dentists and their patients is the *special film-removing* dentifrice called Pepsodent.

SMILES THE BIGGEST THING in being beautiful, says Miss Dorothy Kenyon. Millions, today, know that and employ Pepsodent to make teeth dazzling white.

Why FILM may lead to trouble

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a slippery, viscous coating. That is film.

It clings to teeth so stubbornly that ordinary brushing will not successfully remove it. It gets into crevices and stays.

Stains from food and smoking sink into film and make teeth dull and dingy.

Germs breed in film by the millions. And they, with the tartar film develops into, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay. Thus before new ways were found to remove it tooth and gum disorders were startlingly on the increase.

Special way removes film

Under close direction of leading dental authority a special film-removing tooth paste, known as Pepsodent, was developed. It acts to curdle that film and then in gentle safety to remove it.

In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do. Dentists by the thousands tell us this.

Fights Decay—Firms Gums

Pepsodent also acts to increase the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize fermenting starch deposits that cause the acids of decay.

Pepsodent aids to firm the gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is widespread.

Take 10 days to see

White and sparkling teeth must be kept film free. Healthy teeth and gums must likewise have daily film protection.

All dentists know the solution lies in Pepsodent. Send coupon for 10-day tube.

Note how soon teeth grow whiter and brighter. How soon gums firm and harden.

See your dentist twice each year. Use Pepsodent twice each day. That marks the height of modern tooth care.

P E P

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(*Above*) CLAIRE WINDSOR and PAULINE STARKE start their favorite whippets in a feature race at Hollywood. In the movies Pepsodent is a part of daily make-up.

(*Above*) A RECENT EVENT at the Riding Academy of Chicago was attended by Mr. and Mrs. E. Root, Jr., and their daughter. Again Pepsodent-bright smiles are socially important.

When They Smile

The world sees gleaming teeth free from "off-color" film

HOW do they care for their teeth? What do they do to keep smiles sparkling white? That is what others ask and wonder about the charming people pictured here.

For smiles to gleam and sparkle, first film must be removed from teeth. For film makes teeth gray, "off color," and gives that dingy look.

Ordinary brushing fails. Get the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It cleanses the teeth completely. Then polishes and gives them high lustre in safety to enamel.

Wherever you go today you see flashing smiles the twice daily use of Pepsodent is bringing.

(*Above*) A SORORITY AFFAIR in the nature of a baseball game is attended by Misses Eleanor Hodge and Vere Sedgewick of the University of Michigan. At college, too, Pepsodent plays a major part in aiding beauty.

(*Left*) THE MODERN MAILMAN is a romantic figure. Here Miss Grace McKay delivers the air sack to Lt. Hugh Ross—both possess the dazzling white teeth only Pepsodent affords.

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"Maybe It's All I'll Ever Get, But It's Worth While"

(*Continued from page 19*)

hung in a gallery. I am not saying this will be true. The very evening I was there an evidently prosperous gentleman also called. After John Kane had sent him away, I asked curiously who he was.

"He's a *picture* collector," Kane explained, but with a gesture of impatience. "He's been here before. But he doesn't know . . ."

The words trailed off into silence, but I could understand the situation. If Kane is a genius, on the verge of being "discovered," the collector wants to pick up some of his paintings for the traditional song. He sees their evident crudeness, hesitates, yet is afraid of "missing a trick." He would like to say, some day: "Here's a John Kane I picked up before he became famous."

To a certain extent, John Kane became famous last October, for the papers were quick to seize the sensational news that a Pittsburgh house painter had "got into" the International Exhibition. Reporters interviewed him. News cameras photographed him. Visitors to the gallery hunted up his painting and stared at it with morbid curiosity.

NO ONE ever will know just what emotions were stirred in John Kane's mind by all this powwow. To me, he seemed a little bewildered, more than a little distrustful.

It is as if he had been dealing with grim facts; solid things, even in the shadows where he has lived and worked. And he is afraid of this first ray of hope! Afraid that it is an *ignis fatuus;* only a flickering will-o'-the-wisp. He turns away from it, to go on groping in the old familiar darkness where he feels at home.

He does not talk easily; and much of the time his voice was so low that the roar and shriek of the trains, passing almost continuously, made his words inaudible. I must have looked resentfully toward the half-open window, for he got up and closed it.

"Living alone here, with no one to talk to," he said, "I forget about all that." And he pointed toward the tracks across the street.

"Then you haven't a family?" I asked.

"Yes; but my two daughters are married and have moved away from Pittsburgh. They have babies of their own now. They needed my wife; so she's been first with one and then with the other."

"You've an Irish twist of the tongue," I said. "Were you born in Ireland."

"No," he replied, with the smile which, but only rarely, lighted his somber eyes. "I was born in Scotland. But my father and mother had come there from Galway, in Ireland. So you're not far wrong."

The story of his life came out by piecemeal; in sudden flashes of eager responsiveness, which as quickly died down into his habitual repression.

Many of the things he said to me came as the result of, I hope, delicate but persistent probing. Sometimes he would look up with a quick, puzzled glance, as if he was surprised at what he had put into words. I am inclined to believe that, out of the depths of John Kane's mind that night, things came to the surface which he, himself, had not known were there.

BEFORE we finished, he answered the question which had been my one motive in going to see him. All that went before it was a part of that answer. So now, from the latest chapter of his story let us go back to the first.

John Kane was born, "nigh onto sixty years ago," in the little town of West Calder, thirteen miles out of Edinburgh. His parents, as you know, were from Ireland; and Ireland, then, though as lovely as it is now, was "a terrible hard place for a poor man to live."

Especially hard for a young couple with the hope of a family to bring up, so the Kanes moved to Scotland. But shillings didn't grow on Scotch thistles any more than they did on Irish shamrock; and the shillings John Kane's father earned came hard enough.

When anyone wanted a bit of swamp, or low land, ditched and drained, 'twas Kane that would do the job. If he had lived to be a hundred he never would have got rich at that work; but still there was a living in it.

He was only a third of the way toward being a hundred, however, when Fate shuffled the cards, and the same job which had given him a living brought him death instead.

As the kirk-yard, where the West Calder folk slept their last sleep, was a damp resting place even for those who slumber so soundly, Kane was hired to drain it. Eleven feet deep were the trenches he dug. And, working there in the wet and mire, he took cold, lingered for a year, and then was buried in that same kirk-yard. One hopes that they gave him a dry spot to lie in.

The family, which had been the "hope" of the young couple, must have been almost the despair of the widowed mother; for there were eight children in all. With that many mouths to be fed, the mother immediately began working at any jobs she could get to earn money. So did the oldest boy, who was ten; and the oldest girl, who was nine; and John himself, who was all of eight years old.

"The children were just steps and stairs," he said, indicating with an expressive gesture the range from the littlest to the biggest.

The two boys worked first in a candle factory; ten hours a day for a shilling a day. A munificent wage of a little more than two cents an hour! But it meant fifty cents a day for the family; and that enabled the thrifty mother even to put by a wee bit of money for the future.

The next year, when he was nine, John Kane went to work in the mines; getting out shale from which oil and gas were extracted.

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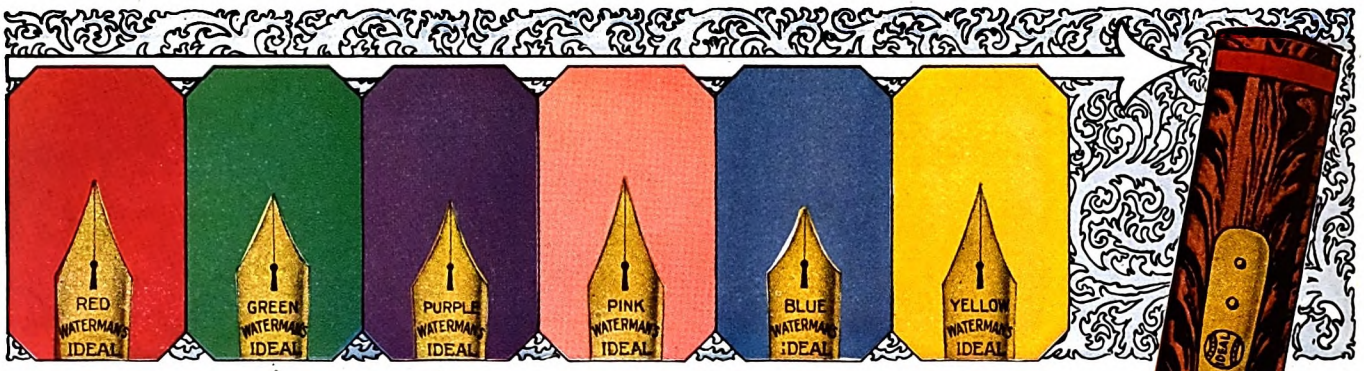

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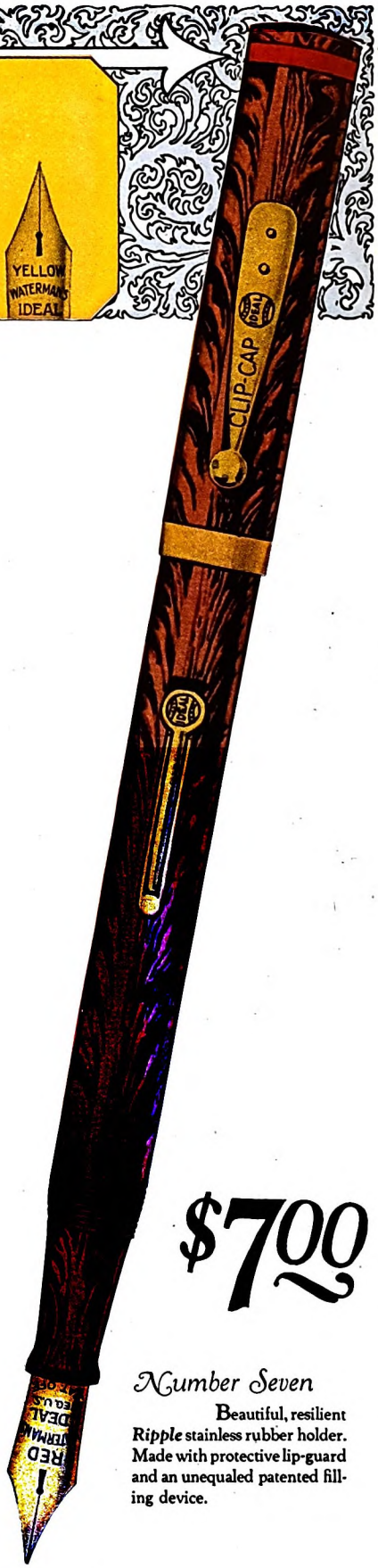

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"For months at a stretch," he told me *with a smile*, "I never saw the sun! I went down into the mine before the sun was up. And *it* went down before I came out again."

"But didn't you go to school?" I asked.

"Not after me father died," he said. "And, before that, only a little. We started, over there, when we were very young—to get us out of the way at home, I suppose. I know I was sent to school when I was no more than four or five years old.

"But I was so young that the teacher didn't bother trying to learn me anything. All I done was to sit and draw pictures on me little slate. So long as I was let to do that, I was happy.

"One day I was sitting there, making me pictures and not even knowing that anybody was watching me, when the teacher give a sharp rap on his desk. I looked up, and there he was, crooking his finger for me to come forward. Which I did—and got six raps with a cane across me bare hand!

"When I turned to go back, there was all the children scrambling to get into their seats. Not till then did I know they'd stolen up behind me and been looking over me shoulder at the picture I was making on me slate. The teacher thought I'd done it on purpose, to break up the discipline. But I hadn't known they were there."

"So you were making pictures even then?" I asked.

"Yes, I've always been making them. When I worked in the mines I had a mile and a half to walk from me home. In summer I used to start early, take a bit of pencil and a piece of paper in me pocket, and sit down by the roadside to make pictures—until, the first thing I knew, it would be so late I had to run all the rest of the way to the mine shaft.

"At night too, when I got home from work, I'd try to draw things: copy little pictures I'd come across; or real things—though that was harder."

"Didn't people realize that you had a special gift?" I asked. "Wasn't there anyone that tried to help you?"

"Among poor folks like us? And ignorant, too!"

He shook his head.

JUST a knack at drawing pictures! It is easy to understand how useless that must have seemed to people who were absorbed, body and mind, in a struggle merely to live. So, for more than ten years, John Kane went on working in the mines.

Meanwhile, bit by bit, his mother had saved every farthing she could squeeze out of the wages she and her children earned. For she, too, had her dream! The dream which, to the poor and the downtrodden in every land, is spelled by the one word—America! When John Kane was nineteen, her dream began to come true.

First, the oldest brother was sent to the States and found work in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. The following year it was John's turn to come. That was forty years ago, when he was a young man of twenty; able and willing to work, but with little education and no knowledge of the world.

His brother got him a job in the tube works at McKeesport. From there he went to the coke furnaces at Connellsville; and after that he worked in the blast furnaces at what is now the town of Bessemer.

In its essentials, it was the same old environment of ignorance, poverty, the bare struggle to live. He worked twelve hours a day and seven days a week. He stopped even trying to make pictures. His body was too tired; his mind too starved.

But about one thing he finally began to feel a dull resentment. And when weeks had gone by, with never a Sunday when he could go to church, resentment became rebellion.

"One Saturday morning," he said to me, "when I had made up me mind that things had got to be different, I told the foreman that I'd not be on the job the next day.

"'You won't?' he says. 'Well, you'd *better* be!'

"With that, we had it back and forth for a while, till all of a sudden I says to him: 'What's more, I'm *never* going to work on a Sunday again!'

"That meant I had to quit. So I came down to Pittsburgh and got a job as a laborer; just a helper to the men that were laying stone blocks in the street paving."

THAT was his life for the next year or two. Then he moved up a peg and became one of the workmen who actually laid the blocks. He served seven years in that capacity! Seven years on his knees in the streets of Pittsburgh! And by that time he was thirty years old.

But in those seven years there did come an occasional break. Paving contracts were sometimes held up, or work was slack. Kane had to fill in these gaps with odd jobs; and because his hands instinctively itched to handle a brush, these were, as often as possible, odd jobs of painting. Not pictures! Just house painting. But at least it woke the old dream to life again; and once more he began to spend his spare time in trying to draw.

A more practical result was that it brought him his next job; this time with the Pressed Steel Car Company, as a painter of freight cars. Not much need there for artistic sense; or so I thought! But John Kane assured me that it required an eye for color and real dexterity with a brush.

At any rate, pitifully inadequate as it was, it had to serve as his only apprenticeship to Art. His first "canvases" were the ends of box cars.

"Once," he smiled, "I got caught at it; the way I got caught at school, making pictures on me slate.

"At the noon hour one day, I had finished lunch in a hurry and started to paint a picture on the end of a car. It had just the priming coat on, and I knew I wasn't doing any harm, because the picture would be painted out when I put on the finishing coats.

"The rest of the men had gathered about to watch me, when I happened to glance over me shoulder—and there was the superintendent, looking around the corner of another car! I was as scared as if I was only four years old again, and the teacher standing over me with a cane.

"But the superintendent just said: 'You ought to be painting pictures instead of freight cars, John Kane!'

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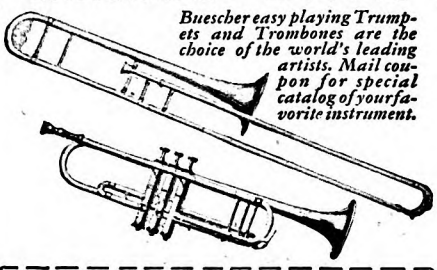
But *only with a* Buescher is this *rapid* progress assured. You don't have to fuss and favor for certain notes. Just open the key and *blow normally.* Every tone always full, clear and true.

Six Days' Trial. Easy Terms

Take any Buescher Instrument home for SIX days' trial. If you like it, *pay a little each month.* Send the coupon for beautiful catalog and the details of this *liberal plan.* There will never be a better time to start. Write today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2358 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



Buescher easy playing Trumpets and Trombones are the choice of the world's leading artists. Mail coupon for special catalog of your favorite instrument.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 424A
2358 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Mention instrument interested in.

Age?.....Name instrument.....

Name.....

Address.....

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Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

Seals itself against dirt!

This paint enamel is so satin-smooth it can't hold dirt embedded

CLOUDS of sticky road-dust . . . Soot from coal smoke . . . Oily particles thrown out by motor exhausts . . .

Broadcast by the winds . . . Filtering indoors . . . Insidious, clinging, *paint-soiling dirt.* There is more of it every day!

Ordinary paint on walls and woodwork has no defense. It is soon grey with ingrained grime, impossible to remove without also removing some of the paint.

But the satin-smooth, flawless surface of Barreled Sunlight *defies* dirt. It has no "pores" for dirt to get into—and mere surface smudges can be quickly washed off.

Barreled Sunlight has a rich enamel finish with a depth peculiar to itself. It is easy to apply and has unusual opacity.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

* *

Readily tinted with oil colors. Quantities of 5 gallons or more tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Made in Semi-Gloss and Flat as well as the full Gloss. Cans of all sizes, and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer about the new product, Outside Barreled Sunlight.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7,000 dealers.

Easy to Tint any shade

For tinting small quantities, dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting colors.

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in (Check) Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants ☐
(If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c)
Send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

"Then he walked away. But I always thought—"

Kane hesitated a moment before he went on: "I wasn't sure; but I *thought* he treated me a little different after that."

I'm afraid I can't make you realize all the meaning that was crowded into that one sentence as he spoke it. The starved longing for understanding and appreciation. The wish to believe that *someone* finally had caught a gleam of the light within him. The meagerness of the "recognition" of which he was not even certain; but which he has treasured in his heart all these years.

"*I thought he treated me a little different after that.*"

When a man cherishes so faint a half-hope as those words imply one realizes the utter darkness through which he was trying to feel his way.

Nothing came of it, however. He went on painting box cars for several years, the latter part of the time with the Standard Steel Car Company, in Butler County. Then came a business depression and the works were closed down.

This was serious; for by that time he had a wife and two children to support. To accomplish this, he went around through the coal-mine country, getting orders for crayon and pastel "enlargements" which he "worked up" himself. He received three or four dollars for a black and white "portrait," and about five dollars for one in pastel.

"I earned about as much as I'd been paid by the car company," he said. "But I had to be always traveling, and that kept me away from me family so much that I finally give it up, came back to Pittsburgh and started as a house painter. That was twenty years ago; and I've been painting houses ever since."

Painting houses—and trying to paint pictures. But it has been only during the past few years that he has been able to devote much time or effort to the latter. Even now, he can give it only his spare hours.

Don't forget that he is sixty years old! The vista of "spare hours" ahead of him is none too long, and it is steadily shortening. He realizes that he doesn't know much about painting. He used to try to get into some art school. But he found none that was free; and he couldn't afford to go and pay.

UNTIL the past year or two, he never even had spoken to a human being who knew anything about art! He never was acquainted with anyone who could even tell him what kind of materials to use. He painted on anything he could get hold of—cardboard, wood, cloth, the "composition" board sometimes used by builders for the inside walls of houses. When he began to use canvas, he did not know the technic of preparing it. He has simply experimented by himself.

Practically without schooling, he was unfamiliar with books. He did not know how to get, from books, the help they might have been to him.

I said to him: "You are like a man who, alone and in a single lifetime, is trying to learn what the painters, through the centuries, have been finding out."

He looked at me for a moment, trying to get the meaning of what I said. Then his head drooped forward.

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According to government statistics the average man is buying 3 suits in 4

Can you wear 3/4 of a suit *and hope to succeed?*

Are you just an *average* man, doing average things, wearing the average three-fourths of a suit a year? Or are you appearing at your *best* always — expressing your individuality in clothes made personally for you?

If you have been "sliding through" with store clothes, or paying high for custom tailoring, it will pay you to investigate the unusual service offered by the Ed. V. Price & Co. representative near you. At prices no higher, possibly lower than you now pay, you can have a suit tailored exactly to your figure, styled to the minute, made of fabric you choose from hundreds of the finest woolens.

In ten days you can have an Ed. V. Price & Co. suit—for months to come you will enjoy new confidence and satisfaction when you wear it.

Look for the sign of Ye Jolly Little Tailor

What Your Tailor?

Ed. V. Price & Co.

Chicago

The largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

$35 $45 and $50

Through its tremendous buying facilities Ed. V. Price & Co. offers you the largest selection of fine fabrics available anywhere. Through its highly organized staff of skilled tailors it furnishes you with personally tailored suits of unexcelled workmanship *quickly*, and at prices which represent unequalled value.

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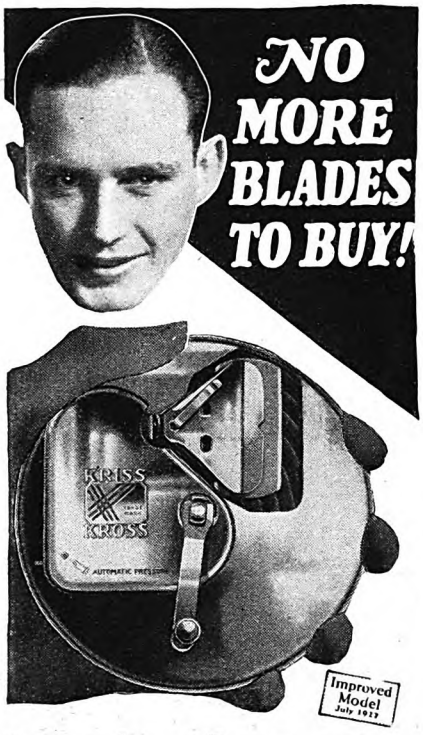

Amazing Invention Revolutionizes Shaving!

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade *rejuvenator*. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

Special Free Offer

To introduce KRISS-KROSS, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old-style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of *rustless* metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

Get Details

Send for details on these surprising inventions and free razor offer. They're much more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

AGENTS!

Make big money as a KRISS-KROSS representative. J. C. Kellogg made $200 in 7 days. H. King earned $66 in one day.

Spare-time workers, office and factory men make $5-$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends. Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

RHODES MFG. CO.

Largest Manufacturer of Mechanical Strappers in the World

Dept. D-252, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO.,
Dept. D-252, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation, details of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE razor offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if interested in becoming representative.

"Yes," he muttered, "I am like that."

In a small way, "studying art" was one of the things I did years ago; and when John Kane found that I, too, cared about pictures, he was pathetically eager to "talk shop." Diffident and almost apologetic in expressing his ideas, he nevertheless had them *to* express. And as he put his paintings, one by one, on the easel, I began to see the answer to the question which had been in my mind all the time.

THE question was this: What does it profit a man to spend his life in struggling to be the thing he wants to be, if in the end he cannot reach his goal?

That was the question. And this is the way the answer came:

One of the paintings he placed on the easel was of a green hillside with grazing cattle and, against the sky line, scattered houses—one of them a curious red in color.

"That," said Kane, "is out at Squirrel Hill. I was painting a church there; and, one day, when I was up on the scaffolding, I looked off and I saw this bit of a valley. I marked the spot in my mind; and the first time I had a chance I went out there and walked about, to find the best point to—to make a picture of it. The cows were not there. But," he laughed, "I thought they *ought* to be there. So I put them in.

"And as I was walking about that day, I saw *this* picture," stooping to pick up another painting. "These trees"—he shook his head; "they're not right, those trees! I couldn't get them to come right, somehow."

"What's that picture up there?" I asked, pointing to one hanging on the wall.

His face lighted up, as he went over and touched it gently with his work-stained fingers.

"That," he said, "is the school and the convent of the Sisters of Saint Francis. I was going to work early one morning, and just below the hill, right here!"—pointing to the spot—"I looked up and the sun was just coming up behind the towers of the school building, atop the hill. It made a strange light over everything up there, while we were almost in darkness down in the valley. It—it was beautiful. And I thought—"

He stopped; but in his eyes I could read what he was struggling to express. To him it was a symbol; all his life he has been down in the shadows, looking up at the sunlight where there is knowledge! When I managed to say this, in some stumbling fashion, he looked half frightened at having his unspoken thought find words. But he nodded his head.

"They were painting a big billboard over on this corner," he went on, pointing to a place outside the picture; "and before going on to me work, I climbed all over the scaffolding, getting the scene from different angles, to see which would be best.

He turned to me to see whether, once more, I could understand the implications he wanted to convey in his halting phrases. But this time I only nodded. I felt as if I had been playing a curious game of "Hunt the Thimble," and was about to put my hand on it.

Turning back to the picture on the easel, I pointed to the first one, and said: "You were painting a church when you discovered this scene, weren't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"There were other workmen on the same job?"

He nodded.

"But *they* did not see the little valley. Not to be conscious of it, at any rate."

He turned intent eyes toward me. . . . "No," he said slowly; "they did not see it."

"And the morning when you were going to work," I went on, looking at the picture on the wall. "On the same street, at the same time, there were many others going to their work also?"

"Very many," he said.

"But among them all, perhaps you were the only one that looked up and saw the towers of the school, with the rising sun making a strange light about it?"

He stared at me in silence; but in his own eyes I saw the coming of "a strange light" there, too.

"On the streets and in the cars," I said, "perhaps you are always looking at the faces of the people around you. And to you they are fascinating, in form and in meaning. But the people beside you don't see what *you* do."

He shook his head.

"The whole everyday world," I said, "is a different place to you, because your attempt to 'make pictures' has really opened your eyes to things which otherwise you never would have seen. Is that true?"

"Yes," he said, and drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Then does it all come to this?" I asked. "Even though you may never paint fine pictures, even though as an artist you may be a failure, the struggle will have been worth while, because of what it has done for yourself. In reaching after the thing you wanted to grasp, you have at least captured something! And it is something you would not have had, if you had not striven at all."

HE DID not answer me. The trains rumbled and shrieked in the darkness outside, while we stood there in silence. John Kane was not looking at his pictures now. He was busy with his thoughts. And finally he lifted his head, turned to me—and smiled. That was all. But he seemed like a man who, after being parched with thirst, has taken a deep draft of cool, clear water. Or, perhaps, like one who, after bewildered wandering in a labyrinth, touches the thread which will show him his way.

At last he said slowly: "Yes—maybe that's all I'll get out of it—but it's enough to make it worth while."

"HOW I Lost Money Trying to Get Rich" vividly relates, next month, the experiences of a man—a supposedly hard-headed business man, too—who tried to beat the game by getting rich overnight. In exposing his financial folly, as he does in this article, he is actuated by a genuine desire to prevent other people from collecting a beautiful bunch of worthless certificates. His recipe for safe and sane investment is given at the end of the article.

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Sore throat's easiest victims—reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone—doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and "canary bird" diets.

For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

If rapid improvement is not apparent, consult your physician.

Time and time again, however, Listerine has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, "flu," and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

***More than* 50 diseases**

have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

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GEORGE H. MOSS *says:*

"Any Store Can Be a Big-Town Store"

GEORGE H. MOSS, President of the Raleigh Hardware Co., of Beckley, West Virginia, is a merchant—and a most unusual one.

FARM & FIRESIDE first heard of him a few weeks ago when it was noised about that his store had sold $262,000 worth of washing machines during 1927.

That's a sales record on a specialty line that many a big-town store might envy.

However, his store is not a big-town store—that is, in the sense that it is located in a large city. For the population of Beckley is only about 8,000.

But it is a big-town store in point of sales volume.

For when the store closed its books on the last day of last year, its sales of hardware and specialty goods for 12 months totaled up approximately $700,000.

And *that* is big-time merchandising.

He tells FARM & FIRESIDE

FARM & FIRESIDE went out to see Mr. Moss to get the secret of his success as a small-city merchant. And here are some of the high spots secured in that interview:

"The size of the town your store's located in has less to do with your sales volume than you'd think," says Mr. Moss. And then he added—"Any store in a small town can be a big-town store if it goes about it right."

What does he mean when he says—*"if it goes about it right"*?

But this is only one of the questions he answers in his interview with FARM & FIRESIDE—which is now published in folder form and available to any dealer who asks for it.

He tells FARM & FIRESIDE how he built a $700,000 hardware and specialty business in an 8,000 town

Send the Coupon

For instance—have you thought of how you can benefit your sales by building a new store? Or by rearranging your present store?

Mr. Moss has been through all this. And he gives you his experience.

Should you attempt a large house-to-house selling plan?

He has a crew of 16 to 25 outside men working for him all the time—taking his store into the customer's home. And he tells about some of the problems you run up against when you go into this kind of selling on a big scale.

Are you carrying out any definite program for widening your trading area?

Here he lets you in on the secret of how he has made his store the buying center of three prosperous counties—with a trading population of 125,000.

And are you interested in knowing how many turnovers he makes a year on his $200,000 stock? How he keeps his investment in slow-moving stock cut right down to minimum? Why he handles nationally advertised goods almost exclusively? And how he is going out strong after a bigger volume of farm trade this year?

Send the coupon—get this story of an outstanding small-city merchandising success.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE'S series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual*—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE'S interview with George H. Moss, successful hardware and specialty dealer of Beckley, West Va.

Name _____

Address _____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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This Road is Closed

(*Continued from page 53*)

usual street and then, at the next corner, came to three wooden hurdles set in his path.

"This road is closed for repairs"

It exasperated him. For months he had gone home along that street; it was the shortest way for him. And he was *tired.*

"What repairs?" he demanded aloud. For the road, little more than a narrow lane, lay quite empty and tranquil between the high privet hedges that bordered it.

"I'm sure I can't imagine," a voice answered, and, turning, he saw that girl who lived at the end of his street. He had seen her twice a day for hundreds of days; but he didn't know her. A nice sort of girl, he thought her, slender and pretty, with serious eyes and a distinguished air; a little like the Enid who had vanished now beneath gingham aprons.

"No reason that I can see why pedestrians shouldn't use it," he said. "Shall we?" He had taken off his hat, and was smiling at her, and she thought it a nice smile, something like Jack Griffith's, only more clever and not so candid. "After all, these hurdles are nothing but a moral barrier. We can pass them easily enough."

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "Somehow, when I saw that sign, it gave me a shock. 'This Road is Closed' . . . I've been coming along here for years and years—and now, perhaps it's time to try a new road."

"A new road," Buller repeated, staring at her with a faint frown.

The sun was gone now, and in the dusk her face was strange to him. It seemed pale, her eyes wide and steady. And her voice had in it some quality that thrilled him.

"It has to happen," she said. "Suddenly the old road, the familiar one, is closed, and we have to go a new way." She stopped, amazed to find herself speaking so to a stranger. Yet, in a way, it all seemed perfectly natural, almost as if she had known it would be so.

"But we can still use the old road!" cried Buller, with a curious vehemence. For he didn't want to try a new road. He was—was he afraid?

"BETTER not!" said a deep voice behind him, and both he and Jess looked 'round, to see Mr. Griffith. He was a little out of breath, for he was not accustomed to walking these past ten years. But his doctor had told him that walk he must, and he had begun this evening, and had hurried after Miss Rivers and Buller, because they lived on his street and would know the best way.

"Of course!" thought Buller. "He has a profound respect for signs. Because he's the kind who puts up signs in this world. He's one of the 'No Trespassing,' 'No Smoking,' 'No Admittance' kind. He owns things. And I'm one of the solitary freebooters roaming through his world, always hungry. I don't obey signs."

And he pushed one of the hurdles aside,

Try 10 cigars *free!*

Send no money - just mail the coupon

NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 599 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 600 into $3,400 (the cost of this advertisement) gives $5.67. In other words, it costs me $5.67 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So *I must offer* an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap up this offer quick!

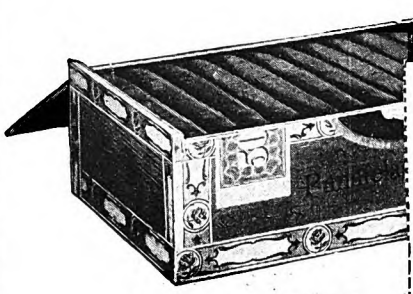
Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth $3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman $3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Actual Size and Shape



This coupon entitles you to a FREE TRIAL of my cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
30 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth $3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

Name.....

Address.....

Reference.....

Address.....

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Scientists discover health-giving power in simple Japan Tea

FOR those who suffer from "rheumatic" pains—

For those who have a sallow complexion—

For those who are "run down" and easily tired out—

For many of us—there is deep interest in the recent startling discoveries about Japan tea. Scientists have found in it an invaluable food element, a wonderful, health-giving property.

It is now believed that countless men and women may be missing the joys of perfect health just because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element—Vitamin C.

"Observations during the World War," writes one of the country's foremost scientists, "and my recollection of specific cases, all combine to suggest that *much of the so-called rheumatism which afflicts such a large part of our people* is due, at least in large part, to the use of a diet too poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains in the joints and limbs, usually mistaken for rheumatism.*"

Science has now found a rich source of health-giving Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea

A rich source of this precious element

Only a small number of foods, aside from *Japan green* tea—spinach and a few fruits and vegetables—contain this wonderful food element.

The amazing fact today established by science is the richness in this precious Vitamin C, of our old favorite drink, Japan green tea.

For that "tired feeling" which takes the pleasure out of life, for those so-called "rheumatic" twinges that spoil many a day, for the sallow skin you hate to see in the mirror, try this simple thing. Drink fragrant cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of their rich supply of the precious food element, Vitamin C. It is probable that they will build new vitality for you—that you will both feel and look more vigorous after a few weeks. Begin today drinking Japan green tea. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Bldg., Chicago.

and smiled, a smile which looked a trifle fierce in the twilight.

But Jess Rivers was neither a sober, sign-fearing citizen like Mr. Griffith, nor an impatient young rebel like Buller. She was a woman, and a young one, and she looked upon life as an entirely personal adventure. She simply *felt* what she ought to do.

"Let's go a new way!" she said.

Her fresh young voice, coming through the dusk, startled both the men.

"Certainly!" said Griffith gallantly, and as he turned to follow her, so did Buller. He did not want to, but he did.

IT WAS an incredible scene. They stopped short, all three of them, and stared in wonder. They had come by ways strange to them, down a mean street that ran past the rear of small shops and disorderly back yards, they had turned another corner—and stood now upon the threshold of a fairyland.

It was a short street, lined with little houses, their windows lit. And down the center hung a row of yellow lanterns, like fantastic moons against the dusky violet of the sky. And music was playing, a minuet of Chopin's, a gay and fragile air. Yet, in this street lit by lanterns and haunted by music, not a soul was to be seen; it was deserted in its elfin festivity.

"But . . . how strange!" cried Jess. "How lovely!"

Buller, who had ranged so largely about the world, understood the meaning of the scene; but when he looked at the girl's face, he forebore to speak. Let her have her moment of wonder, this girl who was a little like what Enid had been.

Mr. Griffith, however, had been for a long time a lonely man; he had almost forgotten what comradeship was, and remembered only the fatherly duty of explaining everything.

"I believe," he said, "it's what they call a 'block party.' Yes! There's a sign! 'The James Ponelli Association—Block Party—Dancing. Gents 25c. Extra Ladies 10c. All are Welcome.' Yes. . . . Of course it's too early yet. . . . And the music—that's a radio, in that little barber shop."

But he could not destroy the enchantment.

"It's lovely!" she said slowly. And it was, with the lanterns swinging in the windy May night and that delicate music floating out.

"Entirely proletarian," observed Buller, with a side glance at Griffith, the rich man, the plutocrat, oppressor of the poor.

Only, just at that moment Griffith did not look like a plutocrat. He looked like nothing in the world but a gray-haired, middle-aged man with a kindly face and rather innocent eyes.

"Come on!" said Buller impatiently, annoyed with himself for the sympathy that was growing upon him for this fellow.

So they went forward; they crossed the threshold of that tawdry fairyland. And the destined thing happened:

The door of one of the little houses opened, and a man came out, ran down the steps and approached Griffith.

"Come right in, sir," he said.

The light was shining on his face, and it was a desperate young face, pallid and strained, with hollow blue eyes, and a crest of fair hair above his forehead.

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"What's the trouble?" asked Griffith, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"She—it was an accident, sir," said the man. "She—fell—hurt her head. She—I don't want her to go to the hospital. . . . I was laid off two weeks ago, but I'll get a job pretty soon. An' if you'll leave me pay you sump'in every week—" He turned to Jess. "I don't think she'll need no nurse, lady," he said anxiously. "She's got her mother there."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said Griffith, in the same matter-of-fact tone. "I'm not the doctor."

"Maybe we can do something though," said Jess quickly. "Can I help?"

The man stared at her.

"I guess not," he said, slowly. "She's got her mother in there." He stopped. "Lord!" he cried, "but *she's* no good! . . . The way she carried on. Can't even leave her while I go after the doctor. It—it—" His voice broke. "Makes me sick!"

"I'll stay while you get a doctor," said Jess.

"No!" whispered Buller. "You can't. Don't be silly!"

"I wouldn't be long," said the man eagerly. "She on'y needs someone with sense, just to sit there—"

"No!" said Buller, aloud. "This young lady can't—"

"Oh, yes, I can!" said Jess. "I'd be glad to. In here?"

The man made no attempt to thank her.

"Aw' right!" he said. "This way." But the relief in his haggard face was enough for Jess. She turned to follow him into the house. Buller caught her arm.

"See here!" he said, very low, "you don't realize. . . . This may be a police-court case, this 'accident.' You don't know these people. I do. Keep out of this!"

"No," said Griffith unexpectedly. "No. . . . Don't worry, Buller. I'll go with Miss Rivers. Can't simply pass by, eh? I mean—don't worry. I'll stay too."

The young man was in the doorway, waiting, and Jess and Griffith went toward him. And Buller followed them.

"Darn folly!" he muttered. "There's going to be trouble. . . ."

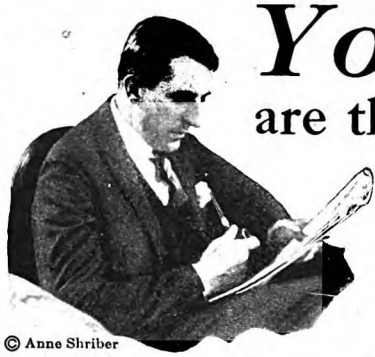
JESS RIVERS had never before been in a house like this, such a sorry little house, so poor and dim and dirty. A flickering gas-jet lighted a hall where the paper was curling off the walls, and in the air hung a depressing taint of burnt food, of dust, of dirt, of stale tobacco, of disinfectant. At the end of the passage, the man opened a door and went in, and Jess after him.

On the bed lay a girl, with a bandage 'round her head, a forlorn and disheveled little thing, but lovely in a dark, delicate way, and with a sort of valiant neatness and style to her cheap dress. Sitting on the foot of the bed was an old woman, a wild little witch of a creature, with gray hair all in disorder, a wizened brown face, and black eyes bright with terror.

"*Dottore!*" she cried, "you come! You see! He keel! He verra bad man! *Mia figlia* she verra seeck. You maka well. He ess bad—bad—"

"Shut up, Mommer!" said the girl faintly. "Don't pay no attention to her, mister. It was an accident."

The man was standing, leaning against the wall at the other side of the room. The girl turned her dark eyes toward him; they



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You
are the Man in the Picture

YOU are in one of two important classes

A—the class that make up their minds for themselves

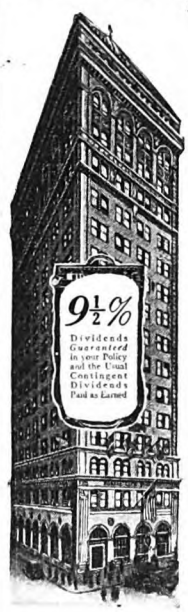
B—those who let others do it for them

Class A is growing larger and larger. A member of this class always knows his own mind; he has volitional energy which impels him sometimes to break with tradition, never violently, always quietly.

THE
Postal Life Insurance Co

makes its appeal to those who compose, or are about to enter, Class A

This appeal is made through advertising, which results in inquiries for policies. The Company sends illustrations, printed information and various data to be read by the inquirer, and to be studied and reflected upon by him. When he applies for the policy, the application is submitted direct and after the inquirer has made his decision himself.



Because he acts for himself and makes his decision without the assistance of a solicitor, agent, or any other middleman, he makes a saving for the Company for which the Company gives him credit and pays to him in a guaranteed 9½% dividend. What one policyholder has to say below is typical.

An Appreciative Letter

"For ten years I have been carrying a policy of $1,000 in .... Company; also a policy of $1,000 in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In.....Company the gross premium has been $28.11. On a similar policy in the Postal Life Insurance Company, $24.19. *Here is a saving of $3.92*, which is the equivalent of a guaranteed dividend.

I have also received in the Postal Life Insurance Company the promised *Guaranteed Dividend* of 9½%; contingent dividends are paid me as earned."

Many are the pleasant stories related by policyholders about this modern method of conducting the life insurance business. It is your warrant for dealing with the company. Its economies and benefits are available to *you*. The knowledge of them is now spread far afield, gaining for the Company a nationwide membership.

Write for information; get the glow of a personal satisfaction in acting for yourself and saving money.

The twenty-one years' experience of this Company have given more than in-looks; they record the results of careful tests put into practice in every department of the Company. They will have a telling effect in future years.

The Record Shows

There have been paid to policy beneficiaries $27,358,910:

On claims by death	$13,662,202
In maturing Endowments	1,763,092
In surrender values and dividends	3,774,204
In loans on policies	8,159,412

What Sustains and Helps the Record

Standard policy-reserves, resources	$14,000,000
Standard old-line legal reserve.	
Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.	
Operates under strict requirements of New York State and subject to United States Postal authorities everywhere.	
Insurance in force	$50,000,000

Simply use the Coupon, or write and say, "Mail me information as per your advertisement in The American Magazine." Be sure to give

1. Your Full Name; 2. Your Occupation; 3. Exact Date of Your Birth

All standard forms of Life and Endowment insurance are issued by this Company and information as to any of them will be gladly furnished.

When your inquiry reaches us no agent will be sent to visit you. We desire to cooperate with you *directly*, and have you think out with us your problems, from documentary matter submitted. Because we employ no agents the resultant commission savings go to you. It is the only non-agency life insurance company in America.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

WM. R. MALONE, *President*

511 Fifth Avenue, Corner, 43rd St., New York

American Mag. 4-28

Postal Life Insurance Co.,
511 Fifth Ave., New York

Without obligating me, send full particulars for my age.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Exact date of birth .....

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LUDEN'S

after smoking . . . quickly relieve tender throats . . . you need not cough

WHEN or if your favorite cigarette, cigar or pipe seems to irritate your throat—don't change your brand. Take a Luden's after smoking—let *Luden's Menthol Action* bring quick, cooling relief. Sweetens your breath, too—your mouth feels so clean.

LUDEN'S, Inc. : : Reading, Pa.

Sold everywhere in the triple-sealed yellow package.

5c

looked at each other—the strangest look, hard, bitter, yet filled with a secret understanding.

And only Griffith understood that look.

"You see what you've done!" That was what he read in the girl's glance. "All right! It's worse for you than for me, a thousand times. You're sick with shame and misery, and I'm glad. I'm glad! And yet I'm so sorry for you—so sorry, my heart is fit to break. Because I love you so!"

And he thought that in the man's hollow blue eyes he could read this:

"All right! You've won. You've conquered me. I've hurt you. I didn't mean to; but just for that moment I hated you. Perhaps I hate you now. But I love you. And I don't understand my love. It is a torment to me. I hated you for that moment—but I would die for you now. I'd give my life to spare you this, you that I hate and love and never understand!"

Mr. Griffith, the plutocrat, understood.

"It's real!" he was thinking.

AND his own life wasn't real any more, had not been for years and years. Not since his wife died. The anguish of his loss had been the last of the real things. After that, there had been only shadows, vexations, regrets, faint and transient things, nothing stirring and vital, nothing real, as this scene was real.

He remembered. It shocked him to remember, but he could not help it.

"Helen was a saint!" he said to himself, vehemently. "A saint!"

But he could not help remembering. She hadn't been a saint, that day so many years ago. No! She had been furious, called him a 'beast,' said she was going to leave him, even started out of the house. He had utterly forgotten what the quarrel was about; he remembered only her blazing anger and his own bitterness. And their dismay, their grief afterward, that they should so have hurt each other. She had cried in his arms, and he had tried to comfort her, and begged her to forgive him, if she could. Such a long time ago, and so many years of faithful love had followed it. . . .

"We were both very young," he thought. "My dear girl, my Helen. . . . Both of us very young. And it never happened again. Helen, my dear—my dear."

Then he thought of his daughter.

"Nina," he thought. "Without her mother . . . such a good girl. . . . I haven't realized. I've expected too much. I've been hard. . . . That coat! Lord forgive me! I told her I was disappointed in her. . . . That boy of mine. . . . Good children both of them. Helen's children."

His eyes turned to Miss Rivers, bending over the bed.

"My boy," he thought. "He was beginning to care for her—and I tried to stop him. Told him he was no good. But—but he's young! Why didn't I remember that? He's young. It's his time for love. . . . And what's his crime, after all? He spends a little too much money. Lord forgive me, what does that amount to? He works hard. He'll settle down before long. He's young, and I'm old. Why shouldn't I help him? Let him marry now. She's a good, sweet girl. . . . My children. . . . I kick about their bills. Suppose I *couldn't* help 'em? Suppose it had to be like this, for them?"

Suppose it was his daughter lying here in this squalid room, in want, in pain, facing the hardest realities of life with the pitiful wisdom of youth. Suppose that were his son, worn by crushing responsibilities, ill-equipped, untrained?

A sort of panic seized him. He wanted to dash out of this house and go home to Nina and Jack, wanted, longed, for the sight of their cheerful young faces; wanted to see them in the safety he had won for their youth. They would have their black hours to face, their troubles, their bewilderments; everyone did. But, thank God, he had been able to give them their chance to develop in safety, to grow strong and wholesome. And happy.

Again he looked at Jess Rivers.

"A fine girl," he thought. "What was it she had said? What was it?"

He frowned, struggling to remember something. "This Road is Closed." Was that it? The old, the familiar road closed?

Suppose he couldn't ever go back?

Suppose something had happened, so that he couldn't go back to Nina and Jack, couldn't help them any more, never had a chance to revoke what he had said that morning? A "disappointment." . . .

Jess saw Mr. Griffith go out of the room with the man; she saw them stop in the dim hall, saw Griffith speaking, and the younger man's face light with a new hope.

"He's a darling old thing!" she thought.

The old woman was leaning forward and talking to her in a passionate whisper.

"Verra bad man! Alla time he no like! No lika eat! Alla time say no good—"

"Oh, Mommer, fer Pete's sake!" said the girl wearily. "Joe's aw' right," she explained to Jess. "On'y him an' Mommer don't get on so good. Mommer's Eyetalian, an' Joe, he's Amurrican. He don't like what she cooks an' all." She closed her eyes for a moment. "An' he don't like it all so kinda dirty. On'y, I go out to work, an' I can't—Mommer's aw' right. She's bin awful good to me."

Tears were running from her closed lids; she set her lips grimly. And Jess Rivers understood.

SHE knew how it was with this girl. She loved her man; but she loved the poor old woman too.

"And it hurts her horribly," thought Jess. "This dirt and squalor. *She's* American; she's at home here. But her mother never can be. She's foreign. . . . The husband can't understand. Think how it must hurt!"

Suppose it were her mother, living in the house of a stranger, every weakness, every smallest, most pitiful failing exposed to hostile eyes? She glanced at the old woman, and in that wizened face she had her first glimpse of the tragedy of the old. To be old; to long to help, and to find that help undesired; to be confused and weary and lonely. . . .

"Mother!" she thought, with a stab of pain. "I've thought it was hard for me when she's lost things and forgotten things. But what must it be for her? I'm always talking about 'taking care' of her; and what she wants is to take care of me. That was her whole life for years and years. She was the strong one, the indispensable one—and I've tried to take all that away from her. . . . Oh, my poor little mother! It's late. She'll be so

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worried. I'm all she has. Suppose something had happened to me, and I never could get back to her? I want to tell her. . . . *I want Mother!*"

"He just gimme a kinda shove," the girl was saying. "He didn't mean no harm. He was mad, said he was goin' to quit, an' I grabbed a-holt on him, an' he jest tried to get away, like—an' I fell. He didn't mean to hurt me."

"NO," thought Buller; "we never do, do we?"

He had not said one word. He stood in a corner of the room, his arms folded, and he had been looking on steadily.

"This is a home," he thought, "where no one bothers too much about domestic details. This ought to suit me!"

His restless glance once more circled the room, noting the dirt, the discomfort, the ugliness.

"Enid in a gingham apron," he thought. "The decency, the *honor*, there is in cleanliness. . . . I wanted to—to wallow. I talked about my precious mind, that mustn't be bothered by shelves and casseroles and clean linen and so on. Enid—poor little angel I've entertained unawares—I told her the house was 'vile.'"

He almost groaned.

"I've spoiled everything! The 'first real home she's ever had.' . . . I didn't understand, because I didn't want to. It's her profound and beautiful instinct to want a home. She was willing enough to work, poor plucky little kid, but she wanted her home. And what is it, anyhow? A wretched little jerry-built house, full of instalment-plan furniture. . . . And she doesn't realize what a precarious lease she has, even on that."

A sort of horror came over him; the sweat broke out on his forehead from his great fear.

"Nothing but me, and my two hands, and whatever wits I have. Nothing but me between my girl and the world. If I fail her—she'll have to turn out again—get a job—lose that home. Nobody—nothing but me! I'm not big enough for that!"

There came to him a vision of Enid on a rainy day, a year ago. He had met her for dinner at a little table d'hôte: he remembered so well how thin and tired she had looked, for all her jolly smile. And how angry he had been because her feet were wet.

"You ought to have sense enough to wear rubbers!" he had said. But he had been thinking that she shouldn't be obliged to go out at all, in such weather, that she ought to be safe in a home of her own. Suppose she had to go out again now, in rain and wind and snow, earning her bread, shabby and tired?

"If anything happened to me—" he thought. "Well, by heaven, it sha'n't! I won't let anything happen! I *will* take care of her! She'll keep her home!"

Again he looked about the miserable room in which he stood.

"I'm homesick!" he said to himself, with a blank little smile.

"Here's the doctor," said Mr. Griffith briskly. "We brought him in my car. And I thought we'd all go back in it, eh? Soon as we hear the opinion."

Jess and Buller joined him in the hall to wait for the doctor's report.

"Who's that?" asked Buller, looking

IN THE CASE OF

The People vs. Caffein

22,152* witnesses say . . .

"My nervousness vanished when I changed to Postum!"

NONE of these 22,152 men and women was seriously ill. Yet all were below their best, mentally and physically. Something was getting on their nerves—*literally*. Something that made them cross and irritable at home and at work. Something that cut down their efficiency, and cost them friends.

One by one, they decided to try a simple change in diet. They eliminated caffein from their diet for thirty days—and drank Postum instead. Before the thirty days were up, every one of the 22,152 was convinced! Nervousness had vanished. They slept better—ate better—*felt worlds better!* They became regular Postum users.

Make This Test!

Perhaps you, too, suffer from restless nights, and worried, harassed days. Perhaps you, too, find yourself fretful and short-tempered—annoyed by trifles you used to laugh at.

You may never have thought to blame caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals. But make the test these others made—and see! Let Postum be your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then judge!

You'll miss nothing in enjoyment! For Postum is a delightful drink in its own right—with a full-bodied, distinctive flavor millions prefer to that of any other. Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. A drink that never keeps you awake, never frays your nerves, or causes headaches and indigestion, as caffein often does.

Carrie Blanchard, the famous food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test of Postum.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED P.—A.M.—4-28
Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

*This figure includes only Postum users who have written us within the last few months. Their letters, as well as thousands received previously, are in our files.

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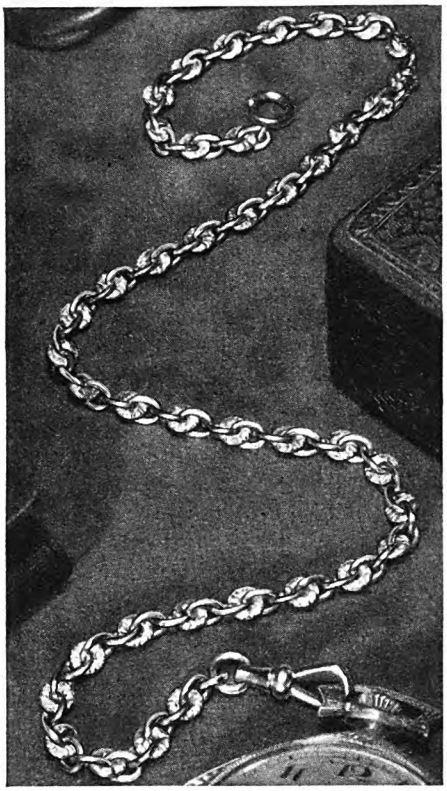

A modern watch deserves a chain in character

PERHAPS the chain you are wearing now was given to you. Or perhaps you picked it at random, with no thought of the watch to which it would be attached. . . . Whatever the design of your watch, there is a Simmons Chain that will seem to you expressly made for it. . . . A new chain costs very little.

Simmons Chains, made of seamless gold-filled wire, manufactured under our own patents in our own factory, may be obtained in natural gold, green gold or white gold. Priced from $4 to $15. The chain shown here is a Waldemar, No. 29587. Price, $11.25. Your jeweler will be glad to show you his complete assortment. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

toward the corner where Jess stood talking to some other man.

"My son," said Griffith. "He drove the car. A good boy. A—good—boy."

His voice trailed away, his glance grew absent. Two young people, at the very beginning of things. . . . And in that squalid room, two other young people who had begun so cruelly handicapped.

"I'll help 'em!" he thought. "All four of 'em. Why not, eh? I ought to, I've had the best there is in life. Helen—the best."

"You know," said young Griffith to Jess, "when I saw you there, by that girl, I—I couldn't *tell* you how you looked!"

"I wasn't doing the least bit of good," said Jess reluctantly. "It may have been decorative, but it certainly wasn't useful."

"You don't know," said he. "It might do . . . someone any amount of good if you . . . if you were just *there*."

The doctor came out.

"Nothing serious," he said. "Rest and care," and he gave his directions to Mr. Griffith.

"I've sent for a nurse," said Griffith. "And now, home, eh? *Chez-vous*—that's what the French say?"

So they went. And it seemed to them that the old, the familiar road was not closed to them. They thought that nothing had happened, that they could take up again the same lives. On their street were the three lighted houses, waiting.

But they were wrong. Something had happened. They had seen; each of them had taken one step along a *new* road.

Do You Believe in Luck? I Do

(*Continued from page 16*)

floor. He put the certificates in his box and forgot them. One day he boarded the train in Syracuse for New York, and found himself in the smoking car beside his banker friend.

"Do you still have your stock in the Smith Company?" asked the banker.

The manufacturer said he had.

"I suppose you know that the common is selling for three hundred and fifty dollars a share?"

"Three hundred and fifty a share!" exclaimed the manufacturer incredulously. "You mean that I have a profit of thirty-five thousand dollars?"

"Exactly."

"I'm going to sell it as soon as I get off the train."

"Not so fast," the banker advised. "It's going to be worth a lot more than thirty-five thousand dollars."

But the manufacturer said that he was not piggish. Thirty-five thousand was more than he had ever expected to make without working for it, in his whole life.

The banker, seeing that he could not be persuaded, said: "All right, I'll buy your stock myself." The deal was closed.

PRESENTLY the manufacturer resumed the conversation by asking, "What new ground-floor propos'tion are you fellows working on now?"

"We're about to bring out the Jones Automobile Company," the banker said. "And we think it will go very much bigger."

To make a long story short, before the manufacturer reached New York he had agreed to invest the thirty-five thousand dollars from the sale of his Smith stock in the new Jones stock. Both were promoted by the same interests. The Jones stock would seem to be better, since the crowd had already gained its experience in the Smith company. The advice was equally friendly in each instance and came directly from "the inside." Yet the Smith stock, if the manufacturer had held it, would be worth more than half a million dollars to-day. And the Jones stock went to zero, and was called upon to pay assessment. And all because the manufacturer happened on that day to take that particular train; and met his good friend the banker.

Such "happenstance" incidents are no small part of the fascination of the game of business. One never knows, when he enters an elevator or tears open an envelope or picks up the telephone, what new trick of fortune may be about to be played. Every day is a new series of adventures; around the next corner may lie the event that will change a whole career.

THE Editor and I were talking about it at luncheon one day.

"It would be easy to be superstitious," he said. "Take my own case for an example. I was working on a New York newspaper. One day I ran across a good little human-interest story. I wrote it and put it into an envelope and addressed it to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I had never sent the magazine anything before; I knew no one connected with its editorial staff.

"By what piece of fortune was it that my little manuscript happened to arrive at the very time when the editors were discussing their need of a newspaper man who could do some special articles? My stofy was laid on the desk in the very midst of the discussion. They sent for me, and hired me, and here I still am."

It was quite a long speech for him to make, his habit being not to talk about himself but to encourage his contributors to talk. So he added immediately:

"How about yourself? Did you get into advertising because you planned it? Or was it an accident with you?"

"Accident," I answered truthfully. "The two principal decisions in my business life hung on very tiny threads of circumstances."

"That's a good start," said the Editor. "Go ahead and tell the story."

The story begins on the Sunday preceding Commencement Day of the year in which I got my diploma from Amherst College.

My plans for the future were all made. I had always been fond of history, and one evening, about a year before, the warm-hearted old professor who was head of the history department had asked me to call on him at his home. After beating around the bush in his genial fashion, he had said: "I want to talk to you about

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How to tell if you want a new watch

Maybe you want a new watch and don't know that you do. Here is a way to tell.

Does the sight of a beautiful new watch in a jeweler's window attract you—stop you—fascinate you?

Do you instinctively pause to look at it?

Do you glance to see if the price is displayed before you move on?

If so, you have a deep, unconscious *want* for a new watch, and either you or your family should do something about it right away.

For remember this: No man ever *did* buy a beautiful and accurate watch, and then regretted it. No man—no woman—was ever heard to say: "What a fool I was to buy so accurate a watch as a Hamilton!"

You really *do* want a new watch.

So next time, go a step farther than window-shopping. Go inside.

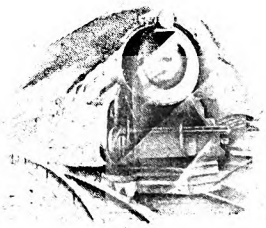
Your jeweler can show you the Hamilton Watch in many models—strap or pocket, for men or women, in cases of filled gold, solid gold and platinum—at prices that range from $48 to $685.

Two booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch," will be mailed on request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Top . . . . Man's Strap Model, The "Square." *A shape in increasing vogue—especially among men who appreciate that rare combination of accuracy and smart appearance in their strap watches. In filled gold or 14k engraved, $57 and $87. Also at $55 and $85 in plain cases.*

Center . . . . Man's Strap Model, The "Oval." *Quite smart, quite new, quite sturdy is the new Hamilton "Oval" strap model in either filled or 14k green or white gold. Fitted with the exceptionally accurate Hamilton strap watch movement. Plain at $55 and $85; engraved at $57 and $87.*

Below . . . . The Brunswick Model. *Designed with an eye to tomorrow—but not at all ornate. 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, $112 to $172. Other Hamilton Models at $48 upwards.*



Hamilton *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

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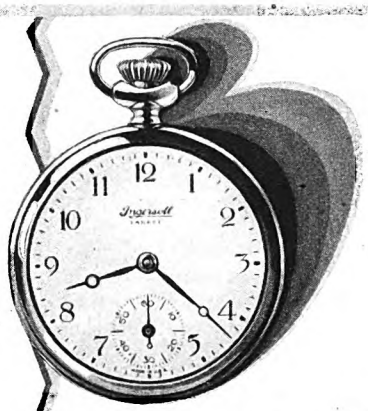

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YANKEE

The most famous and popular watch in the world! Over sixty million people in the last thirty-five years have had dependable time and sturdy service from their Ingersoll Yankee Watches. A handful of value at a pinch of cost. Yankee Radiolite $2.25.

$1.50

Ingersoll
TYPE-T
ALARM CLOCK

It's going to be just as popular in the alarm clock field as the Yankee is in the watch world. It is priced the same and it has the Yankee qualities of reliability and sturdiness. A half-dozen good looks features such as heavy rolled edge case; mat finish metal dial; antique handle. Knob alarm switch for convenience.
Height 5⅝". Radiolite $2.25.

the teaching of history as your life work," and proceeded to paint the joys and satisfactions of a teacher's life. I left the old professor's house with the fixed idea that I was soon to begin my career as an instructor of history.

In this satisfied and contented frame of mind I was stretched out on the lawn of the fraternity house, with half a dozen other men, that beautiful Sunday afternoon.

People were circulating around—parents, sweethearts, alumni of all ages—but we were lordly seniors, and gave them little attention. Presently, however, I noted a curious figure, a rather short man of more than middle years, with graying hair and a considerable stomach. His suit was decidedly old; his straw hat was yellow and broken about the brim; a cheap little necktie flapped against his faded shirt. He carried a rough cane, and seemed to have a slight impediment in his walk. All in all, he was not an impressive figure. I felt a momentary pity for him, as I lay there, cloaked in the senior's complacent self-assurance.

I said to myself: "Here is a poor old alumnus who has saved his pennies for many years in order to make the trip back to the reunion. If I don't speak to him, nobody else will, and he will go home to his wife and tell her that the spirit of the fraternity isn't what it used to be, that the undergraduates are self-centered and snobbish, and that he didn't have a good time."

So I got up and met him as he reached the steps.

"Good afternoon," he puffed. "I am a very unworthy member of this fraternity. My name is Curtis, of the Hudson Chapter."

To myself I said: "You certainly are an unworthy member. If a college education doesn't enable a man to get a better suit of clothes than yours, after a quarter of a century of work, there must be something the matter." But outwardly I was very cordial. I invited him to come into the house and be at home and sign his name in the guest book.

Looking over his shoulder as he wrote, I saw:

"William E. Curtis, Washington, D. C."

I gasped.

"You aren't *the* William E. Curtis, are you?" I asked. "The man who writes every day in the Chicago 'Record Herald'?"

HE acknowledged it, with a little show of pleasure, and immediately I thanked my lucky stars that I had not let external appearances keep me from being decent. For, as many readers will remember, William E. Curtis was the greatest newspaper correspondent of his day. For years, his articles appeared every morning in the left-hand column of the front page of the "Record Herald." His contract with the paper gave him a large salary, generous traveling expenses, a man secretary, plus the freest-roving commission that any correspondent ever had. He could go anywhere in the whole wide world, as long as he wrote to the paper every day and told where he was and what he was seeing. Thus he had traveled in every country, and was the personal friend of kings, emperors, and prime ministers. Roosevelt regarded him as a trusted adviser, and on more than one important occasion was led to alter a state policy because of his counsel. To hundreds of thousands of people in the Middle West his daily article was the most important thing in the morning, next to breakfast.

I asked him what he was doing in Amherst, and he said that he had decided to visit the New England colleges at Commencement time, and write about them to the folks back home.

For the next two or three days I saw him frequently, and he asked me to contribute a few hundred words to one of his articles as an interview from a student on the subject of college fraternities. When the interview reached the desk of the editor in Chicago he noticed that I was a Chicago boy, and so he dug up a photograph of me and ran it in connection with the interview. On the day it appeared, a certain magazine publisher was riding in to Chicago from his country home in Lake Geneva. He saw the picture and read the rather kindly caption under it, and wrote me a letter inviting me to call on him. Some weeks later I made the call.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

I told him I was going to take some graduate work and prepare myself to teach history. He argued that I was making a mistake, that I ought to have a year of business experience first.

THE upshot was that I agreed to try it for a year. At the end of that time I was so happily immersed in the publishing business—certainly one of the most exciting in the world—that the college campus had entirely faded from the picture.

So it happened that I became a writer instead of a college professor. Why? Because I happened to be lying under a tree in front of a fraternity house on a certain afternoon when a badly dressed stranger came up the walk. Because of all the men who were stretched out there I happened to be the one who got up and spoke to him. Because a magazine publisher, riding in from his summer home, happened to read the "Record Herald" that morning instead of the "Tribune."

Many years later I was riding on a train between New Orleans and Atlanta with George W. Perkins and John R. Mott. We were making a swing around the country, setting up the organization which was to collect the largest sum of money ever given by any nation as a free-will offering—the giant war-work fund for the support of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the four other war-work agencies. Part of the plan was to be a campaign by the boys of the country, to whose efforts we looked for several million dollars. The man who was responsible for this part of the organization came up and sat down beside me in the train.

"What are you going to do to get publicity for the boys' work?" he asked.

"I am going to get hold of the best assistant I can find," I answered, "and turn that job over to him and forget it. If you know anybody who could handle the thing," I said, "and who would work congenially with you, I'll try to get him. I have nobody in mind."

He said: "There's a young man named Osborn, in Buffalo, who is in the advertising business and who has a genius for this sort of thing. He has handled the

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publicity for all the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. campaigns there. I wish you could persuade him to come along."

"I'll wire him at once," I answered.

As soon as we reached Atlanta I walked over to the telegraph desk in the lobby of the Piedmont Hotel and sent a telegram to Alex F. Osborn, Buffalo, asking him if he could meet me on our arrival in New York. Osborn came.

There was another advertising man in the campaign, Roy S. Durstine by name, and we three were thrown very intimately together. In fact, when the campaign was over we knew each other more intimately than if we had spent four years in college together. So it was natural that we should decide to put ourselves on a peace basis together.

Thus it came about that the firm of Barton, Durstine and Osborn was formed —the second important step in my business life. Because of a chance meeting on the train, and a telegram sent from Atlanta to Buffalo to a man whose name I had never even heard.

SINCE such little happenings change great events, who can regard his own puny will or effort as a source of pride? Who can fail to be humbly grateful for whatever luck has turned his steps into pleasant paths, or can deny his obligation to those who may have worked just as diligently, but to whom the breaks have not come?

It has been remarked very often that when you meet a really big man you almost invariably find a simple man, devoid of pride and arrogance. One reason for it lies in the fact that every man in a big position knows in his own heart that forces entirely outside himself have played a large part in his making. He himself is only partly responsible. But I think it safe to conclude that breaks tend to happen to those who are prepared to receive them. And that even in the luckiest lives it still is true that there is no substitute for work. I talked with the president of a very large corporation one night. I asked him about his life.

"It's been just a series of accidents," he said simply. And he went on to tell how, in looking around for a job after graduation from college, he happened into the shops of a struggling little company on the outskirts of New York. It made a product which was beginning to be used by various manufacturers, but progress was slow.

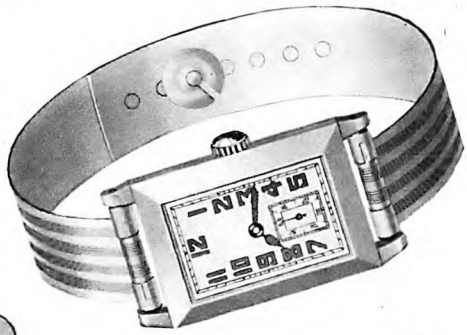
Then suddenly came the automobile, demanding great quantities of the product. Production and profits leaped forward. My friend's father had been successful as a merchant, and had retired with a snug fortune of about $200,000. He took $150,000 and invested it in "absolutely safe securities." The other $50,000 he dropped with fear and trembling into this new-fangled business of his son.

See now what curious things happen in this supposedly sound and sensible business world. The $150,000 which the father had put into absolutely safe securities proved a total loss. But there came a merger including the son's company in which the father had risked his $50,000, and father and son together sold out for more than ten million dollars.

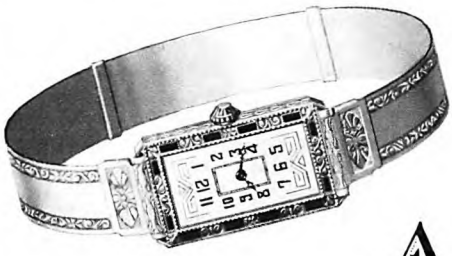
The promoter who formed the merger

Amazon Model, for women. Opens in the center, easily adjusted, fastened by a safety lock. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $18; decorated, $23. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50

Olympian Model, for men. Expands to slip over the hand, readily adjusted, secured by a snap lock. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $28; decorated, $30. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50



Ben Hur Model, for men. Opens in the center, easily adjusted, fastened by a special safety lock. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $25; decorated, $27. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50



Athena Model, for women. Expands to slip over the hand, readily adjusted, and locks securely. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $20; decorated, $25. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50

Add comfort, smartness, convenience

to your strap or wrist watch

Practical, durable, economical, a Wadsworth Watch Band can be attached by your jeweler, in just one minute to any modern strap or wrist watch.

It is made in 14-kt. white or green solid gold or gold filled to harmonize with your watch. It will therefore wear and keep its beauty as long as the watch itself, eliminating all strap or ribbon replacements.

It will always be clean, bright, sanitary, cool and non-binding, for it can not absorb perspiration and can not tarnish. It will keep your watch safe from loss by accidental cutting or tearing of strap or ribbon.

It will prove a daily convenience, permitting you to slip your watch on or off quickly and easily.

The mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside a watch band is a recognized assurance of long wear and lasting beauty, of finest materials and workmanship.

Wadsworth Watch Bands, in a variety of designs for men and women, are shown at all good jewelers'. Ask to see how a Wadsworth Band looks and feels on your wrist.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, O.
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

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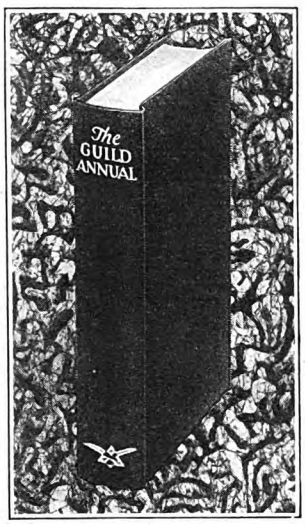

HERE is the secret of the Literary Guild's success! The whole amazing story of its growth from a new, untried *idea* to a successfully operating organization of *more than 38,000 enthusiastic members.*

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA has finished its first year of existence *alone* in its field; the only organization in America that gives its members twelve outstanding, important, worth while books a year *at half price!*

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found that he could not administer it, so he invited our friend to come back and take charge of the whole big proposition. Later, the merger went into a still bigger merger, and again there were difficulties of administration, and again the eyes of the directors happened to light on the young man.

THIS is the story he told me that night as we sat in the rear end of a private car, speeding between Buffalo and Pittsburgh. "Just a series of accidents," he repeated. There was no pretense in that statement, no false modesty. He honestly believed that favorable circumstances have been the principal factor in his career. But I was with him on that private car for a week, and I had a pretty good opportunity to see him at close range.

We were visiting the dealers who represented his tremendous company. Every morning we woke up to find our car in a new city. We had breakfast at seven; we left the car at eight. Until twelve o'clock the president was in the office of one dealer after another, asking questions, digging into difficulties, encouraging criticism, trying to get facts on which the corporation could base sounder and more efficient policies. At twelve-thirty there was a luncheon in the hotel, attended by dealers from surrounding cities and towns, sometimes several hundred of them. The president spoke.

And after luncheon he sat in a room and received those men, one at a time, went over figures with them, discussed their problems, and encouraged them to draw on his energy and enthusiasm to the limit. At dinner time we had another group of men, with a fresh set of problems. After dinner, on the car, the district representatives would gather for a discussion of their hopes and worries.

The multimillionaire's life may have been "just a series of accidents." But he was always on his toes to take advantage of them. He was always giving his heart and soul to the work at hand and keeping his eyes wide open.

Many men fail to cash in on their luck because they get discouraged and quit too soon.

One of my friends in New York has the reputation for being decidedly lucky. His career is a romance which deserves a whole article, but these are the high spots: He was working for a shoe company in New England when he had a nervous breakdown which compelled him to travel for a year. On a boat he fell in with a young Englishman who was visiting a tropical country to study rubber, and he decided to go along. He became enthusiastic about rubber, and, returning to this country, persuaded one of the big rubber companies to buy some plantations and produce its own raw material. Subsequently, he became a director of this company, and when he retired from it sold his interests for several million dollars. These millions he put into the oil business, from which he accumulated a very much larger fortune.

Wonderful luck, you say. Nothing like that could happen to one man in a million. It could never happen to me. But I have omitted two important little details in this narrative. When he came back from that first trip to the rubber plantations, and attempted to interest an American company he was, to use his own words, "literally thrown out of the office day after day." As often as he was thrown out, he returned. Every morning he was on the front porch, waiting to be kicked off again. Finally, his very persistence won an interview; the chairman of the board was curious to see what sort of human being could stand so many rebuffs. Out of that interview came his start in the rubber business.

As for his fortune in oil, it did not come until the last dollar of his rubber fortune had gone into what seemed to be a hopeless dry hole. I mean this literally and without a particle of exaggeration. Hundreds of thousands, even millions, had gone. He was living on borrowed money, dodging creditors, compelled to adopt the most embarrassing sort of expedients to keep afloat. Friends told him he was crazy. They urged him with all their power to give up while he still had something left. He turned a deaf ear to them all. He believed that the oil was there, and that, if he could hold out long enough, he would find it. He was actually on a train to see his principal creditor and beg for a few days' extension on his note—the last possible extension—when a telegram announcing that oil had been struck was handed to him. He has been very lucky, people say; but without his dogged determination he would never have lasted long enough to realize on his luck.

THERE is a third factor in luck, as I observe it, and that is the habit of thought. Henry Ford said one time: "Thinking is the hardest work there is." He added that he could find plenty of men to execute and administer, but hardly anybody who could think.

The amount of thinking in the average office, as contrasted with the amount of work that goes forward as a result of mere routine, is probably much less than one per cent. The lucky men may have a lot of routine to handle, but they are not buried by it. Somehow, sometime, either in the day or at night or on the golf course, or somewhere, they force their minds to meet the question: "How can I get myself so organized that if Luck pays a visit to my establishment I shall be there, and free to entertain the call?"

Finally, I am quite convinced that luck likes minds that have not closed. It knocks at many doors that are locked against it. The mind inside has learned a few business tricks by which its owner is making a living, and it has shut itself against any new ideas. The owner still may be a young man in years, but mentally he is old; and the happy circumstance that might mean fortune to a mind more alert is allowed by him to slip away.

What inspiration there is in a mind like Edison's, which keeps right on in eager search for new truth, even after the body has registered the wear and tear of more than eighty years! What an inspiration to see Henry Ford at an age when most men are resting on their laurels, tackling gayly the total reconstruction of his tremendous enterprise! Such men cannot fail to get more than their measure of luck, for the front door of their intelligence is always open, and on the doormat in blazing letters is the "welcome" sign.

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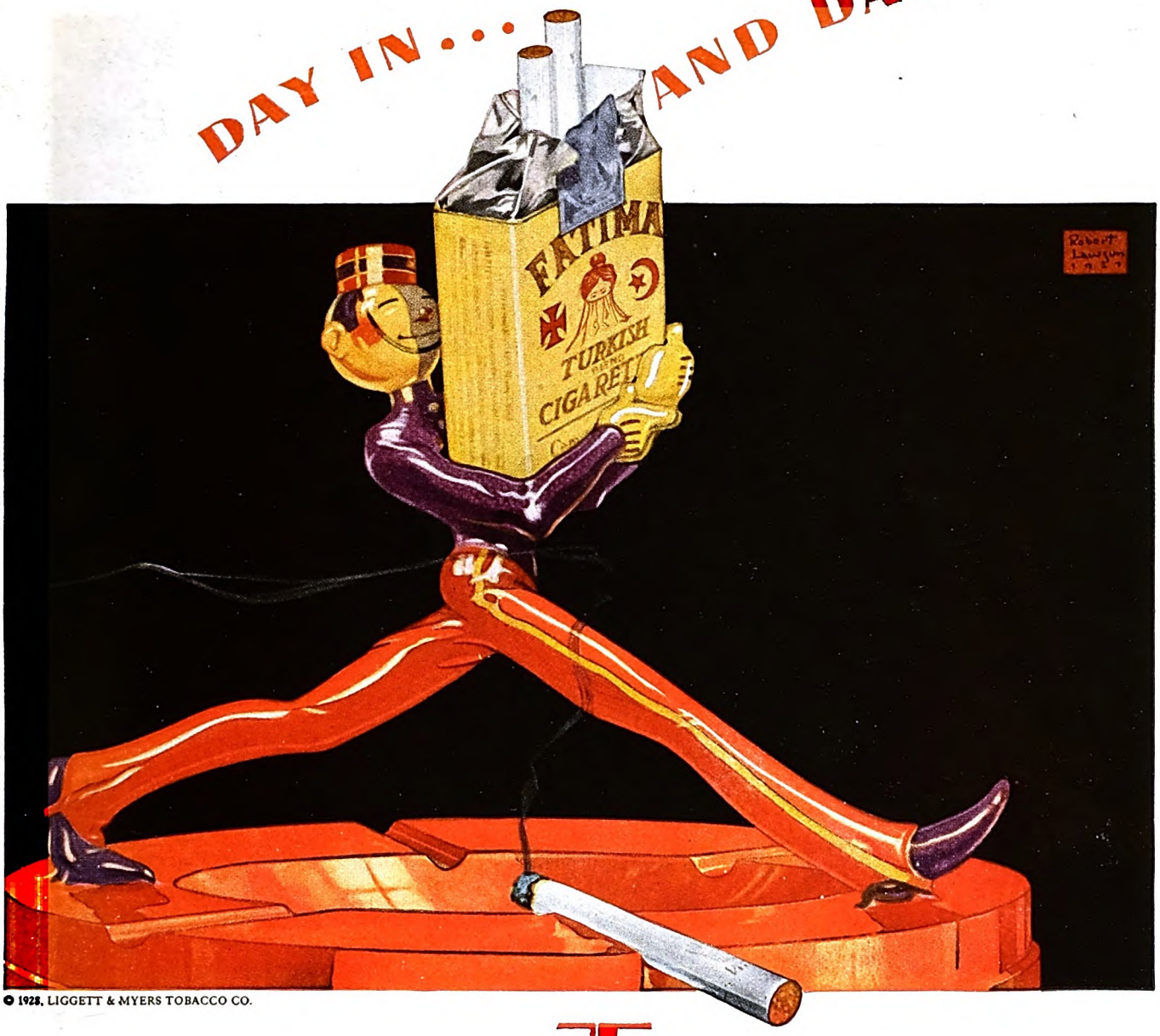
DAY IN . . . AND DAY OUT . .



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The call for Fatima comes from those smokers who are glad to pay for "the difference" — who are glad that there is a difference to pay for. And what a whale of a difference it is!

FATIMA

Outstanding favorite among higher priced cigarettes

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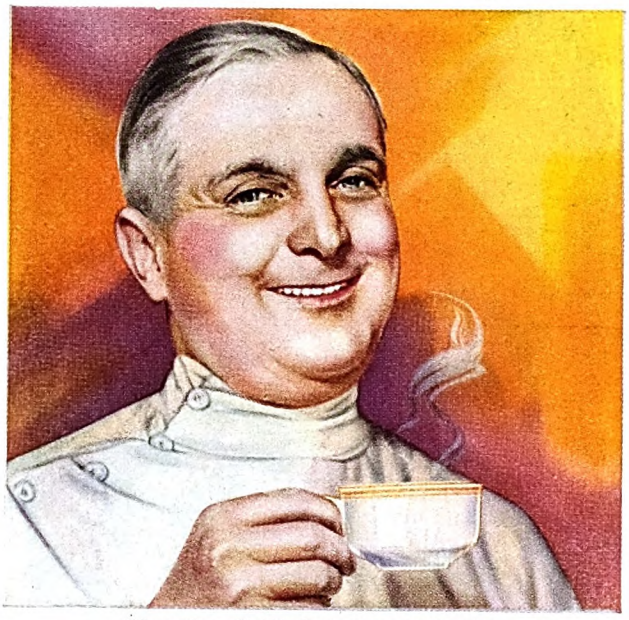
You, too, can enjoy

Instant Sleep — *the kind that gives you All-Day Energy*

(without drugs)



More than 20,000 doctors recommend it

We offer this 3-day test

WHEN you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

If so, don't ever take drugs in order to sleep. For drugs never do give restful sleep. They always make you feel "logy" and dull the next day.

Today there is no need for using drugs. For you can now drink a *pure* food-beverage called Ovaltine that gives you instant restful sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it not only because it induces sleep in a *natural* way, but also because they value so highly its special concentrated food properties which build up and restore your tired mind and body as you sleep.

Hence, morning finds you a new man. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test. To let you prove what we claim. Note how much better you sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

FIRST—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows. And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed, abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

Brighter, more enjoyable evenings this way

Listless evenings are generally caused by exhausted energy. Ovaltine brings restoring sleep that gives energy that outlasts the day. Mr. Mitchell says:

"I was in a run-down condition—could not sleep at night. Since taking Ovaltine I feel 100% better; sleep very well and do not tire during the day." *C. Mitchell, Hibbing, Minn.*

Here's sleep that brings ambitious days

Ovaltine brings the kind of sleep that gives you tireless stamina. Mr. Pelican found:

"Before I used Ovaltine I didn't know what a good night's sleep was. Now I sleep every night and feel much more like working. Ovaltine is wonderful." *F. H. Pelican, Philadelphia, Pa.*

For that refreshed glow when you wake up

Mr. Eldridge writes:

"I am under a heavy nervous and physical strain every day. Ovaltine produces sleep that makes me wake up refreshed. No more brain fag." *W. H. Eldridge, Bronx, New York City.*

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER CO., Dept. A-7,
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

One package to a person

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 65*)

mind she saw him as clearly as though she were gazing into his face, and during that ride she was aware of little else.

She knew now that she had loved him since those first days on Sani'gilagi; that by then Gilbert Barradell had become a phantom which still seemed real but which had no reality. She wondered vaguely that she had not recognized sooner the change which had been taking place in her; and she thought with wonder —wonder which was not vague but sharp and almost awe-inspiring—of the tremendous revelation which had come to her suddenly in that dreadful moment in the moonlit meadow when she saw Lachlan battling with Falcon, and believed that he was lost to her forever.

Yes, these things were cause for wonder, and, dreaming thus, she wondered at them. But in the fact that she who had loved Gilbert Barradell now loved Lachlan McDonald she found nothing strange. All that had gone before seemed unreal, childish, utterly unimportant. Her life had begun when Lachlan McDonald came into it.

MILE after mile the buffalo path wound through the splendid virgin forest of the mountains and the upper foothills; and mile after mile Jolie rode on, seeing little, hearing little of what passed around her.

Suddenly Almayne flung up his hand and jerked his horse to a halt. Then, with a quick motion of his arm urging haste, he wheeled to the right out of the buffalo path, riding diagonally up the steep wooded slope, the others following. Behind a kalmia thicket well above the path, he halted them.

"Watch the path," he whispered.

For perhaps a minute they waited. Then from below came a muffled snort and, later, a dull thudding, as of hoofs. Gazing through a gap in the kalmia foliage, Jolie saw the huge bulk of a buffalo bull in the path below, another and another and another—bulls, cows, and calves, plodding onward in single file until two hundred or more had passed.

Almayne watched them eagerly, anxiously. Finally, when the last of them had vanished, he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"I feared that when they smelled our traces they would break into the woods," he said. "Luck's with us. They will wipe out our tracks in the buffalo path."

For a moment he sat his horse, thinking deeply, tugging at his white mustache, his lean brown hand fingering his rifle. Then, with a gruff word to his piebald pony, he led the way along the mountainside, turning at last not down toward the path, but up the slope through the woods toward the ridge's summit. Presently he beckoned Lachlan, and the latter rode forward and joined him.

"A mile beyond the divide," he said, "we can strike the old trading road, leading to the river ford and thence to the Fort. The road is hard and broad and we can make speed. What think you, lad? Shall we keep to the woods or risk a dash in the open?"

Lachlan, pondering the question, saw the hunter's face grow suddenly tense, saw his lips frame a smothered exclamation, saw the long black rifle leap to his shoulder. Almost instantly came the rifle's hollow crash, and next moment from the forest ahead of them rang out a long, quavering yell.

Almayne, his eyes like blue embers, flung up his hand in a gesture commanding silence. For a few moments they waited, breathless and rigid; then from far behind and below came a long whoop, tremulous, musical, indescribably menacing.

Almayne swore huskily.

"I winged him," he growled; "but he gave the signal and they heard it. They were closer behind us than I thought. We must ride for it now!"

Jolie touched Lachlan's arm.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Almayne saw a Cherokee scout and wounded him," Lachlan told her quickly. "He must have come through the woods while the others followed the buffalo path. They heard his signal and they are coming. We must strike for the old trading road and make a dash for the Fort."

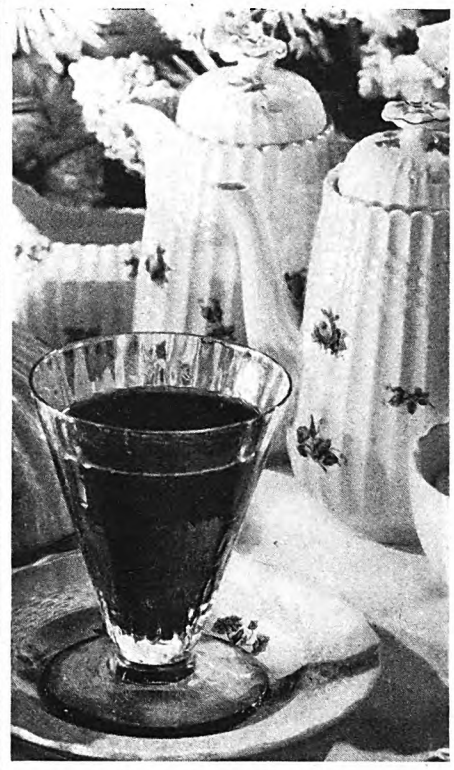
Already Almayne's pony was crashing through the underbrush as his rider urged him up the slope. Lachlan leaned over and pressed his lips to Jolie's forehead. For an instant she clung to him. Then she bent forward over Selu's neck as he plunged through the thicket in the path that Almayne had broken. As her slim form straightened, Lachlan saw her sweep her hand across her eyes; but when she turned and looked back, she was smiling and her eyes were bright, and his heart leaped at the spectacle of her beauty and her courage.

They gained the top of the divide and began the descent of the farther slope. They heard no more whoops behind them, but Lachlan knew that their pursuers would have no difficulty in following the trail. Luck had not been with them, after all.

The pursuers had been so close behind them on the buffalo path that the passage of the herd, obliterating their tracks, had gained them no respite.

THEIR lives depended now upon their speed. One fact was in their favor: Lachlan knew from the whoops which they had heard that these Indians following their trail were Cherokees, not Appalaches, and the Cherokee war parties were generally unmounted. If they could reach the old trading road in time they could outdistance these pursuers, provided no other enemies barred the way. Lachlan knew also how grave this danger was, knew that they could hardly hope to ride that road unseen and unchallenged. But the risk had to be faced. There was no choice now.

Half way down the slope of the ridge Lachlan spoke briefly to Striking Hawk and Little Mink as they walked for a little space beside his horse. In the woods the two Muskogees easily kept pace with the horses, but in the open road this would be



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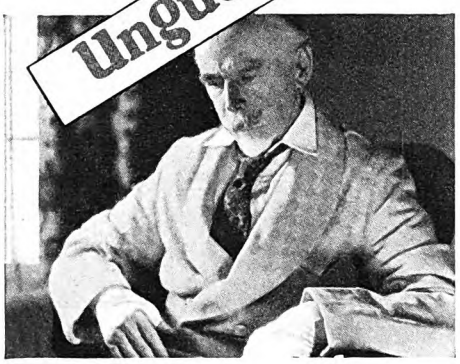

LEFT

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impossible. Yet Lachlan felt little anxiety for his two henchmen. Knowing their woodcraft, he was fairly confident that they could make their way through the forest to the Fort.

The woods thinned, the giant trees standing far apart. Just below lay the bottom of the valley, level almost as the palm of a man's hand—and straight down this valley, with the wooded heights rising on either side, ran the road.

Lachlan's heart gave a leap. He had feared that here they might come upon another war party, for the road was a thoroughfare for the Cherokee bands; but save for two bunches of grazing deer, the valley was empty as far as his eye could see.

They were well out in the open heading for the road when a hoarse shout from Almayne startled them. The hunter was pointing with his rifle. Far away up the valley, where the road swung 'round a jutting promontory of woods, Lachlan saw a large party of Indians, some mounted, some on foot—evidently a mixed band of Appalaches and Cherokees, two hundred or more in number.

In an instant Lachlan knew that Almayne had not shouted rashly. They had already been seen. As he gazed, the mounted Appalaches drew apart from the others, racing their ponies along the path, while behind them a cloud of dust whirled upward.

Almayne's voice shrilled like a trumpet: "Ride! Ride!"

AT FULL speed they dashed for the road and, reaching it, swung to the left down the valley. Jolie, glancing backward, saw O'Sullivan just behind her on his sorrel Chickasaw pony, and behind him Lachlan on Tuti the Snowbird, while some distance to the rear the two Muskogee warriors were bounding onward on foot.

The road passed through a belt of trees extending outward from the mountainside at a point where the valley narrowed; and Jolie, stealing another glance behind, saw that Little Mink and Striking Hawk were with them no longer. They had turned aside, she supposed, into the belt of timber; but there was no time to think of them now.

Her horse was abreast of Almayne's, and she realized that he was shouting to her.

"To the left . . . when you reach the ford!" She could barely distinguish the words above the thunder of hoofs. In a moment she had drawn in front of Almayne and, head over shoulder, she saw O'Sullivan also pass the hunter.

Her hand tightened on the bridle rein. For an instant she believed that Almayne and Lachlan were holding back to fight the pursuers so that she could escape; but soon she saw that they were racing onward side by side, and she knew that the time to fight had not yet come—that not yet must she turn and die beside her lover.

Suddenly she heard, or thought that she heard, the faint sound of a shot, followed instantly by another. Again she looked back; and behind her she saw the pursuers dashing outward from the belt of trees—a swift-flowing stream of plunging horses and plumed and painted Indians, half-hidden in swirls of dust.

Lachlan, too, had heard the shots and was looking back. Even as he watched,

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he saw an Indian pitch from his pony and plunge headlong to the ground, while another drew slowly to a halt, sat swaying a moment on his horse's back, then fell sideways heavily.

Lachlan laughed exultantly. Little Mink and Striking Hawk, in ambush in that belt of trees, had struck a hard blow at their enemies before beginning their flight through the woods.

But that blow checked the pursuit not an instant. Three riders turned back to help the unmounted Indians in the rear search the belt of timber whence the shots had come. The others, at least fifty in number, dashed on without pause, bending low on their ponies' backs, whooping, yelling, flourishing their rifles, their bows and their long lances of hickory or cane pointed with bone or flint.

Through the dust swirls behind her Jolie caught glimpses of them now and then. A warrior on a white horse led them. Even at that distance she could see his headdress of pink flamingo feathers streaming in the wind, could catch flashes of white and brilliant red in the tossing plumes of his followers.

The spectacle fascinated her, its wild and terrible beauty delighted her as no spectacle had ever delighted her before. There was no fear in her. Instead, a frenzy of exultation possessed her, and she gloried in the strength of her lissome body, in the skill of her horsemanship, which neither Almayne nor Lachlan could excel.

Of the four horses, hers was the swiftest; and she knew that she was getting his best out of him—that no other rider could have handled Selu better in that mad race.

And ever and always during that race she was thinking of Lachlan. Before her eyes his face shone; the pounding hoofs of the horses thundered his name. Womanly fear had gone from her; yet she was a woman still, for as she rode, she exulted in the thought that he saw her now superbly. splendidly beautiful, with a kind of beauty that no woman had ever shown him before.

Long ago she had lost her hat, and her long hair streamed behind her like a flame. Again and again she looked back and saw that his eyes were upon her; and twice, swinging her slim body erect, she flung her hand high above her head and waved him a greeting through the dust.

THE road crossed a stream, swung to the left around the steep wooded shoulder of a hill, turned sharply to the right again in a long loop. The surface was rocky and uneven here; of necessity she checked Selu's speed. Presently behind her she heard a burst of shouts and yells. Out of the woods to the right of the road the pursuers were streaming, so near at hand now that a little cry burst from her.

With a sudden tightening of the throat, Jolie realized what had happened—they had taken a short cut around the other side of the hill and had reduced the distance by half.

It was a desperate race now—and soon it became not only a race but a battle. Some of the Appalaches were firing as they rode; three times the crack of rifles broke through the thunder of hoofs. It came over Jolie all at once that the end was near.

Her hand tightened on Selu's rein, checking his stride. They would be over-

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It took years for Ernest W. Neir to come up through the ranks in hotel work by the "experience route." Then he took up home-study training with LaSalle—in Higher Accountancy. His immediate task was to put the Hotel Rowe, one of the finest hotels in Grand Rapids, on a paying basis. With the aid of his training, Mr. Neir *changed losses into profits*—and increased his salary more than 100 per cent.

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H. S. Leavy, of Kingston, Pa., saw his chance in Traffic Management. He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training, and during the first year saved his firm $40,000—simply by changing its method of packing for shipment, thereby obtaining a different freight classification and a more favorable rate.

"This saving," he writes, "procured for me the title of Traffic Manager and a salary above my expectations. Since starting my training with LaSalle my compensation has increased about 300 per cent."

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J. R. Hollingsworth was in charge of a shift of men in one of the big factories in Akron. To further his advancement, he pursued home-study training in Industrial Management. Read this paragraph from a letter to LaSalle:

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How can any man who pursues such methods—training in his spare hours for increased knowledge and ability whereby he may help cut expenses or get more business and profits for his employer—fail to win sure and swift advancement?

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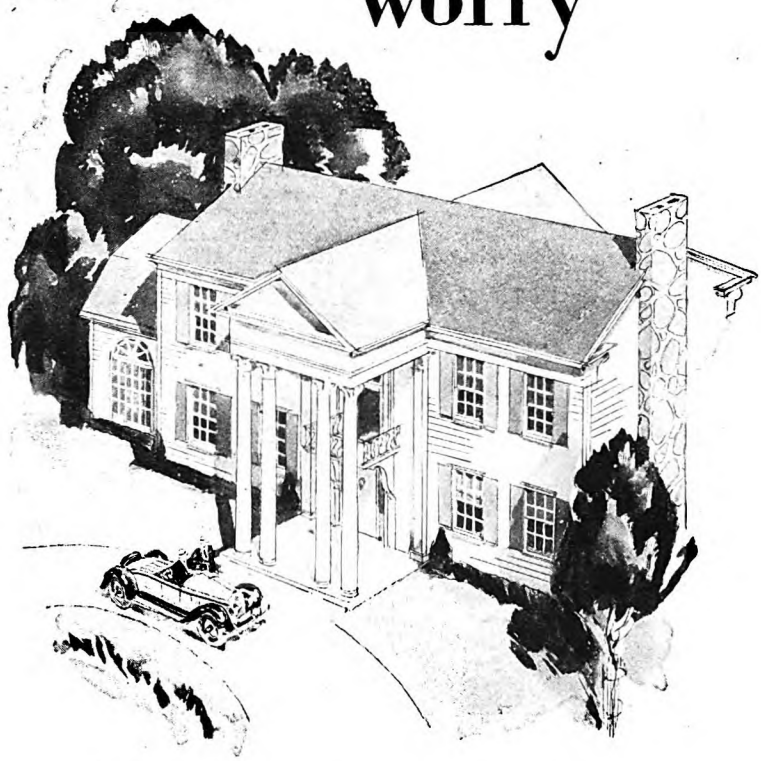

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taken soon, and she must be at Lachlan's side when that grim moment came.

Behind her she heard O'Sullivan shouting; and, glancing back, she saw Lachlan close behind him and, close behind Lachlan, Almayne. Lachlan was waving to her furiously, urging her on. He drew his body erect and pointed ahead with his rifle; and, swinging her gaze to the front again, she saw at the foot of a long, gentle, grassy slope the waters of a river glittering in the sun.

Her heels dug into Selu's flanks. Down the green slope she raced, the others crowding her close. Yet hope was dead in her, for she saw their fate clearly now.

They had reached the ford too late. They would be shot from the bank as their horses struggled in the waters of the river.

She was almost at the river edge and she bore to the left, remembering the words that Almayne had shouted to her. A strong arm gripped her waist, dragged her from Selu's back, swung her to the right and flung her down. . . .

She lay, bruised and half-dazed, behind a great rock close to the water, and beside her Almayne and Lachlan were crouching, their rifles leveled, while beyond them O'Sullivan stood, lips tight, eyes blazing, his naked sword clenched in his hand. Down the long slope the Appalaches were charging, a torrent of yelling braves and plunging horses, rifles, tomahawks and lances waving, feathers streaming in the wind.

Almayne's rifle cracked; a moment later, Lachlan's. An Indian doubled over backward, sprawled for an instant on his horse's crupper, fell and rolled over and over in the grass. Simultaneously, a piebald pony crumpled in full stride, sending his rider flying, and another pony, smashing into the fallen horse, fell also, as his rider leaped clear.

Still the others came on—an avalanche of plumed and painted warriors, riding high on their horses' backs, swinging their weapons madly, yelling like fiends.

NOTHING could stop them, Jolie knew. This was the end.

A coldness came upon her like the coldness of death, and with it an utter indifference to fate. It was as though she were a mere looker-on at some tremendous pageant; and the pageant thrilled her, filled her with a fierce, frenzied joy in its barbaric beauty.

For an instant this mad joy possessed her; then followed fear—fear which seemed to grip her throat with physical hands and stop her breath. They were so near now that for a frightful moment she saw their faces—the faces of demons, of devils, streaked and daubed with black, red, and yellow, the eyes ringed with glaring circles of white paint.

She tried to struggle to her feet, but her hand slipped on a loose fragment of shale, and she fell sideways, so that her eyes were turned toward the river.

Beyond the stream she saw a man leap upon a rock—a white man in the buff and blue of a Provincial Ranger. He waved his hat, and from the dense bushes fringing the river bank on either side of him burst little puffs and jets of flame and smoke.

The bushes parted, and men leaped out, ran along the bank, dashed into the water and began wading across—white men all of them, most of them in buff and blue,

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some in buckskins, all armed with rifles.

The trees beyond the river swayed and danced before her, swirled madly, then vanished in an all-engulfing blackness. When she opened her eyes, Lachlan had her in his arms, strange men with rifles in their hands were moving and talking all around her, and beside her Almayne was standing, his rifle leveled, its long barrel resting on the rock in front of him.

Beyond the rock she saw men lying—brown, half-naked men, their limbs and their upturned faces fantastically streaked and ringed with paint, feathers of many colors in their heads—Indians, Appalaches, some eight or ten of them, sprawled in grotesque attitudes on the ground.

Far up the slope, apparently well beyond rifle range, the main body of Appalaches were sitting their ponies, gesticulating, milling excitedly to and fro. A little apart from them, erect on his white horse, she saw the tall chief with the pink flamingo headdress. He sat facing the others, his back turned to the river. Apparently he was haranguing his followers, urging them to the attack, and as he talked he flourished his long lance, waving it above his head.

Suddenly he wheeled his horse, flung his lance high in triumph and caught it as it fell. A moment he waited motionless, pointing down the hill, horse and rider poised for the charge.

Almayne's rifle spoke. The chief with the pink headdress sagged slowly forward on his horse's neck. The others, crowding 'round him, gripped his arms and held him on his horse as the whole body of them rode hurriedly up the slope and disappeared over the brow of the hill.

A short, bearded man in buff and blue, standing near Jolie, cursed delightedly, while others leaped upon the rock and cheered. Almayne turned to Lachlan with a grin.

"A far shot," he said coolly; "I got him just in time. Another half-minute—"

Lachlan was scarcely conscious of the words. He was holding Jolie in his arms, smoothing the glistening hair above her temples.

IN THE book which Mr. Francis O'Sullivan wrote in his later years about the warfare of the Indians, he gives us a final glimpse of these two lovers.

"It was God's Providence" (he says) "that as we reached the river a scouting Party from Fort Prince George were resting just across the Stream. They saw us coming, and their sudden Volley from Ambush saved us, for nine Enemies fell and the rest broke and ran, believing they were in a Trap. While they were preparing a second Charge, which might well have overwhelmed us, Almayne with a marvelous long Shot killed their Leader, and they drew off out of Sight, so that we all got safely across and rode, with our Rescuers walking beside us, toward the Fort, which was some little distance down the Stream.

"Now, as I rode beside Almayne, with Lachlan and Jolie riding just ahead, there was a Shadow on my Heart; for I said to myself: 'Lachlan McDonald is of the Wilderness and must dwell there: he must return to his People in the Land of Talasé or be false to his Trust. But Jolie is of England. She has known the Lights of London. Will they not beckon her to come back?'

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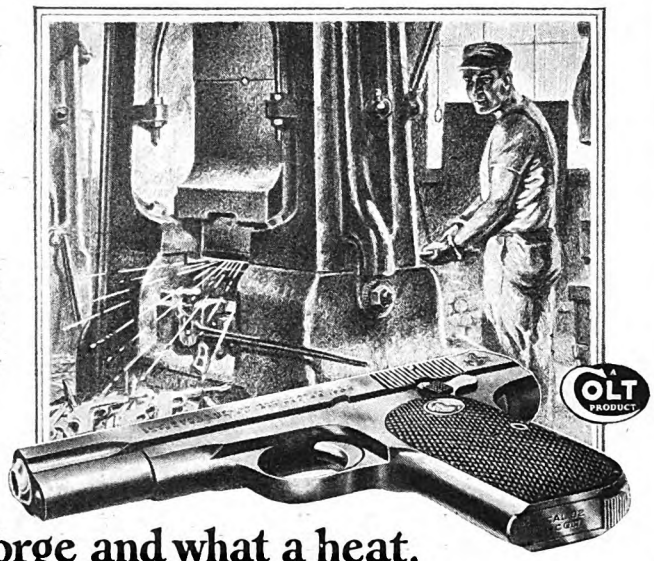

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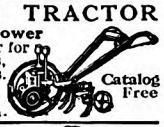
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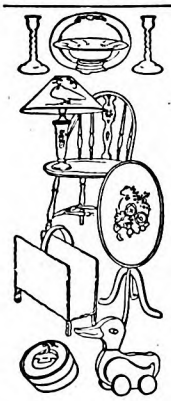

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"So I mused, like a pessimistickal old Fool, because by now I should have known this Woman.

"When we were come out upon a wooded Eminence whence we could look down upon Fort Prince George, we reined in to enjoy the noble Prospect; and Lachlan and Jolie sat their Horses close beside me, so that I heard what passed between them.

"'Where lies Talasé?' she asked.

"He pointed to the Southwest.

"'A far Journey,' she said thoughtfully. 'Far from here and very far from London and the Hills of Hampshire.'

"She saw that his Eyes were troubled, and she smiled at him.

"'We shall live there,' she said, 'and I shall be the Wife of Lachlan McDonald, Prince of the Muskogee Nation and Chief of the Family of the Wind. I shall be very happy in Talasé and I shall not pine for England!'

"He gazed at her strangely, and his black Eyes were marvelously bright.

"'Sometimes,' he told her, 'we shall visit Charles Town, for my People and the English live at Peace. And perhaps some Day we shall see London and the Hampshire Hills.'

"She seemed not to hear him.

"'I wonder,' she said softly, as though she were communing with her own Thoughts, 'whether there will be a Minister in Fort Prince George!'"

(*The End*)

Houdini—The Master Magician

(*Continued from page 59*)

after the evening's work was over. He led us into the country on a dark, lonely bridge spanning some swiftly-running black water. In the middle of the bridge he halted us, and there we waited for a time silently; I, at least, in a growing trepidation.

"Finally a distant bell tolled solemnly twelve times. As soon as the last beat ceased to reverberate, Houdini clasped his brother's hand and mine together, raised them aloft, and cried, 'Beatrice, Dash, raise your hands to heaven and swear you will both be true to me. Never betray me in any way, so help you God!'

"His brother and I repeated the vow after him. Then Houdini kissed me and shook Theodore's hand. 'I know you will keep that sacred oath,' he said.

"By this time I was in a state of panicky terror. The eerie sky, the lonely bridge in a waste of marshland, the black water—and then this dramatic and terrible vow—these things seemed wholly abnormal and strange to my simple experiences. It was apparent that this Houdini, whom I had known less than two weeks, was an inexplicable person, probably a madman, and his brother was no better. I glanced at the black water and wondered what those two strangers intended to do to me next in that lonely place. As soon as I got to a firm road, to a lighted street, I would make a break for it and find my way home to my mother.

"But there were no more dramatics that

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night. Houdini sensed my fears and immediately began to lead me away and reassure me. By the time we reached the lighted streets his gentleness and tenderness had restored my tranquillity.

"Then came a night when I really fled from Houdini, convinced that I had married the devil.

"That evening Houdini laughingly remarked that I had never told him the first name of my father, who had died some years before. He told me to write the name on a piece of paper, crumple it in my hand, and then burn it in the gas jet without showing it to him. After the paper was burned he said: 'Now, give me the ashes.'

"Thereupon, he bared his forearm and rubbed the ashes on the under part, and immediately my father's name, Gebhardt, appeared on the skin in letters of blood.

"I was paralyzed with fear. Then, slowly, a full realization of the significance of this diabolical thing dawned on me. In my early folk-lore, the devil, disguised as a handsome young man, lured girls to destruction. It was clear to me that I had married the devil. Stealthily, my eyes on Houdini, I backed toward the door, and then turned suddenly and ran, screaming frantically, from the room and from the house. Houdini made after me and soon caught me up in his arms. 'Silly kid, it was only a trick,' he cried reassuringly. 'Oh, let me go! Let me go!' I screamed, biting and kicking him in a frenzy of terror. Finally he quieted me; but it was not until after we had returned to the room and he had shown me how the simple trick was done that I became completely reassured.

"By such demonstrations he gradually drove away my superstitions. Among other things, he taught me the secret of mind-reading and all the arts of legerdemain, including how to go into trances and tell fortunes.

"During the short period before Houdini's partnership with his brother Theodore was dissolved I became pretty well acclimatized to my new environment. Shortly after the dissolution, there was witnessed, in an obscure concert hall, the début of 'the Houdinis—Harry and Bessie,' described in our early playbills as '*Master* Monarchs of Modern Mystery.' This partnership lasted through Houdini's life."

THE Great Houdinis had very humble beginnings. Precarious weekly engagements in small beer halls and dime museums formed their beat, and they were glad to fill those. Ten shows or more a day formed the regular routine and their combined salary was usually twenty dollars a week.

Whenever they were desperate for work, Houdini would wire to Chicago, and Mr. Hedges, manager of Kohl and Middleton's, would send car fare and give them an engagement.

They worked on what was called the Curio Stage, where all the freaks were exhibited. Ten to twenty shows a day were the rule. Houdini would do the handcuff escapes alone every other show, so that his wife's performances—she sang and danced—would be cut to a maximum of ten, for she was never of robust health. The handcuff act, however, attracted little attention, for in those early days

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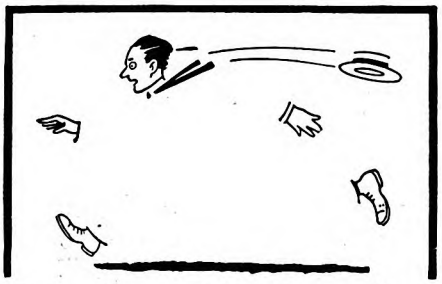

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Houdini seemed unable to sell his audiences on it.

One morning, when they were playing a concert hall in a small town in Wisconsin, Mrs. Houdini was reading one of the local papers when her eye caught this astonishing notice:

Challenge! I, the undersigned, have deposited with the manager of the Theatre One Hundred Dollars ($100), which I will forfeit to the person who can handcuff me so I cannot escape. Harry Houdini, Handcuff King and Jail Breaker.

The item frightened her nearly out of her wits. One hundred dollars! She had never seen so much money. She rushed to Houdini, who shamefacedly admitted that he had saved that amount, but dared not tell her for fear she would demand a new coat.

This sudden affluence filled Beatrice Houdini with pride. She clipped the item and mailed it to her sister Stella, who had surreptitiously kept her in clothes since her marriage. Stella naturally showed the clipping to her mother, who immediately fainted. The poor woman had only the vaguest notion how the man her daughter had married supported himself; but she now gathered from the clipping that Beatrice was married to a jail-breaker.

Back in New York, the Houdinis had several small engagements at Huber's Museum, on Fourteenth Street.

EVERY morning Houdini would be out of bed at five and off to the market, where he would buy for the day such things as their slender purse permitted. On the way back he would drop into a restaurant and fetch the morning coffee in a tin can. While his wife straightened up the little furnished room, he would be out in all sorts of weather, visiting barrooms, buying cards, doing tricks to pay for them. Usually he was offered drinks. As he never used alcohol, he became an adept at refusing without causing resentment.

Once when the Houdinis were playing at Huber's, E. F. Albee, the youthful manager of the Keith circuit, who had a habit of prowling about looking for talent, drifted into the museum and watched the show. Houdini's handcuff act made a great impression on him, and eventually he got the magician into an engagement at the Keith house in Boston. He was the first Houdini fan among the Eastern managers and remained one of Houdini's oldest friends to the end. "I saw every one of Houdini's tricks and stunts," he once remarked, "and I haven't the least idea how he did a single one of them."

However, long before Houdini played Keith's, he received a summons which he thought might prove a short-cut to fame. This was at the beginning of 1895; he was twenty years old, and he and his wife were filling obscure engagements in the South. He was appearing at a concert hall owned by Captain West, grandfather of George West, the dancer, when he received a wire from an agent announcing that he and his wife were booked to play Tony Pastor's in New York.

Tony Pastor's! Houdini could hardly believe it. That famous hall was still in its glory, in the nineties, a national institution, as well known in its way as its immediate neighbor, Tammany Hall.

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Houdini was so excited by the prospect that he spent all his money advertising in the theatrical papers: "Next week at Tony Pastor's—The Great Houdinis, Harry and Bessie." Captain West advanced the fare to New York.

But the week at Tony Pastor's did not prove any open sesame to fame, even though they carried away with them an endorsement written by the mighty Tony himself. For players and politicians alike, fame follows publicity. Houdini's minor act, in the worst position on Tony Pastor's bill, was naturally ignored by the New York papers. Houdini had not yet learned the peculiar art of so dramatizing his great skill as to compel the attention of news editors.

FAILING to break into first-class engagements by way of Tony Pastor's, the Houdinis, in the spring of 1895, joined Welsh Brothers Circus, a ten-twent'-thirt' show without animals, which toured the smaller Eastern towns during the open season.

The show had a banner outside the tent depicting a most ferocious Wild Man. In most towns, no one missed the wild man; but in one of the one-night stands a crowd of young fellows began to demand him. "Where's your Wild Man? Where is He?" The cry was gradually taken up through the audience.

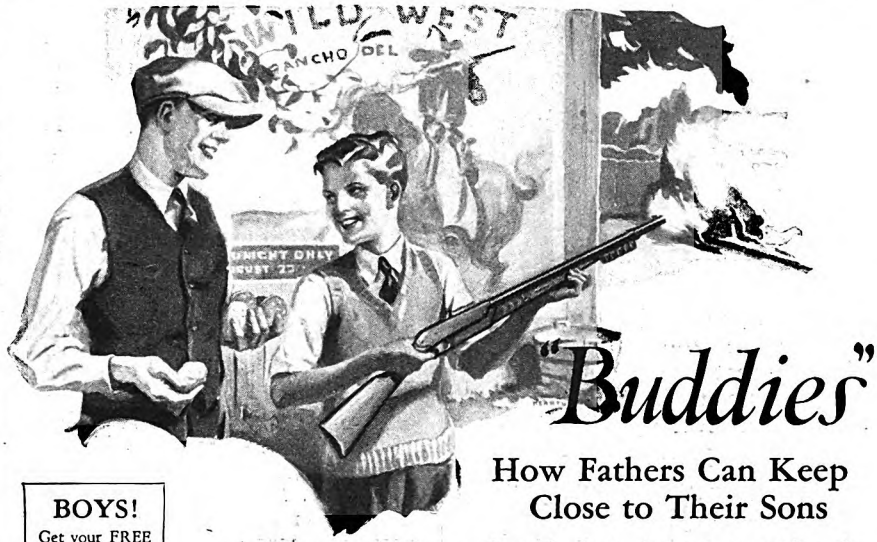
A hasty back-stage consultation was held, and Houdini volunteered to add the Wild Man to his repertoire. An old wooden cage was found for him, he rumpled his hair (which, in those days, he wore long and bushy), improvised clothes out of some old sacks.

The ring-master made a preliminary address about the capture of the Wild Man in the depths in the Java jungle after he had terrorized the countryside, and described how he lived on a diet of raw meat, cigarettes, and cigars. Then the cage was drawn in, with Houdini growling and tearing at a bit of raw meat. The Wild Man was an immediate hit, and became a permanent feature.

On one occasion, Houdini's cleverness with locks served his circus associates well. One Sunday, the circus gave a show at a little place near Providence, Rhode Island, and a zealous blue-law sheriff arrested the whole troupe for violating the Sunday law. When the sheriff gathered in all the performers, Mr. Welsh had left for a flying trip to New York, so they had no defender. After a brief hearing, the sheriff locked the troupe in the town jail overnight, pending a further disposition of the case.

In the lockup the fat woman wept bitterly. Her cell was too small, and she was wholly uncomfortable and miserable. So, after the sheriff had gone off and everything was quiet, Houdini deftly picked the locks of the jail, and the whole company stole quietly back to the big tent. The next day Mr. Welsh arrived to fix matters with the sheriff, and the circus pulled stakes and went quietly away from there.

The Houdinis were both quick-tempered, so they had to develop a technique to avoid domestic flare-ups. The system of signals whereby they could converse quietly in the midst of company was helpful. One of Houdini's cues was the raising of the left eyelid three times. This



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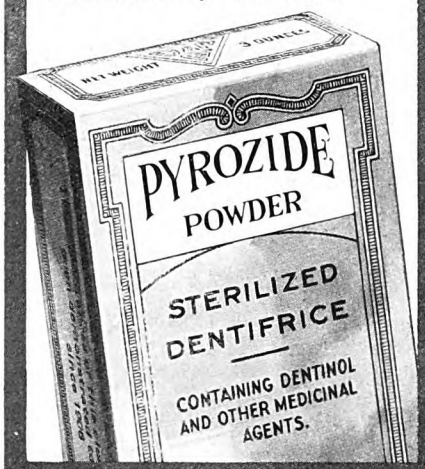

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was the signal for his wife to be quiet, as she was committing some indiscretion. "Doubtless Houdini used it more than any other signal in our code," says Mrs. Houdini.

Houdini had a novel way of ending petty quarrels. "Whenever I got angry," Mrs. Houdini relates, "he would leave the house and walk slowly around the block. In a few minutes, he would open the door and toss his hat into the room. If it was not thrown out again, he would enter. If the hat was thrown out, he would go away for another few minutes.

"On one occasion my bad temper made me obdurate to Houdini's overture of the hat. He had been putting a new electric bulb in my room for me, and he dropped the bulb, which shattered to bits on the floor. I upbraided him severely for his carelessness. He got a second bulb, and in his agitation this also slipped from his fingers and was smashed. With that I treated him to an unbridled outburst, and he hastily left the house. After some minutes, according to his custom, he cautiously slipped the door open and tossed his hat in. This performance was repeated several times, with intervals between. Then he vanished for an hour. At the end of that time a messenger appeared with an envelope, on which this legend was typewritten: 'To be delivered in a Hurry to Mrs. Houdini, then Exit Rapidly.' Within were these formal words:

> Mr. Houdini wishes to inform Mrs. Houdini that first globe fell out of his hand, but the second one slipped. He wishes to convey his sorrow, and promises that the one that fell will never fall again.—Mr. Houdini, Friend Husband.

It was impossible to be angry very long with a husband of that kind."

THE thing that gave Harry Houdini his first lift out of obscurity was a development of the despised handcuff trick, which most of his early audiences gazed upon with such a marked lack of enthusiasm.

There has been much learned discussion —and much nonsensical speculation, in every civilized language—as to how Houdini escaped from handcuffs and prison cells under most abnormal and rigorous conditions. Many persons have explained the mystery by the suggestion that Houdini could compress his knuckles so that they became smaller than his wrists and thus he easily slipped out of the gyves. Houdini cou'd not do that, though it was not for lack of trying, and he maintained from his own experience that it was physically impossible to make one's hand of smaller compass than one's wrist.

From many ordinary handcuffs Houdini could release himself by giving them a blow in a certain spot.

For the more difficult handcuffs he would use his picklock, a refinement of the little instrument he devised while working for the locksmith in Appleton. He could, incidentally, improvise a workable picklock from a bit of wire or a pin or a watch spring. Certain handcuffs he could unlock with the aid of a piece of twine alone. The real key was his profound knowledge of every type of lock and of locking systems. How he managed to operate, with his hands trussed behind him is another matter. There were certain gyves from which he freed himself by sheer dexterity and strength. His exact process of working would be, as he sometimes remarked, a dangerous thing to let loose in any society, even though few persons would have the special skill and knowledge to make use of it.

The little picklock remained with him through most of the tests. The surgeons and detectives, hard-boiled and intent and up to tricks, and not at all delicate in their attentions, would pass their hands over every inch of his body, and probe and explore, but never during all the years of his escapes did any of them find anything on him.

"Sure, I had something on me, a little bit of a thing," he once explained to a friend. "The hiding-place was so easy to see that they always overlooked it."

IT WAS not until the end of 1898, when he was playing a series of obscure engagements in Chicago and environs, that Houdini hit on a scheme for making his police-station stunt more dramatic.

He went about his plans carefully: First he made friends with several newspaper men. Then he secured an introduction to Andy Rohan, lieutenant of detectives and the right-hand man of the chief of police. Houdini took his wife to the city jail to pay a visit to Rohan, and it was her job to keep the rotund and good-natured officer amused while Houdini prowled about and surreptitiously studied the lock system.

After a second visit to Rohan, Houdini told his reporter friends that he could escape from the city jail after letting himself be handcuffed and locked in a cell. Nobody had done anything like that in Chicago before, so that was news. Houdini therefore paid another visit to the jail, this time accompanied by several reporters and a photographer. Rohan was not unaware of the value of reporters, and the stunt pleased him. He assumed that Houdini could not get out, and he was not averse to having that young nuisance make a fool of himself.

Houdini was duly locked up, and in a few minutes he walked into the warden's office, a free man. His reception, however, was disappointing. The reporters had learned, in the interval, of his previous visits to the jail, and assumed that he had taken a wax impression of the locks, had keys made, and merely took them out of his pocket and unlocked the cell door and the corridor exits. There was no magic in that, said the skeptical young men, and it wasn't news.

"Suppose you strip me and search me before you lock me up?" said Houdini.

That sounded more like the real thing, they admitted, and so that was done, and, in addition, at Houdini's suggestion, they sealed his mouth with plaster. His clothes were locked in another cell. So they left him, manacled and stark naked, and within ten minutes he strolled jauntily into Rohan's office with his clothes on. Moreover, he entered the chief's office from the street door. First, he had let himself out of the jail and dashed over to his wife at their lodgings, to cry "Success! Success!" By that time quite a crowd had assembled in the chief's quarters, and all of them, especially Andy Rohan, were impressed and astounded.

The real thrill, however, came the next morning. Houdini burst into the room

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(he always burst in; he could never come in quietly) waving a sheaf of newspapers and shouting, "Bess! Bess! I'm famous! Look at my picture in the papers!"

THIS was the real beginning of Houdini's public jail breaking. Thereafter, he escaped from the principal jails in many cities. His collection of certificates from the police and municipal authorities covers most of the larger cities from San Francisco to Moscow. In his demonstrations there was not a single failure.

Sometimes the task was a tough one, even for him. On a number of occasions he emerged with his limbs swollen or bleeding, and concealing his exhaustion as best he could.

One of his most strenuous escapes was made in one of the larger California cities, during his first trip to the coast, not long after he surprised Andy Rohan. On this occasion, after stripping Houdini, the chief of police had him locked in a cell with four pairs of handcuffs on his arms, shackles to his legs, and one leg encased in an Oregon boot, a fifty-five-pound leg iron that had no key and worked by a combination lock.

After Houdini had escaped from these complicated shackles, the chief of police who had submitted to the test with reluctance, issued the following formal and not very complimentary public statement:

Should Houdini turn out to be a criminal, I would consider him a very dangerous man, and I suggest that the various officers throughout the United States remember his appearance, in case of future emergency.

Once, and once only, Houdini failed to get out of a handcuff. It was shortly before the Andy Rohan incident, while he was filling an engagement at Middleton's museum in Chicago. A detective locked him in a pair of cuffs that completely baffled him. He worked over those shackles vainly for over an hour, until the audience began to jeer him.

"Do you give up, Houdini?" asked the detective.

"No," replied Houdini, resolutely.

"Well," said the detective, "I might as well tell you that cuff don't open. I fixed a slug in it and it won't unlock."

After that Houdini was more wary. He first locked and unlocked every cuff brought to him.

(*To be continued*)

"IF YOU can get loose from the Scotland Yard shackles, I'll sign you," said an English theatre manager to the young and ambitious Houdini. The magician easily freed himself, and then began his rise to world-wide fame. He escaped from fetters and from jails in most of the countries in Europe. Stripped stark naked and searched, he was locked in a Russian prison cage. There was no key to unlock the cage this side of Siberia; but Houdini needed no key. To the astonishment of the Czar's police, he got out! This and many other adventures of the great magician are related in the third article concerning him, which will appear next month. These are thrilling stories—you will enjoy them vastly!

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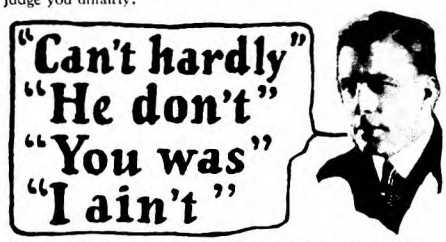

No one will correct *your* mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which *others* notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

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Sauce for the Goose

(*Continued from page 31*)

he repeated. "Isn't that quite enough?"

"But she's done that right along," I protested.

"Oh no, not like this," said Will. "You don't understand. She doesn't talk about anything else. And she never stops talking—just goes on and on and on. And about nothing on earth but her sicknesses and nobody coming to see her. You can't get her off the subject. Why, it isn't healthy to be around with anyone like that. You don't understand."

I just stood there and stared at Will. And I understood better than I ever have in my life before why women feel superior to men. There stood Will, telling me exactly what I'd been telling him for months. Telling it to me as though it were something new that he had just discovered! And as a last straw, telling me that I *didn't understand!*

I never wanted to laugh so much in my life; but fortunately I didn't. He would have taken it as a sign of a callous nature that wasn't able even to comprehend his sufferings. Instead, I just stood still. And in the silence, something came to me. They talk about the voice of inspiration, and now I believe it. Something certainly guided me. I heard my own voice talking, as though it came from somebody else and I had no control over it.

"It's too bad you feel that way about it," my voice said sympathetically, "because Kathie's going to be at Mother's for two or three weeks on her way back from Elmer's, and I'll want to be over there all I possibly can. I don't like leaving you here with Cousin Effie; but if she drops in—"

"Something," said Will, "has got to be done to stop this dropping in."

"But we promised the folks we'd look out for her," I heard the sympathetic voice going on. "It would kill your mother if we weren't nice to Cousin Effie."

"We'll look out for her and we'll be nice to her," said Will; "but something's got to be done to stop this dropping in."

AND then he said, as one voicing an absolutely new idea for the first time, "She must be trying for you at times."

Now, I ask you!

I went to bed that night happier than I'd been since Mother and Father Horton had been away. Suddenly, Cousin Effie had become just a problem for Will and me to solve. No longer, something that, in a queer sort of way, came between us, that made me hurt and angry at him. Of course it was really funny, the way it had happened; but, as every happily married woman knows, you don't mind a husband being funny. They all are in one way or another.

It's queer how, just knowing that, as far as Will was concerned, I was free to do anything that seemed best about Cousin Effie, kept her from seeming such a nightmare to me. I guess what had made it seem so frightfully important had been the feeling that he didn't understand. Whenever I'd think of it now, I'd think of Will standing there and telling me that *I* didn't understand and, instead of feeling hurt and mad, I'd nearly double up with laughing. Why, days went on, and I never worried a minute.

Of course I did hope that she wouldn't appear on Friday noon, but, as I hadn't mentioned that I was going to have company, there was a sporting chance that she wouldn't.

I was having a very fancy lunch on Friday. Not my own crowd at all. Some of the Harvester bunch. Betty Bartell and Mrs. Prentice, and Mrs. Jackson and her sister, and Mrs. Curtis, whose husband is the president of the J. C. Harvester. They are all from Chicago and are the really swanky crowd of Montrose. Of course our own crowd is the good old families, and there's nothing slow about us; but the Harvester crowd keeps maids and all that, and is much more high-stepping. There's always a certain amount of mixing of crowds in Montrose of course, and I'd been invited enough with the Harvester bunch so that it was up to me to entertain them.

Will would not come home for dinner that day; Rosie was going to take the babies for me; and I was going to pull a really good party. I had white roses for the table in my black glass bowl and white candles in my black glass candlesticks, and had planned a marvelous menu, if I do say it, myself. Hominy, baked crusty, with Parmesan cheese (which I got out of a magazine, and which I don't believe anybody in Montrose had ever served instead of potatoes), and ripe olives stuffed with almonds, which are about the last word.

I WAS so excited with my plans that I didn't even think about Cousin Effie. And then, just as I was slicing the veal loaf and putting bits of parsley around the platter, I glanced out the side kitchen window. There, coming down the street, were the gray cravenette coat and gray feather hat.

Some way, it didn't bother me at all. I figured that I could, if necessary, tell Cousin Effie that I'd just have to ask her to run along to-day and come some other time. This would be a good lesson to her, and might even stop her from dropping in another time. And Will wouldn't mind my having done it. It's a great comfort to realize that your husband will really understand.

I listened for that deprecating little tap-tap at the door with perfect calm. In a minute or two, of course I heard it, and then Cousin Effie's plaintive little "Anybody home?"

I came in from the kitchen, my big rubber apron on over my new black chiffon-velvet afternoon dress, perfectly poised and calm, feeling comfortably, easily, able to deal with the situation. I said, "Hello, there," in a brisk, friendly voice. Then I met Cousin Effie's eyes.

Every bit of poise and calm and briskness drained right out of me. There was no mistaking the expression in Cousin Effie's eyes. She knew I didn't want her.

Queer I had never understood that look before, that slow, gray, quiet way she always came along the street; that soft,

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deprecating tap at the door, the way she always came sidling into the house. She had always known I didn't want her!

I simply can't explain what recognizing that look did to me. All the hours that Cousin Effie had spent talking to me about her sicknesses and her troubles, I had pretended to be sympathetic, while I had just been bored. This was different. It was as though I was suddenly standing there in her place, myself, in a shabby gray coat and hat, old and alone in the world, driven by the terrible emptiness and loneliness of my own life into going to see even someone who didn't care for me. Tapping softly, apologetically, because I knew I wasn't wanted.

Maybe it was Cousin Effie's own fault that she wasn't wanted anywhere. Maybe most of all of our troubles are our own fault, if we only had sense enough to see it. But suddenly that didn't make any difference. I was sorry for her. For the first time I saw that she was just a poor, old, lonely woman.

Honestly, I get disgusted with myself—I'm so weak. There I had had everything decided. I had made up my mind with perfect calm and poise just what I ought to do. And I couldn't do it. For several minutes I struggled with myself. I tried to hang on to my brisk, sensible suggestion. But it was hopeless. It was like trying to keep your balance when a rug is being pulled out from under you. Why, I couldn't even make that important luncheon seem important.

And then Cousin Effie cinched it. She held out a pasteboard box to me.

"I baked some rolls this morning," she said, "and I brought you over some. They're wrapped up in a napkin so they'll stay hot for dinner."

I DO admire people with strong characters, but there's just no use pretending I've got one. I haven't. All my wise, sensible decision went down with a crash. I was perfectly disgusted with myself, and I couldn't do a thing about it. My voice began to talk as though I had no control over it. I told Cousin Effie I was so glad she'd come, that it was the sweetest thing in the world for her to have brought those rolls—that I was having company for lunch, and didn't have a thing but ordinary baker's bread; those rolls would just *make* the luncheon, and that she was too dear for anything to have brought them. Desperately, unreasoningly, I heard myself trying to make it up to her for the rotten deal she'd had in life—going on like a perfect weak fool:

"You're just in time, too, Cousin Effie. Nonsense! Of course you'll stay and have lunch with us. Mercy, one more won't make any difference. I don't care if I haven't got a seventh goblet; I can use one of the ordinary glasses, nobody'll notice the difference— No, it won't hurt the looks of the table one bit—and what do we care, anyway? They're just some of the Harvester crowd."

There I was, rushing around, upsetting the table arrangement, completely ruining the effect, actually taking off Cousin Effie's coat and hat by main force. I knew I was just making a lot of trouble for myself in the future. I knew I was a complete and utter fool, and I didn't give a rap!

The funny part of it was that those rolls

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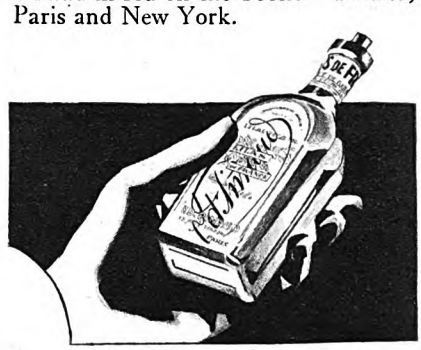

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of Cousin Effie's *did* just make the luncheon. I had only been trying to make her happy when I'd said they would. And then, they actually did! They were simply wonderful rolls. Whole wheat, each one folded over a bit of butter and a sprinkle of cinnamon, and baked crisp and crusty on the outside, and light as air.

Mrs. Curtis simply raved about them, and, Mrs. Jackson's husband being Mrs. Curtis's husband's assistant, so did Mrs. Jackson. In fact, they all did. Nobody even mentioned the hominy and Parmesan cheese, or the stuffed ripe olives.

"I don't know what's the matter with the hired girls these days," Mrs. Curtis said. "If you ask them to make a bit of homemade bread, they act as though you'd insulted them." Mrs. Curtis has a perfectly gorgeous home and is the only person in town who keeps three servants; yet she's got that funny old-fashioned streak that won't let her call them maids. "I lost two girls by making an issue of it, and then, when I got one who was willing, she couldn't learn to make anything fit to eat. I just gave up the ghost after that, and we haven't had anything but baker's trash for years. My, these are like the rolls my mother used to make." She took her fourth. "Only better," she added honestly. "Mother never used cinnamon."

It's funny, I don't believe Cousin Effie had had a compliment in years. She got all red and pleased, like a girl that's just had a boy friend bring her her first box of candy.

"My stars," she said, actually flustered, "I can't see why any girl would mind baking a few rolls now and then. Why, bread is the easiest thing in the world to make."

"That's just what Mother always used to say," said Mrs. Curtis.

I got into a conversation then with Mrs. Jackson and her sister, and I didn't hear all that was going on between Mrs. Curtis and Cousin Effie; but in the scraps I did hear—incredible as it may seem—Cousin Effie was still talking about baking. I didn't hear so much as a preliminary symptom mentioned!

THAT night Will was very pessimistic when I told him what I'd done.

"But it really turned out all right," I assured him.

"Maybe it did for this time," said Will; "but what about next time? And next? How'll you like it if she puts in an appearance next Thursday, or whenever it is we're going to have the Kirsteds and play off the Five Hundred score?"

It actually shocked me to hear Will talking so callously. I didn't remember at the time that that was pretty much the way I had talked up to to-day. I tried to explain to him what had happened that had made me feel different; but the trouble was that really nothing had happened.

"Of course I'm sorry for her too," he said, "and we want to do the right thing by her. But that doesn't mean that we want her dropping in on us all the time."

It was very queer. Anyone hearing us would have thought Cousin Effie was my relative that I was sticking up for. I didn't blame Will, but I couldn't get away from the feeling that he didn't really understand. However, we dropped the subject and, to my relief, Cousin Effie didn't appear the night we had the Kirsteds. She didn't come the next Sunday either. In fact, it was nearly two weeks before I saw Cousin Effie again. Then I ran into her in the bakery.

To my amazement, she was ordering a hundred-pound sack of flour.

"Merciful powers!" I exclaimed. "When do you ever expect to use up a hundred pounds of flour all by yourself?"

Cousin Effie beamed.

"I'm baking rolls to sell," she said. "Isn't that funny? You know, the day after your party I baked up a couple of dozen as a little surprise present for Mrs. Curtis. She was so pleased it was very touching. And after a while, she hemmed and hawed around, and finally asked me if I'd be insulted if she asked me to bake her some every week, and let her pay me for them. Insulted! She can't have been brought up right, for all her money. There's nothing insulting about honest work. I said of course I would. And then Mrs. Jackson said she would like to get some regularly too, and Mrs. Jackson's sister. It seems that really good homemade bread of any kind is practically impossible to buy."

I told Will about it at supper a little triumphantly, to show him that, anyway, my moment of weakness had had one good result. Not that there was anything so wonderful, of course, about Cousin Effie selling a few rolls, only that she seemed pleased about it and she had so few things to be pleased about.

THE funny thing, though, was the way that baking those few rolls grew. They really were wonderful rolls, and it must be that everyone who tasted one at Mrs. Curtis's, or Mrs. Jackson's, ran right down to Cousin Effie's and put in an order for herself.

Why, inside of six weeks, Cousin Effie had so many regular customers that she had to hire two high-school girls to help her Saturdays. She charged ten cents a dozen more than the bakery too, so that she really made money on them.

It suddenly dawned on me, one day, quite some time later, that she hadn't dropped in on us for such a long time that I felt conscience-smitten. I called up and invited her to come over to supper that very night. She seemed very pleased and said she'd have been glad to come, but that she'd had a special order for a luncheon the next day, and she'd got to stay home and set her dough that night. Her voice sounded awfully apologetic, too.

"I don't want you and Will to think I'm neglecting you, Dottie," she said, "but I've been so busy. If I've said to myself once I've said a hundred times, 'I must drop in on those children;' but I'm never just ready to start that somebody doesn't call up or drop in to order some rolls or something, and likely as not they stay and chat till it's too late."

"How are you feeling?" I asked, anxiously. "You mustn't overdo and get sick, you know."

"Oh, I'm feeling fine," she answered absently, as though she hadn't time to be bothered by a little thing like dyspepsia. "I'm branching out in doughnuts. I want to talk to Will—he has such good business judgment—and see what he thinks about my taking in Mattie Whittaker to help me. I had a call just yester-

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day from the Verblen Country Club to ask if I could make them six deep-dish apple pies for a special party they're having next week."

"Well, wouldn't that knock you for a goal!" Will exclaimed when I told him about it that night.

"And she said," I went on excitedly, "that she hopes not to have you send her a monthly check much longer."

Honestly, it's been like a fairy story on a small and very businesslike scale. She went a few days later to see Will at the office about ordering some tin boxes to send things out in. And when I saw her in at Nat's, the end of the next week, I actually didn't know her at first. I thought I heard her voice, but I was so used to looking for that old gray cravenette coat and gray feather hat that at first I didn't recognize her. Cousin Effie had on a nice-looking new blue dress with an almost stylish-looking blue hat. She looked at least ten years younger. She was getting a special price on eggs, on account of using so many.

She was awfully glad to see me, and was more apologetic than ever.

"I promise you that I positively will drop in on you some day this week," she said. "My going to Will's office the other day, you know, was just because I was in such a hurry that I didn't have time to come clear up to your house. It wasn't that I didn't want to see you too. You know that."

She leaned over and patted my hand.

"You know, my dear, I'm not the kind of person who thinks all in-laws are a nuisance. Why, I couldn't be fonder of you if you were a real relative instead of just my second cousin's wife."

My Colonel

(*Continued from page 37*)

the road there were further distributions to many others, especially to the old, the sick, little children. The last quart of wild whortleberries, the Colonel's favorite fruit, he bestowed on a crippled oar-maker who lived on the outskirts of the village. . . . Long after nightfall, whistling an old love-tune, his buggy empty, his waiting supper cold, the Colonel drove into his yard. . . .

What a man's worth is in this world depends on the kind of wake he leaves behind him as he passes. If my Colonel came home in a material way empty-handed, it was because he had "bestowed all his goods to feed the poor." His riches consisted not on what he brought with him but on what he left behind him. He had the superb gift of making other people happy, a power that makes all others appear insignificant. His compassion was sensitive, restless, constructive.

Of his many charities, all of which were bestowed as obscurely and as surreptitiously as possible, the most remarkable that ever came to my attention was that which he showed to poor Amos Brown, a negro who was taken down with a virulent case of smallpox. The local medical authorities had him removed to a deserted cabin far away in the heart of the lost pinewood, sending to nurse him another negro who, having recently recovered

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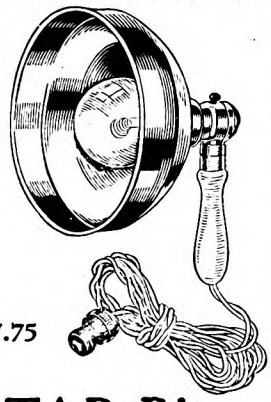

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from the dread plague, was considered immune. I was told that a physician paid one or two perfunctory visits; but the plight of the stricken man was desolate in the extreme. It would probably have been hopeless had not my Colonel daily, in secret, turned off the plantation road to drive down the grass-grown cattle track toward the cabin in the woods. Nearly a mile from it, he would have to leave his buggy, simply because there was no more road. The rest of the way he would walk through the humid, snake-haunted woods. One day he would take broth to the patient, then pieces of ice carefully wrapped in newspaper to keep from melting in the fierce midsummer sun, now fruit that he had bought with the quarter which was supposed to purchase his own week's supply of cheroots. Quite frequently he left with Amos the luncheon that had been packed for himself.

After a few cheering words with the sick man, and after certain quiet admonitions to the caretaker, admonitions rendered tenfold strong by the accompanying gift of the old gentleman's very last dime, utterly oblivious to the downright beauty and valor of all this behavior, the Colonel would retrace his steps to the waiting buggy, climb in, a little tired, and drive on to the plantation, where his negro workmen, never sure when he would come, would be making the best of a chance to rest.

That my Colonel made these perilous visits to the afflicted negro no one would ever have known, save for Amos Brown himself, who said to me one day, in a good negro's humble and direct fashion, "If de Cunnel had not 'membered Amos in his trouble, dere wouldn't be no Amos to-day."

ANOTHER negro, Joe Vandross by name, had been friends with the Colonel since boyhood days. They were of the same age; and by one of those chances of human nature that must ever remain for us more or less mysterious, they were just born congenial. Their affectionate comradeship grew during more than seventy years. I saw it come beautifully into flower during those last months, when both Joe and the Colonel began to fail very fast. Joe lived about a mile away, making his home with a son, a negro minister, and a good minister too. It was a long walk for Joe in those last weeks, and a long ride for the old Colonel. But, as if aware of a parting soon to come, they let no day go by without seeing each other.

The Colonel always scrupulously gave Joe half the medicine that the doctor had prescribed for his white patient, showing a quaint and impatient disregard of the fact that their ailments were of entirely different natures. He seemed to take the attitude that medicine, affectionately bestowed, will be certain to work a cure. How often I used to see these old friends sitting together, talking, walking together, lingering together at the gateway!

Down to the very last Gate these old comrades went hand-in-hand. When Joe was buried in the plantation graveyard, my Colonel read out of the Prayer Book the stately service over the dead.

During this painful ceremony, his voice never faltered; but I saw him blink suspiciously once or twice, and when he turned away as it was over, he blew his nose rather loudly, although he had no cold.

Many things about life I learned from my Colonel, not the least of which was this: That the deepest and truest affection and comradeship may exist between an aboriginal African and the proud yet humble descendant of English Cavaliers and French Huguenots; between the son of a slave, the grandson of a savage, and the grandson of a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Father taught me, by his behavior, that, while equality is often impossible, brotherhood never is.

A GREAT lover of children, the Colonel was also, in a most inoffensive way, a keen matchmaker; and there was hardly a real romance in his community in which his genial and serene influence had not been felt. But he was at his best in conciliating young couples who had quarreled. I have heard happily married people, with homes established now for more than thirty years, say, "If the Colonel had not *made* us settle that quarrel, we never could have made it up."

This wholesome interference on the part of the Colonel had a profound effect on the whole community. To bring about one happy marriage is really a triumph, and he achieved scores. Nor was the least detail beneath his attention. I remember what he said one day to a beautiful Titian-haired girl out in the woods who stopped him to ask him please to bring her from the store a red ribbon, "The same kind you got me last winter," she added.

"Margaret," he said, with becoming gravity, "if you don't mind, I'll bring you blue. It's more becoming to you; besides," he added, his eyes twinkling with understanding and affection, "I happen to know that Jack likes blue better."

Who could resist his charm?

Once or twice I knew him to exert himself slightly to disinterest young people in each other. "But a man has to be very careful about that sort of business," he told me; "the trouble is, you never really know how the thing will turn out. Some of the supposedly worst marriages have turned out to be the happiest. Marriage is largely a matter of adjustment; and the fact is that some unpromising people are uncommonly good adjusters, whereas some of the finest people you ever saw aren't adjustable at all. And the dickens of it is that you can't always tell the degree of adjustability until marriage, which is the test supreme and irrevocable. I like to help matches along, but I hate to break them up. Besides, young people have a certain wisdom in these matters, a certain intuition perhaps, that moves in an orbit just a little outside our own sagacity, old as we are."

A lover of the wild greenwood, my Colonel drew many deep and permanent truths from the earth. He found God in Nature because he found Him in truth and beauty everywhere. The Colonel always seemed aware of the lavish life-giving power of the serene Mother of us all; and, loving her, he came to love all ancient, elemental, enduring things. I remember one day when we were riding the springtime woods together, and had paused to marvel over certain miraculously tall and deep-purple wood violets. He said, "I used to see these violets here

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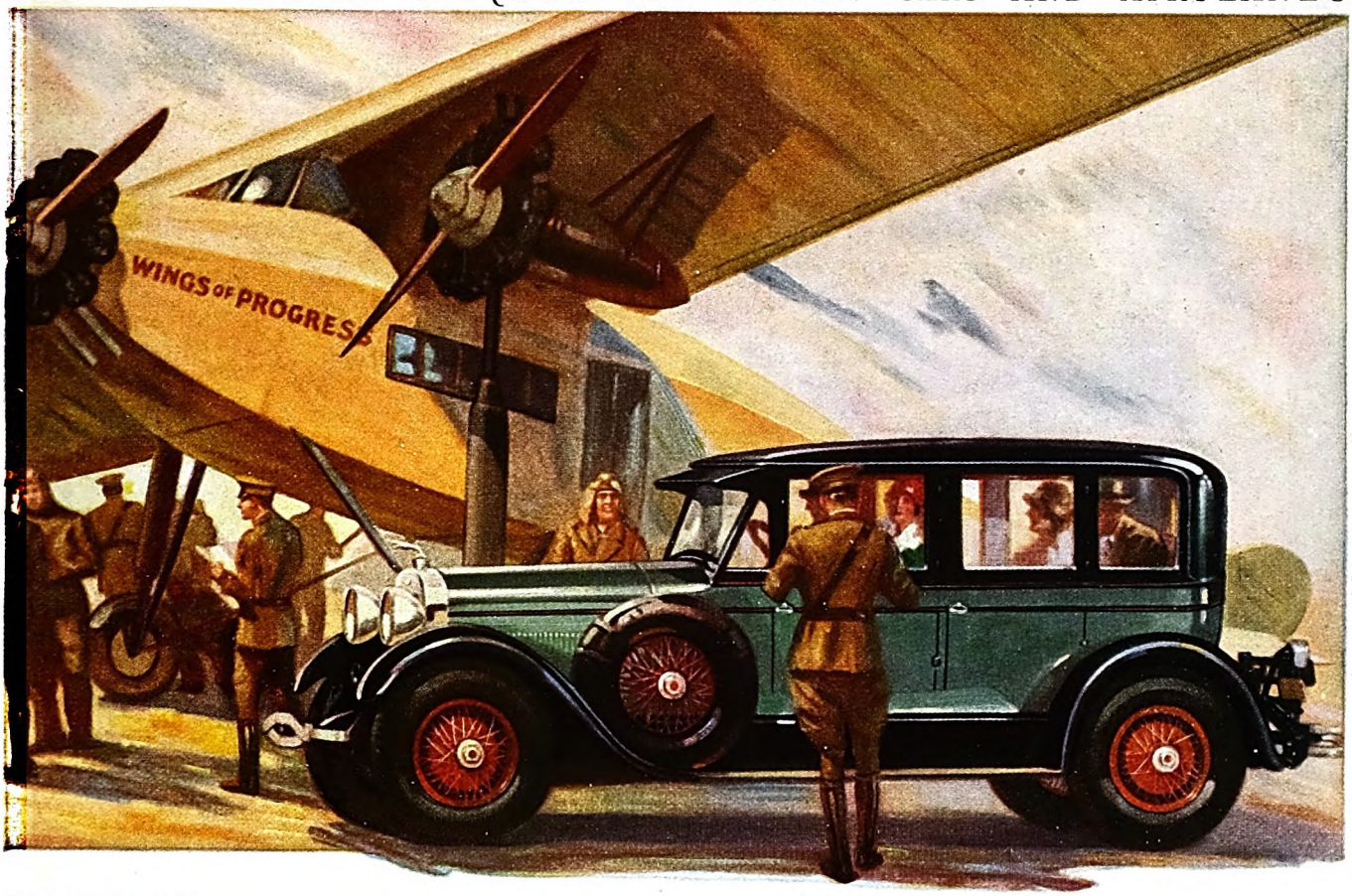

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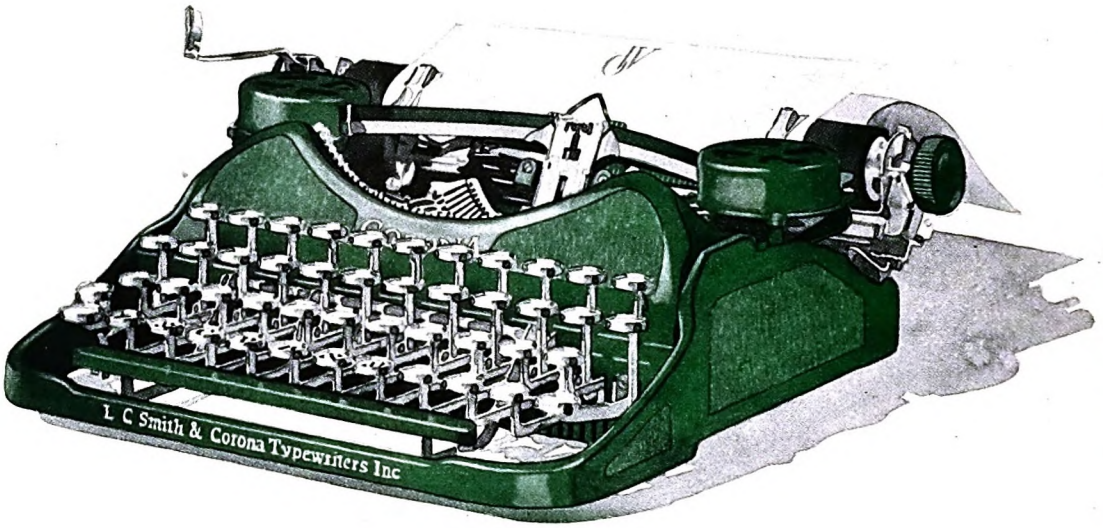

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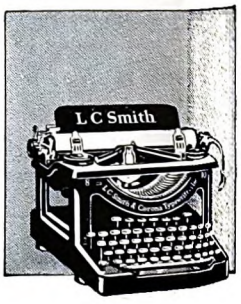

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when I was a boy. They die; but, in their way, they rise again. Do you know the only thing we have which defies the years? There's a kind of love that takes, even from the fatal touch of time, which corrodes all else, a new and beautiful luster. That there should be this affection in our mortal world is a miracle of major importance. Indeed, I think it a proof of the spark of divinity in our natures."

Owning a vast place, he had every reason to expect that trespassers and poachers would visit his property. But really he was not much troubled. The negroes of a considerable district he permitted to trap foxes, wildcats, and raccoons, and to gather what firewood they wanted.

But such was the peculiar hold that he had on the hearts of hunters of the pinelands through his humanity to them and to their families that, year after year, they paid him the incredibly affectionate tribute of not killing his deer.

But there came a winter when strange guns began to sound in his beloved woods. The first time the Colonel heard the shots blaring, he was inclined to overlook the trespass; but the second and third times that the offense was committed, though he rode valiantly out after the offenders, he could not apprehend them. Yet they had done sore damage, and had done it in a way to touch the Colonel nearest his heart: they had shot a deer and crippled it. He saw the poor thing limp into the unavailing shelter of a myrtle thicket. The very next day, sounding out brazenly on the wide stillness of the sleeping plantation, he heard the guns again.

THIS time he was thoroughly aroused. As he left the house, the servants heard him mutter in just provocation that somebody would pay for this. My mother tried to catch him, to ask him to wait until after dinner, which was then almost ready. The Colonel shared with most country husbands the disconcerting habit of vanishing just as a meal was about to be served. But, righteous resentment giving him speed, he was on his horse and away before anyone could stay him. The manner in which he sat his horse and the martial air of his advance boded ill for wrongdoers. It was with this same direct and fearless spirit that he had helped to rally his men on that field of carnage before Burnside's Bridge, and had led them desperately on the slopes of Mary's Heights. If now his heart would only continue as stern as his bearing, all would be well!

The second act of our little comedy opens a half-hour later. The scene is the noble live-oak avenue, through the vista of which the visitor sees the glimmering white pillars of the Colonel's ancient ancestral home. Down the avenue, four men are now walking toward the house. The Colonel is leading his sorrel horse, which had not greatly shared in the warlike excitement of his master. Beside the Colonel are three poachers, and the four of them are chatting gayly. At a certain bent oak along the avenue, the old gentleman halts them and points out a deer-crossing of uncommon fame, since there he has made five double shots on stags.

Now they come onward toward the house; the Colonel deftly drops his bridle rein over a post beside the mounting block, and the four walk up the wide steps to the spacious and beautiful veranda. Here, courteously excusing himself for a moment, telling his guests to mark how high the yellow jasmine vine has climbed one of the pillars, the Colonel hurries into the house.

"My dear," he says to his wife, "I've brought these gentlemen home to dinner with us; there are three of them. Hadn't we better use the silver coffee service? Why," he explains, when his wife asks him if these are the poachers, "we could hardly call them that. They are gentlemen, you see. I knew it the minute I saw them. They did happen to get across my line; but they are from the North, and all this is new country to them. But they were most polite. Besides, we can hardly call guests poachers. I am quite charmed with them, and I know that they will be with you. Yes, they are the same men who have been hunting here for the past week, but they are members of the Oakwood Club. We must be hospitable to them."

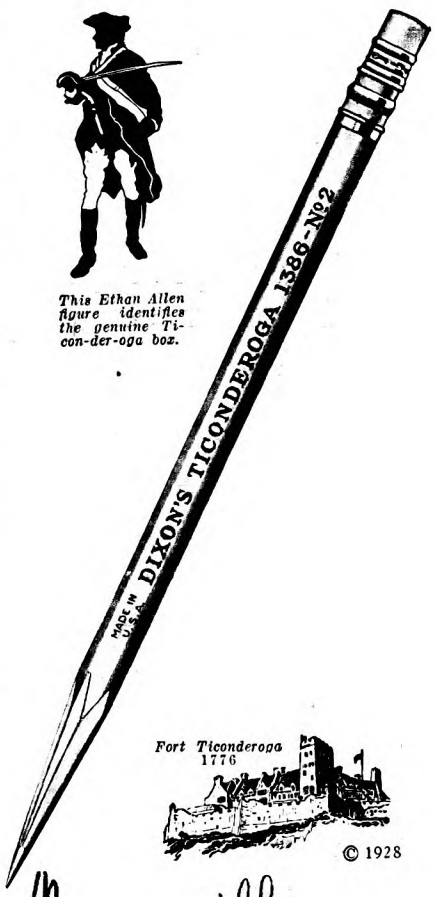
Gallant, tender heart! You were never made for stern reprisals. You gestured at being severe with those who wronged you, but your arm, raised to strike, yielded to the nobler instinct to embrace!

I do not know whether those of painfully worldly mind would approve the Colonel's manner of disciplining offenders. Probably not. But, though utterly naïve and ingenuous, his plan of entertaining the very men he had sworn to punish bore gracious fruits. In the long run, a man cannot lose by courtesy. After that day, those three hunters would rather have died the death than have hunted without permission on the Rutledge property; and the Colonel himself became a frequent and a beloved guest at the famous Oakwood Club.

THERE'S an ancient Cavalier lyric which tells us that, under mountains, over rivers, and seas, through dark caves, over sheer and perilous barriers, Love will find a way. It is the one true magic in life. It is the one force upon the constant use of which Christ insisted, with reiterated pleadings almost pathetic. And no one with any experience of life will be ready to deny that, compared to the supernal power of love, all other powers are mean and insignificant. It makes Hate look paltry. Having all the dreadful might of gentleness, Love has all the quiet conquering way of some living thing eternal. He who employs this force to effect his purposes, as Colonel Rutledge did without design, will have the stars and the sun with him. All beauty and all virtue will be for him. God will be ever at his side. I think the real secret of the charm of the Colonel's personality was a simple one: he had the priceless gift of a loving heart.

The main traffic of life is, after all, with one's own spirit; and if it be gentle and affectionate, how can the journey be aught but joyous?

The Colonel was wholly genuine. His title he had come by through four years of battle-strife. With very little persuasion he would tell you about the war; and, of course, there was but one war to him. Though he bore two wounds, and though I treasure the gray homespun coat that was his—a coat with that patch over the



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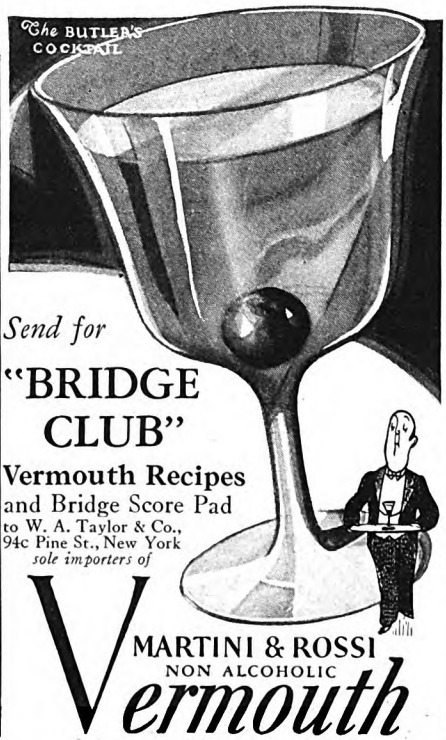

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breast where the bullet tore its way through, and the ragged collar with half the stars shot away, he was totally free from any taint of bitterness or of self-pity. After all his fighting in Virginia, he returned home to a ruined estate and a collapsed civilization. Yet I never heard him speak of President Lincoln save with considerate and kindly judgment. "To the brave men on both sides," I used often to hear him say, lifting his glass for a toast, "to the brave men who fought, and to the braver women who waited." And to him Gettysburg was ever the greatest disaster in history.

BEHIND him was a depth and richness of background utterly lacking to most men who bear his title. He had known intimately both Lee and Jackson. He told me that, one night of rain and fog, on the dreary and deadly ramparts in front of the trenches at Petersburg, a cloaked figure had suddenly appeared to him out of the mist. It was General Lee. Together they stood talking in the steady downpour; talking of the war, of the coming battle, of those fallen, of those left behind. On leaving, the General said: "I hope your men are well sheltered, Colonel. Keep them dry if you can, and give them extra rations." More than a mile back to his headquarters Lee walked in the rain.

The Colonel told me that he had seen Custer at Appomattox: "A most romantic figure," he said, "with fire and dash; extraordinary flowing curls; the most picturesque man I ever saw, save only Pickett. Jackson, if you did not know who he was, you might laugh at, for he was awkward and looked far more like a preacher than a soldier. But if you knew him, you'd worship him. Lee, of course, was supreme. I do not know that the war ruined the South; for it gave her Lee."

In 1918 he visited me in the North and I drove him down to the battlefield of Antietam, which he had not seen since those woeful September days of 1862. The guide took us to the tower overlooking the historic field, and pointed out to us the maneuvers of the troops on both sides, naming the commanders, and describing the fighting. "Just over yonder," he said at last, "the Twenty-fifth North Carolina regiment was bloodily engaged. It was commanded by the gallant Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge, the youngest colonel in the Confederate Army. He was badly wounded in this battle."

Father took off his hat and bowed to the guide: "Colonel Rutledge," he said, "and at your service, sir."

I might add that, after Antietam, upon Lee's recrossing the Potomac under the fire of sharpshooters, the Colonel would undoubtedly have lost his life but for the intrepid devotion of his negro body servant, who attended him throughout the war. The negro had gone ahead, and had reached the Virginia shore, when Father, exhausted by his wound and by the onset of an attack of typhoid, fainted, and fell from his horse into the stream. Under the deadly fire of the Federals, the negro went back, lifted the Colonel's senseless form, and bore him in safety to the friendly shore. Whenever I hear anyone speak disparagingly of negro character, I remember that incident.

That same body-servant, within a few

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years, became the fortunate recipient of a pension from the United States Government. An agent canvassed all the able-bodied negro men to discover whether any were eligible for pensions. As the agent worked on commission, he was not vitally interested in the legitimacy of the claimant's case. Father's body-servant assured the investigator that he had been in the war, omitting only the slight detail of which army he had been in. The agent accepted the negro's "I been fightin' wid Mas' Henry" as sufficient proof of the man's eligibility to a stipend. Father was secretly delighted, and never told his faithful servitor of the dubious nature of the business. The pension came in regularly. At length the negro's wife died. He married a young mulatto; and she to-day, a widow, draws a pension from the United States Government because her husband served four years in the Confederate Army! Many a pension is fearfully and wonderfully made.

In the Battle of the Wilderness, the Colonel captured, after a strenuous personal encounter, a Federal officer—a giant of a man named Olaf Svenson, a Swede, with typical blue eyes and yellow hair. Captor and captive became friendly.

"Where is your home?" asked Father.

"Minnesota," Svenson responded.

The Colonel was astounded.

"Why, man," he exclaimed, incredulous, "we aren't fighting the Northwest!"

This incident has always seemed to me a most interesting illustration of the South's failure to comprehend that she was fighting, not New England alone but the whole of the vast region north of the Line.

MY COLONEL kept open house for travelers; and as his home was near one of the ancient parish highways, there was seldom a time when he was not entertaining someone. "I like to have somebody to look after," he would say.

We children in time became established in life; but one or two always managed to be visiting in the old home. After a long absence, I returned for a visit. Father always called me "Benjamin," because I was the youngest son. From repeated experiences, I was fully prepared to have the Colonel give me the ancestral watch, which, as long as I could remember, had been presented to me every time I came home, and always again on the eve of my departure. And, as often as I received it, I would carefully and secretly lay it back in the little top drawer of Father's mahogany dresser, knowing quite well how sorely the good old gentleman would really miss it if it were gone; knowing, also, that the ancient timepiece, too old to run accurately, was truly invaluable as a gift that could be repeatedly presented, accepted with the solemn gratitude due the possession of an heirloom, and returned faithfully. This whole performance had taken on the grave precision of a religious rite.

On the evening of my arrival one Christmas, after supper was over and the family had gathered before the ample hearth for reminiscences, I saw my father disappear into the bedroom, with the air of one about to spring a joyous surprise. I of course thought that the familiar watch was forthcoming.

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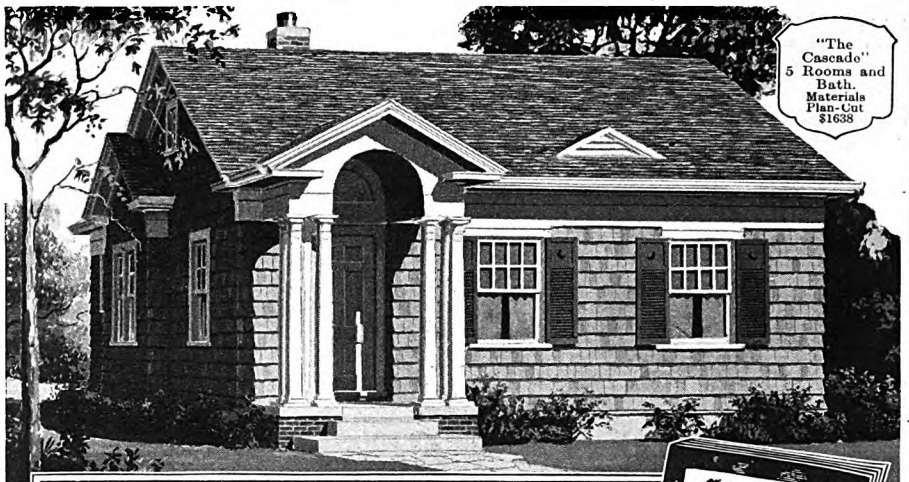

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carrying in his hands a somewhat dilapidated matchbox, I could not imagine what kind of heirloom would be so lightly regarded as to be made to repose in such a receptacle.

There is a type of momentous yet pleasing gravity which sportsmen assume when they discuss sports; and such was the seriousness with which the Colonel approached. With great solicitude, as if he were handling something very brittle, he slid off the cover and placed tenderly in my hands the matchbox. It was packed to the brim with damp white sand!

"Benjamin," said the Colonel, pulling up a chair close to me, adjusting his glasses, and laying one hand on my knee, "it was just like this: I simply could not bear not to have you see that track."

THEN for the first time I noticed, in the center of the small block of wet sand, the track of a buck. Deeply the heavy stag had set the imprint of his hoof in the damp earth.

"I was driving home from the mail," the old gentleman explained, now fairly launched on his story, "when just this side of Bowman's Bank, where that little scrub-oak hill is, I saw this track in the road. It was so fresh that it was almost smoking. I don't think the deer could have been gone a half-hour. As you know, I always put out every deer track that I see, not caring to have any of the pineland hunters take too deep an interest in them. But I just felt as if you had to have this track. Your mother had told me to buy a box of matches at the store. The Lord will provide! The thing came over me in a flash. Here was my chance to preserve the track for you! Emptying the matches on the floor of the buggy, I turned the opened box down over the track, ran my knife 'round the edges to give me the outline; then, lifting the box, I cut down deeply into the sand, and lifted the block intact. Isn't it the finest track you ever saw? And to think it was made by one of the deer of our home woods!"

The good old man's delight was so unfeigned, and his pride in his singular achievement was so refreshing and ingenuous that no real lover of humanity but would be irresistibly drawn to the ardent author of so quaint and whimsical a performance.

The Colonel was a great lover of flowers, as I have said; and in his own woods nature was lavish in beauty and abundance. I have seen him ride into a bay thicket and break a great fragrant cluster of snowy blooms for his wife. Of the flowers of the garden, he loved the red rose best; for half a century ago his mother used to wear one in her hair. He even went so far in sentiment once as to write a little verse about a rose; but he never showed it to anyone, and barely mentioned it to me, having a deep regard for the sanctity of personal emotions, and a reticence about his own feelings. As he used to ride about the plantation, he was forever reining in his horse to admire the beauty of the cloudy-purple pines, the dazzling faërie work of the hummingbirds, the misty-tender radiance of the blossoming fields. This close association with the loveliness of nature kept him close to God.

Touching matters of a religious nature, he was reverent in a manner almost

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antique. He had nothing in common with those who say in their hearts that there is no God, for he had passed through many dark waters, and had found Him in their depths. He always said his prayers; though, as he confided to me with real contrition, on very cold nights he was shockingly liable to cut them a bit short. His favorite prayer was that of the Publican, and he often repeated it with comforting sadness.

I have mentioned certain incidents of the relationship of my Colonel Rutledge with the negroes. All of them in his part of the country knew and loved him; and whatever failings negroes may have they are among the most discriminating judges of character I know. At least three dusky families lived entirely on the Colonel's bounty. He built two cabins on his land and furnished them for two ancient negroes; Old Galboa and Old Morris, both of whom had been slaves. All their many descendants had deserted them, but their former master did not.

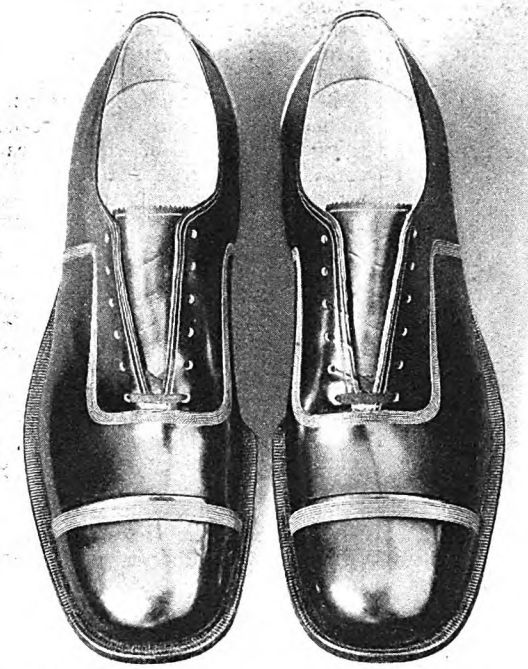
How often have I sat with my father and Old Galboa under the oaks and pines in front of the negro's cabin, listening fascinated to the talk of these two men, each one a sage in his own way, each devoted to the other. Galboa was both by nature and by circumstances a recluse, but to the Colonel he opened his heart. Formerly the plantation fisherman, he had an almost occult knowledge of wild creatures and their ways. Deep, primeval, was his philosophy, smacking of the very odors of the brown earth and of the forest. I remember him saying, "God is good enough to do anything." His descriptions of things had a certain poetic felicity, unlearned and therefore piquant. I recall his describing a hog as being of "a sort of a kind of brown-ashes color;" and one day, when the Colonel asked him if he had seen a certain wild heifer, Old Galboa said, "No, sah, but I will take a sly look for her."

I REMEMBER how amused I was over an appeal that a much baffled negro bridegroom made to the Colonel. This young man, Alec Jones by name, was a very gentle, respectful fellow; Father had almost reared him, and he had always come, in the most confiding manner, to the old gentleman for advice. About a week after the marriage of Alec to a most buxom and commanding woman, several years his senior and, as she let it be freely known, centuries his superior, the bridegroom, much crestfallen, appeared in the Colonel's back yard. Alec gave unmistakable signs of being in a most painful state of mind. The Colonel at once apprehended the young man's distress, but he had rather a difficult time ascertaining the real nature of the trouble. At last it came out:

"Mas' Henry," asked Alec, fathomless faith in his troubled eyes, "is you know any way for a man to head-off a woman?"

Alec's old friend and benefactor was obliged to confess that even his long experience of life had not enabled him to discover a single method by which a mere man can prevent a woman from having her own way. But he attempted to console Alec by adding, "We men must remember, Alec, that women are generally right."

Nor was this opinion delivered without profound conviction on the Colonel's part.



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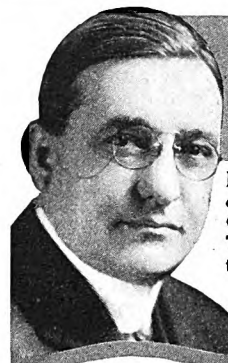

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He reverenced women as no other man of my acquaintance has ever done. I might hazard the conjecture that the high estimate he put upon womankind might account in no small measure for his serenity of spirit and for his popularity.

On one occasion a young negro man was rather disrespectful to the Colonel—a thing so unheard-of that it caused a considerable stir on the plantation, and rumors of it ominously traveled for miles. The negro in question was one Mingo, the son of old Isaac McCoy.

Many were the scathing personal remarks passed on Mingo by the members of his own race, the attacks ranging from animadversions concerning his morals to ridicule of his indubitably peculiar head. But it was reserved for old Isaac, the chagrined father, to make what I have always considered to be the most amusing and unique apology I ever heard. Approaching the Colonel with a certain air of deference yet of ancient wisdom, he said, "I done come for tell you 'bout Mingo. Mas' Henry, you ain't 'zackly understan' my son."

This beginning did not promise an apology, and the Colonel did not look pleased.

"Mas' Henry," old Isaac explained, as if such matters should really be understood by a man of the Colonel's intellectual ascendency, "ain't you know, sah, if eber you see a nigger wid a raccoon head, he ain't got no sense?"

The Colonel melted; old Isaac chuckled. Peace and order were completely restored by this original and magnificent apology.

FATHER was the only man living who could give a negro in that part of the country his genealogy. I used always to get a thrill of genuine pathos when some black man or woman, in perfect trust and confidence, having walked miles out of nowhere, would come to the Colonel, and plead, with appealing and devastating blankness, "Mas' Henry, please, sah, tell me who I is."

"Why," the Colonel would say, "your people, William, came from the old Ormond Hall place. You are the son of Charlie Washington, who died when you were just a little boy. Your mother was Sarah Colleton, and your grandmother was Mamie Weston, who nursed my mother. They were all fine people; you come from the very best stock."

My Colonel's utter humanity was by no means limited by his relations with his fellowmen; it included all living things, especially horses and dogs. On a hot day I have known him to dismount and walk in the sun beside his horse, just to give the poor creature a respite. He was never more boyishly happy than when someone made him a present of a puppy; and as his acquaintance was large, gifts of dogs were so frequent as to come near dislocating the domestic machinery of his home. I can see him now, seated in his favorite rocking chair on his spacious veranda, his right hand hanging down, playing with the prodigious drooping ears of a hound puppy, regaling me with tales of woods and waters. At such times the gentle affection with which his bronzed hand played with the pup was as indicative of his character as the genial light in his clear blue eyes.

One cold January day when Father and I were deer-hunting, I left my stand in the woods and joined him on his, to suggest that we make a little fire, it being better to let a deer escape than to freeze one's self. I found him on a pine log, somewhat huddled by the cold. Seated very close to him was Blue, his favorite old hound, who had apparently wearied of the chase and had rejoined his master. The hound saw my approach, but the good old man did not. Singular indeed was the performance that I beheld, and of a nature so whimsical that I can never recall it without a smile.

The Colonel had carefully unwrapped on the log before him the one precious sandwich that he had for luncheon. This he had scrupulously cut into little squares. In his hand was a tiny silver flask, a few drops of the priceless brandy from which, with the grave precision of a connoisseur, he would pour on the bread. Then he would give old Blue a square, and would take one himself, share and share alike. The hound, looking unfathomable things at me, resented, I think, in his stately fashion, my intrusion upon so personal and solemn an occasion. As I came up, the Colonel said, with a smile:

"Benjamin, an old dog, you know, has to have a little stimulant as well as an old man."

That the singular remedy he gave Blue was efficacious, I am certain; for the hound, rejuvenated, soon rejoined the pack. But the more I think of his secretly leaving his companions, the more I am convinced that not weariness but sweet recollection and anticipation had prompted him. This same performance that I had witnessed had doubtless happened many times before!

SUCH was the man I knew and loved. He is gone. But the memory of him gives life for me—and I believe for many others—an aspect of nobility and grace. My Colonel helps to redeem humanity. They throng back to me—the memories he created; they mingle, they brighten. And in the moonlit, shadowy land of the past I see my beloved Colonel greeting affectionately his roadside neighbors; talking with Old Galboa; visiting the stricken Amos Brown; feeding his luncheon to an old hound; walking with his black friend, Joe Vandross, even to the very grave; giving his son a treasured deer track; rejoicing in Nature's beauty and abundance; ascertaining artfully a somewhat lagging lover's preference for color, and then, with native charm, telling the sweet girl in the wild pinelands to buy a blue ribbon instead of a red one!

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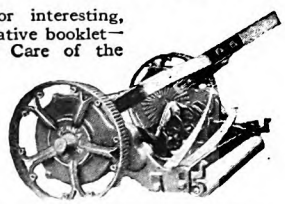

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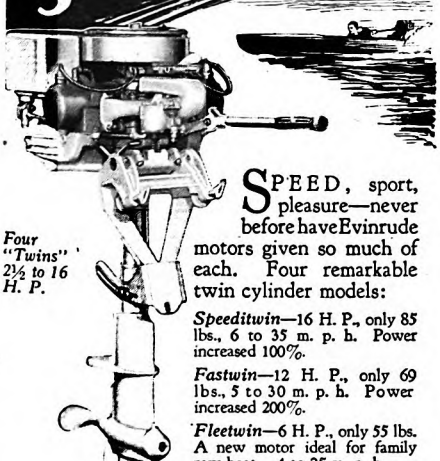

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Behind the Mike

(*Continued from page 27*)

advantage, that the audience supplies an inspiration to the artist or speaker, the absence of which unsettles him badly in the old-type broadcasting station.

Singers who are accustomed to face great audiences and who can hear the rap of the maestro's baton in the Metropolitan without a tremor, when they come to stand for the first time before the little "mike" are stricken with terror—what we call "mike fever." They may be in a small room, nobody present but the announcer and an accompanist.

But there stands that little microphone—that "terrible little piece of tin" as Reinald Werrenrath called it. It means nothing in particular if you look at it as a casual observer. But stand before it to broadcast, hear suddenly the click of switches, and the whisper of the announcer, "You're on the air," and a strange, undefinable thrill takes possession of you. It is as if suddenly the walls of the studio had collapsed and you found yourself upon a peak, with the world around its base peering up at you, or as if that little round disk were a crack in the walls of the world, through which you were about to call out to the universe. The thought paralyzes a lot of people because it is all in the imagination, and there is no eager, expectant crowd present to spur them on, nothing but the bare walls of the studio. John McCormack, veteran and easy artist that he is, was in a terrible state on his first appearance.

The artist needs applause. That burst of hand-clapping that comes surging toward him as he is introduced or when he is through is the very food of his soul. And there is no such nourishment in a broadcasting studio. The microphone never smiles or claps or talks back. And the performer never knows whether the crowd out in the air is laughing at him or sneering at him or applauding.

ONE night a Russian pianist was booked to play at our studio. He was greatly troubled at the lack of an audience. There was no "atmosphere" for his artistic soul to splash around in. But he had a happy thought. He asked if we would put out the lights, so that he might play in the dark. Of course his request was granted, and so this player, sitting there in the mystic depths of the darkness, was able to summon up within his soul the inspiration he needed. A few others, I dare say, hearing of this, tried the same experiment. And some others sought the same effect in a dim light rather than darkness. At all events, out of this slender suggestion grew the beautiful studio which has just been put into use.

This studio, which is on the top floor of the fine new building of the National Broadcasting Company, is much like a beautiful concert hall, finished with very high ceilings, from which drop magnificent chandeliers. At one end is a slightly raised platform, large enough to accommodate a symphony orchestra. Up to this point there is nothing out of the ordinary in this fine chamber save its appointments.

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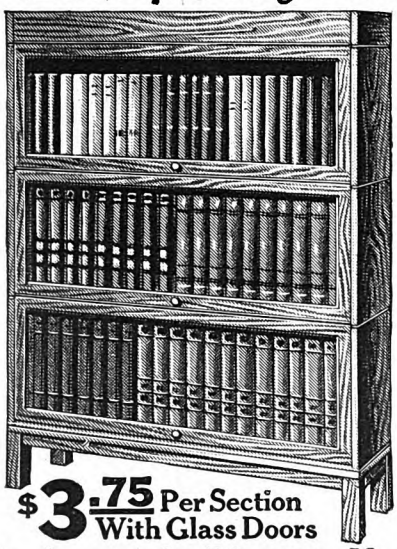

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at the microphone the change comes: The bulbs of the great chandeliers which flood the chamber with light are extinguished, and the studio is plunged into semi-darkness. The whole space is suffused with a soft, dusky glow from hidden lamps. These lamps are concealed around the rims of the wall panels, and their glow is spread over the surface of the panel. There are nine hundred and eighty-seven of these lamps. The artist standing before the microphone feels, as these light changes take place, something of the thrill he gets from the greeting of his audience, and their expectant flutter as they settle into the hush which precedes the first note of the music.

He begins his number in this soft, warm, rose-colored dusk, and then slowly the glow upon the panels changes to deep purples, and then brighter oranges, and deep, somber blue, and then again into a series of rose tints. Like the incidental music in the movie theatre—the deep, gay, or solemn tones of the organ which underscore the picture—so these color tones of the broadcasting studio pour over the uneasy soul of the artist, warm it, thrill it, and enable him to escape the disconcerting influence of that hard-boiled piece of tin—the remorseless mike.

A GREAT sum has been spent on this studio, which is really only one of nine which the National Broadcasting Company has fitted up in their new quarters. And this leads me to say just a word about a very important feature of broadcasting. Since we were talking about the men behind the mike and the machines behind the mike, let us also remember there must be a pocketbook behind the mike, and a very healthy and robust one at that.

We Americans have become so accustomed to having the good things of the earth that we accept them when they come as a matter of course. All of us turn the dials of our radio machines, and expect to get something worth listening to, without giving very much thought as to where it comes from or who is paying the bill. There are every night a certain number of what are called sponsored programs—concerts which are financed by some large business concern for publicity purposes or by some organization, because they want to get their message out over the air.

But these sponsored programs account for only a part of the broadcasting. For instance, every week there is sent out a magnificent radio tabloid production of some opera. This is called the National Grand Opera Company Hour. This costs about $3,000 a week, $156,000 a year.

This is paid for by the National Broadcasting Company. In return, it receives absolutely nothing save good will. It is a part of what is called their sustaining programs. They must keep on the air continually. They must maintain a high standard. They have assumed to perform that function for the great radio audience. It is in the nature of a trust. And they must meet it. Your great world-series games, football games, the President's addresses, great public events like the Lindbergh receptions—all these are broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company and its associated stations without any money return whatever.

Last year the National Broadcasting Company spent $6,000,000 on programs, and the stations associated with it expended an additional $2,000,000 buying time over its network. The upkeep of the two great fifty-kilowatt transmitters of WEAF and WJZ cost about $500,000 a year, and this does not include the pay roll of artists, announcers, clerks, operators, salesmen, who are required to manage and operate the stations and the business back of them. The trick of operating these great stations at a profit has not yet been worked out.

I have told of that great broadcasting program, and of the effect of the microphone upon artists, and both these subjects bring me back to Will Rogers. One of the pleasant features of being a radio announcer is the people you meet. My own five years in this new profession have brought me in touch with a long line of artists, orators, statesmen, writers, prize fighters, and celebrities of all sorts. And one of the most interesting and appealing human beings I have ever met is our old friend Will Rogers.

I had been assigned to that portion of the program which went out from his home, where he presided over the show. I was a guest at his home, and saw with delight the Will Rogers which the public does not see—the thoughtful, good-humored and proud husband and father in the midst of his fine, wholesome family life. We had a crew of men installing the necessary apparatus in Will's study. They were rushed for time, and had to eat their dinner on the fly. There are no lack of servants in the Rogers home; but Mrs. Rogers herself brought up to the study and served with her own hands the meals the men ate. That home in Beverly Hills, unlike so many of the homes in that famous moving-picture region, is very beautiful, but wholly without pretension—fine, tasteful, and costly too, but entirely unostentatious. Will said he had something he wanted to show us, as he led us out into his beautiful gardens.

"The swimming pool?" suggested someone.

"Oh no," drawled Rogers. "That's nothin' to show out this way. Everybody 'round here has a swimmin' pool. I got somethin' I like better than that."

SO HE led us to the end of the garden and through a hedge and there, spread out before us, was an enormous tanbark ring as big as Madison Square Garden. That's where Will and his kids can go out every morning with their broncos and ride around and do stunts without any danger of the youngsters getting hurt if thrown from their ponies.

However, this is not what I set out to tell. Rogers has faced millions—audiences of all sorts, on the stage, at great public functions, and on the lecture platform. But when he stood for the first time before a microphone it troubled him greatly. I had been with him in all of his broadcasting experience, and had found a way to help him, and so on the day of our great nation-wide program he was extremely nervous lest I would not show up for this performance.

Nobody is more disconcerted by the microphone than the speaker who deals in humor. A microphone is a dreadful thing to deliver a wise crack to. Rogers usually

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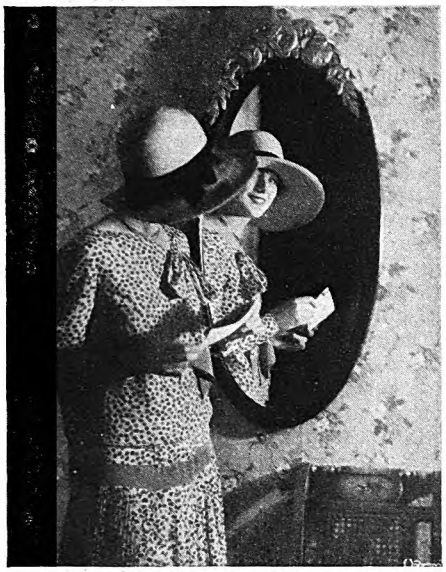

What Changed Her?

SHE used to be so shy—never had a word to say. But now—

She talks so entertainingly, dresses stunningly and has a host of friends.

Who is she?

Just a plucky little woman who, not so very long ago, was timid, "a fraid-cat," you might say. Something changed her, and I can tell just what did. Better still, I think I'll let her tell you that herself. She writes:

"A friend of mine who had not seen me for some time said to me, 'You seem so different now. You are brighter and so much happier.'

"She was right, though I had not realized it until she spoke. And I am so very thankful. It is true: Pin Money Club work has been such good training for me and it has been such a pleasure, too. Besides adding new zest and interest to my life, the money I have earned has given me so many nice things my regular salary could not buy for me."

The Woman Who Is Always Admired—

IS THE woman who smiles. And the woman who smiles knows that deep contented feeling of security. A well-filled purse never fails to bring it, and that's why so many thousands of American Magazine readers are members of this money-making department, The Pin Money Club.

Mrs. Ora D——, a Michigan member, says:

"It is a pleasure—this Pin Money Club work of ours—and I have made good money. In just two and one half days I earned almost $30."

SOUNDS interesting, doesn't it? Surely it makes you want to know more about this Club. It will not cost you a penny to join us. Your letter will be held in strict confidence. I do hope you will write to me today!

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department T
250 Park Avenue New York City

enjoys his own jokes pretty well. He chuckles at them, and has a way of looking up quizzically to see if his audience is laughing too. If there is no audience to laugh, he is in a pretty bad state. So this night I managed to supply him with an audience. The five or six men handling the set were there, and when he was speaking I arranged them in a row the other side of the desk from Rogers.

There was a lamp on the desk, and this I tilted so that it fell upon him like the footlights. As he talked, he could see beyond it dimly the little group of men, almost like the first row of an audience. And as he got off one wise crack after another he would look up, and find them chuckling in great glee at his sallies. And that put him completely at his ease.

This was the occasion on which Rogers gave his imitation of President Coolidge for which he was so much criticized. That criticism worried Rogers very much, and he wrote to the President asking if he had been hurt by his (Rogers's) pleasantries; to which of course Mr. Coolidge replied that he had not, and had enjoyed them instead. Rogers wrote the President "that the last thing he would want to do was to wound any man's feelings." And I am sure that is true.

On that same evening he made a lot of fun of me for my description of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, and the Stanford-Pittsburgh football game. That day, walking through his grounds with me, he said:

"Mac, do you mind if I wise-crack you a little to-night?"

I assured him I would not.

"Well," he said, "I'd like you to know what I'm goin' to say, so if you don't like it I'll change it."

"That's all right, Will," I replied.

"I know; but I want you to see it. I think I better get that paper where I got them all wrote out, and read 'em to you."

Rogers talks the way he lectures and writes.

And so he fished out a paper and read me all the things he got off about me over the radio that night. And we both had a good laugh at them.

HOWEVER, if there is one thing the broadcaster gets accustomed to, it is criticism. After every big event I am sure to get hundreds of letters raking me over the coals. If it is a fight, I will get letters telling me I should be ashamed of myself to have been so outrageously prejudiced in favor of Mr. Dempsey, and other letters telling me if I can't keep my feelings in favor of Mr. Tunney under control I ought to shut up. After the last Dempsey-Tunney fight I got no end of letters criticizing me for declaring Tunney out in that seventh round.

You will recall that in that famous round, Tunney was floored by a series of crashing left hooks and right crosses which Jack Dempsey suddenly unleashed. I began counting with the referee, telling off the count through the microphone. I was breathless with my excitement. I counted—"five—six—seven—eight—nine—and—" And this is where the argument came in. Lots of people insisted I said "—and—he's out." In several cases listeners-in shut off their loud speakers and paid their bets, and never heard the rest of the fight. Did I say

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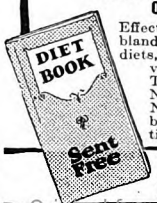

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Weatherbest STAINED SHINGLES FOR ROOFS AND SIDE-WALLS

"He's *out?*" Well, I didn't! I said, "He's *up*," and I was enabled to prove that by the interposition of about as fortunate a circumstance as ever happened to me in my life. A phonograph company decided to make a phonograph record of the broadcasting of that fight. And so, in their studio, they had a loud speaker feeding into a recording instrument. When they sent me the completed record, you can bet I put it on my phonograph in a hurry and —sure enough—there was my vindication, graven in the disk, just as I had said it, and as clear as anything I ever uttered in my life. That was the second record made of my broadcasting. The first was the description of Lindbergh's arrival at New York. And I might add here that one of the greatest thrills I ever got out of radio was the first time I listened to that record, and actually heard myself broadcasting.

IT WOULD be an excellent thing for all broadcasters if they could hear themselves occasionally. Unfortunately, that is not possible. But I have a recording instrument in my home that never misses one of my own performances—and that is my wife. She sits there with pencil and paper, and when I get home she always has a collection of notes about the job. How much these have aided me it would be very difficult to exaggerate. And when I am broadcasting I always know that she is there.

But that is quite common with people who speak or sing over the radio. They know that out there "in the air" are millions of homes listening in. But their minds are invariably on that one fireside which is the most important in the world. When Gene Tunney won his last battle with Dempsey, I called him over to the "mike." He sent greetings to his friends in Greenwich, a thing for which he was much criticized. It has not occurred to a lot of the critics that Gene was not thinking so much about his swanky friends in the rich suburb where he lives, as of one little sitting-room and one loud speaker, there and someone beside it, to whom, in his hour of victory, across the air he was sending a salute.

When Jack Dempsey knocked out Sharkey, I asked him to say something through the mike. He was breathless and excited. But his first words to me were:

"Can the Coast get this, Mac?"

I told him yes, and he called out like a boy:

"Hello, Babe. I'm all right, and will come home right away."

They are all the same.

When President Coolidge delivered his last address on the night before the last national election, he concluded by saying good night to all the folks, "including my father, up on the Vermont farm listening in."

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK has written for next month a powerful article on "The Wages of Hate." Men and women, consumed by the fierce fires of hatred, have come to him for help, and he has given them the key to overcoming hatred. "To hate," he says, "is as silly as to burn down your house to get rid of a rat."

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If You Want to Slow a Man Down Try Bawling Him Out

(*Continued from page 49*)

States had nothing on me at that moment.

"As I look back, I wonder if that first test of the new boy wasn't in the nature of a joker; in fact, I'm pretty sure it was. But I called the turn.

"At the end of my first week I was sent to the mail desk and made mail clerk, and when my pay envelope came at the end of the second week, I found in it a bright shiny five-dollar gold piece. I was, as you must have guessed by now, a very serious-minded and diffident lad, and I at once decided that it was a mistake. I went to Mr. Larbig, the paymaster.

"'There is some error,' I said. 'There are five dollars in my envelope.'

"'Why, what did you think you were getting?' he inquired.

"'Four dollars,' I replied.

"'Oh no, you're not,' he assured me. 'You go and see Mr. Welles.' I went. He said that the five dollars were all mine, and added kindly:

"'Albert, you are the best office boy we ever had.'

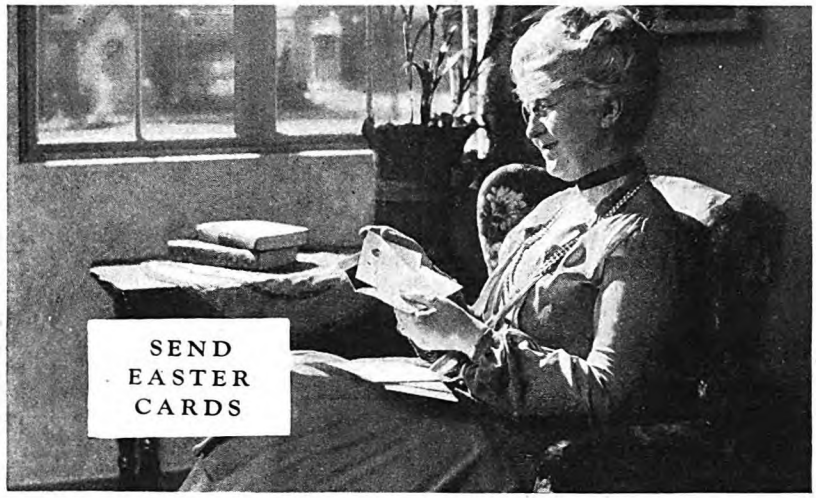
"Now, if anything in the world could have been counted upon to start a serious-minded boy such as I upon the right path, that five dollars and the praise was it. From that day I put a fervor into my work that was devout."

LONG before the school vacation had ended, Albert Salt knew that he did not want to be a minister or to go to school again; he wanted nothing but to be permitted to go on in the wonderful work of which he was now a part. He had hard work convincing his parents and his grandparents that he should stop school. But he finally sold them the idea, after he had promised that he would study every night with his grandfather. He kept his word.

"It wasn't easy," he admitted, "for many a night I had to work overtime and would come home dead-tired at ten P. M. But my grandfather and I kept at it year after year, and in the end I had a pretty liberal education.

"The office was a liberal education too. Think for a moment of the kind of men I had about me: There was Professor Elisha Gray, the 'Gray' in Graybar, who was a great inventor, responsible for many inventions in electrical mechanism; Enos M. Barton, the 'Bar' in Graybar, who was our executive head and a man of great ability and foresight; Mr. Welles went abroad, but we had left Charles H. Brown, now a patent lawyer in Chicago; General Anson Stager, David Brooks, who was also an inventor, all talented and able men whose names are now known to everyone in this industry, men who might serve as a powerful stimulus to any boy.

"Barton was a wonderful letter writer. He had a great command of English and his letters were my envy and my guide. All of the men were good to me. I was the youngest of the clerks, the others were eight or ten years my senior. And these men all took time to talk with me and to



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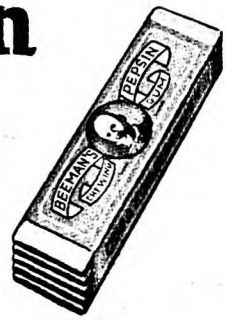

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help me, and I often walked part of the way home with one of them. The second year I was there, Mr. H. B. Thayer, now chairman of the Board of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, came to take charge of the office. In a very short time we became friends and we are intimate friends to this day.

"Of course, I had my ups and downs. When I was bill clerk, I was fired. We had a new report sent us to be filled in. I remember it well, Form 242 of the American Bell Telephone Company. There were columns defining the different types of magneto bells manufactured by the Western Electric Company. There was no key to help me make out the report, so I filled it in as I thought it should be done, and the first week it was O. K. The report for the next week came along and it carried no balances forward. Lacking instructions, I repeated the balances in the body of the report. Mr. Barton, our general manager, was at the main office in Chicago. The reports coming to him had been full of errors, and he said:

"'If that New York report comes in wrong, I'll fire the man who wrote it.' That was *my* report. It came and it *was* wrong, and Barton wrote to Mr. Brown at the New York office;

"'When I come back, I don't want to find that man Salt around.'

"Brown told me. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll get out. I don't seem to be making much progress here, anyway.'

"'Huh,' he returned, 'you get back on the job and pay no attention to this.' I went back to my desk, red and discomfited.

"I waited in fear and dread for Barton's return. When he came to my high desk, where I sat enclosed within an iron grating, my heart was pounding. But his face was wreathed in smiles.

"'How are you, Albert?' he said, 'I'm glad to see you.'

"'I—I'm pretty well,' I managed to stammer. 'I—I guess I'm learning a little something.'

"'Good,' he said warmly, and went on.

"I could hardly believe that the dread moment had passed. Nor had it. Before long Mr. Thayer came down-stairs, peeped into my cage and said:

"'Albert, Mr. Barton wants to see you.' I got up the stairs somehow, and there sat Mr. Barton, grinning.

"'Albert,' he said, 'I'd clean forgotten your name was Salt!' I took a deep breath.

"'Mr. Barton,' I began, 'I'm sorry about the mistake. I realize it was inexcusable, but I think we all make mistakes, and'—I was floundering wildly now—'I think sometimes we benefit by our mistakes, when we make mistakes—'

"He was laughing aloud by that time.

"'You do!' he said. 'Good! Now get back to work!' I got.

"THAT incident taught me a valuable lesson. I had been scared for days about my interview with Mr. Barton, and for nothing. I determined to stop being scared. And if there is one thing I want to do as an executive, it is to train my force to stop being scared. Fear prevents a man from giving the whole of himself to his work. It prevents him from developing ideas; or, if he develops ideas he feels that they may not be vital to his organization, and discounts them.

"When I made the mistake in my report I wanted to leave before Barton returned. I was afraid to face him. Brown, the good friend who kept me there, saved me from making a fool of myself. I did know enough to confess with entire frankness and to state that I was sorry. I floundered about pretty badly but it was evident that I was sincere. Frankly to confess and say you are sorry clarifies almost any situation.

"Just once in those early days, and the only time in my whole life, I asked for what I thought was a promotion. The job I was holding was that of bill clerk, and it didn't pay much, although I was a kind of assistant to Mr. Thayer. The shipping clerk was leaving. He was paid three dollars a week more than I, and I wanted those three dollars. I wanted them so hard that I could see nothing else. I asked Mr. Thayer to give me the job. He said I couldn't have it. I was mad clear through, and demanded the reason. He said:

"'Albert, I don't have to give you a reason. You can't have the job; you are going to stay and assist me.'

"Some saving grace stayed my tongue. Maybe deep within me I had a sneaking suspicion that I wasn't sizing the thing up right. What I did not see was that by becoming a shipping clerk in that organization I would be sidetracked from further promotion. My vision was completely obscured by the three dollars a week. And a few dollars a week extra blurs the vision of a good many young people."

FOR three years Salt listened to words of wisdom from his associates and did as he was told.

"They called me 'Little Willie,'" he said, laughing, "and some of them call me that until this day. 'Let Little Willie do it' was a popular saying in our office. I had a thorough training, but it was a kindly one, and many a day I was guided over a mistake by an earnest friend who put an arm over my shoulder as he talked. And that took a good deal of the sting of it away. I use the same method with the boys under me. If an employee has to be corrected, it is senseless to bawl him out. In all probability, the only result of a bawling out will be to get him in a state of mind in which he will go over and over the reprimand for the next three weeks, and all that time his work will be below his standard. We learn through making mistakes, and the only reason for showing up mistakes is to help a man to learn faster."

At the end of three years, the Western Electric Company decided to send a salesman out on the road, and Salt was selected for the experiment. The company had never had a salesman; it was pioneer work.

"I had an equipment that would bring a smile to the face of any modern salesman," he said. "Catalogues were useless, people wanted to see the apparatus. So I traveled with a big trunk in which were samples of fire alarms, vibrating bells, annunciators, wire, push buttons, batteries, and all the electrical chicken feed of that year. I was to see two classes of customers: the telephone companies and the electricians. In those days, an electrician was anybody who could connect an electric battery with a push button. Much of this stuff was new and it had to be explained in detail, set up and demonstrated."

"Salt was a first-class salesman," said

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Thayer, "because he made friends everywhere, and because he never knew when he was beaten. If a man told him he had just ordered a bill of supplies, Salt continued to call on him and talk with him, even after the order had come in. And he kept on calling and talking, and finally he got an order for himself."

When Salt became a salesman he was not quite twenty years old. But he had grown up. He was building intelligently for the future. And, like many of the men who have helped to make telephone history, he was profoundly aware that he was a part of a great movement.

But there were disgruntled customers, too, and Salt had to deal with these.

"Gradually it got to be a saying in the company that I liked a disagreeable job," he said. "They never made a greater mistake, but I didn't let them find it out.

"More than once I've heard an officer say:

"'Let Salt tackle that; he likes that kind of thing,' and I have uttered deep groans within myself, and have gone out and tackled the blamed job. To this day, a lot of people about here think I delight in wrestling with the toughest proposition there is. I don't; I just do it. But I'm bound to say it often isn't as bad as it is painted."

During his twenty years on the road Salt developed a creed of salesmanship, a simple, homely creed that is replete with wisdom.

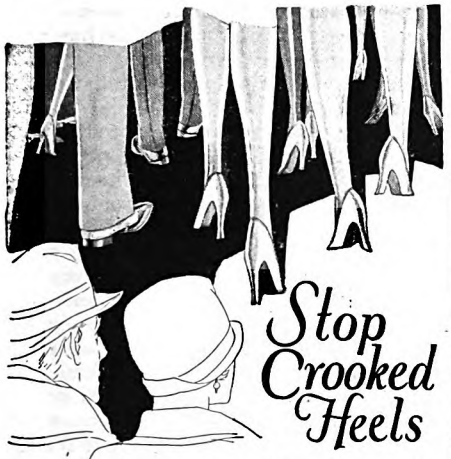
"I was helped," he said, "by the fact that I love to trade. I know nothing that gives me more exhilaration than being mixed up in a deal. Any man is fortunate who approaches selling in that way.

"NOW, I know just two ways to make people think of you as a good fellow. The first is to take your loss with a smile. If you don't get an order, smile about it, even if it does stretch your face. For the man who did not give you the order will remember you as a good sport. Nobody can get all the business in the world. I've heard all the things any salesman hears: that my price was too high and my terms unsatisfactory, but I kept at it just the same.

"I was convinced that my price was right and my terms what they should be, so I persisted in trying to convince the other fellow. If he was unusually difficult, I always tried to delay the order a day or so. It is wonderful what reflection will do. A man gets started on an argument and he won't back down in the heat of the fray. But give in for the time being, and retire, with the understanding that the order will not be given to someone else before you return. Then come back and forget the argument, and begin all over with the goods and the price and terms, and often the war is over and you've won.

"A salesman must know his goods, and also his markets, thoroughly. He should wear good enough clothing so that he can forget his clothes. Under no circumstances should he smoke when he is coming into an office. I want to make this emphatic. There are many men who do not like smoke, and others who may happen to abominate your particular brand. Smoke if you are asked, and smoke only what you are sure the other man likes.

"Never knock the other fellow who sells a similar line.



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IT is the way you *walk* that makes your heels wear crooked, or shoes "run-over"—not the fault of the shoes. It mars your grace and spoils the otherwise good impression your appearance makes. It also causes your ankles to wobble, weaken and thicken.

Correct this fault by wearing Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads. They equalize the body's weight, remove all strain and make walking a pleasure. You save more than their cost in heel repairs alone, and preserve the shape of your shoes. Quickly attached inside any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At all shoe and dept. stores, and leading drug stores—35c. per pair.

Dr Scholl's. Walk-Strate Heel Pads

250 GLADIOLUS 25c Most gorgeous, brilliant, beautiful assortment. Every color and shade imaginable including many choice kinds not usually offered at a low price. 250 small bulbs (bulblets) for only 25c, 1250 for $1.00, postpaid.

White, Cream, Buff, Yellow, Orange, Apricot, Shell Pink, Lilac Pink, Deep Pink, Rose, Lavender, Scarlet, Crimson, Maroon, Purple, Mottled, Variegated and Suffused.

BURGESS SEED CO., 342 G. B., Galesburg, Michigan. CATALOG FREE

Big Profit in Home Made Candies

Make $35.00 to $100.00 weekly. Candies cost 14c, sell for 60c lb. Almost no cash capital needed. Make in home, sell to stores. Ladies or men. Practical money making plan, taught (by mail) by merchant 35 years successful experience. We furnish tools. Booklet Free.
CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL
Dept. X-302 Washington, D. C.

GET INTO ELECTRICITY

Amazingly easy, new, quick, sure method of learning on actual electrical machinery in 90 days. New $2,000,000 school. Coyne graduates qualify for jobs paying $60 a week and up. Send for big book FREE—and details of railroad fare offer. Coyne Electrical School, 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 48-05, Chicago

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $20 to $50 a week retouching photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today. Artcraft Studios, Dept. D, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Oil painting photos and miniatures. No experience necessary. Easy fascinating work. Good weekly income. Free Employment Service. Earn while learning. Professional artist's outfit given. Write for FREE book TODAY.
Dept. A-7, National Art School, 1008 North Dearborn, Chicago

BE AN OIL EXPERT!

Trained men needed! Geologists, Drillers, Refiners, (Chemists and Still men) Oil Salesmen, earn 2 to 10 times more than in other fields. Write today! FREE Booklet! Petroleum Engineering University, Dept. 124, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Study LAW AT HOME

Lincoln did it! Also thousands of other great lawyers, politicians and business men. YOU, too, can become a lawyer or law trained business man through home study guided by the successful practicing lawyers of our faculty. Write today for free book.
American Corr. School of Law, 3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1184, Chicago

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY 773 F St. Washington, D. C.

There's money in this for you!

Milk route drivers, garage men, janitors, all who do real work, yet meet customers face to face, are live prospects for Nogar Clothing. They mean money to the Nogar salesman. Especially since the great 1928 expansion in the Nogar line!

No Limit to What You Can Make!
With Nogar values to offer, national advertising to back you, thousands of prospects to call on, there's no limit to what you *can* do. Kelder earned $121.50 in one week, Uhara $116, Hamrick $197. Not unusual records for Nogar salesmen, either. You can do as well.

Nogar Values Make Selling Easy
Nogar Clothing is made of specially processed material. Resists wear, tear, fire, water, yet is porous and healthful. Attractive styles. Fit and wear guaranteed. Other good sales points: Full line. *New items!* Suits $11.45 up.

Get Started NOW—Send Coupon
Free handsome salesman's kit, samples, etc. Powerful Nogar organization furnishing you sales tips from past masters of direct selling, etc. Get new prospects quickly, turn them into customers, get repeat business under way promptly—profitably! If you act promptly! Use the coupon at once—and give full details about yourself in a letter with it.
—*August Nogar.*

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Factory and Home Office: 34 Fourth St., Reading, Pa.

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. A4, Reading, Pa.
Send me by return mail full details of the Nogar line with samples, etc.—no charge or obligation to me.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
A letter with this coupon telling more about yourself will be appreciated.

PREPARE FOR AN **ART CAREER**

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

DIRECT to you for only 25¢

New Tobacco Pouch

Moisture-proof, crack-proof, wear-proof
Light in weight, striped in rich colors

No rubber. Nothing to crack. Nothing to wear out. A handsome new kind of double-fold pouch made of specially treated fabric called Lancaster Stayso. Keeps tobacco fresh, cannot spill out. Send 25c in stamps, coin or money order, with name and address to Lanerma Products Co., Clinton, Mass.

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"There's the *new* Ned Tyson"

He's making $6500 a year now

"I USED to know him when I was a kid—we went to grammar school together.

"Then his father died and he had to go to work. Got a job with Brooks & Watson as a clerk, but couldn't seem to get ahead.

"Then overnight something seemed to wake him up. He began making suggestions to the firm—helped them to save a great deal of money.

"Then Old Man Brooks became interested—wanted to know how Ned happened to know so much about the business. Ned told him he'd been studying at home at nights through the International Correspondence Schools. 'H'm,' said Mr. Brooks, 'I'll remember that.'

"He did too. Put Ned out on the road as a salesman for a year or so and then brought him into the main office as sales manager.

"He's getting $6500 a year now and everybody calls him 'the new Ned Tyson.' I've never seen such a change in a man in my life. The I. C. S. deserves a lot of credit."

An International Correspondence Schools course will help *you* just as it helped Ned Tyson. It will help you to have the happy home—the bigger salary—the comforts you'd like to have. Start today to make good. At least find out what this great school can do for you.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 7489-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, **"Who Wins and Why,"** and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Accounting and C.P.A. Coaching
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
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- ☐ Secretarial Work
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- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Common School Subjects
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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
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- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architects' Blueprints
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Airplane Engines
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

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Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

DISCOVERS
Million Dollar Can Opener!

Here's the most amazing way to open cans you ever saw! Imagine a little automatic device that opens any can, round, square or oval, at the turn of a crank! Holds the can and cuts out the top in 3 seconds, leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean! No wonder thousands of housewives have banished old-style can openers to the scrap heap!

AGENTS Make Big Money selling this lifetime device—$7, $8, $9 in an hour! It's also a truly amazing fund-raiser for churches, clubs, etc. The manufacturer is now making a special advertising offer that gives you a wonderful opportunity to get one for your own home. Write today for full details to Central States Manufacturing Co., Dept. D-921, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"Five salesmen were trying to sell tractors to a Farmers' Coöperative. Each one was allowed to speak ten minutes, and all five spent the time in knocking the machines of the other four. At the end of the speeches, one old farmer rose.

"'If them machines,' he said, 'are anyways near as bad as these fellows make out, we're better off without any of them. I move we don't buy.'

"And they didn't. Knockers reduce the prospective buyer to a state of fuddlement in which he doesn't know what to believe, and he ends by not believing anybody.

"All this is subordinate to the two main points: Keep your smile and your optimism, and, in the second place, cultivate friends. But don't make the mistake of being too good a mixer. You need your energies for selling, not carousing, and you've got to be independent and able to look any man in the eye and tell him to go to a warmer place if you feel like it. The easiest way to make friends is to go out of your way to do someone a favor."

"But," I objected, "the time and energy. How about the cost of these favors?"

Albert Lincoln Salt leaned over his desk and pounded it gently with his fist.

"You never count the cost," he said. "That is the thing you never think of. What you want is friendship. Get that in your mind and you won't know there is a cost. Doing things for people is part of the day's work, and a very pleasant part at that. Many a man to whom I sold electrical goods asked me to buy him something in New York. I always did. I also looked up markets for him, and did anything in my power that he asked. And I did it *at once*, the minute I returned. If you are going to be a good salesman there is no limiting your service to the thing in hand.

"If you have that thing they call personal magnetism you are in luck; but you can cultivate something a bit better. Keep believing everything is coming out for the best, wear your smile, avoid gossip, and do everything you can for everybody you can, and the hardest-boiled buyer will soften in time if you keep at it. I tell you it works, for I have seen it from both sides. I've been both salesman and buyer for the past forty years—twenty of each."

IT WAS about 1904 that the selling of supplies to the telephone companies arrived at a point where it was possible to eliminate competition. By that time, the Western Electric Company had grown so that it manufactured all but a small part of the telephone equipment, and it proposed to the various telephone companies that they contract with it to act as sole supply for all their needs. If the Western Electric Company did not manufacture goods needed, it would act as purchasing agent for them. Thayer and Salt put this gigantic deal across. It meant visiting every licensee of the Bell Telephone Company and explaining the plan. When the contracts were all signed, Salt's job as salesman ended. He was now promoted to be purchasing agent, responsible for the purchasing of all the materials used by the telephone companies. In the twenty years that he has developed this job he has become the biggest single purchasing power in the country. Buying for the telephone companies meant an acquaintance with every single item used by them. Not only did Salt buy raw materials used in the manufacture of parts, wires, conduits, poles and instruments, but he also purchased bread and butter and all kinds of food for the company restaurants, drugs for the medical departments, thousands of yards of woolen cloth to be made into uniforms for messenger boys and elevator runners and booth attendants; brick, mortar, stone, and heating plants for buildings; silverware and table supplies, uniforms for nurses, curtains, phonographs, rugs and pianos for rest-rooms.

This huge purchasing power mounted until it reached a total of two hundred and fifty millions a year. Salt had over a hundred assistants, many of them men whose work lay in special fields. To their surprise, their boss seemed to have a knowledge of goods that was almost universal.

"ONE of his big purchases was diamonds," said a man who has worked under him for years. "Diamonds are used for what is known as 'drawing the wires.' That means that in making wire finer the sides are cut off by passing the wires along the sharp edges of diamonds. Salt knew little of the value of diamonds but he became an expert. And, like the good fellow he is, he soon shared that knowledge. I'd just like to know how many engagement rings Salt has helped to buy. When a young fellow working for the company got engaged, naturally, he wanted the best stone he could get, and he would ask Salt's advice. Salt would send out for a selection of stones, and if he had been buying for his own wife he couldn't have exercised more care than he did in helping that boy select the very best one for the money he had to spend.

Salt has always been happy in his home life. He loved his father and mother devotedly. When he married, just after he became a salesman, he gave his wife the same kind of affection. When his son was born his domestic happiness was complete. His son is now a successful engineer and the family life runs placidly on. To his work, Salt gave much the same quality of devotion. He regards the development of the telephone as epoch making. He is prouder of his part in that development than of his title as president. A man who is thoroughly and wholesomely happy, and who is giving himself to interests for which he has real feeling is giving much to life and getting much from life.

IF YOU want to know what men think about women and what women think about men do not fail to get next month's "The American Magazine." In two companion articles, written anonymously so that they could be written very outspokenly, the truth crackles and sparkles. You will be tickled or chagrined, according to your sex and the indictment made against it, as various masculine and feminine foibles and habits are laid bare. Paradoxically speaking, these articles are intended to create a better understanding of the misunderstanding that exists between men and women. And they certainly succeed in their mission.

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My Ship Must Have Got Sunk

(*Continued from page 33*)

sacrilegious, but the reason we would like to see Christmas only every four years is very apparent: The day has become a day of gift-giving, a day when the pockets of Santa Claus are turned inside out to make certain that a dime has not lodged in the pucker where Mrs. Santa Claus sewed up the hole in the pocket. The merchants play up Santa Claus, the day schools and the Sunday-schools play him up, and we fathers and mothers play him up.

Both Edyrl and Lyril firmly believed in him for many years and we would not have them disbelieve, though their absolute faith in that gentleman's generosity put a sharp kink in our finances. In fact, Lyril's appetite for expensive gifts so increased with her age that we simply had to make it plain to her that Santa had demised so far as she was concerned. Well, that did not ease us up much, for we had to tell her in such a way that she would not lose faith in our own veracity. So we explained that we were all Santa Clauses, all gift-givers, and, therefore, she also was a Santa Claus. And that started the little thing giving gifts to us and to her playmates—and we foot the bills.

All of which helps the gift merchant. We, poor people, have no credit rating established with him. We pay him cash and hold up the groceryman, and the coal man, and the doctor. Those are the patient boys.

IONE and I made a list of our mutual relations to whom we wanted to give presents the first Christmas after we married, and found it totaled to nineteen persons. We were married in the springtime, so at this joyful period we still owed for our furniture, were back in the rent, and had with us the ever-present grocery bill and coal bill. It looked like a fat chance we had of giving gifts, on the twelve dollars a week I drew. We did the only thing we could do: We slashed every soul from our list except Ione's parents and my mother. That sounds simple, but it was not done without heartaches.

We could only sit tight and hate ourselves. After Christmas, when we had received our gifts we wrote them, and explained that our bank had met with disaster upon our wedding day. We felt like a couple of relationcides when we mailed those letters; but the next Christmas we felt much better when those to whom giving had also become a burden merely sent us greeting cards.

Easter is not so bad. We get each of the girls a new outfit—hat, dress, and shoes; but they would have to have them anyway, and we never would be abler to afford them at any subsequent time than at Easter. Ione dyes her old hat and makes an old dress over, and I give an extra shine to my shoes, omit my hat and hope folks will take me for a college lad.

Then the glorious Fourth of July comes along with a bang that blows the bottom clear out of the pocketbook before it has fully recovered from the orgies of Christmas and Easter, and we get less for our

Headache! Constipation! Bad Breath!

Don't neglect these important indications . . . . "Intestinal toxicity" should be recognized and checked . . . .

WE ALL eat too much food . . . too much rich food . . . and take too little exercise. We don't eliminate our waste material as completely and regularly as we should and it becomes poisonous . . . toxic.

So, with our eliminative facilities clogged with these poisons, we develop what doctors call "intestinal toxicity." Then we deaden our headaches temporarily with drugs . . . and perfume our bad breath to prevent social embarrassment!

In the tropics . . . India, Africa, the Canal Zone, wherever intestinal disorders are a supreme menace to existence . . . they have learned to combat constipation with ENO's Effervescent Saline Laxative.

For 60 years this sparkling laxative has been used the world over—the accepted standard everywhere. Perhaps you have already found ENO on trains and boats in some far corner of the world and already appreciate its delightful sparkle, its pleasant taste and its gentle yet thorough action.

ENO never leaves you "all dragged out." . . . It will not gripe you nor disturb the day's routine . . . for it simply flushes and effectively cleanses the whole intestinal tract and gently speeds up normal action.

Try ENO for a week—every morning or evening. You'll give it a regular place on your bathroom shelf when you have once experienced the keen, clear-eyed health that is possible for those free from the absorption of intestinal toxins . . . poisons carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body.

This famous effervescent saline is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York.

ENO — health precaution — will cost you less than 3c a day.

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. *A regular dash of this sparkling, delightful saline will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.*

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. *You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.*

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALINE

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Sturdy, thick-growing hair

yours, with this daily care

YOU can keep your hair thick and vigorous—check thinning or falling hair—with a daily treatment as simple as brushing your teeth!

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Tonic, antiseptic, Pinaud's stimulates scalp circulation, destroys dandruff. Your hair *becomes* and *stays* thick.

Pinaud's Eau de Quinine is sold by all drug and department stores. Ed. Pinaud's signature is on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

money on the Fourth than at any other time. It usually costs us between four and five dollars, and all we have to show for it the morning after is a mess to sweep off the sidewalk and lawn and a few fingers with rags wrapped around them. Believe me, money goes up in powder faster than it does in a burning oil well.

MAYBE all this sounds like a long moan from a very poor man. It is more than that: it is a long wail right from the very heart of a poor man's purse. Raising a family on twenty-five a week, and finding so many things coming along which are not listed in the budget will make any man squeeze the dollar till the eagle screams.

There are other holidays and they all cost extra. If there is nothing else we can do to spend the money we haven't got, we take in an extra show, for the holiday must be a day marked by a white stone. There's the picnic on Labor Day. Picnic lunches cost more than eating at home, and there is nothing left for the inevitable hash, as after Thanksgiving. There is the merry-go-round, which costs twice as much to ride as when we were young, and those new thrill rides, which cost even more, and the numerous freak shows, museums, and cane racks. Ione and I have had our day. We can amuse ourselves milling around with the crowds; but we do not expect Edyrl and Lyril to enjoy themselves that way. It is part of their education, their birthright, to see everything while they are young enough to enjoy the glamour and romance, without seeing the squalor behind the tawdry gold and paint.

We early hit upon a plan to see the circus. When Edyrl and Lyril got large enough so we had to pay full price for them—notice I said "large enough" and not "old enough"—we made the proposition that the first year we would go out to the grounds and rubber-neck the show from the outside—just watch the show folks eat, see the horses, and whatever animals were getting fresh air, and all the free attractions as they were exhibited on the platforms before the side-show tents. We listened to the spielers, and when it was all over we watched the tents come down, and went to the railroad yards and saw them load up.

The following year we took in the side shows and Lyril bought a picture of the troupe of midgets, and we milled around viewing the freaks and entertainers until they put us out. The next year was to be the real circus, the big top. All of us watched the billboards, hoping that this circus would be the biggest show on earth. It was. The big red letters said so. We got in early and saw the menagerie, and got reserved seats and bought cracker-jack and pink lemonade, and completely demolished the bank roll again. Now the girls want to get me up at three A. M. to see the next circus unload, but I am afraid they will never succeed. I have not been up that early since the year of Halley's comet.

No wonder we poor folks are poor. We come as near doing what better paid folks do as we can on our limited capital and credit. I am not arguing the question at all. I am merely telling you what we do and how we do it.

Birthdays cost a lot too, but we contrive to get useful gifts. We even bought dining-room chairs, one at a time, and though each of us knew what we were to get, we were expected to enter the dining-room and be surprised and admire the gift. Last year we bought each of the girls a writing desk, so that they would have a place of their very own for their school things. And we always buy a quart of ice cream, and whoever has the birthday names the flavor, and Ione bakes a wonderful cake, and there are candles. I believe that all these little needless expenditures will come nearer keeping the family together as they grow older than if we saved our money and had a grand blow-out, say, once a year. Anyhow, children seem to like quantity rather than quality in their entertainment.

Lest any young couple should read this article of expenses and be deterred from the responsibilities of raising a family, let me tell you what Ione said the other day when I asked her seriously if she would want to raise a family, supposing we were starting all over again. She said, "Why, what would we have to live for if we did not have our girls?" Most poor people get much of their pleasure from their family. Ione ought to know. It has been harder for her than for me. She has not had a vacation since Edyrl was a baby. That year she went home for a visit. Since then she has been on the job day and night taking care of us three children. I am including myself, for I cannot imagine myself being able to get along without her. I do not know how a bachelor gets along without a little nursing now and then. Why, the day she left for home, I piled the furniture into the front room and covered it over with a sheet to keep the dust off, and I got the kitchen utensils out as I needed them and left them out where they would be handy. The landlord came along and thought we had deserted the house, and inquired at the store if anyone knew what had become of us. But Ione is not constructed that way. She must have everything spick and span, even though it takes a lot of work and she looks pretty ragged and worn.

Of course I get a vacation once a year—a week on pay. I have had it at all seasons. I took it when the babies were born, so I could be at home and help with the work, and hold the yelling dervishes and potter around the garden. A vacation was valuable to me those days. But since then we have always been striving to do something out of the ordinary, so "Father will have a good time." Isn't that nice?

NEXT year, we want to become tumbleweed tourists. You know a tumbleweed is a plant which grows in the plains country and curls up in the fall into a round ball, sometimes as large as an ash pit. The winds blow it loose from the ground, and continues to blow it this way and that unless it lines up in some fence corner and clings. Well, tumbleweed tourists are like that. They are poor folks who take a vacation on the week's salary they draw in advance, in a broken-down car which they optimistically hope will hang together until they return.

I have seen a lot of these tumbleweeds. I know them well. They are mostly honest people. Their only crime is that they are poor, and if they have a round of hard luck, as they often do, they must ask aid. Though I am not smart enough to tell how they can be gotten rid of, yet I am smart

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enough to tell how they cannot be gotten rid of. It cannot be done by edict. There is always someone who will help them out.

I realize that many touring families apply for aid who are unworthy. The real tumbleweed would be all right if something unforeseen did not occur, but he does not foresee very far—no poor man does. If his car breaks down, or his children become ill, he has to ask aid. He says, and *believes*, that he will pay the money back; but he probably never will have it to spare.

Another vacation we have planned for some time is to rent a cabin somewhere up in the mountains for a couple of weeks. Just go up there and climb about in the wild parks where there are no "Keep off the Grass" signs, and drink from the cool springs, and in the twilight lie down to rest, and gaze up through the telescoping hills to the starry heavens, unhindered by the glare of city lights, to be awakened in the morning by the wild birds singing. Sure, we know that takes money; but perhaps some day our ship will come in, and then—

But the poor man's ship never makes port. It is one of those ships that pass in the night. Once in a while he can hear the purr of its motors if he listens closely, and sometimes he catches the gleam of its lights far across the harbor's mouth. Some one of us, more daring than the others, may take a small boat and row out into the path of the vessel. We hear him hail from his frail craft, "Ship, ahoy!" And we hear him no more among us.

Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 15*)

"Boys will be boys. I reckon you didn't know your mind any better'n Amy knew hers. She broke the hearts of all the cowboys on the range—an' then up an' married John Dabb. He was a widower with a daughter 'most as old as Amy. They were married a year or so ago. It was a poor match, they say. Amy is not happy, an' she flirts as much as ever."

Trueman Rock dropped his head.

"Son, it's the way of life," went on Winter. "You've been gone a long time. An' things happen to people, most of it sad, I'm sorry to say."

"Sol, will you keep my money till I come askin' for it?"

"Now, True, what're you up to?"

"I'm goin' out and get awful, terrible drunk," declared Rock tragically.

Winter laughed, though he looked serious enough.

"Don't do it, True."

"I am, by gosh!"

"Please don't, son. It'll only fetch back the old bad habit. You look so fine now, I'd hate to see you do it."

"I'm goin' to drown my grief, Sol," declared Rock solemnly.

"Well, wait till I come back," returned Winter. "I've got to go to the station. My clerk is off to-day. Keep store for me. There's not much chance of any customer comin' in at this noon hour. But if one does come, you wait on him—like you used to."

"All right. I'll keep store. But you rustle back here pronto!"

Youth is the Mode!

You are only as old as your feet

TO look and act young, you must have the *spirit* of youth—you must *feel* young. There is no substitute for a body that has freshness and vivacity, buoyancy and vitality.

Tired, worn nerves make tired, worn men and women. One of the two principal causes of nerve exhaustion, doctors say, are the *feet*. Aching feet dissipate vitality, make you half sick most of the time, and much older-looking than you are.

You can stop this constant drain of nervous energy. It is very simple, easy and sure. And it will lift years from your face and your walk—truly make you young again.

For real foot health, massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. It puts new life, strength and endurance in them. *Gives you complete comfort from the moment you start using it.*

It insures a day of perfect comfort on your feet. You can stand, walk or work for hours—go through your daily tasks without a murmur from your feet. You will be able to enjoy long walks, hikes, golf, play tennis or dance to your heart's content.

Even after a hard day or evening on your feet, when they ache or pain unbearably, you get quick, grateful relief, enabling you to resume active use of your feet hours longer without protest from them... Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a cooling, soothing emollient of remarkable curative, revitalizing and pain-allaying properties. It stimulates the skin...opens the pores...removes impurities...tones up the muscles and tissues.

Instantly stops burning sensations, aches and pain, soreness and tenderness. Quiets corns, callouses and bunions. Dispels foot odors.

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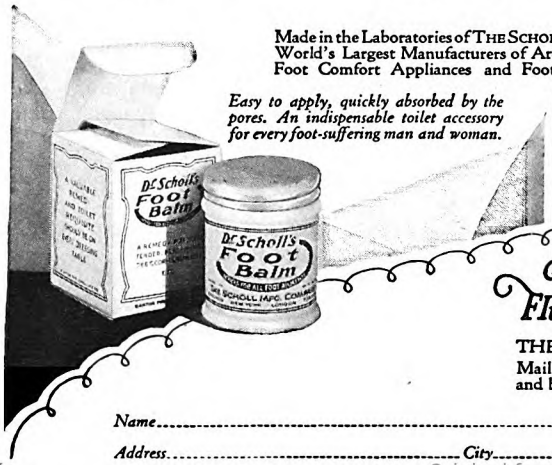

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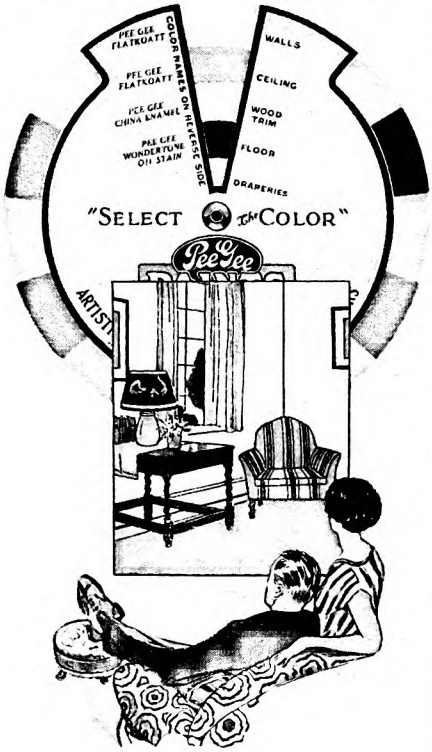

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Winter hurried out, leaving Rock sitting on the counter, a prey to symptoms he well knew. . . . If Sol did not hurry back—

A light, quick step arrested the current of Trueman's thoughts. He looked up. A girl had entered the store. His first swift sight of her caused him to slip off the counter. She looked around expectantly, and, seeing Rock, she hesitated, then came forward. Rock suddenly realized that to get terribly drunk was the very remotest thing that he wanted or intended to do.

"Is Mr. Winter in?" asked the girl, pausing before the counter.

"No. He had to go to the station. Reckon he'll be there for quite some time."

"Oh—I'm sorry. I—I can't wait. And I wanted him particularly."

"Can I do anythin' for you?" inquired Rock. He was cool, easy, respectful.

"Are you the new clerk Mr. Winter was expecting?"

"Yes, miss, at your service."

"I've quite a list of things to get," she said, opening a hand bag.

"I'll do my best, miss. But I'm a little new to the business."

"That's all right. I'll help you," she returned graciously. "Now, where *is* that paper?"

The delay gave Trueman opportunity to look at her covertly. She was thoroughbred Western, twenty-one or -two, blond, with fair hair more silver than gold. She was not robust of build, yet scarcely slender. She wore a faded little blue bonnet not of the latest style, and her plain white dress, though clean and neat, had seen long service.

"Here it is," she said, producing a slip of paper and looking up, somewhat flushed. Her eyes were large, wide apart, gray in color. Rock looked into them. Something happened to him then that had never happened before, and which could never happen again. "Now, shall I read the list off one at a time or all together?"

"Well, miss, it really doesn't—make any difference," replied Trueman, vaguely, gazing at her lips. They were sweet and full and red, and just now curved into a little questioning smile. But, as he watched, it fled, and then they seemed sad. Indeed, her whole face seemed sad, particularly the deep gray eyes, that had begun to regard him somewhat doubtfully.

"Very well. The groceries first," she said, consulting her list. "Five of sugar, five of rice, five—"

"FIVE what?" interrupted Trueman, with alacrity, moving toward the grocery department. Everything was in plain sight. It ought to be easy, if he could keep his eyes off her.

"Five what!" she echoed, in surprise, raising her head. "Did you think I meant barrels? Five *pounds*."

"Sure. That's what I thought," replied Trueman hastily. "But some people buy this stuff in bulk. I used to."

"Oh. You were not always a clerk then?" she inquired, following him.

"Oh—no. I've been a—a lot of things."

She looked as if she believed him. Rock began to grasp that he was bungling the greatest opportunity of his life. He found the sugar, and had almost filled a large sack when she checked him: "Not brown sugar; white, please."

There was something in her tone that made Rock wonder if she were laughing at him. It stirred him to dexterity rather than clumsiness. He filled a large paper bag with white sugar.

"But you didn't weigh it," she said.

"I never weigh out small amounts," he returned blandly. "I can guess very accurately."

"There's more than five pounds of sugar in that bag," she protested.

"Probably, a little. Sure, I never guess under weight." He laid the bag on the counter. "What next? Oh, the rice."

"Can you guess the weight of rice too?"

"Sure can. Even better. It's not near so heavy as sugar." And he filled a larger bag. In attempting to pass this to her, he accidentally touched her bare hand with his. The soft contact shot a thrilling current through him. He dropped the bag. It burst, and the rice poured all over her, and, like a white stream, to the floor.

"There—you've done it!" she said, aghast.

"Excuse me, miss. I'm sure awkward this day. But rice is lucky. That might be a good omen. I'm superstitious. Spillin' rice might mean a weddin'?"

She blushed, but spoke up with spirit. "It couldn't so far as I'm concerned," she said. "Of course I don't know your affairs. But you are wasting my time. I must hurry. They'll be waiting."

Rock humbly apologized and proceeded to fill another bag with rice. Then he went on with the order and for several moments, in which he kept his eyes averted, he performed very well as a clerk. He certainly prayed that Sol Winter would not come back soon.

WHO was she? He had never in his life met such a girl. She could not be married. Too young and—he did not know what! He stole a glance at her left hand. Ringless! What a strong, shapely hand, neither too large nor too small, nor red and rough, like that of most ranchers' daughters. It was, however, a hand that had seen work.

Naturally, Rock wondered if she rode a horse. The goddess of every cowboy's dreams was a horsewoman. Did he dare to ask her if she loved a horse? Rock divined that his usual audacity and adroitness with the feminine sex were wanting here.

"That's all the groceries," she said. "Now I want buttons, thread, calico, dress goods, linen, and—"

At the dry-goods counter Rock was in a quandary. He could not find anything. The young lady calmly walked behind the counter.

"Can't you read?" she inquired, pointing at some boxes.

"Read!" exclaimed Trueman, in an injured tone. "Sure I can read. I went to school for eight years. That's about four more than any cowpuncher I ever met."

"Indeed. No one would suspect it," she returned demurely. "If you're a cowboy—what're you doing in here?"

"I just lately went to clerking," he hastened to reply.

"Show me the buttons. There, in the white boxes. . . . Thank you."

While she bent over them, looking and assorting, Trueman regained something

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near composure, and he feasted his eyes on the little stray locks of fair hair that peeped from under her bonnet, on the small well-shaped ear, on the nape of her neck, beautiful and white, and upon the contour of cheek.

"It isn't pearl?" she inquired, holding a button in her palm.

"Sure is," he replied dreamily, meaning her cheek, suddenly, terribly aware of its nearness and sweetness.

"That pearl!" she exclaimed in amaze looking up. "Don't you know bone when you see it?"

"Oh—the button. I wasn't lookin' at it. . . . Sure, that's bone. If you want pearl buttons maybe I can help." And he bent over the box. It was not necessary to bend with his head so close to hers, but he did so, until he felt one of those stray silky locks of hair brush his cheek. She felt it too, for there seemed to come a sudden still check to everything in connection with the business at hand. Then she drew away.

"Thank you. I can help myself. You find the thread."

It turned out that she had to find the thread too, and then asked to see a certain kind of dress goods, utterly foreign to him, and which she had to locate herself.

"How much of this?" asked Rock, stripping off yards of the soft material.

"Five. And I want it cut on the bias."

"On the bias," he echoed. "Oh, sure.' And he went at the task desperately, realizing full well that he could not stand this deception much longer. But he had not progressed very far when she interrupted: "Stop! You'll ruin it. That's not the way I want it cut." She brushed him aside, and, taking up the shears, began carefully to cut the material.

"I'm sorry," spoke up Rock, contritely. "I'm not usually so dumb. But, you see, I never before waited on such a . . . a girl as you."

She shot him a gray glance, not wholly doubtful or unforgiving. And meeting his eyes caused her to look down again, with a tinge of color staining her cheeks.

"I'm not a clerk. Good heavens! If the gangs I've ridden with would drop in here to see me—doin' this. Whew! . . . My name is Trueman Rock. I'm an old friend of Sol Winter."

"Trueman Rock?" she repeated, almost with a start, as she swiftly lifted big, questioning, surprised eyes. That name was not unfamiliar to her; but Rock could not tell whether she attached good or bad to it.

"YES. I used to ride this range years ago. I've been gone six years—five of which I've spent in Texas, workin' hard and—well, I'd like you to know, because maybe you've heard talk here. Workin' hard and goin' straight. I sold out. Somethin' drew me back to Wagontongue. Got here to-day, and when I ran in to see Sol he left me here in charge of the store. Said no one would come in, but if someone did to wait on him . . . Well, as you see *someone* did come in. I'm sorry I've annoyed you, kept you waitin'. But it was Sol's fault. Only, I should have told you first off."

"You needn't apologize, Mr. Rock," she replied shyly. "There's no harm done, except to the rice."

"Come on with us— it will do you good"

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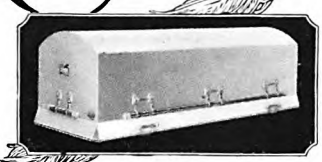

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"I'm not so sure of that," he returned coolly. Now that the deception was past he had begun to feel more like himself.

"Please wrap these for me," she said, pushing the cut goods along the counter, but she did not look up.

Elaborately Trueman wrapped those parcels.

"Charge to Thiry Preston," she said.

He found a pencil near at hand and, bending over a piece of wrapping paper, very businesslike, he inquired:

"*Miss* Thiry Preston?"

"Yes, *Miss*," she replied.

"What place?" he went on. "Where do you live?"

"Sunset Pass."

"WAY out there?" He glanced up in surprise. "Sixty miles I know that country—every waterhole, stone, bunch of cactus, and jackrabbit."

She smiled fully for the first time, and that smile further fascinated Rock

"You were well acquainted, weren't you?"

"I expect to renew old acquaintances out there. And I may be lucky enough to make new ones."

Miss Preston did not meet his glance, and there was other evidence of discouragement.

"What instructions about these parcels?"

"None. I'll carry them."

"Carry them! All this heavy load? Thirty pounds or more."

"Surely. I m quite strong. I've carried far more."

"Where to?"

"Out to the corral. Our buckboard is there. They'll be waiting, and I'm late. I must hurry."

In rather nervous haste she took up the several light packages and moved toward the other counter. Rock got there first and intercepted her.

"But you shouldn't leave the store," she protested.

Fortunately, at this juncture Sol Winter hurriedly entered.

"Well, now, what's this?" he queried, with a broad smile. "Thiry, to think you'd happen in just the wrong minute!"

"Oh, Mr. Winter, I didn't miss you at all," returned Thiry gayly. "Your new clerk was most obliging and—and capable—after I found the things I needed."

"Haw! Haw! He's shore a fine clerk. . . . Thiry, meet True Rock, old rider an' pard of mine."

"Ah—I remember now!" she flashed. "Is Mr. Rock the rider who once saved your son Nick?"

"Yes, Thiry," he replied, and turning to Rock he added, "Son, this lass is Miss Thiry Preston, who's helped to make some hard times easier for me."

"Happy to meet you, Miss Preston," beamed Rock, over his load of bundles.

"How do you do, Mr. Rock," returned Thiry, with just a hint of mischief in her gray eyes.

THEY went out together, and Trueman felt that he was soaring to the blue sky. Outside in the sunshine he could see her better, and it was as if some magic had transformed her. Really, he had not seen her at all. He felt more deceitful than ever, for he kept turning to her to say ordinary things, about the heat, the dust, and what not, when he only wanted to look at her.

They soon reached the end of the street, and started across an open flat toward the corrals.

"You're in an awful hurry," finally complained Trueman.

"Yes, I am. I'm late, and you don't know—"

She did not complete the sentence, but nevertheless it told Rock much.

"This load is heavy. You'd never have packed it," declared Trueman, slowing up. Any excuse was better than none. He was going to lose this wonderful girl in another moment. He wanted to prolong it. Slyly, he pinched a hole in the bag of rice and it began to spill out in a thin stream.

"There! We've rushed so we've broken the sack," he went on. "And it's the rice, too! . . . Miss Thiry, it's an omen."

"Mr. Rock, I fear you are many things beside a clerk," she said, shaking her head sadly. "Here, let me take the bag. I'll turn it upside down. If I had far to go with you, I'd have no groceries left."

"But wouldn't it be great *if* we had farther to go?" he asked.

"I can't see that it would," she replied, dubiously. "Especially if my dad was at the end of the walk."

"Your dad. Is he a terror?"

"Indeed he is—to boys who come gallivanting after me."

By this time they had reached the first corral. The big gate swung ajar. The fence was planked and too high to see over. Loud voices and thud of hoofs came from somewhere, probably the second corral. Thiry led the way in. Rock espied some saddle horses, a wagon, and then a double-seated buckboard, hitched to a fine-looking team of roans.

"HERE we are," said the girl, with evident relief. "No one come yet! I'm glad. . . . Put the bundles under the back seat, Mr. Rock."

He did as directed, and then faced her, not knowing what to say, fearing the mingled feelings that swept over him, and bewildered by them.

"After all you've been very kind—even if—"

"Don't say if," he broke in, entreatingly. "Don't spoil it by a single if. It's been the greatest adventure of my life."

"Of many like adventures, no doubt," she replied, her clear gray eyes on him.

"I've met many girls in many ways; but there has never been anything like this," he returned tensely.

"Mr. Rock!" she protested, lifting a hand to her cheek, where a wave of scarlet burned.

Then a clink of spurs, slow steps, and thuds of hoofs sounded behind Rock. They meant nothing particular to him until he saw the girl's color fade and her face turn white. A swift shadow darkened the great gray eyes.

"Hyar she ish, Range," called out a coarse voice, somehow vibrant, despite a thick hint of liquor. "With 'nother galoot, b'gosh. Schecond one terday."

Slowly Rock turned on his heel, and in the turning went back to the original self that had been in abeyance for a while. When it came to dealing with men he was not a clerk.

Two riders had entered the corral, and

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the foremost was in the act of dismounting. He was partly drunk; but that was not the striking thing about him. He looked and breathed the very spirit of the range at its wildest. He was tall, lean, lithe, with a handsome red face, eyes hot as blue flame, and yellow hair that curled scraggily from under a dusty black sombrero. He had just been clean-shaved. Drops of blood and sweat stood out like beads on his lean jowl, and his curved lips. A gun swung below his hip.

The other rider, called Range, was a cowboy, young in years, with still gray eyes like Miss Preston's, and intent, expressionless face, dark from sun and wind. Rock gathered, from the resemblance, that this boy was Thiry's brother. But who was the other?

"Thiry, who's thish?" queried the rider, dropping his bridle and striding forward.

"I can introduce myself," struck in Rock coolly. "I'm Trueman Rock, late of Texas."

"You don' shay!" returned the other, ponderingly, as if trying to fit the name to something in memory. "Whash you doin' hyar?"

"Well, if it's any of your business, I was in Winter's store, and packed over Miss Preston's bundles," replied Rock, in slow, dry speech.

"Haw! Haw!" guffawed the rider, derisively. Who was this man? Surely not a lover! The thought seemed to cut fiercely into Rock's inner flesh. "Wal," went on the tall rider presently, swaggering closer to Rock, "run along, Big Hat, 'fore I reach you with a boot."

"*Ash!* You're drunk!" burst out the girl.

THE disgust and scorn and fear, and something else in her outbreak, instantly gave Rock tight rein on his own feelings. This rider, then, was Ash Preston, of whom Rock had heard significantly that day. Her brother! The relief Rock experienced outstressed anything else for the moment.

"Whosh drunk?" queried Preston placatingly of his sister. "Your mistake, Thiry."

"Yes, you are drunk," she returned with heat. "You've insulted Mr. Rock, who was kind enough to help me carry things from the store."

"Wal, I'll help Mishter Rock on his way," replied Preston, leering.

Range, the other rider, like a flash leaped out of his saddle.

"Ash, you look out," he called sharply. "You don't know the fellar."

"Whash the thunder I care. He's Big Hat, an' I'm a-goin' to chase him pronto."

Thiry Preston stepped out as if impelled, yet she was evidently clamped with fear. "Please, Ash, be decent, if you can't be a gentleman," begged Thiry.

For answer Preston lurched by Thiry, and swept out a long, slow arm, with open hand aimed at Rock's face. But Rock dodged, and at the same time stuck out his foot dexterously. The rider, his momentum unchecked, tripped and lost his balance. He fell slowly, helplessly, and striking on his shoulder, he rolled over in the dirt. He sat up ludicrously and wiping the dust off his cheek he extended a long arm, with shaking hand, up at Rock.

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"Shay, you hit me, fellar."

"Preston, you're quite wrong. I didn't," replied Rock.

"Whash you hit me with?" he went on, sure that indignity had been committed upon him.

"I didn't hit you with anythin'."

"Range, is this hyar Big Hat lyin' to me?"

"Nope. You jest fell over him," returned the younger rider, laconically.

"Ash, you're so drunk you can't stand up," interposed Thiry.

"Wal, stranger, I'm 'ceptin' your apology."

"Thanks. You're sure considerate," returned Rock, with sarcasm. He was not used to total restraint, and he could not remember when any man had jarred him so. Turning to the girl he said, "I'll go. Good-by, Miss Preston."

WITH his back to the brothers Trueman made his eyes speak a great deal more than his words. The dullest of girls would have grasped that he did not mean good-by forever. Thiry's response to his gaze was a silent one of regret, of confusion, of something more, of which she was unconscious.

Rock stepped up on the corral fence, reached the top rail, and vaulted over. Outside he saw men and horses coming, and was glad that they were not in line with him. Thoughts and emotions almost overwhelmed him.

"Ash Preston! Bad medicine! And he's her brother!" muttered Rock aloud. "Sure as fate we're goin' to clash."

He halted on a street corner long enough to see the buckboard, the wagon, and several mounted riders move away briskly toward the south. Rock's sharp eye picked out Thiry's white dress and blue bonnet. Amazing and stirring was it to Rock that she turned to look back. Then quickly the little cavalcade passed out of sight behind trees.

He strode back to Sol Winter's store.

"Now, son, what's happened?" queried Sol with concern.

"Lord knows; I don't," panted Rock, spilling off his sombrero and wiping his face. "But it's—a lot."

"True, you took a shine to Thiry Preston. I seen that. No wonder. She's the sweetest lass who ever struck these parts."

"Sol, we'll investigate my state of mind last," replied Rock ruefully. "Listen! I ran into the Preston outfit. At least, into two of them: Thiry's brothers, Range and Ash." And he related to his friend all that had occurred at the corral.

"Aw! Too bad for Thiry. She's always bein' humiliated. No wonder she comes to town so seldom. Why, Rock, she's liked by everybody in this town."

"Liked! Sol, you old geezer, this here town ought to do better than that. . . . But I sure agree with you. Too bad for Miss Thiry. Oh, she felt hurt. I saw tears run down her cheeks."

"An' you took water from that Ash Preston?" mused Winter.

"I sure did. Gee, it felt queer. But I'd 'a' taken a beatin' for that girl."

"Rock, you have changed. You're bigger, stronger. You've grown—"

"Hold on, Sol. Don't make me out so much that you'll have to crawl later. But if I have improved a little, I'm thankin' the Lord. . . . Sol, I meant to get terrible drunk till that girl stepped in this store."

"An' *now* you don't?"

"Lord! I wouldn't take a drink for a million dollars," replied Rock, with a ring in his voice. "You should have seen Thiry's face—have heard her when she said, 'Ash—you're *drunk*.'"

"Yes, I know. Thiry hates drink. She has cause. Most of the Prestons are a drinkin' lot . . . But, son, are you serious? Has bein' with Thiry Preston for a little while changed your ideas about red liquor?"

"Sol, it sure has. I don't know just what's happened to me; but *that* you can gamble on."

"Son, it sounds good. If it isn't just excitement. . . . Why, 'most every young fellar—an' some older ones—in this country have been struck by lightnin' when they first seen Thiry. But I can't see that it did them good. For they drank only the harder. Thiry isn't to be courted, they say."

"Struck by lightnin'. Sure, that might be it. But never you mind about me. I want to know all about this Preston outfit. You can trust me. I'm back here for good and I'm goin' to help you. So, come out with everythin'."

"Same old Rock," mused Winter. "No; not the same, either. There's a difference I can't name yet. Wal, this Preston outfit is sure prominent in these parts. They call them 'The Thirteen Prestons of Sunset Pass.' It's a big family. Nobody seems to know where they come from. Anyway, they drove a herd of cattle in here some time after you left. An', 'ceptin' Ash Preston, they're just about the most likable outfit you ever seen. Fact is, they're like Thiry. So you don't need to be told more about that. They located in Sunset Pass, right on the Divide. You know the place. An' it wasn't long until they were known all over the range. Wonderful outfit, with horses and ropes."

"Go on, Sol. It's like a story to me. What was the trouble you had?"

"THEY ran up a big bill in my store. The old store, you remember. I taxed the boys about it. Well, it was Ash Preston who raised the trouble. He wasn't drunk then. An', son, you need to be told that Ash is wild when he's drunk. When sober he's—well, he's different. . . . Nick was alone in the store. Nick was a spunky lad, you know, an' he razzed Ash somethin' fierce. Result was, Ash piled the lad in a corner an' always hated him afterward. Fact is, the range talk says Ash Preston hates everybody except Thiry. She's the only one who can do anythin' with him."

"She didn't do a whole lot to-day. The drunken— And Nick was shot off his horse out there in Sunset Pass?"

"Yes. An' I never breathed to anyone my natural suspicion. I think Ash Preston must have killed Nick. They must have met an' fought it out. There were four empty shells, fresh shot, in Nick's gun."

"The boy had nerve and he was no slouch with a six-shooter. I wonder—"

"Well, Gage paid the bill first time he came to town. Then for a while he didn't buy from me. But one day Thiry came in, an' ever since I've sold goods to the

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Prestons. But none of them save Thiry have ever been in my store since. She does the orderin', an' she pays pronto."

"Ahuh . . . Any range talk among the punchers about these Prestons?"

"Well, son, there used to be no more than concerned the Culvers, or Tolls, or Smiths, an' not so much as used to be about the little outfits down in the woods. You know the range. All the outfits eat each other's cattle. It was a kind of unwritten code. But, lately, the last two years, conditions have gone on the same, in that way, an' some different in another. I hear a good deal of complaint about the rustlin' of cattle. An' a few dark hints about the Prestons have seeped in to me off the range.

"Darn few, mind you, son, an' sure vague an' untrailable. It might be owin' to the slow gettin' rich of Gage Preston. Not so you could see it much in cattle, but in land an' money in bank. I happen to know he has a bank account in Los Vegas. That's pretty far off, you know, an' it looks queer to me. Found it out by accident. I buy from a wholesale grocer in Los Vegas. He happened here, an' in a talk dropped that bit of information. It's sure not known here in Wagontongue, an' I'm askin' you to keep it under your hat."

"Is Gage Preston one of these lone cattle men?" queried Rock thoughtfully.

"Not now, but he sure was once."

"Who's he in with now?"

"John Dabb. They own the Bar X outfit. It's not so much. Dabb has the big end of it. Then Dabb runs a butcher shop. Fact is, he undersold me an' put me out of that kind of business. He buys mostly from Preston An' he ships a good many beeves."

"Ships? Out of town?" asked Rock, in surprise.

"I should smile! They have worked into a considerable business, with prospects. I saw this opportunity years ago, but didn't have the capital."

Rock pondered over his friend's disclosures, and Thiry Preston's sad face returned to haunt him.

"SOL, what do you think about Ash Preston?" asked Rock.

"Well, son, I'm sure curious to ask you that same question," replied Winter. "How did this fellow strike you?"

"Like a hard fist, right in the eye," acknowledged Rock.

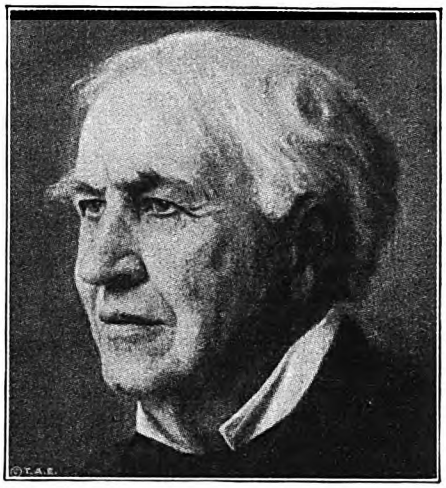
"Ahuh. I'm glad your sojourn in Texas hasn't dulled your edge," said Winter, with satisfaction. "Rock, the Prestons are all out of the ordinary. Take Thiry, for instance. How did *she* strike you?"

Trueman placed a slow, heavy hand on the region of his heart, and gazed at his friend, as if words were useless.

"Well, I wouldn't give two bits for you if she hadn't. Son, I've a hunch your comin' back means a lot. . . . Wal, to go on—these Prestons are a mighty strikin' outfit. An' Ash Preston stands out, even among them. He can drink more, fight harder, shoot quicker than any man in these parts. He's sure the meanest, coldest, nerviest, deadliest proposition you're likely to stack up against in your life. I just want to give you a hunch, seein' you went sweet on Thiry."

"Thanks, old friend. Forewarned is forearmed, you know. The man was drunk when I met him; but I think

When Thomas Edison *groped in the dark*



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I grasped a little of what you say."

Winter evidently found more in this reply to worry him.

"Well, then, you know what the risk is."

"Sol, what do I care for risks?" burst out Rock contemptuously.

"True, you always were a sudden cuss; but even so, you could hardly get serious, real serious, over Thiry Preston so quick. Really sweet on her."

"Sweet on *that* girl! No! I've been sweet on a hundred girls. This is different. I don't know what. But it's somethin' terrible. Ten thousand times sweet!"

"Son, you needn't bite my head off," protested Winter. "If you want to know, I'm tickled stiff—an' scared to death. I love that girl. An', if you haven't forgot, I was once some fond of you."

"Sol, I haven't forgotten," replied Rock, with warmth. "But don't you dare ever mention my—my old girl friends. And if you'd dare to tell Thiry, I'd murder you."

"Somebody will tell her, son. For instance, Mrs. John Dabb. She likes Thiry. She'll tell her. I see them together occasionally."

"Mrs. John Dabb. She couldn't know much."

"I told you she was Amy Wund."

"Ow!" wailed Rock, bending double.

"Trueman, your trail will sure be rough," returned Winter.

"Listen, old friend. There's only one thing that could stump me. Tell me. Do you know Thiry real well?"

"Yes, son, an' I can answer that question so plain in your eyes. Thiry is not in love with anybody. I know, because she told me herself, not so long ago. She loves her family, especially Ash. But there's no one else."

"That'll . . . help. Now, I'll go off somewhere and try to find out what's the matter with me—and what to do about it!"

TRUEMAN sallied forth into the sunlight like a man possessed. He did not notice the heat while he was striding out of town; but when he got to the cedars and mounted a slope to a lonely spot, he was grateful for the cool shade. He threw aside coat and sombrero, and lay down on the fragrant mat of cedar needles. How good to be there!

Rock always went to the loneliness and silence of desert or forest when in any kind of trouble. He had not been in this shady spot for five minutes before the insidious spell of nature prevailed. He could think here.

Only one thing had stood in the way of a happy return to Wagontongue, and that had been possibility of a clash with Cass Seward, the sheriff. It had been reckless, perhaps foolish, for him to come back, when he had known that the probabilities were that Cass would try to make him show yellow and clap him in jail, because of a shooting affray which Rock had not started. But it had been Rock's way to come, not knowing. And that hazard was past. Rock paid tribute to the dead sheriff, and gladly welcomed the fact that he had a clean slate before him.

That gray-eyed girl, Thiry Preston! Here he did surrender. He had been struck through the heart. And all the fight there was seemed directed against himself—a wavering, lessening doubt that he could be as marvelously transformed as he thought. And then, one by one, in solemn procession, there passed before his memory's eye the other girls he had known, trifled with, liked, or loved. A few stood out brightly. He watched them pass by, out of the shade, it seemed, into the past forever.

Thiry Preston had made them vanish, as if by magic. Trueman did not sentimentalize or argue about it. She was the girl. All his life he had been dreaming of her. Nor did he ask himself any questions about love. Whatever it was, it had been sudden, inevitable, and fearsome only in its premonition of tremendous might.

This was not decision, but a realization and acceptance. Decision had to do with remaining at or near Wagontongue, and it was made the instant the question presented. He would ask Gage Preston for a job, riding, and if one was not available he would ask some other cattle man. Not likely was it that any rancher thereabouts would not find a place for Trueman Rock. In such event, however, he could go into the cattle business himself.

The thought of Ash Preston was disturbing. Rock had a premonition that he would have trouble with Preston; but he refused to harbor it. He absolutely must not fight with Thiry's brother.

AT LENGTH Rock left the cedar nook and started to retrace his steps toward town and Winter's store. His friend was busy with customers, so Rock betook himself toward the hotel. A young woman coming out of Dabb's large establishment almost ran into Rock.

"Excuse me," he said, touching his hat.

"True Rock—aren't you going to speak to me?" she burst out.

He knew the voice, the face too, the dark, sparkling, astonished eyes.

"True, don't you know *me?*" she asked, with mingled reproach and gayety. "It's Amy."

"Why, Mrs. Dabb, this is a surprise," he said, doffing his sombrero, and bowing over her hand. "I'm sure glad to see you."

"Mrs. Dabb? Not *Amy?*" she rejoined, with a captivating smile and look that Rock found strangely familiar.

"Someone told me you were married to my old boss, John Dabb," said Rock, easily. "You sure look well and fine. And prosperous, too?"

She did not like his penetrating gaze and his slow, cool speech.

"True, I can return the compliment. You are handsomer than ever."

"Thanks."

"True, you're not glad to see me!" she rejoined, almost petulantly.

"Why, sure I am. Glad you're settled and happy and—"

"Happy! Do I look that?" she interrupted bitterly.

"If my memory's any good, you look as gay and happy as ever."

"Your memory is bad—about that—and other things . . . Trueman, have you come back on a visit?"

"No, I aim to stay. I always was comin' back."

"If you only had come!" she sighed, and looked eloquently up at him. "I'm glad, terribly glad, you're going to stay. We must be good friends again, True. You'll come to see me, ride with me, like you used to. Won't you?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Dabb wouldn't like that. He never had any use for me."

"It doesn't matter what he likes! Say you will, Trueman. I'm horribly lonesome."

Rock remembered that Amy had always been a flirt. Evidently she had not changed. But he was sorry for her, and wished to spare her discomfiture.

"I'll call on you and John sometime," he replied, with all friendliness.

"Me and—John! . . . Well, your long absence in Texas hasn't made you any brighter. I dare say it hasn't changed you any—about girls, either. I saw you with Thiry Preston. At your old tricks, cowboy!"

"Did you? I don't call it old tricks to carry a few bundles for a girl," replied Rock stiffly. It annoyed him to feel the blood heat his face.

"Bundles, rot!" she retorted. "I saw you through a window, and anybody could have read your mind. Oh, I know you, True Rock, inside and out. You've lost your head pronto over Thiry Preston."

"I'm not denyin' it, am I?"

"You're flaunting it like a red flag right in my face. Well, I'm telling you, cowboy, that this once you've lost your head for nothing. Thiry Preston will have none of you. I know her. She is not your kind. She's cold as ice to every cowboy on this range. Heaven knows, they've run after her."

"Thanks for that last news, anyhow," he responded dryly.

She was searching the very depths of him, her eyes keen with jealous intuition.

"More. Thiry Preston has no use for lovesick cowboys, much less one like you, who've been at the beck and call of every girl in the land. And she worships that handsome demon of a brother, Ash."

"I'd hold it a virtue for a girl to love her brother—whether he was bad or good. . . . Good day, Mrs. Dabb." And, replacing his sombrero, he turned away, not, however, without catching a last angry blaze of her eyes.

She would be his enemy, of that he was full sure, unless he allowed himself once more to be attached to her train. The idea was preposterous. In a few short hours—no, they were hours incalculably long in their power—he had grown past flirting with any woman. Life had suddenly become sweet, strange, full of fears and hopes, something real and poignant, such as he had never experienced before.

ROCK, instead of entering the hotel, returned to Winter, whom he found unoccupied, and proceeded to unburden himself. He told the last thing first.

"So you run into Amy," meditated Sol, with a thoughtful twinkle. "Reckon you might have expected that. An' she knocked the wind out of you?"

"She sure did. You see, I'd really forgotten Amy."

"Wal, son, take my advice and keep shy of Amy. She's got old Dabb so jealous he can't attend to his business. She always has some buckaroo runnin' after her. That won't do for you. The Dabbs aboot own Wagontongue, not to say a lot of the range outfits. Sure, John's brothers are ruled by him. I told you he bought beef from Gage Preston. Then I always see Thiry with Amy, when she comes to

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George M. Cohan

Famous Author, Actor and Producer, *writes:*

"Good old Luckies! We've been pals for years. And like an old friend they treat me well. No irritation to my throat and no coughing. And I appreciate Lucky Strike—the full body tobacco with the toasted flavor that's been the same since that day we met."

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"Being a tobacco buyer with years of experience I am in a position to appreciate Lucky Strike Cigarettes for I know the 'Cream of the Crop' is bought for Lucky Strikes."

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No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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town. If you aim to snub your old girl for this new one—wal, son, you'll have a rough row to hoe."

"I'll not snub Amy; but I can't go playin' 'round with her. . . . Sol, how much money do you owe?"

"Couple of thousand; an' when that's paid off I'll be on the road to prosperity again."

"Old-timer, you're on it right now. I'll take that much stock in your business," went on Rock, as he took out his pocketbook.

"Son, I don't want you to do that," protested Winter.

"But I want to. I think it's a good investment. Now, here's your two thousand. And here's five more, which I want you to put in your bank, on interest; but fixed so you can draw it out quick. Reckon we'd better add another thousand to that five. I only need enough money to buy a spankin' outfit."

"Son, suppose somethin' happened to you," said Winter gravely, as he fingered the money. "It might. You know this is a sudden country. An', Rock, you've got fire in your eye."

"Sol, my parents are livin'; an' though old, they're in good health. They live in Illinois. Town of Carthage. If anythin' should happen to me—which I'm gamblin' it won't—you send this six thousand to my folks. I'll leave the address with you. Also, some papers and things for safe-keepin'."

"An' how about the two thousand you're investin' with me?"

"You can just forget about that, pardner."

Winter shook his lean old head sagaciously. "Wal, son, out with it. What's under that big hat?"

"I'm goin' to be a plain cowpuncher, and start in where I left off here six years ago. But I want a jim-dandy outfit; two saddle horses—the best on the range, if money can buy them."

"We can find one of them pronto," replied Winter, with satisfaction. "After supper we'll walk out to Leslie's. He's sellin' out, an' he has some good stock. One horse in particular. I never saw his beat. Dabb has been haggling' with Leslie over the price. It's high, but the horse is worth it."

"How much?"

"Three hundred."

"ALL right, Sol. We'll buy. But I reckon one saddle horse will do. Then I'll need a pack horse and outfit. In the mornin' we'll pick out a tarp and blankets, grub and campin' outfit. I've got saddle, bridle, spurs, riata—all Mexican, Sol, and if they don't knock the punchers on this range, I'll eat them. My Texas pardner gave them to me. And, last, I reckon I'll require some more hardware."

"Ahuh! . . . An' with all this outfit you're headin' for Sunset Pass."

"Yeah. I'm goin' to ride down slow and easy-like. Then I'll end up at Gage Preston's and strike him for a job."

"Son, it's a bold move, if it's all on account of Thiry. Gage Preston can't hardly refuse you a job. He needs riders. He has hired about every cowpuncher on the range. But they don't last. Ash gets rid of them, sooner or later. Reckon about as soon as they shine up to Thiry."

"How does he do that?" queried Rock, curiously.

"Wal, he scares most of them. Some he has bunged up with his fists. An' several punchers he's driven to throw guns."

"Kill them?"

"Nope. They say he just crippled them. Ash shoots quick an' where he wants."

"Most interestin' cuss—Ash Preston," said Rock lightly.

"Son, this is what worries me," went on Winter, with gravity: "it'll be some different when Ash Preston butts into you. No matter how easy an' cool you start, no matter how clever you are, it's bound to wind up a deadly business."

"Thanks, old-timer. I get your hunch. I'm takin' it serious and strong. Don't worry unreasonable about me. I've *got* to go."

TRUEMAN ROCK was not one of the cowboy breed who cared only for pitching, biting, kicking horses. He could ride them, when exigency demanded, but he never loved a horse for other than thoroughbred qualities. And sitting on the corral fence watching Leslie's white favorite, he was bound to confess that he felt emotions of his earliest days on the range.

"Wal, True, did you ever see the beat of that hoss?" asked Sol Winter, for the twentieth time.

Rock shook his head silently. Then, "I'll take him, Leslie, and consider the deal a lastin' favor," he said.

"Mrs. Dabb has been wantin' this hoss, didn't you tell me, Jim?" asked Winter.

"Wal, I reckon so. She has been out here often. But I don't think Mrs. Dabb really cared about the horse so much. She just wanted to show off on him. But to-day there was a girl here who loved him, an' I'd shore have liked to let her have him."

"Who was she, Jim?" asked Winter.

"Thiry Preston. She passed here to-day with her dad an' some of the boys. Gage stopped to have a talk with me."

"What did Miss Preston do?" queried Rock, casually.

"She just petted the hoss while the other Prestons walked around talkin'. Miss Thiry never said a word. But I seen her heart in her eyes."

"Speaks well for her," replied Rock, with constraint, as he slid off the fence and approached the animal. If this beautiful white horse had appeared desirable in his eyes upon first sight, what was he now? Rock smoothed the silky mane, thrilling at the thought that Thiry's gentle hand had rested there. "Leslie, I'll come in the mornin'. I want a pack-horse or a mule . . . Here's your money. Shake on it."

"I'll throw the pack-hoss in to boot," replied Leslie.

"Sol," said Rock, thoughtfully, as they retraced their steps toward town, "do the Prestons come in often?"

"Some of them every Saturday, shore as it rolls round. Thiry comes in about twice a month."

"Pretty long ride in from Sunset. Sixty miles by trail. Reckon the Prestons make a one-night stop at some ranch?"

"No. They camp it, makin' Cedar Creek, where they turn off into a flat. Good grass an' water. There's an old cabin. It belonged to a homesteader. Preston owns it now. Thiry was tellin' me they'd fixed it up. When they're comin' to town, she an' the other women-folks sleep there, an' the men throw beds outside."

"Queer how all about these Prestons interests me so," said Rock.

"Not so queer. Leavin' Thiry aside, they're a mighty interestin' outfit. You'll find that so, pronto."

"Reckon I'll find out a lot, pronto," said Trueman. "Never could keep things from comin' my way, particularly trouble. But, Sol, in all my life no adventure I ever rode down on could touch this one. I'm soberin' a little and realize how crazy it seems to you."

"Not crazy, son," replied Winter, earnestly. "It's wild, perhaps, to let yourself go over this girl all in a minute. But then, wild or no, it might turn out good for Thiry Preston."

"Sol, why is her face so sad?"

"I don't know. I've asked her why she looks sad—which you can see when she's not speakin'; but she always makes herself smile an' laugh then. Says she can't help her face, an' she's sorry I don't like it. Rock, it hurts Thiry, sort of startles her, to mention that. It makes her think of somethin' unhappy."

"It's for me to find out," said Rock.

"You bet. I've always been puzzled an' troubled over Thiry. My wife, too. An' it'll please you that she took kindly to your sudden case over Thiry. True, I may be wrong thinkin' you've growed to be a man . . . But one last word: These Prestons have heard all about you, naturally, an' when you ride out on the range it'll all come fresh again. No cowboy ever had a finer reputation than you—for bein' keen an' honest an' clean, an' a wonder at your work. You never drank much, compared to most cowboys.

"But your gun record was bad. Forgive me, son, I don't want to offend. Remember, I'm your friend. Every old-timer here knows you never went around lookin' for trouble. It's not that kind of a bad reputation. It's this kind: You've spilled blood on this range, often, an' more'n once fatal. That made you loved by a few, feared an' misunderstood by many, an' a mark for every fame-huntin' sheriff, gambler, an' cowpuncher in the country.

"Now you're back again, after some years, an' all you ever done here will come up. An' your Texas doin's, whatever they were, will follow you. . . . Now, the point I want to make is this: Preston knows most of this, or will know it soon, an' if he keeps you in his outfit it will be pretty strong proof that these queer dark hints from the range are without justification."

"SOL, it would seem so," replied Rock, meditatively.

"Wal, it'll be good if you find it that way. For Thiry's sake first, an' then for everybody concerned. Then these hints against Preston will be little different from those concernin' other ranchers—just gossip."

Rock regarded his anxious friend a thoughtful moment. "Winter," he said, "you've made a point you weren't calculatin' on. You're *hopin'* I'll find Preston one of the common run of ranchers. But you're *afraid* I won't!"

(*To be continued*)

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The only successful men who hate soap and water

No doubt one reason a tramp is always dirty is that his "work" requires it. The real one, though, is that he has lost his self-respect—or given it a kick.

Here's a thought for some welfare organization: Catch all the hoboes; wash 'em; keep 'em washed; result—eventually no more hoboes.

And there honestly is something in the idea. For cleanliness and self-respect are just about the same thing. Any time you feel like questioning it, try starting *your* day with soiled linen or without a bath.

SELF-RESPECT *thrives on* SOAP & WATER

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Why I Don't Go to Church (or) Why I Do Go to Church

FIRST PRIZE

I'd Like to Go, But—

TIMES have changed since Father used to hitch old Dobbin to the shay, and Mother reinforced herself with a footwarmer, and we all piled in under the old buffalo robe and set out for church with the expectation of a service three hours long.

My grandfather was a Presbyterian minister who believed in long sermons as a means of eternal salvation. My father was an Episcopal rector, who took his religion a little more easily. Between the two, I could no more escape going to church on Sunday morning than I could get away from my mother and the toothbrush. Sometimes I used to steal away and go to church with some Methodist friends, and would sing "Hallelujah!" as lustily as any of them. I always liked the good old hymns, and still think that everyone should go to church at least once on Sunday. Any church is better than none.

But the years have changed all this. Sunday now means more hard work for me than all the other days of the week put together. If I were offered a job at one hundred dollars a week, to work as hard each day as I work on Sunday, I doubt if I would be physically able to take it, much as I need the money.

I go to business during the week. This leaves one day to do everything around the house in. Here is a schedule of my Sundays, which seldom varies:

In the morning I do my washing. While it is drying, I clean my two rooms and bath, which always need it. Where all the dirt comes from, goodness only knows, but, judging from the dirt I sweep up and the dust which accumulates, one would think that the entire United States Army trooped through the place every day. Most of the afternoon I iron. Then I get something to eat, read the papers, take a bath, and after this I am absolutely too tired to do anything but rest and wonder how it would feel to be rich.

And yet some of my friends wonder why I do not go to church twice a day and help them sing "Sweet Day of Rest."

M. A. H.

SECOND PRIZE

The Church is My Best Friend

"IF THE Church can do anything with that young devil it is welcome to him." So said some of the men in the factory when they heard that I had "got religion," and was going to join the Church.

As a boy, I started to work in a cotton factory at eleven years of age, and my education ended at the fifth grade. At sixteen, I was frequenting cheap dance halls and gaming-rooms, and belonged to a rowdy gang of youths. Neighbors predicted that I would be no good to myself or to anybody else.

One Sunday night, it rained so incessantly that I was driven from the streets, and turned into a church for shelter. Under the earnest pleading of a working-man preacher I turned my back on my old life, and made a fresh start.

The men in that church encouraged me to teach a class of younger boys, and the minister, who directed my simple studies, loaned me the first worth-while books I ever read. In the months that followed, when bad habits were being mastered, and a self-respecting, ambitious young man was evolving out of the former "Canal Street" tough, the minister and members of the church were friends indeed. During this time I was living down a bad name, and I often became discouraged. There were lapses, too, that did not reflect credit on religion or on the Church. But there was no condemnation—only sympathy, and encouragement.

The Church and its message gave me a sense of my own dignity and worth, and the consciousness of a purpose in life. It opened the door of the academy; set me at the foot of the educational ladder, and helped me climb it.

The Church is not perfect. It has made many mistakes. Its teaching is not always adapted to the needs of the age, and at times it does not make full use of its opportunities. But I love it, and will be true to it as long as I live, for the Church has been a friend to me.

D. S.

THIRD PRIZE

I Don't Like the Church Because of Its "Rule of Terror"

I AM one of the skeptical, sophisticated, and thoroughly reprehensible younger generation. I also belong to the class from whence come the atheists, suicides, and so forth—the collegians. I attend an engineering university, boiled and steeped in mathematics. We believe nothing until we have proved it beyond a doubt, and even then we are inclined to use a factor of safety. There is a belief that colleges contain many atheists, although most of the so-called atheists are like myself: they do not disbelieve. They are only disgusted with the present system.

But that has nothing to do with my reasons for not attending church. I don't go to church for one reason—I don't like its autocracy.

I once heard an older man praising a rather famous preacher he had heard the night before:

"He certainly put the fear of God into that crowd."

And the speaker seemed to think that he had cited the prime requisite for a successful divine. Perhaps he was right. A church wants a man who can teach the love of God in such a manner that the grocer and the plumber will reach trembling hands into their pockets for their tithes. Teach them so they will fear to do anything but love Him. In this way, they may build up power, and the Church loves power.

Another evidence of autocracy is the Sunday-school, one of the most innocent in appearance, yet one of the most harmful manifestations of religion. "Catch 'em young and tell 'em nothing" seems to be the motto of these weekly meetings for the forced injections of biased views. Tell them nothing about any creed but the one in which the superintendent believes. Take them at an impressionable age, so they can have no other ideas except the ones which are fed them. To make sure they get the offspring at the right age, they start with a cradle roll, and continue the doses until the adult dies. Thus they assure themselves of a deep-seated prejudice in the individual for one religion, even one sect. When he starts at some time in his life to use reason or logic with himself, something within him cries out to stop. Sometimes he thinks of this as intuition, and that his old creed is best, after all; so he stops thinking and settles back in his rut. It was really his conscience, a thing for which Sunday-school was responsible. Another soul saved? Yeh!

H. D. O.

What This Church Contest Revealed

EDITOR'S NOTE: This contest, "Why I Do or Do Not Go to Church," brought in letters by the big basketfuls! Thousands of persons responded, each one eager to express his opinion in favor of or against church attendance. Those who *do* attend church constitute a majority of the contestants, but those who *do not* go were by no means a negligible number. A distinguished feature of the contest, aside from the great mass of letters, was the excellent good taste and good temper displayed by those who wrote to us. Out of these letters, pro and con, we culled the ten principal reasons why the writers do not go to church, and the ten principal reasons why they do go.

First, the ten leading reasons why they *do not go:*

1. They object to the ritual, as boresome or meaningless.
2. They prefer to worship in the open air.
3. They object to the insincerity of certain church members.
4. They object to what they call the commercialism of the church.
5. Church services call up painful childhood memories.
6. They stay away because of rows with the minister or with some church officer or member.
7. They have been sickened by revival meetings.
8. They like to sleep late.
9. Prefer to spend the day in some form of outing.
10. They regard much of the church service as superstition.

The ten reasons most frequently mentioned for attending church are these:

1. They were brought up to go.
2. Like to meet their friends at church.
3. Go as an example to their children.
4. Think it a wholesome thing to be identified with the church.
5. Like to sing hymns with the congregation.
6. Enjoy the beauty of the service.
7. Need the comfort the church can give in time of trouble.
8. Go to church to forget petty cares;
9. To find strength and inspiration;
10. To seek the peace "which passeth all understanding."

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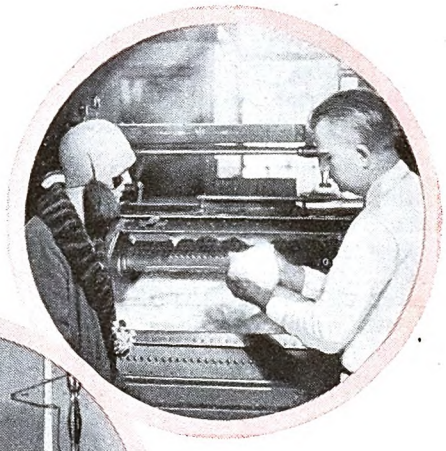
The fresh snowy whiteness of Laundry-washed clothes

When you turn back the snowy, spotless sheets that have come from your laundry, you know they not only look clean and feel clean, but *are* scientifically clean. Yet modern laundry service is simple. It is a story of unlimited quantities of filtered rainsoft water, plenty of pure soap, and scientific knowledge of how to use amazingly gentle equipment. Your clothes are washed without rubbing, and are rinsed in many baths, until every particle of loosened dirt is definitely removed from the fabric. There is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering . . . . a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *must be cleaner*, sweeter and longer-wearing. Visit a modern laundry and see for yourself why millions of home managers depend upon such laundries for relief from irksome washday toil.

The LAUNDRY *does it best*



Above—The heavy, rich suds which penetrates every fabric pore, gently softening and removing dirt, in a washer with glass-smooth inside surfaces. *Left*—How the hand of science helps protect your clothing . . . every laundry formula is worked out with prescription-like exactness.

Keeping Faith with American Women

The modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

© 1928 L. N. A.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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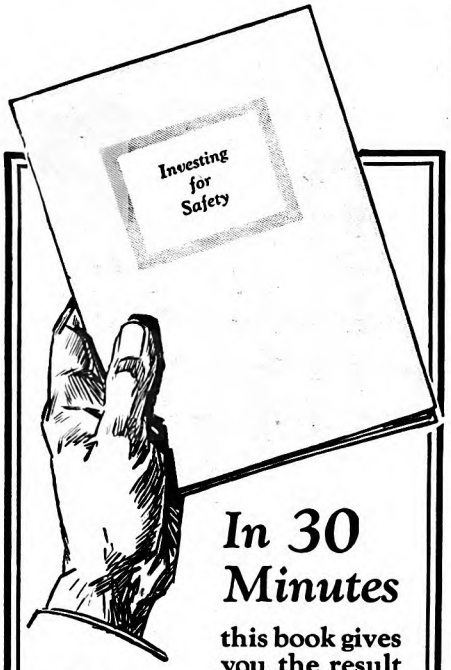

In 30 Minutes

this book gives you the result of 46 years of successful experience in the making of sound investments.

If a price were to be set on this book, we know some people who would value it at $5,000 to $10,000 or more — for there are many such who have lost similar sums through unwise investments.

In this book you are told in simple, interesting, non-technical language those cardinal investment rules by which shrewdest investors are guided. It enables you in a few minutes to fortify yourself with easily applied principles for measuring the soundness and safety of various types of securities.

It definitely answers the question, "What is the highest rate of interest a sound investment can yield?"

Let this valuable 32-page book help you with your investment problems. Send for it today—it's free. Write for

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ESTABLISHED IN 1882

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

How We Ended Forever a Fear That Haunts Many Families

THE fear that some day the family will find itself homeless haunted me for years. If death should take me from my wife and two children, they will go right on living in the pretty little house in New Mexico in which this is written.

For three years after Ethel and I were married, we paid $40 a month rent. We saved $16 a month, hoping to get enough to make a down payment on a house; but, somehow, whenever we got over the $100 mark, something always happened to wipe out our savings, and we had to start over again.

Ethel and I used to spend Sunday afternoons figuring how we could acquire a home. We read all the "A little down, and a little a month" advertisements. We even looked at a few houses—some for practically nothing down; but we didn't feel we could afford to be seen living in such houses.

Well, *how* could we get a house?

"Darn it! I'm a salesman," I said to Ethel one Sunday. "A clerk is a salesman. I'm going to sell ourselves, our prospects, our earning ability, and buy a house. I have a good job. I've held it seven years. We pay $40 a month rent; we save $16 a month, even though misfortune comes along regularly and picks it out of our hands again. But, anyway, we can, and have, put aside $16 a month. . . . Let's go pick out a house!"

"What! With only $85 in the bank?" Ethel laughed, dispiritedly.

"It isn't what's in the bank," I said, "it's what this family is worth as a going concern."

WE FOUND a half-dozen desirable houses. Ethel smiled every time we looked at one. But I methodically noted down the addresses of the owners or agents. The next afternoon I got an hour off from the drug store, and went to see two of the owners. The first wouldn't listen to me. The second, a woman, was more impressed.

My proposition to her was simple: I wanted a house. I could pay $40 a month on one. I had no money for a down payment; but if she would trust me, I would pay her $200 each year in addition to the $40 monthly payments. I asked her to investigate me, my record as an employee, our record as buyers on credit at the local stores. Shoestring business! Yes; but it worked!

Well, we moved into the house. Then I began to have The Fear. We were paying $40 a month on a $4,500 house. The owner had got her down payment by putting a $2,000 mortgage on the place. The $40 went to paying off this mortgage. This left $2,500 to be paid off after the mortgage was taken care of. The $200 annual payments were to apply on this $2,500 yet due her.

But, except the equity in the house—which could be cashed in on only by selling the place—we were accumulating nothing that would be of any big help to Ethel and the children in case I should die and leave her to support, raise, and educate the children. Even with my $6,000 of life insurance, on which I had been paying three years, Ethel and the children *could* become homeless, and the thought haunted me.

I asked a banker friend if he knew of any financial trick by which I could wipe out this fear forever.

"A mortgage redemption policy, or something that works the same way—guaranteeing payment of all the debts against your property in case of your death—is what you're looking for," he told me. "Or you can find insurance companies that will not only insure payments of the debts, but will give you a loan on your place at the same time. Why don't you get a loan, pay off your first mortgage; or, at least, reduce it?"

I got such a policy, and also a loan. We had been paying on the house for a year and, deducting the interest, had cut down the $2,000 first mortgage to less than $1,600. In addition, our owner had been paid her $200 and interest, as agreed. Our $4,500 home now had only about $3,990 against it.

TO OUR surprise, the insurance company handling the loan appraised the place at $5,400! Elbow grease did that! I had put in walks, painted the window sills a more harmonious color, and made a wonderful lawn. Ethel had put in shrubs and flowers, and had used her knowledge of interior decoration to good advantage.

"We'll lend you half of $5,400, which is $2,700," the insurance man told us.

We took the $2,700 and paid off the remaining $1,600 of the original $2,000 first mortgage. Then we took the remaining $1,100 of the $2,700 and paid $1,000 on the owner's $2,300 second mortgage, cutting it to $1,300. The other $100 of the loan went for clothing for the babies, the tag end of a doctor bill—and for a big feed at the best café in town, celebrating our move toward independence.

The payments on the $2,700 insurance mortgage remain, as before, $40 a month. The woman who owns the house has already had $3,000 out of it—the $2,000 from the original mortgage, and the $1,000 we paid her out of the insurance loan; so she is content to continue to get hers at the rate of $200 a year. Up to now we have made four of these annual $200 payments.

In only three and a half years more, we'll have her paid off. Then what we won't do to that first mortgage!

But, if I should lose my job, and couldn't make these payments? Well, don't forget I've been paying seven years on $6,000 worth of life insurance. That's my old backstop. If I had to, I could borrow enough on that policy to meet the payments for a few months. Hard luck couldn't knock us out in the first round, anyway. Old Man Insurance is refereeing this fight, and he's on our side! T. U. C.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
May, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

"Boys, We Had Him Wrong!"

The Story of John J. Pershing The Man

By Thomas M. Johnson

HARRIS & EWING

A recent camera study of General Pershing at home

IT SEEMED as if all the seven hundred people in Laclede, Missouri, were down at the station some weeks ago when Number Four rolled in bearing a great American home to see the folks. White and black crowded to the rails, waving to the erect, square-jawed man in blue serge with sandy hair shading white, who smiled back happily, and searched among all the friendly faces, then stepped quickly forward, hand outstretched:

"We-e-e-ll, old John Crowder!" his voice rang, as he pumped vigorously the right arm of the substantial-looking citizen, who likewise chuckled delightedly, and cried:

"We-e-e-ll, old John Pershing!"—then, "Let's look at you! Why, you haven't changed so much. I'd know you anywhere."

Indeed, to most who saw him on that late January day, the boyhood friend's intuition seemed true, as such intuitions often are. The man in the blue serge suit whom they welcomed was less General Pershing than John Pershing, who had been a boy and a regular boy right there in Laclede.

All day he was John Pershing, greeting with the endearing "old" of boyhood, friends of fifty years before, linking arms with John Crowder and strolling to the swimming hole in Locust Creek, where once they outstunted each other, exploring an ancient pirates' cave, reminiscing with two delighted negroes whom he had taught in school at sixteen. At dinner in the "annex" of the new building of his boyhood's Methodist Church, he was John Pershing still.

About a board certainly festive, groaning with good things if ever board did, were leaders of Church and Village, more old friends, and the Methodist pastor, laughing and joking, asking, "John, do you remember?" with the jollity and pride wherewith generous people delight to warm the hearts of others. With no less jollity and pride, John Pershing laughed and joked and remembered and, as when a boy with the husky appetite won by farm work, fell upon the dinner which Laclede quite properly termed banquet. Upon his

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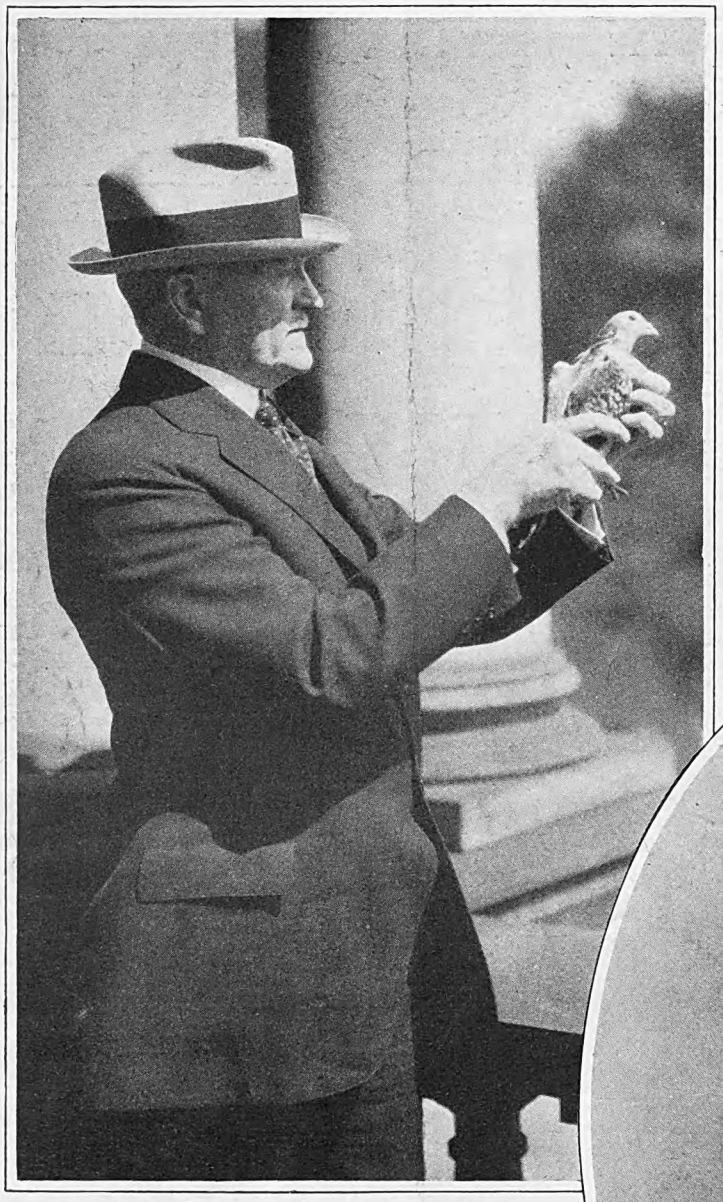
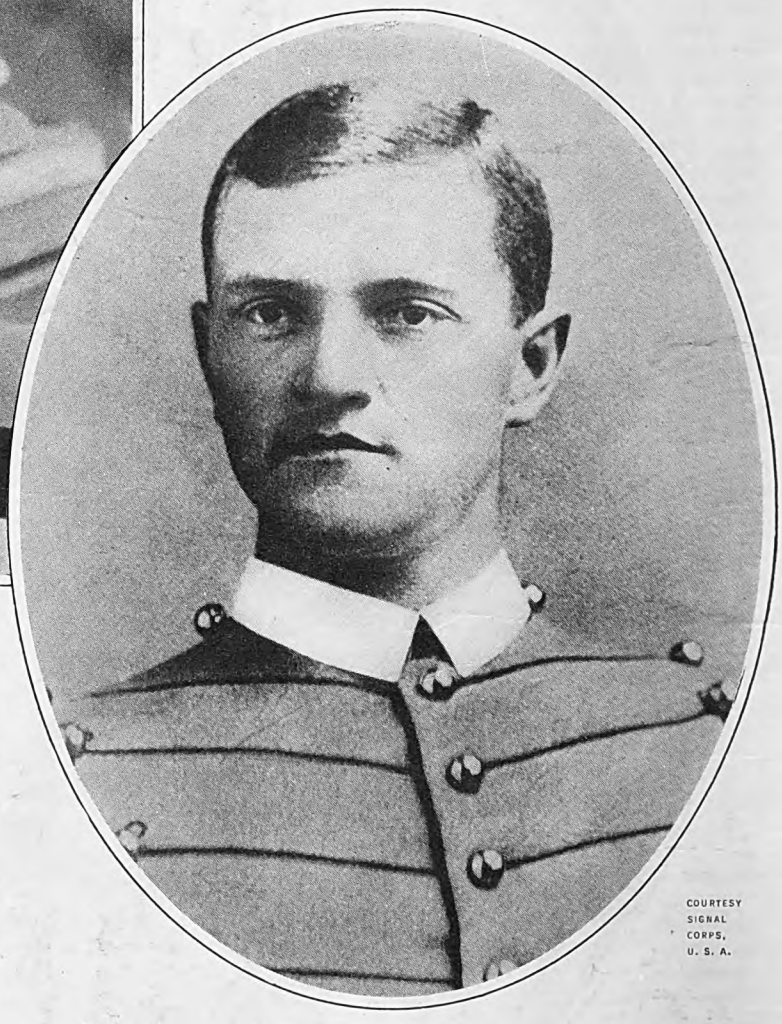


The General about to release a carrier pigeon. (Right) A photograph taken in West Point days, when Pershing was a cadet



COURTESY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

return to Washington, he told about it with gusto:

"Seriously," he said, leaning forward as he does when in earnest, "it was delicious. I never tasted anything better. The ladies of the Methodist Church cooked it, and they can cook when they try. I believe they are the best cooks in the world."

His blue eyes shone in reminiscence.

"They had roast turkey, crisp and brown and tender, and potatoes so flaky they crumbled when you touched them, and rolls that melted in your mouth, and jam and preserves and pickles—"

Words failed, eyes rolled expressively, and he sighed.

"Have you ever been West?" he asked. "They're great people out there."

He sat behind the mahogany desk in his office as chairman of the Battle Monuments Commission, on the second floor of the State, War and Navy Department Building, now tilted back in his chair, hands in the pockets of the same blue serge suit, talking happily, boyishly even, with a trace of Missouri drawl, about the home folks he had just seen. There came to me a memory of another time, with him behind a desk, almost the only furniture in a barrack room in Chaumont, which in early fall, 1917, had just become headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces. This time he leaned forward, masterful jaw clenched, deepening furrows in the strong face.

"Who says the Western Front can't be broken?" he added indignantly. "The German lines can be broken; they must be broken; they will be broken."

Warfare of attrition was not in the Pershing lexicon. He left no doubt of that in the minds of the group of correspondents to whom he was speaking. Once outside the door, someone exclaimed: "Hard-boiled, isn't he? But a soldier all right, and a fighter. Maybe the Western Front *can* be broken, after all."

And of course it was.

SCARCELY the same man, I thought, the fighter with clenched jaw and fist and flashing eye, and the blue-serge-clad citizen enthusiastic over a Methodist church supper. Then came another memory of ten years ago:

A group of us stood on the steps of the rather modest house, called by courtesy château, in Chaumont, where the General made his home. We had just had lunch with the General—and had a good time. Some of his staff had "kidded" him mildly about being a few minutes late (his one bad "business habit"), and he in turn had kidded us about the unusual shine of our Sam Brownes, the unwonted pressedness of our uniforms.

Junius Wood of the Chicago "News," an old friend of Mexico days, had asked if it was true that once in the Philippines he had been caught with one pocket-flap unbuttoned. He had talked shop a little, plans and progress:

"But you mustn't quote me" this time, and had seemed even glad to get it off his chest. He had been frank, boyish even, rejoicing in the company, Then he had come to the door and said, "Come again, now that you've found the way," as one might in Laclede or a thousand other places.

"Say, he may be hard-boiled sometimes," a fellow newspaper man said to me; "but he's a good scout at that, isn't he? We had him wrong."

During those fierce war years, he wasn't the only one who, at one time or another, had John J. Pershing wrong. Those were years for the fighting soldier, when to be less meant weakness and failure and the lives of others. War is a grim thing, a terrible thing, that drives the iron into men's souls, or shatters them. It

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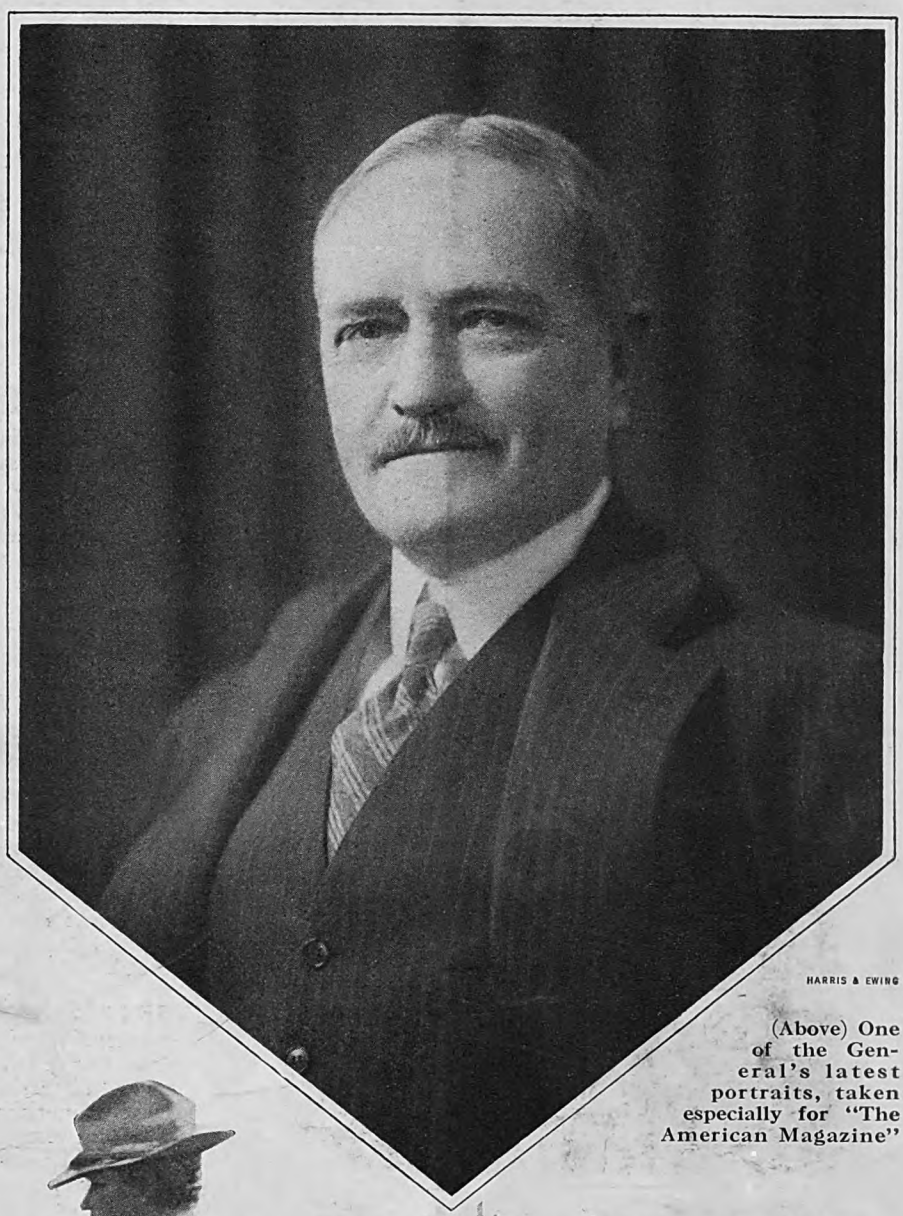
touched different men differently, and blinded some to all but the iron. That is why, then, and for long afterward, many of the very citizen-soldiers for whose well-being he fought Germans and Allies, thought of him—in ignorance of what war means—as disciplinarian. That they "had him wrong," that he was, underneath, "a good fellow at that," many had no idea, then or when they came home and told families and friends who won the war.

THAT is probably the principal reason why even today so many good Americans do not know one of their most famous fellow-citizens, as they would like. Then, so many pictures have shown him on ceremonious occasions demanding of a soldier ceremonious poses. Many thought of him as the victorious general, immaculate, rigid, austere, even forbidding, as some other great soldiers have been—that, and nothing more. So he is respected, admired, esteemed—but his human qualities not generally known.

That is one reason why today in Washington people are more eager for a look at General Pershing than at President Coolidge. At public functions more inquire for him than for anyone else. True, we have had thirty Presidents and but one General of the Armies, but to many he is still something of a mystery. They know the victorious general, but not John J. Pershing "as is."

That John J. Pershing is today, in his own words, "enjoying life in civilian clothes." Back from the wars, active service ended, now he can expand and devote himself to good talks with his friends, to good pictures, to (*Continued on page 78*)



HARRIS & EWING

(Above) One of the General's latest portraits, taken especially for "The American Magazine"

(Below) Captain Pershing, in 1903, commanding an advance on Fort Bayan, in the Philippines

COURTESY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

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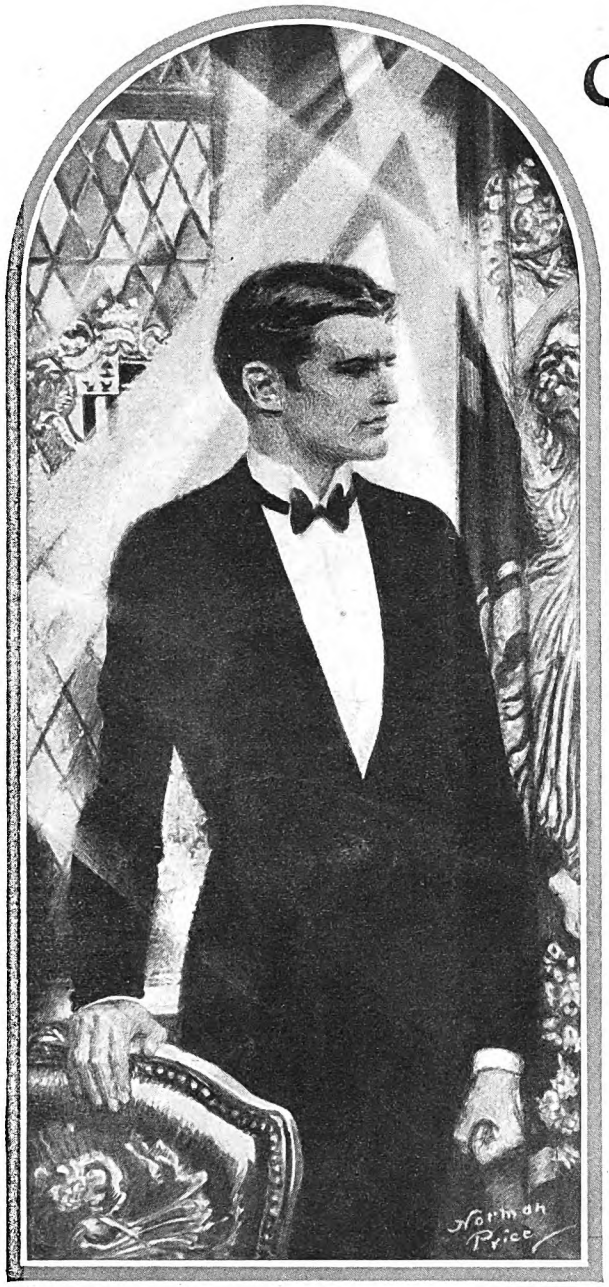
Things I Can't Understand About Women



WE MEN have two ways of regarding women: with our hearts and with our minds. The first applies to the few for whom we have a real affection. But the second applies to all women! For our hearts don't put our brains out of commission, even in regard to the women we are fond of.

The only exception is when a man is blindly in love with some one woman. But that is merely a temporary mental eclipse. Sooner or later, he begins to *think* about her. She may still be *the* woman, but she is also just *a* woman. And in spite of his love, he is able to see in her some of the feminine qualities which puzzle and irritate him.

Women do things which are almost incomprehensible to the masculine mind. Some men struggle along for years, trying to cure their wives of feminine tendencies and habits. Others, more philosophical, manage to accept these peculiarities with tolerant amusement.

But there probably isn't a man alive who doesn't sometimes say that he "can't understand" why women do certain things, or do them in certain curious ways.

I have been sounding out my friends in regard to this matter, and each of them has contributed several items of interest. The showing probably is far from complete. But I think it gives a pretty fair cross-section of the mental attitude of men toward the peculiar little ways of women.

I want to make one preliminary explanation. Very often, after a man had spoken of some feminine trait which puzzled him, he would say: "I can understand why a woman might be *inclined* to do that; or why she might have done it a few times. But I can't understand why she would *keep on* doing it! Why doesn't she learn that it is foolish and perhaps irritating to others?"

By "others" of course he means men; especially himself. But why not? If women need us in their lives—and I suppose there can be no argument about that—why shouldn't they avoid unnecessary annoyance to us?

Now, right here is where one of these feminine traits is going to show itself! For at least ninety-nine out of a hundred women, when they have read the above paragraph, will make one and the same remark.

"Well!" they will exclaim indignantly. "If my husband tried half as hard to consider *my* feelings as I try to consider *his*, life would be a good deal easier and pleasanter for me!"

Instead of husband, you may have to substitute father, brother, son, fiancé, boss, or friend; whatever man happens to loom largest in the woman's daily scheme of things. But practically every woman's reaction will be the same in one essential. It will be a *personal* one.

THIS is something which we men cannot understand about women. Whenever a subject comes up for discussion, a woman doesn't talk impersonally. She twists things around so that the "discussion" becomes an argument about herself: her ideas, her motives, her actions. In this case, for example, mighty few women will stick to the text I gave: that women should avoid unnecessary annoyance to men. They will immediately change it to: "Men should avoid irritating women." And they will be ready to preach a whole sermon on the ways in which men do irritate women.

Even if they don't do that, they won't take a dispassionate general view of the subject. Each woman will think of herself and her own men-folks. She has seen hundreds of women. But she won't try to look at her sex as a whole. She will instantly be on the defensive about herself.

Every man knows that he can't make a general remark about women, to a woman, without getting a personal comeback of some sort. If there are exceptions, they are so rare that they only emphasize the rule.

Let's take an example outside the domestic field. Suppose a woman asks a business man whether girls are satisfactory as office employees. And suppose the man, in answering, says that girls are supersensitive.

"You can give a man a calling-down," he may say; "but if you criticize a girl's work, her feelings are pretty sure to be hurt. They're rather difficult in that way."

Immediately the woman begins to think about herself; and nine times out of ten she manages to pivot the conversation around to the subject of whether *she* is sensitive or not.

Or take even the weather. You can't discuss it as a broadly interesting topic with a woman. She keeps bringing it back to the way the weather affects her, or her family, or her plans. It is the same with health. She is interested in the subject only as it concerns her individually.

As for religion, love, marriage—anything which deals with emotions—she can't talk of these things in the abstract. Back of all her opinions there is some *personal* bias.

One man said to me: "What I can't understand about women is that they 'think' with their emotions and not with their minds."

(*Continued on page 129*)

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Things I Can't Understand About Men

Drawings by Norman Price

WE WOMEN, I think, are more tolerant toward men than men are toward us. Not that we deserve much credit for it. By nature and by training, men are impelled to get what they want. We women have the same *natural* impulse; but in most cases all our training is toward a more or less patient acceptance of what is handed out to us.

Patience is a good teacher of philosophy; and philosophy encourages tolerance. So, although we may emit some sparks of irritation over masculine ways, I don't think there is any real fire of resentment.

"Oh, well," we say; "men are like that! I suppose they can't help it."

Nevertheless, we do allow their peculiarities to strike these little sparks of irritation. Quite as often as men say that they can't understand us, *we* say that we can't understand *them*. The only difference is that we are more likely to say it with a tolerant smile.

I had a demonstration of this the other afternoon. Eight of us, all women, had been playing bridge; and afterward, as we were having "refreshments," I brought up the subject of the things men do which women say they can't understand.

There was no lack of response, either in volume or in variety. But what especially interested me was the *tone* of the conversation. Most of our complaints were made humorously and were received with smiles of mutual understanding. We weren't bitter. We were amused! Only toward a few masculine traits was there a feeling of serious and puzzled resentment. Let's take these few first and get through with them.

I found that I had "started something" when I said: "Well, here is one thing that seems strange to me: After a woman is married to a man, he is irritated by the very traits and mannerisms which he liked in her *before* they were married.

"For instance, I have known a dozen cases of men falling in love with girls who had no more brains than you could put into a teacup; the helpless, clinging, irresponsible kind; the kind that knows everything about flirtation, but not enough about finance to be sure that two and two make four; the kind that is always asking a man to tell her what to do, and who really hasn't sense enough to decide without being told.

"And the man simply adores it! Her helplessness makes him want to cherish and protect her. Her ignorance of practical affairs seems charmingly feminine. When she wants him to decide every question for her, he glories in his sense of masterfulness. He loves her clinging dependence.

"THESE are the traits which captivate him. But after he is married to her, he soon begins trying to make her all over—with these very traits eliminated! In most cases, he accomplishes nothing, except to make them both miserable.

"He *knew* she wasn't practical. Yet he is constantly irritated because she is an incompetent housekeeper and has only a child's grasp of money matters. He gets sick and tired of having to tell her what to do. He demands disgustedly whether she hasn't any mind of her own. He is indignant if she is flirtatious—the only thing she knows how to be—with other men.

"From my point of view, he *ought* to feel this way toward that type of girl. But he ought not to wait until after he had married her! Especially when he has married her because he loved these very qualities. I can't see why he shows so little intelligence."

"No," said one of the group; "and yet we know that men are almost always curiously *un*intelligent in regard to women. And inconsistent! One of my friends back home, for instance, married a gay chatterbox of a girl, the sort that talks and laughs most of the time without saying much of anything. Nevertheless, she was awfully nice; and nobody's fool either.

"I often saw them during their engagement. He used to joke her about talking so much, but he was perfectly good-humored about it and I think he really enjoyed her nonsense. We all did. But when I saw them last summer, he was openly irritated by it. He would make cutting remarks about 'a woman's tongue.' Once, I remember, he broke out with: 'For heaven's sake! why can't you give someone *else* a chance to get in a word now and then!'

"The point is, he knew before they were married that she was a born talker. He apparently liked it. At any rate, it didn't annoy him. I can't understand his inconsistency in being furious because she continued to be the very same sort of person he had fallen in love with."

"We can't understand it," said another woman, "but I guess all men are alike in that respect. Before a girl is married, she has various little ways which a man merely laughs at.

"'You're a funny kid!' he says.

"But when she is his wife, with identically the same little ways, he says: 'Why the devil do you do such fool things!'"

"Well," spoke up one woman, "since we are on this subject, here's another thing which I can't (*Continued on page 138*)

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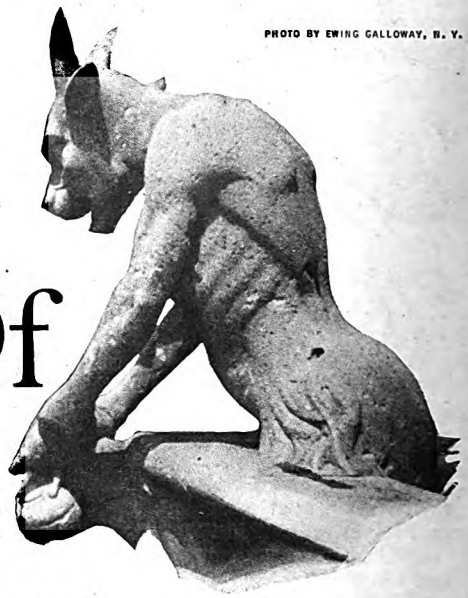
GARGOYLES FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

"... Hating people is like burning down your own house to get rid of a rat."

THE Wages Of HATE

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.



By Harry Emerson Fosdick

SHE came into my "confessional" as respectable a person in appearance as you could find at church on Sunday. Before she had been talking five minutes, however, I knew that I had on my hands another case of hate. She hated her sister. Her sister did not know it. Nobody knew it. Not by deed or word had her hatred ever found utterance. She lived in the same house with the one whom she hated, in a dutiful and affectionate relationship, but, like a smoldering fire well banked from above, her repressed animosity had for years licked its fiery way among the basic emotions of her life, and left her a miserable, incinerated soul.

In this case the story was easy to get at. Long years before, a love affair, that in the opinion of all the family had promised no happiness and much ill-fortune, had been balked, largely through the intervention of this sister. It was the only real love affair my confidante had ever had. She acknowledged the fine motives of the family, the loyal intentions of the sister, and the probable wisdom of her action; but, for all that, hatred had set in. She had fed its flames unconsciously at first because its heat was a substitute, poor but welcome, for the warmth which love had previously lent her life. Then her secret enmity, being well started, had taken things into its own control. Outwardly decent and kindly, performing her daily duties with attention and fidelity, saying the words and doing the deeds that sisterly affection would naturally suggest, she was nevertheless burning herself out with hate.

She came to me because at last she saw that unless she could displace her animosity by good will she would be literally a ruined personality.

That case is far from unfamiliar—so much so that I dread publishing this article because I know how many letters will pour in from people with similar experiences, never before confessed to any son of man. And, as the case is familiar, so the lesson of it is obvious. We commonly think of hatred as being dangerous to the person against whom it is directed. Of course, that easily may prove to be the case. But the first and basic truth to be seen concerning hatred is that it is disastrous to the person who harbors it. Keep a tiger in the house and you may succeed in living with it; but try keeping hatred in the heart and no power on earth can prevent catastrophe.

The fact that accumulated animosity, like stored dynamite, may at any moment explode and damage the hated person is clear. Only the other day a man who long had harbored a grudge, had brooded vindictively over his supposed wrongs, and so had accumulated hatred, suddenly and unexpectedly exploded, after which, coming to, he discovered that he had picked up a handy and unpremeditated weapon and, like Cain of old, had killed his brother. Hatred obviously is a dangerous commodity for the public. Even a caravan of dynamite through the streets must bear a red flag of warning, and dynamite is safer than hate.

WHAT most of us need to learn, however, is the neglected truth that the primary victim of cherished hate is not the one against whom the hate is directed, but the one who does the hating.

Here, for example, is a man who already had had a bitter and disillusioning experience in marriage, and who at last found happiness and peace in a newly

(*Continued on page 101*)

What's the Date of Your Mind?

"WHEN you hear a man say 'I hate,' adding the name of some race, nation, religion, or social class, you are dealing with a belated mind," says Doctor Fosdick. "That man may dress like a modern, ride in an automobile, listen over the radio, but his mind is properly dated about 1,000 B. C.

"Nowhere is such group-hatred so wretched in its effects as in religion. Religion should be the supreme unifying force on earth, but hatred can transform it into one of the most divisive forces. An English schoolchild is said to have written this in an essay:

"'There used to be wild animals in England, but because of Christianity there are few of them left; those that are left are to be found in the theological gardens.'

"To put the matter positively, there is nothing more needed in this world than good will. Somehow or other, these nations, races, creeds, and colors must live together. Science has spoken an infallible word about that. We must somehow manage to live together, and there is only one way in which we can live together—with good will. And there is only one thing that ever yet created good will, and that is good will. Somebody must start it. Somebody must generously pour good will into this situation."

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Photograph by D. Jay Culver

Harry Emerson Fosdick

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, minister at the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, is one of the most distinguished and popular preachers of modern time. His books, among them "The Manhood of the Master," "The Assurance of Immortality," "The Meaning of Prayer," "The Meaning of Faith," and "The Meaning of Service," have been widely read. His church is packed to the doors every Sunday and there is an overflow crowd in the basement served by amplifiers. His sermons are also broadcast by radio. Doctor Fosdick was born in Buffalo, New York, fifty years ago. In addition to his preaching and his writing he is Professor of Practical Theology at Union Theological Seminary.

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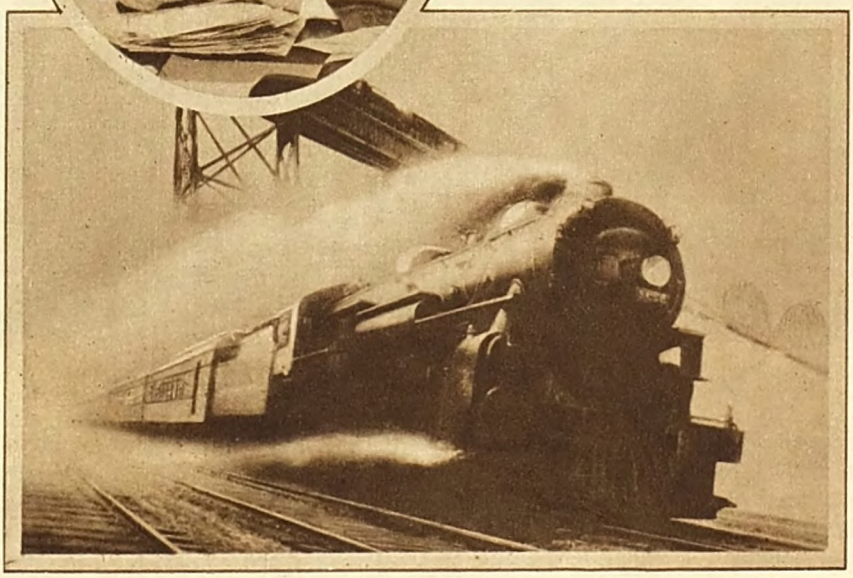
WILLIAM WALLACE ATTERBURY is president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its 180,000 employes. He began work with the Pennsylvania as an apprentice in the Altoona shops. During the World War he served as a Brigadier General, in charge of rail transportation with the American Expeditionary Force in France. In the course of his extraordinary career General Atterbury has accumulated a store of knowledge about the kind of men who rise, and the chances a man now has for promotion. That's why THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE asked him to give the accompanying interview.

From a Painting by Sir William Orpen



Photograph by International Newsreel

Wide World Photos

The clerk, the riveter, the engine crew—what's ahead for them? And for all others who work? General Atterbury answers this question by a statement of facts.

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Do Young Men Have The Chances Their Fathers Had?

In this article the president of the biggest railway system in America answers that question for you

By William S. Dutton

DID the young man of thirty or forty years ago have an easier time of it getting ahead in business than has the young man in this year of 1928?

"He did!" declares the modern youth with no uncertain emphasis and conviction.

"He did not! He had a harder time!" is the retort, equally emphatic, of the older man who has arrived.

A young Southerner, taking pen in hand, recently expressed the view of untold thousands of young men in a typical letter to the Editor of this magazine. He wrote:

"We younger fellows admire the successful men of the older generation and enjoy their stories of 'how they did it;' but could they do it again in the face of present-day odds? A few, yes. A greater number, no! The most of them wouldn't reach first base, starting out with the equipment they orginally had in dollars and ideas, if they had to begin over again today.

"Plain good luck," this writer went on, was the deciding factor in the success of many of our leaders in business: they had chanced to be on the right spot at the right time. Others merely had "struck it rich" in the opening and exploitation of new parts of the country. Still others had caught onto the flying coat tails of an unparalleled industrial development and been whirled by it on to fame and fortune with only ordinary effort on their parts.

"These men possessed splendid judgment and gave careful attention to money," he concluded, "but where would they be in the rush of today with their elementary-school educations and one-dollar capitals? A great many wouldn't be able to land a decent job!"

And in the same mail, from the president of a Western business house, came this letter:

"The trouble with our young men of today is that they are not willing to start in at the bottom and *work* for advancement. They want to make an overnight success, a 'killing.' They judge the value of a job by the amount of salary paid, not by its opportunities. They have double the opportunities for advancement, if they do work, that we of the older generation had as boys. Tell them that, however, and they laugh at you."

Which of these views is right?

I went for the answer to this question to W. W. Atterbury, being guided to him by three reasons:

First, General Atterbury is one of the most outstanding of those leaders who started their careers forty-odd years ago, in his case as an apprentice in the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which great system he now is president. His rise, undisputedly, has been one of ability and performance in keen competition. A graduate of Yale, his equipment at the outset was such as would command respect in any employment office today, a fact in this case which gives him a neutral position.

Second, as a railroad executive—not only in this country but also in France during the war, where he directed the building and operation of American military lines—he has been in contact with *all* of the principal phases of business, industry, and finance.

Third, few men have greater responsibility in connection with the hiring and promotion of men than has General Atterbury: the railroad which he heads is one of the three largest employers of men in America, having more than 180,000 on its rolls.

And when I submitted the question to General Atterbury he gave me a surprising answer. He said that *both* of the expressed views are right—as far as they go.

THE view of the young man is right, first, because the greater competition in modern business has raised its standards, with a consequent greater demand upon the ability of the beginner; second, because business today demands more preparation by the beginner who hopes to master it; and, third, because the production of industry per man is greater than ever before in the world's history.

Yet the view of the older man likewise is right and for an equal number of general reasons: first, because the introduction of these higher standards, forced by competition, has made it more difficult than ever for men to hold their jobs by reason of seniority alone, thus opening the way to younger men to replace them; second, because the new science in business management has kept wages up and prices down, thus releasing a new buying power that has created a necessity for an unprecedented business development; and, third, because there actually has been a greater proportionate increase in executive jobs than there has been in population—and this at a time when the whole spirit of business favors youth in mind and in body.

"We are demanding more of the modern young man," explained General Atterbury; "but the conditions which make this demand imperative extend upward through the whole business structure to include those older men who were trained and grew up under vastly different conditions. Every man or woman who is earning a living is affected, regardless of age, residence, or vocation. Every one of us is being judged by new standards that are intensely more exacting than were those of thirty or forty years ago—yes, even of a dozen years ago. No doubt you have seen and felt this in your own work.

"AND yet, paradoxically, it is in this change and due to these new standards that the greater opportunity of the young man arises. By the very nature of things today, men who are in posts of leadership must actually lead and produce. Favoritism, pull, past records, and gray hairs can't hold them in their positions for long if their job has outgrown them. Business no longer dare tolerate incompetence or even what is just 'ordinary' performance out of sentiment. If the old executive has gone stale, he must make way for a new one. It is the day of the *rising* man in business, and he usually is a young one.

"One of my associates recently visited the office of a friend in another business. He had not been there for a number of years. To his surprise he found most of the former executives gone. New, young faces were at desks. Equipment was new and of the most improved type. The whole office had undergone a change.

"'What's happened?' he asked. 'Where is the old force?'

"'Pensioned, some of 'em,' was the answer. 'Others, just let out. We aren't monopolizing our field any more, you know. Two live competitors are fighting for our business, and I woke up one day to find they were getting more of it than was healthy for us. The result is that we're fighting a little ourselves now.'

"And the friend went on to explain that the former executives had *not* been 'let out' because they weren't good executives, but because they were not good enough! He had discovered right in his own offices, once he had started to look, younger men who could do better work. And he had had no choice. Competition had forced him to promote the better men!

"The same thing, in effect, has been happening in every line of business. It is similar to what occurred when the army went to France to face war conditions. One of the first things the war did to the army was to (*Continued on page 120*)

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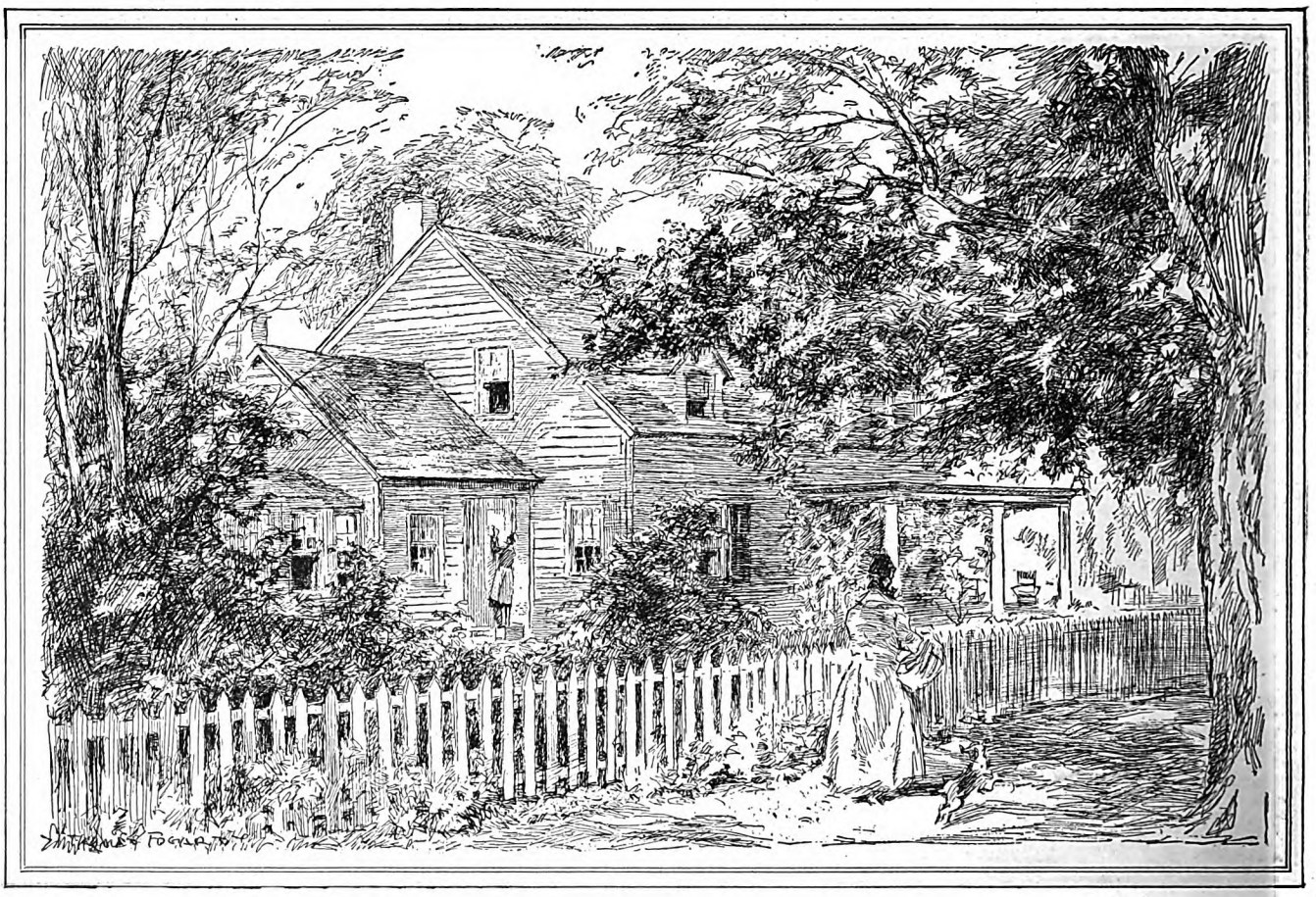

The Shiner-Up

Who put a glow on everything she touched, including a couple of lives

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull — *Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty*

DR. HARRISON WESTLAKE wrung out a weary-looking tea towel and flung it over the rack above the sink, emptied the dishpan with a gesture of utter disgust, and then pulled down his sleeves. As he did so he noticed that his right cuff bore a decided irregularity of outline.

He studied it for a moment, and then, retrieving a pair of scissors from a kitchen drawer, he painstakingly trimmed off the ragged edge. It made a little improvement, but not much. The material had broken quite through. The doctor made a small grimace. He was thinking of the dozens of shirts which in the old days he had carelessly thrown away at the first sign of wear. And he wondered what men on meager incomes did with a perfectly good shirt which had one impossible cuff!

"There must be secrets of the masses which I have not yet learned," he said to himself with a dry smile.

He went along the hall and up the stairs to Harriet's room. His sister looked her full ten years older that morning. She lay very tired and white against the pillows, her small delicately veined hands clutching each other nervously on the counterpane.

"All right, Hat?" the doctor queried.

The young woman on the bed smiled gamely.

"Just fine! Really, Harrison, it's ridiculous of you not to let me get up. How could housework hurt me? Everybody says it's the finest exercise. I'm just clumsy about it yet; but I'll be a marvelous manager soon. I'm simply going to get up today. . . ."

The doctor shook a solemn finger.

"Do you think for a minute I'm going to let you deprive me of my *one patient?* Not

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on your life! The very act of taking your temperature night and morning keeps up my morale!"

They laughed together, and then Harriet caught his arm nervously.

"Harrison, wasn't that . . . *the telephone?*"

Her brother made a great show of severity:

"Now, Hat, you simply must not act as if the ringing of the telephone was an unprecedented happening. It's just not done that way in doctors' households. You should say, 'Heavens, will that bell *never* stop ringing!' . . . Say, that *is* the 'phone all right. . . . I thought it was the kids' bicycles on the street. . . . I'll—"

The doctor's long legs took the stairs two at a time. He rushed into the office, sat down at the desk, paused a second to catch his breath, then reached for the 'phone and said in a deep, grave voice:

"Doctor Westlake speaking."

A faint far-away sound came over the wire, and then:

"Oh," said a small voice. "Is it your family that has advertised for a companion-helper, refined housework for elderly couple?"

"It is not," said the doctor shortly.

"Oh," said the voice, "these telephone calls are always the wrong thing, aren't they?"

"Yes, I've noticed that myself." His tone was grim.

The person at the other end of the wire seemed to be considering.

"You—you wouldn't happen to need anyone for housework?"

It caught the doctor off guard.

"I never needed anything so badly in my life! . . . except an epidemic," he added under his breath.

"Well, then, would you try me? I could come right up." She named her price per week.

The doctor looked around. He was as near to despair on that morning as he had ever been in his life. The house was dirty. The kitchen yawned soiled dishes at him each time he entered it. He was hungry himself for a good dinner, and Harriet needed dainties he couldn't for the life of him prepare in spite of his best efforts.

On the other hand, his bank balance was at a perilously low figure. If the luck didn't break soon he would have to go out and dig ditches, or get a job driving a truck. It was certainly no time to take on the extravagance of a maid.

"I could come for a week on trial," the voice suggested.

Something sane and cautious in the doctor's disposition became suddenly volatile and flew away.

"Can you cook?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes!"

"Then," the doctor tried to hold his tone at its grave, professional note, "I believe you may come for the week at least. My sister is ill and we do need some assistance. Our address is 36 Pine Street, Riverview."

"I'll be right out!" said the voice.

He hung up the receiver and went slowly back to Harriet.

"Who was it?" Harriet asked quickly as he appeared in the doorway.

"My dear," he said, "try to keep your pulse and temperature normal but . . . I've just engaged a maid!"

"A—*what?*"

"A maid. A companion-helper. A refined house worker. A cook. Now, lie still. I'll tell you just how it happened."

In spite of her aghast look as he began, the doctor saw the involuntary expression of relief creep into her eyes as he finished. It stabbed him. Poor old Hat! It had all been so terribly rough on her.

The experience of waking up one morning to find herself practically penniless instead of rich, with no one in the world to lean upon but a young medico brother just out of his interneship was a pretty rocky one! She had been so sporting about it too. Had tried up to the very limit of her slender strength to do her part; had battled bravely with the housework which she had never before done in her life, and kept a fine show of spirits in the face of all the discouragement.

"So that's the refined house worker!" ejaculated the doctor to himself, as he stepped from his car

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The doctor set his teeth together hard as he went down stairs again to prepare for the round of his two precious, only calls.

"This thing's just *got* to break!" he ground out to himself. "And, by the Lord Harry, it's got to break *soon!*"

He went to the garage and started the car. The noisy jars and creakings of the second-hand machine were always in the nature of torture to him as he remembered the sleek, shining, noiseless creature of speed that used to be his. But it had gone along with the rest of their valuable possessions to clear up the debts that overwhelmed them at their father's death, a year ago. Debts he and Harriet had never even suspected. The only bit of relief in the whole sad business was that their mother had not lived to see the wrecking of the old home.

The car wheezed and snuffled as he backed it out the drive. It slipped a little under the brake as he turned and almost struck a handsome roadster that was passing. Harrison Westlake felt his blood grow hotter within him. That car belonged to Doctor Wood, who lived in the large brick house up the street, where lines of waiting cars were parked during his office hours. Everything about him and his home shouted success.

Harrison looked despondently at his own house. It was the best he could afford to rent for his purpose, a sprawling shingle cottage with a moderate front lawn enclosed by a low white fence. Harriet had pronounced it quaint, and so it was. But undeniably it had a seedy, rundown, disintegrating appearance. A few spindling evergreens grew under the front windows; without needing paint desperately, the shingles looked faded and drab. The front gate hung crooked.

Even the sign plate bearing the inscription "*Harrison Westlake, M. D.,*" which he had hung there so proudly six months ago, now looked dull and old.

As he rode on, his black mood grew darker. Everything in the way of bad luck had seemed to hit him at once. He had planned in the first place, with a sort of zealot's fervor, on a year's study abroad before he began to practice—in London

Harriet left him at the table, went into the office and wrote a few lines on his desk pad

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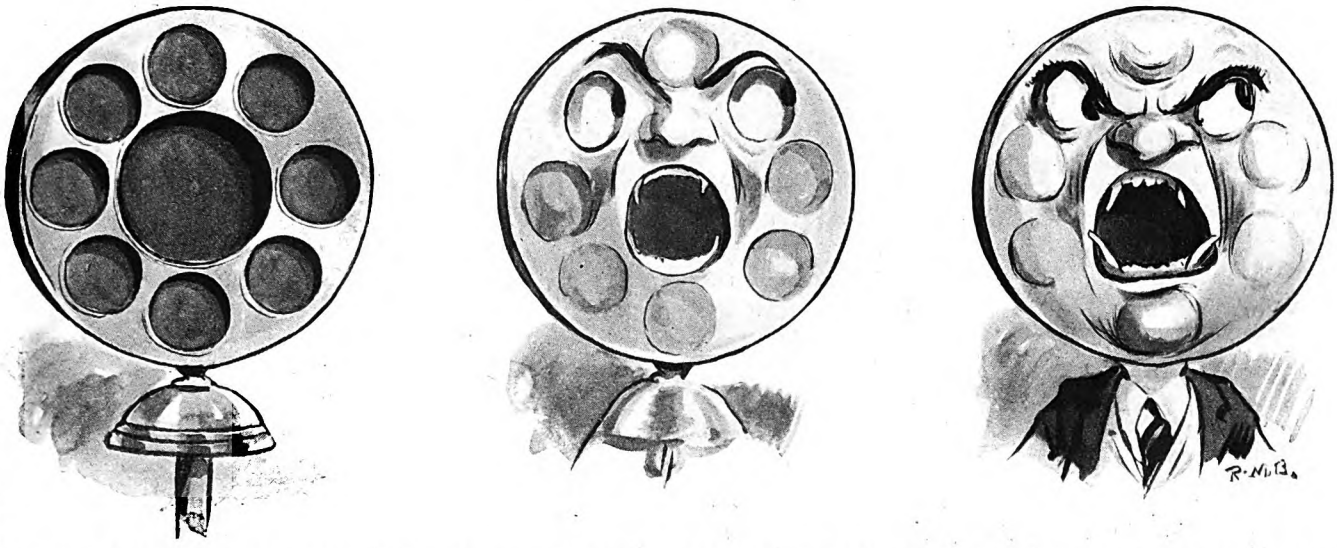

(1) A harmless piece of tin becomes (2) a demon as the amateur broadcaster approaches it and (3) a devil when he gets there

"Tell Us About The Game!"

That's the demand of the radio fans, and the announcer who forgets it is sure to be called down, as I have been—But if people didn't express themselves in letters and telegrams to us, we'd never know what they do like and what they do not

By Graham McNamee

DRAWINGS BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

RADIO, like all other forces which appeal to a large public, has developed its cranks, and among them, of course, are the queer inventors. One time a chap came to us with one of those things which Don Marquis's famous character, the Old Soak, would call a "deevice." He declared he had perfected a little instrument into which a man might talk in one language and his address would come out at the other end in his own voice, but perfectly translated into another language.

All we had to do was to put one of these little contraptions into the radio circuit and set it for what language we wished, and the invention would do the rest. And, of course, by putting a number of them into the circuit we could have the same speech broadcast at the same time in as many different languages as we desired.

Of course we laughed at him. But the older I get and the more I see of radio and its miracles, the less I am disposed to laugh at anything. If this age of marvels continues I will pretty soon arrive at the stage where I shall believe anything anybody tells me. Only recently, we have been told of a new instrument in radio transmission designed to enable one man to send a message to another without anyone else being able to get it. The sender talks into the microphone. Then some kind of mechanism inside jumbles up the message so that it would sound to anyone tuning in on it like a lot of static. But if you have a receiving set properly adjusted, your set will receive that tangled-up message, unjumble it, and deliver it to your ear in perfect order.

Now all this is said because of one of the problems which we are now facing in radio—the broadcasting of a program which can be heard in various countries, each speaking a different language. It seems only a few years ago that radio was dealing with the problem of getting its programs safely across the tangle of steel structural frames of Manhattan to Long Island. Now, we are talking about getting a program to various continents across the barriers of language. You may remember that when the Apostles received the gift of tongues, it is recorded that they were able to address a multitude of people of different nations, and that all could understand. That, of course, was a miracle. And, while radio works marvels, we have to manage along without miracles. The latest occasion for meeting this problem was the broadcasting of the opening of the great Conference of American Republics at Havana recently.

THE conference was about to open. President Coolidge was to be there to represent the United States. All the republics of South and Central America sent their foremost statesmen to that memorable gathering. The National Broadcasting Company had its representatives there to direct the radio end of the program. I was stationed at the microphone in our studio in New York.

The opening address was to be made by President Machado of Cuba. President Coolidge was slated to reply in English. Our people would be able to understand their own President, but the Cuban executive would be unintelligible to most of them. For the same reason, our Southern neighbors would be able to understand Machado but not Coolidge. Here is the way we handled the situation:

President Machado spoke into the microphone in Havana. His speech was transmitted by telephone wire to two points. It went to Pittsburgh, where there is a powerful short-wave transmitter, and there it was sent out by short-wave—used in distance broadcasting—to all of Spanish America. Thus, Machado's speech from Cuba reached Brazil and the Argentine and all points south by way of Pittsburgh.

The other wire brought the address to New York to the studio of WEAF. As the Cuban President began to speak, his voice was permitted to go on the air from our antennæ to our American listeners for just a few sentences, and then it was faded out and I began to read a carefully made translation of it. A few times during this rendition the speaker's voice from Havana was allowed to drift into the air for a few moments, in order to help listeners to visualize what was taking place. Thus, at the same time, Mr. Machado's speech was going out in Spanish to Spanish America through Pittsburgh, and to North America in English through me.

Afterward people commented on the lucky circumstance that I finished the last syllable of the speech in English at the same instant as the Cuban President ended in Spanish. But this was not a lucky chance. It was (*Continued on page 151*)

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The "cream of society" bowed slightly: "Happy to meet you. I hope we shall be great friends"

High Hattie

She and her girl friend, Geraldine, decide that fathers are simply terrible—All they say is "No, no, no!"

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY WORTH BREHM

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WHAT is eating at Hattie now?"

This coarse quotation fell upon four shocked girlish ears, and Harriette Deale felt that she was making a deep impression upon her guests. She sat upright on the grass, nursed her bare knees and her grievances.

"That's what my own father said to me. That's how he spoke to the only daughter he has—not counting Sylvia. It was enough to make a person's blood boil and run cold."

Nature had been in an economical mood the day Harriette was planned. Now, at thirteen, the child was small of stature, spidery of arms and legs, equipped with toy hands and feet. Her face, framed in straight black hair bobbed at the ear line, was a cameo of a whiteness which had defied the New England suns and winds. Her nose was slightly tilted, both naturally and by notorious habit.

There were only seventy-five pounds of Harriette Deale, and her elder sister had once sunk so low as to hint that this was all the world needed.

The egg-shaped little Tillie Rickhill, rocking on her stomach, stared at the speaker in open-mouthed fascination. No girl in her social circle knew so many queer words as Harriette, or waved her face so entertainingly.

"How does it feel," she asked, "to have your blood boil and run cold?"

The rowdy young lady here went into a series of whoops, snorts, and giggles, and otherwise misconducted herself

With this faint encouragement, the lecturer went over the outrage again, this time with more detail and heightened color effects. This was the performance of one who loved the rolling sound of words and loved to roll her own. She loved words (again to quote the cynical Sylvia) "not wisely but too well!"

"We were all sitting right there on the shadowish veranda last night. Just our own family. For a wonder, there were no weak-minded idiots sitting around and talking to Syl, and a person could call your soul their own and not have my ears simply bursted by this terrible gabble, gabble, gabble!

"So it was all nice and quiet there, and I said: 'Isn't the moon beautiful?' Father looked as though he had just become con—you know—conscientious of my presence. And then he said, 'You moon along to bed, young lady.' Of course old Syl had to snicker and giggle like a gander. I answered, 'Very well, if nobody here has any 'preciation of nature, perhaps I had better.' So I arose up with womanly digilty and went into the house. And that's when Father said those insulting words."

"What's eating at Hattie." Tillie supplied the offensive phrase with unnecessary relish.

"I hate to be called Hattie, anyway," the morose young lady added.

"Thath the way fatherth are." Thus Geraldine McIntyre, the third member of this lawn party. Gerry had a kind heart and sympathetic blue eyes, but her teeth were being straightened. She talked through hardware, and could not make her "s's" behave. "I think fatherth are thimply terrible. All they thay is 'No.' It'th justh, 'No, no, no' all the time, no matter how bad you need it. The other day I—"

"THEY don't understand a young girl's nature," continued Harriette, who had no intention whatever of relinquishing the center of the stage. "They think if you've got something to eat and wear and a place to sleep, that's all a young girl needs. They don't know that a young girl needs—spirtchal food."

"What's that?" asked Tillie—for the subject of eating was ever close to her heart. "A kind of angel cake?"

Harriette ignored this query, and went on:

"Sometimes I wonder what Mother ever saw in him. There is nothing romantic about him at all. He doesn't look romantic or dress romantic or act romantic. Do you know what the grown-ups call him?"

"Tham," said Gerry, her eyes full of sympathy.

"Sam Deale!" Harriette's snub nose was wrinkled in distaste. "Where are any romantics in that?"

"My uncle had the romantics," said helpful Tillie. "It hurt him the worst in his back."

This error had to be removed, and next Gerry put in a claim that her father was no romantic character, either, besides being stingy in money matters; and it was some time before Harriette got back to the indictments. When she did, however, she made an utter ruin of her male parent.

A popular song once inquired rhetorically, "What's the matter with Father?" To such a question, Harriette, in today's critical mood, would have replied, "Practically everything!"

Harriette Deale had recently acquired her first teen and she felt her responsibility keenly. Another thing that ailed her was high ideals which she had acquired from literature and the silent drama. She now judged her father by movie and fiction standards, and promptly found him guilty.

Not only was his name "Sam" instead of Warwick, Rutherford, Cuthbert, Sylvester, or Algernon, but also he had been unhappy in his choice of occupation. Instead of being an engineer, a sea captain, a great physician heroically saving lives, an aviator, a cowboy, or an army colonel, he was a fire insurance agent. In all her reading and movie-going she had never met a

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hero who was in that line of work—nor had the Misses Rickhill and McIntyre.

It was further charged that Mr. Deale was not tall, slim, and handsome, like Jocelyn's father in "Pine Needles," but short and inclined to stoutness. He had no touch of gray around the temples, as worn by the better class of dads; instead, his hair was thin almost to baldness.

He was far from picturesque in his clothing. He did not smoke a pipe like he-man movie fathers, nor innumerable cigarettes, but cheap little cigars out of a paper box. He drove his sedan carefully, and not with that splendid devil-may-care recklessness such as Cuthbert Cunningham had shown in "Altar Fires" with his rakish French roadster.

Many other things were wrong with Daddy. He did not act as if weighed down by some secret sorrow gnawing at his vitals, like Gwendolyn's father in "Blazing Youth." Nor was he a victim of drink, like Mr. Rutherford Brangwynne, who was saved by a daughter's love in the last chapter.

He did not totter on the edge of exposure and financial ruin, like many fathers of song and story, but seemed to be getting along pretty well. He was no magnificent gambler ready to stake everything on the turn of a card. If he lost one dollar and forty-three cents at bridge, he thought that was too bad. He did not dance, either—that is, not what the modern world calls dancing.

A SOFT summer breeze blew over the spacious lawn of the Deale home, bringing with it the hot smell of freshly mowed grass. Harriette's audience sat spellbound by the tale of her bitter wrongs, Tillie's round face full of curiosity; Gerry, starry-eyed with sympathetic understanding. Like the expert dramatist she was, Harriette had saved her most serious charge for the last: "My father doesn't know how to treat a young girl. A father should be a pal to his daughter, and not just sit and look at his paper and just kind of grunt when a person speaks to them."

Gerry knew how that was, because her father, also, grunted, especially when asked for money.

"The Earl of Nutting was a fine father in 'Seven Oaks.' He and his daughter, the Honorable Margaret, were prackly nothing but pals. The Earl of Nutting listened respectively when his daughter talked, instead of making coarse jokes. He lavished her with all the heart could wish for, and let her stay up late and everything. The Earl of Nutting was always pally and comradish."

"Comradish," said Tillie. "What kind of a radish is that?"

But, instead of answering Tillie's question, Gerry leaned forward and asked in a confidential tone:

"What are you going to do, Harriette? A perthon can't get a divorth from their papa."

The gloomy young thing shook her bobbed head hopelessly:

"He's not the kind of father I'm going to pick for *my* children."

"How doth your mother bear up under it?"

"Mother is splendid. You'd never know anything was wrong. She wears a mask of gayety over her aching heart."

Gerry looked toward the veranda, where a white-clad young lady could be observed taking her ease in a willow chair.

"How about your thister?"

"Don't talk to me about Sylvia!"

Tillie's eyes widened again.

"Is they something the matter with her too?"

"I could be good pals with my father if it wasn't for Syl. She is always coming between us. She makes me sick!"

Tillie gazed at the porch, as one making a scientific experiment.

"She don't make me sick. I feel pretty good."

"You don't have to live with her, and I do."

"Anyway, she ith a pretty girl," said Gerry.

Harriette elevated her nose one degree.

"Some think so, perhaps. She does, anyway."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wishing you didn't have any sister," said Tillie Rickhill. "Something awful might happen to her."

"When you get to be as old as I am, you'll reelize—when you—when— Well, for goodness' sake who is that? I never saw him before in all my life!"

THE three fresh young faces turned toward the street. Here, indeed, was something rare and exotic—no product of pastoral Pequot this—no home-brew. This was a metropolitan, one not afraid of color. His turned-down Panama hat bore a startling band, his necktie was a spectrum, his light sweater, not obscured by a coat, was covered with cunning figures of violent hues. He was a perambulating lily of the field, a free street-parade, a grand display of fireworks.

The board of estimate gave the gaudy stranger careful attention. He was not unaware of this scrutiny, and looked into the Deale estate with interest. A grim realist might have said that his glance was directed not at the three little girls on the lawn but over and beyond them to the scenic occupant of the porch, who seemed to be absorbed in her book, but was not.

Not by the faintest flicker did "High Hattie" indicate that anybody had spoken to her. She had that great gift

As this parade passed its given point, Harriette was thoroughly bedazzled. She took in every detail—his glittering garments, his commendable altitude and satisfying slimness, his firm step, the correct current flare of his trousers. She gazed after him, looked wistfully at the place where he disappeared behind the Jameson hedge, as if it were the last spot at which he had been seen alive.

"My, what a distingrished-looking gentleman!" she exclaimed.

"Who, him?" asked Tillie Rickhill. One felt that she did not share this view.

"I know who he ith," said Gerry proudly. "He'th thtaying at Mith Gregory'th boarding-houth near uth."

"What is his name?" asked Harriette.

It was an unfortunate name, considering Gerry's defect of speech.

"Hith name ith Fothter Thatterlee."

"Foster Satterlee." Harriette translated into English. "Why, I think that's a perfectly noble name!" At this point, she heaved her bosom. She did this with a screen heroine's thoroughness; in fact, she heaved almost her entire system.

"Satterlee, Satterlee, Satterlee!" Tillie Rickhill rattled. "It sounds like a day of the week—Satterlee, Sunday, Mon—"

"Oh, my goodness! Can't you shut up?" At times of irritation Harriette talked less like the classics and more like a member of the human race.

"That man is my—" Harriette, aware of the scoffing eyes of little Tillie, resorted to the parental trick of spelling: "He is my i-d-e-e-l."

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She went into a state of suspended animation and came out of it with this thought: "Now, if a person only had *that* kind of a person for a father! A person could be pals with a person like that."

"Oh, slush! He's too young for a father." A whimsy came to Tillie Rickhill and shook her with mirth. "If he was your papa he'd be Sylvia's papa, too. He isn't much older than she is." The rowdy young lady here went into a series of whoops, snorts, and giggles, and otherwise misconducted herself.

Harriette felt that there was one person too many here. Tillie was clearly not the kind of girl to share one's aspirations.

"I feel kind of hungry," Harriette said unexpectedly. "I hope it is getting to be lunch time."

Tillie felt the contagious pangs of hunger. Her tastes were by way of being primitive; her thoughts ran to collations and refreshments, snacks and tidbits, not to mention square meals. Harriette provocatively mentioned various delicacies she craved, and presently her unwelcome guest gave up the hopeless struggle and went home.

MISS McINTYRE tarried however, and Harriette felt that she was a soul who could understand. Gerry's defects were dental, not mental. So Harriette reverted to the subject-before-last.

"Yes, he is one of nature's noblemen." A helpful phrase came to her in this crisis. "He is the cream of society."

Gerry had it on high authority that the attractive stranger was a New Yorker and would spend the summer in Pequot.

"I wonder if there is any—Mrs. Foster Satterlee."

"No. Mith Gregory told my mother he'th a bachelor."

This was splendid news. Harriette was looking only for a father, being pretty well suited on the maternal side, and craving no brothers, and (above all things) no sisters.

"I'm going to have him for my dream-father. He is the ideal of my dreams. Such éclair!"

Here she went into one of her trances, and Gerry McIntyre soon found the silence irksome.

"I mutht be going home," she said. "I had a lovely time."

"Don't tell anybody about—you know—I and Foster."

"No, I won't, Harriette. It'th our thecret."

Harriette sped the parting to the sidewalk, and her last words were, "My feelings toward him are purely daughtery."

As she turned toward the house her eye fell upon the pansy beds which bordered the private walk. She studied this little garden with a fresh and thoughtful eye. It was disgracefully weedy and grassy and the blossoms needed picking. Here was work for an ardent flower lover, such as she was—or was about to be. No fence separated the Deale yard from the street. A girl gardener could easily see, and be seen by, any cream of society which might be passing on its way back to Miss Gregory's boarding-house. Harriette's head was in the clouds, but her little feet were on solid ground. She was a practical idealist.

While working upon her flowers, she also worked upon her story. Harriette Stanford Deale, of Pequot, was a maker of fiction—a composer but not a writer. Her flights of fancy were not hedged in by ink and paper. Her plots and visions were achieved without the pangs of penmanship, the stings of spelling, or the griefs of grammar. In this imaginative work she was the permanent heroine.

The hero, however, was constantly taking on new aspects from current events. On this day in late June he was a synthetic product with the best features of Valentino, the Prince of Wales, Gene Tunney, Bobby Jones, and Captain Lindbergh. Now, this composite photograph was further beautified by the addition of her make-believe father, Foster Satterlee.

In her day-dream here among the pansies, she pictured them doing all manner of pally and comradish things. As soon as she knew him well enough, she would call him by his first name, as Beatrice did her father in "Purple Towers." That was a splendid thing for a girl to do, unless her father's name was Sam. She and Foster, then, would take long tramps together and ride in his costly motor car. They would go to plays and dine in costly restaurants. This sort of thing would go on right down through the years.

"On down through the flowing years," she said, "like a great river of time." With pardonable pride she repeated this happy phrase. She must remember to tell it to Gerry McIntyre. "On down through the flowing years, like a great river of time."

NOW suddenly she was aware of the approach of important feet clad in sportive summer shoes. She felt the color mounting to her cheeks. It was indeed he, in all his blond beauty.

Nature's nobleman glanced, not unaffably, in her direction, but did not speak. Of course he did not know that this child and he were about to take a lifelong ride down the great river of time.

"Pardon me, sir"—Harriette was startled to hear herself speak—"would you be kindly enough to tell me what time it is?"

The handsome stranger took off his chromatic hat. No Pequoter would have done that, only social cream.

"It is twenty-two minutes after twelve." His voice was musical.

"Oh, my goodness! Is it as late as that?"

"I'm sorry," said Foster Satterlee. For the first time she noticed that he wore a small but distinguished mustache.

"It's not your fault, sir. Would you"—she achieved an elegant gesture—"would you crave for a few pansies?"

"That's just what I'd crave (*Continued on page 179*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ROYAL ATELIER, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy and seven of their eight children. Mr. Kennedy, whose unusual story is told in this article, is president of Film Booking Offices, a concern that supplies the world market with about one tenth of its motion pictures

Joe Kennedy Has Never Liked Any Job He's Tackled

But he learned to like each one so well that he hated to give it up when time for promotion came. He has been "lecturer" on a rubberneck wagon, bank examiner, bank president, shipyard executive, and now, while still in his thirties, he is head of a big motion picture firm

By John B. Kennedy

TRADITIONALLY, the picture of a bank president being approached for a commercial loan is a study of warm eagerness meeting an icy stare. But when the head of a certain New England motion picture concern called to solicit financial accommodation from the Columbian Trust Company of Boston, he found the president of the bank an athletically built young man, with coppery red hair, and eyes a shy, boyish blue. Encouraged by the young executive's sympathetic attention, the picture man raced through his story. The market for his wares was such and such; his company had this record of successful manufacture and that prospect of extending sales if they could borrow enough money to tide them over an ambitious production that would enable them to compete with the bigger fellows in their field.

Concluding with an impressive syllabus of costs, film rentals, and probable profits, he waited for the other's reply.

"Well," said Joseph P. Kennedy, who was then probably the youngest of America's big bank presidents, "you make out a good case; but I can't grant the loan. Our bank is too conservative to enter anything so hazardous as the motion picture business."

"Hazardous?" The picture man was flustered. "It's one of the country's largest industries."

"Your company has been in business twelve years," said Kennedy. "Your statistics show you have done a sizable business. Yet you are here seeking a comparatively small loan."

He paused to leave the implication in the picture man's lap.

"I gather"—the picture man's tone was injured—"you don't think much of our management."

"Frankly," said Kennedy, "I don't."

"Well," the picture man retorted, "put in this money and see if you can run the business any better."

For a moment Kennedy paused—he has the habit of pausing before making a final decision. Then he said:

"I don't like the business."

A strange utterance in view of the fact that six years later, if the disappointed motion picture man had gone to see Joseph P. Kennedy, he would have been shown into the headquarters of Film Booking Offices in New York, and there met the president of a concern that sup-

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plies the world market with about one tenth of its motion pictures.

"It's the same with every job I've tackled," explained Joe Kennedy, who is now a millionaire with three years to go for forty. "I never liked what I had to do until I did it; then it became my career.

"Not that I'm intimidated by a new job," he added, and square, golf-developed shoulders under his erect red head with its steady blue gaze attested a make-up of physical and moral courage. "I just don't like new jobs, principally because they're new. Yet my progress has been marked by radical changes in employment. I've always hesitated about making a switch because I've liked the old better than the new. And it's always ended by my liking the new better than the old."

THIS distaste for change, which would have handicapped Kennedy's steady upward march had it been a principle of character instead of a mere disposition, is comprised of affection for familiar work and diffidence in face of new tasks. The combination is shared by many men of ability, to their handicap, unless they have the energized sporting instinct to take a chance on making a change.

Joe Kennedy's public life began in sport, on a baseball diamond. He had gone to Harvard, the son of State Senator Patrick Kennedy, of Boston. Young Joe was six feet one inch of raw stamina, working as clerk in a candy store to help pay for his education. Although his father was powerful as local politicians go, he was also poor.

Pooch Donovan, Harvard's redoubtable coach, saw Joe in practice with the freshman art class on the diamond, and the sight gave him joy. Here was a youth with elastic reach, a long, rapid stride, and a zest for the game. He made a first basemen out of Joe, although Joe rather fancied himself as a pitcher. Joe could cover ground fast as a fielder, scooping grounders, stopping line drives and handling infield and outfield throws with precision. But when he came to his sophomore year and contested for a place in the regular line-up there was something lacking. He could hit .300 any day, Pooch Donovan argued with him, if he could get on base fast enough. Donovan figured that Kennedy didn't like his job at first base and Kennedy agreed. Whereupon Donovan declared that first base was the only spot Kennedy could fill on the varsity team.

"And to fill it," he added, "you'll learn how to pour out that six feet of yours in a slide."

After general practice, when the field was cleared Donovan came on the diamond carrying a roped bath towel. He stood at the coaching box by first base and ordered Joe Kennedy to bunt and run. Kennedy cracked the ball and sped like a red streak down the first base line. Then Donovan stepped from the coacher's box and whipped at his legs as he passed. Down went the red head, ducking the towel, sliding feet first into the bag. The process was repeated until Kennedy could slide into base without being touched by the lashing towel.

"That's enough," said Donovan. "You're number one in the batting order from now on."

Which was a source of pride, not only to Joe Kennedy, but to a certain young woman who was promptly informed of his promotion. She was Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of His Honor John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, the famed "Honey Fitz." And now—which is telescoping a large and lovely domestic story—the mother of eight young Kennedys.

GRADUATING from Harvard with an A. B. degree and a baseball "H" which, at the time, he treasured even more, Joe Kennedy had only juvenile experience as a candy-store clerk as a background for wage earning. And that had its drawbacks, for he consumed almost as much candy as he sold. Indeed, his early ambition was to be the proprietor of a chain of candy stores. But a sweet tooth is hardly an asset for that or any business, and young Joe's capital of three hundred dollars was insufficient to pay a respectable rent, let alone stock a store.

"The owner of the candy store wanted me back to work for him, but I wanted to go into business by myself and for myself. Yet there was no (*Continued on page 145*)

If You Ask Me:

A laugh sometimes costs more than it is worth

SMITH worked in the same office with me. (This is a true story, by the way.) He was the funny man of the staff. His sharply amusing sayings were good always for a roar of laughter. In the same office worked a plodding chap, Jones by name. He was the butt of Smith's smartest and most cutting jokes.

Five years later Smith was penniless and out of a job. Jones was a highly successful editor. A lucrative position was vacant in Jones's office. Smith was one of several competent men who applied for it. Smith needed it badly. It went to another applicant. Jones told me about the occurrence, saying:

"Smith was neither better nor worse than the man I gave it to. But—well, I'm only human. I can't forget some of the cruelly funny things Smith said about me in the old days. I don't want him working for me."

Smith had glowed with pride at the howls of laughter he had evoked at Jones's expense. But in his hour of need he paid the bill—as every bill, soon or late, must be paid in one form of coin or another. No fewer than three other of his former laugh victims refused him jobs in later years, to my certain knowledge.

Madame de Staël won world notoriety by her vitriolic repartee, and by her merciless dissection of human failings in curt epigrams. Napoleon Bonaparte, the uncouth young Corsican upstart, was a priceless butt for her gibes. When he rose to power, Madame de Staël was banished and impoverished. A high price for an epigram!

Every big office has its professional wit, who waxes famous for the smart things he says about his fellow workers. As a matter of fact, he is about as smart as if he should throw his pay envelope and his prospects out of the window. He is fiftyfold more foolish than is the office ignoramus. Soon or late he must pay.

It is mighty pleasant to raise a laugh and to tingle to the applause of one's wit. But there is no surer way of rousing the hate of that wit's butt. Often it is costlier to crack a pointed joke than to run over a traffic policeman. For instance, it would be as prudent to slap the average boss in the face as to say some funny thing about him which is almost certain to come back to his ears.

More than one girl has sought to mask her growing interest in a man by making fun of him behind his back. And more than one girl has lost him that way; and with him her brightest chance for future happiness. There are always a host of friends to repeat the stinging pleasantry to him.

In brief, I think the arch-fool of the universe is the man or woman who sacrifices a friend to an epigram, or a business chance for the doubtful joy of saying something cuttingly funny. He or she risks a thousand-dollar bill for the sake of winning a plugged nickel. It is not clever, but the very lowest form of stupidity.

The so-called "smart chap" is never the really "wise guy." He has his reward in the spurious coin of laughter alone. Three times out of four, he has his punishment in a score of bitterly unpleasant and long-lived consequences to his display of wit.

Albert Payson Terhune

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Sunrise

By Archibald Rutledge

A SUNRISE has always been to me not alone a magnificent spectacle of nature, having in it the grandeur of the mighty rhythm of the universe, serene and infallible; but invariably it suggests to me the presence of Him who planned it all. And I feel also, every time the morning comes, a sense of the forgiveness of God for all my shortcomings and downright sins. Sunrise is to me a splendid pledge that God pardons me, and gives me another radiant chance at least three hundred and sixty-five times each year. We who speak of Creation as a wondrous work should give closer heed to the greater marvel of the continuance of the lordly achievement of Creation by the still more astonishing immortality conferred upon it. Whatever Man makes seems ephemeral; what God creates stays created. And every morning we are radiantly reminded by sunrise that "the hand that made us is divine." During the accepted span of a human life, the human heart has the privilege of being humbled and being cleansed through seeing more than twenty-five thousand sunrises.

Perhaps if I tell of certain of the sunrises that have meant most to me, I shall be the more able to convey clearly and adequately how much this daily-recurring splendor has brought into my life. I ought to say that I am not one of those who believe that the marvelous natural mechanism of our solar system is a mere matter of chance, or of the operation of unguided laws. My reason simply cannot leave God out. Granting that the sun does rise in obedience to law, it is a law established by Him "who pillared the blue firmament with light."

I recall a rather memorable experience with a sunrise that I had in the company of a plantation negro named Sam Singleton. Aboriginal in thought and feeling, plantation negroes are among the most authentic and interesting of human beings. They may be as yet far from what we proudly call civilization; but to me they seem very close to God. Their religious attitude is as unfeigned as that of children. To them the rain, the wind, the thunder, the stars, sunset, and sunrise are matters of great moment. I have many a treasured recollection of what I have heard negroes say of these unfailingly recurrent waves in the vast sea of nature's mighty symphony.

Sam and I left home at one o'clock one winter morning to paddle down the Santee River in South Carolina to a place appropriately called "Tranquillity," since it is as solitary as being in the heart of a wild delta can make it. Our plan was to drop down ten miles or so with the ebb tide, designing to reach at dawn the lonely hummock in the huge wasteland that stretches mistily between the two sea-reaching arms of the mighty river. We were to spend a

Decorations by Franklin Booth

few days duck shooting at Tranquillity, and we started at a time which would afford us sport with the morning flight.

A Southern river at night is a haunting thing, with great stars hanging like spangles in the dark pines and the ancient water oaks fringing the river shores. Wider flows the dim stream as it moves through the last reaches of the immense coastal plain. Baffling to navigate by broad daylight, the Santee at night is mysterious. And the peril of it undoubtedly was heightened by the kind of craft in which we were traveling. A dugout cypress canoe, it had as certain a tendency to roll as had its parent log, utterly lacking that virtue of stability that one relishes in a boat, especially when one is voyaging through the darkness of a huge river that seems to be wandering toward eternity.

BUT the stars that had been shining when we left home were soon obscured by a fog so dense that we could hardly see beyond the bow of our little boat. As we were going with the tide, we felt sure of our general direction, but when once or twice we came near looming shores, neither of us recognized the landscape as familiar. Then for an hour there was no land visible. I knew that we ought to be near our goal. But the waves that began to roll our canoe were suspiciously like sea waves. The roar of the surf that we had heard for a long time now became almost clamorous. Attempts to reach either shore were vain. The fact that the tide had now turned, or was about to turn, confused us still further. The canoe shipped water, gallons of it. The mist blinded us. There was no use blinking the truth, we were in immediate danger. I told Sam mildly that in case the canoe was swamped, we must turn it over and cling to it. How can I ever forget what he said?

"Never mind, Cap'n," that humble boatman told me, "it will be daybreak soon."

What was there in that plight of ours on which we could certainly count? Only one thing there was: the coming of light—daybreak, sunrise! It came in time to save us, though we were really on the brink of the sea when the rosy radiance over the delta disclosed our position to us. Yet it was not alone the coming of sunrise that rescued us; it was Sam's reminding me that it was *sure* to come, restoring thus my courage. And in all these years that have followed, whenever the shadows seem deepest and most impenetrable, I seem to hear, out of the dim celestial past, the quiet voice of Sam Singleton saying to my doubting and besieged heart, "Never mind, Cap'n, it will be daybreak soon."

AS a personal experience, none of my own ever surpassed in moving power that beautiful and dramatic scene which, though it lies years back in the moonlit land of the past and of memory, is vividly alive to me now. It happened at sunrise, and it was of a sunrise.

One dearer to me than all else in life had, for days, lain helpless, speechless. Consciousness was gone. We knew that the mortal mists were fast gathering; that the irremediable river must soon be crossed. The last morning of our watching was misty; the day emerged so wanly that we hardly knew that it had come. Suddenly the one we loved so dearly sat up in bed, a strange light on her face of a happiness past all our mortal joy. She stretched abroad her arms, crying in the radiant abandon of spiritual certainty, "The Dawn! The beautiful Dawn!"

Those were her dying words—glad, triumphant. And for me they hold the eternal promise of the sunrise. They glow with immortality. In every sense, our mortal dawn that day was anything but beautiful; but she saw the beginning of an immortal day. Believing in a God of infinite love and of infinite power, I find it natural to believe that death is not a disastrous sundown but rather a spiritual sunrise, ushering in the unconjectured splendors of immortality.

I remember a marvelous dawn in Pennsylvania that filled me with a sense of shame. The night preceding had been filled with the tumult of a wintry storm. Snow and sleet had been driven madly against the streaming panes. The house creaked and swayed. Under the eaves the freezing wind hooted, thrusting its icy snout into every crack. As I looked out, I could barely see the dark trees, tossing their wild arms despairingly. I could not sleep for thinking of the quail, smothered by the snow in some fence corner; the deer, shivering in their search for browsing; the hapless grouse, trying to dive perchance beneath some treacherously shifting drift of snow to keep from freezing to death. A (*Continued on page 184*)

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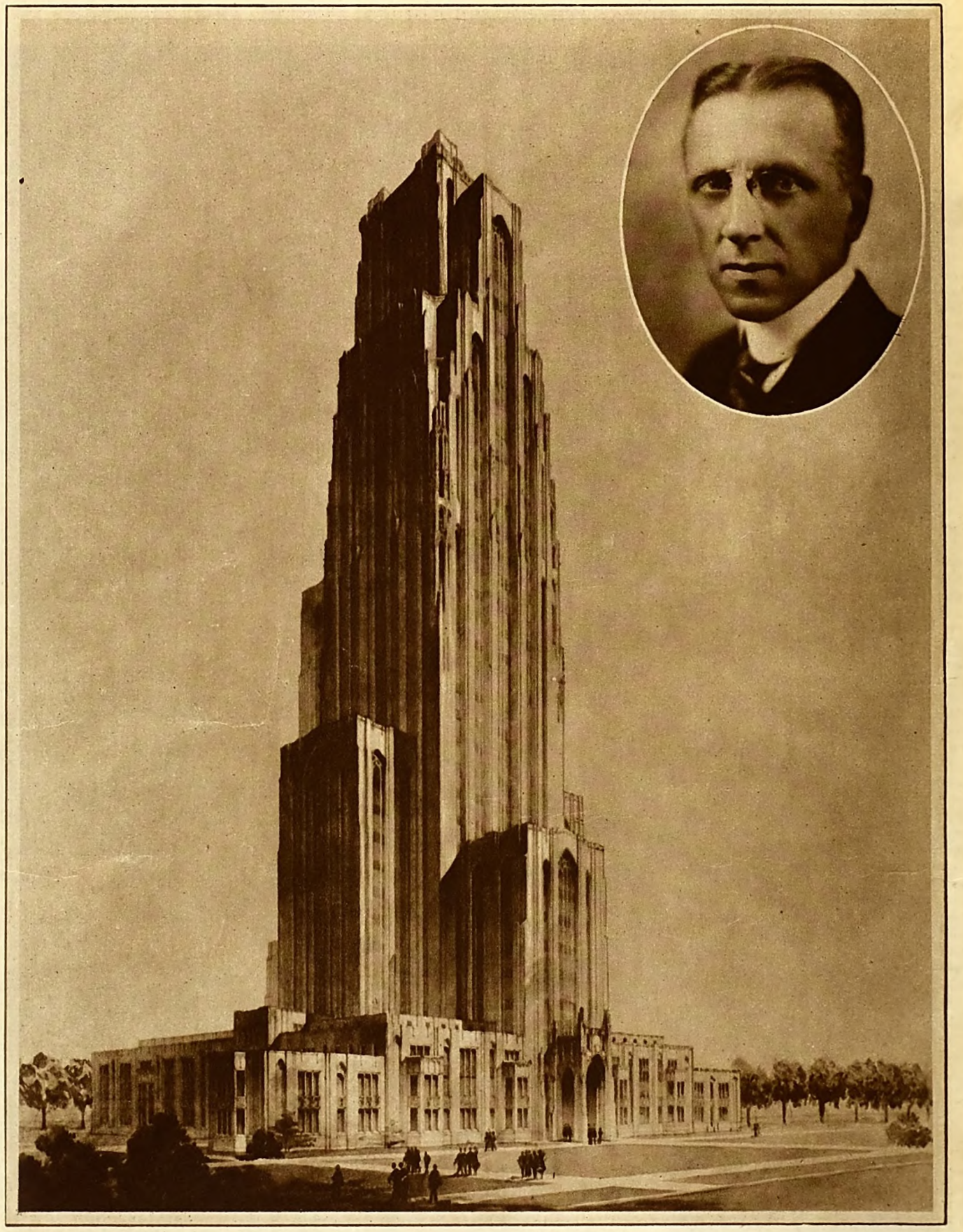

Photograph by Johnston Studios

JOHN GABBERT BOWMAN is a crusader, and the magnificent building above (now under construction) is a result of his crusades. He is chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, which will have for its home this great Cathedral of Learning. Mr. Bowman set out to erect, in the name and for the purpose of education, a building as fine as any devoted to business. He talked, he wrote, he campaigned for his ideal; he made Pittsburgh see it as he did, and then the people of that city subscribed more than ten million dollars to carry out his plans.

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John Bowman's Fifty-Story Dream

By Sherman Gwinn

TODAY, intellectually America is fast asleep! With all our boasted wealth and material advance, we are living educationally in a Dark Age.

But there is a new day coming in America, when schoolboys will find joy that captures and thrills them in discovering and developing their own native capacities, quite as much as in baseball or football; when achievements in nobility and in creative living, in making friends and in holding them, will crowd crime off of the front pages of our newspapers.

When college students, "will talk in dead earnest, yes, sometimes all night, about economics, politics, chemistry, and vastness of space, the limits of time, mathematics, literature, biology, and religion."

When great monuments will be erected to teachers as creators of significant life; when our school and university buildings will be like cathedrals in their dignity and beauty, and wealth will deem itself honored to endow them.

A day when, at last, America, with its mighty resources and dormant brain and soul power, will actually be awake and up, done with intellectual sleep-walking, and a giant in spirit as well as body!

No, I am not reciting an extravagant dream. I am only repainting the bolder outlines of a picture presented to me by an eminent educator, Dr. John G. Bowman, chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. The new day is even now in its first faint dawning, asserts Doctor Bowman. He adds that it will be to our disgrace in history, if by tomorrow it is not here.

I sought out John Gabbert Bowman because, at this moment, he is outstandingly one of the most virile and dramatic figures in the higher educational field. Born and reared in the Mid-West, he is a crusader unfettered by tradition, a blazer of new trails who boldly has set his back to the past. An idealist, I was told; and yet Pittsburgh, the eminently practical, is said to pay him one of the highest salaries ever paid a university president. Bowman is an idealist who does things like a Roman emperor, unafraid!

It was in 1921 that John Bowman took command at the University of Pittsburgh. Briefly, aside from a brilliant scholastic record at Iowa and Columbia, he had been a boat hand on the Mississippi, a newspaper reporter in Chicago, and then a university teacher of English. For five years he had served as secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; he had been president of the University of Iowa, and for six years director of the American College of Surgeons. A man of intense enthusiasm and feeling, he had built a reputation for originality, for doing the difficult, and for driving force as an executive. Pittsburgh was in need of such a man in 1921.

The university was 140 years old; it began when Pittsburgh began. But Pittsburgh had a single-track mind and the track was industry. Steel, oil, coal, lumber: these were the track. They offered adventure, daring, and wealth; and so much initiative went into their exploitation that there was not much left for education. The facts are that here was one of the richest industrial districts of the world and a university which, for its enrollment, was one of the most poorly supported in the world.

Education, Bowman told me—the ability to think, to see the parts of a problem, to unify them, to come to a conclusion and to stick—that is the vital thing! And here, with wealth on all sides, in this city of mills and mines and factories and fortunes, the "vital thing" was cracked at its capstone! It was, to Bowman, as if a great masterpiece of art had been relegated to the cellar to make way for an electric fan.

"But in this Pittsburgh did not stand alone," said Doctor Bowman. "On the contrary this attitude reflected a national state of mind, a national failure.

"In literature, a really serious book that sells 100,000 copies is a phenomenon in this nation of 120,000,000 people; but a heavyweight championship fight draws 150,000 in a night, while millions listen in by radio. In our newspapers, a sensational killing is a hundredfold more important than a great discovery in science, a 'movie' star more worthwhile than a college president. Our young folks yawn in classrooms but go wild with enthusiasm over a football game.

"OH, YES, we have believed in education, spent millions for school and college buildings, and enacted laws making it compulsory for every child to attend school. But the laws have not made the child *like* school, nor have the schools made us an educated and cultured people. We have believed in and taken education like medicine, with a wry face and plenty of water. Only recently have we awakened to the fact that a school-teacher is worth in dollars at least as much as a first-rate mechanic; and that such natural resources as oil and coal and forests are possible of exhaustion.

"In brief, we have become unbalanced. We have grown industrially and materially but have lagged spiritually and intellectually. Football has superseded the classroom, *not* because there is anything wrong with football but because there *is* something wrong with the methods of the classroom.

"There are three factors mainly responsible for the tastes, the views, and the moral and intellectual levels of the community. These are the home, the church, and the school. (*Continued on page 90*)

If Youth Makes a Mess of Life, Nothing Else Matters

"YOUR boy is your great hope; mine is that to me," declares Mr. Bowman. "Children are our one priceless possession. If they are no good, nothing else matters. Business, farming, railroads, steel mills—all are futile if the youth of the nation make a mess of life. And the mere teaching of facts does not prevent the mess. In any real school there is a teacher from whose life some sort of full-hearted character shines into the life of the lad and stays there. Yes, it stirs that lad until he knows how to control his temper, to have courage, to find joy in common things and in the out-of-doors, to play fair, to make friends, and to keep them.

"Dry education! Why, if we are not too dumb to understand, there is power in it to call every mechanic, every railroader, every judge, every farmer, and every janitor to prayer, asking his Maker to give us teachers. Real teachers care nothing for rules, marks, or grades. They merely live gloriously, love their boys and girls, give their lives away to them.

"To find such teachers is the country's greatest business."

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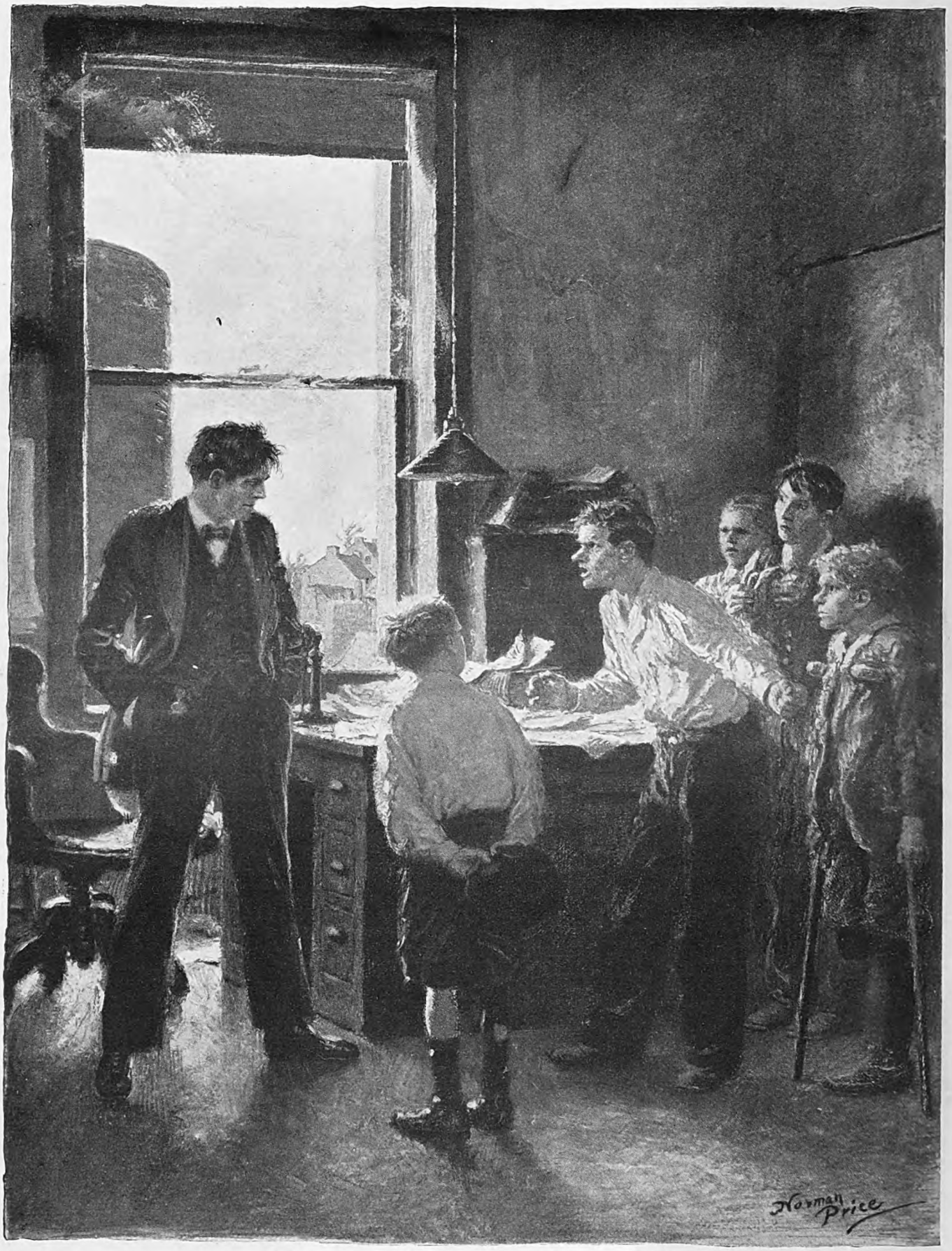

A newsboys' strike impended and the committee called on Howell, stating in street jargon their complaint

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Gold Is Where You Find It

A story in which love is pitted against its ancient enemy—pride of heritage

By Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

THROUGHOUT the interview, Howell sat with those odd lights dancing across his cool blue eyes. His gaze held steadily on the girl's lovely patrician face, which hid by its composure, he knew, many and varied misgivings.

She had finished answering his last question, and came to a crisp, decisive stop.

The man nodded slowly.

"Two university degrees," he said musingly. "That represents a great deal. A course in shorthand and typewriting is something. Experience in closing an estate might help." His head jerked forward a trifle. "But you haven't said that you are the daughter of Rodney Burnham. Why not?"

She replied without hesitation, "Because, in business, I did not suppose it mattered much where one came from."

He laughed, not at her response, but at the flush which swept her sensitive face from the tapered chin to the clean brows above her dark eyes.

"I wasn't bullying!" His rough voice was suddenly gentle. "I've had several from the old families come in here. Except you, they've all begun by telling me who their father was. They put it first. But I guess you're right; in business, origins don't matter."

The girl, watching him in that pause, agreed with him and with herself. Twenty years before, she knew, he had been crying the "Express" on street corners. Perhaps that was where his voice got its roughness. The story had it that he had been goaded to achievement by his feud with a distributor of the papers he sold.

"I'll get your job yet!" the newsboy had shrilled through hot tears, and the other had taunted him. But within two years Howell had as good a place with the "Express" as had his enemy; in another five he was circulation manager; when a dozen were gone he was right-hand man to the chief business executive; and by the time he had turned thirty the title to the property stood in his name.

Men liked to tell that story; some with the vicarious pride which comes with the recital of another's success; some—her kind, mostly—with a sort of well-bred scorn for his beginnings. She had heard an epilogue, too; the boy who had made little Marc Howell cry, now a graying man, was still with the paper, never forgiven, because the publisher never forgot a wrong; but kept on because he was a capable servant.

"Schooling, education, degrees; those items help a lot sometimes," Howell said, after a moment. "I had none."

Janet Burnham experienced a quick revulsion. Men like this boasted of their success and their handicaps; such a parade of ego was coming.

But he only added, "I've missed them . . . frightfully."

His voice dropped for emphasis, and her emotion turned into a queer wonder. A strong man, this, smiling tenderly at his shortcomings.

"Now! So much for your qualifications! Why do you ask for a job?"

"I need to work."

"I suppose so." His mouth twitched a trifle at memory of the Old Fort National crash which took her father down to relative poverty and his grave. "But, then, others have had worse luck."

She wondered if that was a sneer, and pride stirred. She had an impulse to terminate the interview. However, she had taken the plunge; necessity was real; she would carry through.

"ALL right: you need work. Why, then, did you pick on me?"

His look turned the edge of that belligerence which seemed to be characteristic.

The girl considered, and then answered frankly, "Because this was the first opening I heard of that was not in the office of some family friend."

"Good! . . . Good girl."

That, the suggestion of familiarity, stung her, until she concentrated on his eyes. The approval there was honest, a solvent.

"But I can't promise much. As much pay, of course, as you'd get from any other stranger. But how long it'll last I can't tell. The 'Express'—it's an open secret—is in a bad way. If I can hold out another year, then, maybe, there'll be something ahead of you," crisply. "That's the chance you take."

"I am in no position to look very far ahead now," she said, and thought that his expression softened a trifle.

"All right! To-morrow at eight-thirty, then."

He rose in abrupt dismissal, and Janet rose too. She was tall, slender, holding her shoulders squared and chin high; she repressed the sweep of relief that ran through her.

"I shall try to please you, Mr. Howell."

He did not answer, looked at her speculatively:

"Know why I'm hiring you, an inexperienced girl, for my secretary?"

"No; I—" His manner was confusing.

"Because I want to know what you folks are like," he said gravely. "You old families. I *think* you'll do, as an individual. I could pick up some hard-boiled little stenog' I *know* would do. I'm taking a small chance with you, though, so that I can do a bit of studying. I've been curious about the old families of this town . . . for a long time!"

Her aristocratic chin was a bit higher; her flush again marked.

"I CAME from yonder, behind the mills—" with a wave of one hand. "I got ahead, somehow; I got a finger hold on some sort of success. And then, after I'd got to be publisher of this paper"—brushing his hair with the hand that had motioned toward the slums of his origin—"I said to myself, 'Marc, you've arrived. You had about five grades in school; but you've come as fast as a lot of these lads whose fathers were respected leaders before you came into the world, the son of a bum. Go take your place with 'em.'"

He wet his lips, and laughed again, oddly. "I was only thirty, then. I thought there was only one measure for success and respectability. I tried to take the place I thought was mine; but your sort of folks wouldn't have me in their clubs, didn't want me in their homes. I was another breed of cats, you see. . . . I got over being hurt. I'm honest in just being curious about your kind, what you have and think and feel, that I've missed. That's why I'd like to have a member of one of the town's first families in my shop a while. . . . Or wouldn't your sort stand for that?"

Again his head gave that fractional inch of forward thrust. The girl did not reply for an instant, and saw those dancing lights return to his eyes. She felt that she would have satisfied some of his curiosity if she followed that recurring impulse, and walked out; and yet her desire to put the man in his place was the stronger.

"What you may know of me," she said coolly, "will depend on your capacity to observe!"

She looked hard at him, and he bowed with a peculiar grace.

"I understand, of course."

"At eight-thirty?"

"Eight-thirty."

And so Janet Burnham, lovely, and daughter of the late Rodney Burnham, whose grandfather had been one of the half-dozen men who turned a village into a town and laid the foundations for an expanding city, found a livelihood work-

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ing for Marc Howell, because the man who came from behind the mills was curious about the people who lived on the river bluff.

He could have selected no better specimen for observation. For a century, her lineage was of gentle-people; for three generations the name had stood for all that was desirable in the city of her birth. Consternation, of course, reigned among her friends:

"But, my *dear!* You, Janet *Burnham*, working in an *office!*" Agatha McDermott, this, bride of a year.

Janet laughed lightly at the bewilderment on her friend's face.

"But, Agatha, I really want to live."

"Live! Why, a dozen of the boys are *crazy* about you now! Why—"

"A husband, a home, children: those are items in the goal, of course." She was grave now. "But until one finds the sort of man—the precise sort—from whom one can take the sort of things you are now enjoying, one waits. So far, the precise sort hasn't appeared."

"For heaven's sake, what *is* it you want in a man, then?"

"I've wondered for a long time."

Ned Du Charme, quiet, sensitive, asked that wistfully:

"I don't know, Neddo."

"Of course, *I'm* poor."

"Poverty!" she flamed. "You don't think *that* would make a difference?"

"If it did, you couldn't be blamed. . . . But a girl like you, Janet, wasn't brought into the world to put off finding happiness. You're—you're glorious! What can it be?"

She shook her head.

"My father had it, Ned, whatever it is, a quality that won't be named. It carried him through the crash with his chin up. I fear only a few men have it. Perhaps generations are required to develop it."

Ray Wetherill, leaning over the wheel of his smart roadster as they sat motionless on the river drive, dash light throwing his dark, earnest face into deep shadow:

"I'm rich," he said, not boastfully. "I'm respected. I'm a good son of a good father. . . . Can't these satisfy? These, and loving inordinately?"

"Please, don't!" She dreaded hurting him.

"Besides, I hate to think of you with that roughneck Howell."

"Nonsense! He's interesting; so different from any we have ever known, Ray."

"Yes, different." He eyed her curiously. "Janet, you're not—"

"Don't be silly. He—he almost *boasts* of coming from behind the mills."

Others came; women, protesting, extravagant in sympathy. Men, friends of her father, offering her work in their offices. The sympathy was only tolerated; the offers of more congenial labor were refused graciously.

IN a way, it might have been easier working in one of the well-ordered offices presided over by a family friend. The "Express" was no tranquil spot. All day long she sat in the little anteroom to Howell's office, and met people, putting off those who could be put off, arranging interviews for others, while behind the closed door the man who had hired her so that he might know her kind, drove himself and his aids to the task of hanging to his moderate success for the year he had specified.

That the necessity for driving was real soon became apparent. She heard, through the door, the angry voice of a paper salesman, making his threats; she observed, on pay days, the business manager's harried face.

How Marc Howell drove men! How men worked for him! She heard him talk to the circulation staff, and he seemed to have the power of a religious exhorter. She was with him when his best reporter, balked and wearied after weeks on a suspected paving graft, came in to quit, and she saw Howell put fire and iron into the wan man. A newsboys' strike impended, and the committee called on Howell, stating in street jargon their complaint.

"No applesauce here!" he began, when they had finished, and the cheapness of it jarred her. "I'm telling you kids straight! The other papers may not need to, but the 'Express' has *got* to make the raise! The others've got money; we're darn near broke. I know what it is to sell papers; I know what it means to you to have extra pennies tacked on. But it's straight goods, kids, that we've got it to do!" And after a while they went out with shining eyes, those callous, big-little boys!

REVIEWING it, Janet realized that nothing but their own language would have carried Howell's conviction, and she had a memory of him as the committee went out, frowning and muttering that it was a darned tough world!

It was all so strange to the girl, after her serene, sheltered life.

"It'll make enemies of questionable friends," Howell said one day to his managing editor. "But if there's an epidemic in town it can't be stopped by denying its existence."

So the "Express" announced the appearance of infantile paralysis, and was berated and threatened, and suffered the loss of advertising, while precautions were taken and the spread of disease checked.

Once, at the end of a hard day:

"Miss Burnham, I wonder if you'd come in here a moment."

His expression was half smiling, half embarrassed. Janet spread her notebook on his desk edge.

"No; no dictation." Then, after a pause. "I just wanted to have you sit here a moment. I'm tired, and you're . . . you're so tranquil, Miss Burnham!"

It was the first attempt at personalities, and she stiffened; but on the heels of that reaction came an appreciation of the weariness in his posture. The sort of men she knew would never have been so direct. They had pride and restraint; this man had only honesty. So she laughed lightly, interested, and said that perhaps tranquillity was only on the surface.

"I don't think so. I've watched you." He looked at her broodingly—an impersonal stare. "You have composure—and many other qualities. The chance I took with you worked out. You're a crackerjack, Miss Burnham! I had you down for an insultingly small raise this week, but we're so short . . . and one of the boys in the mailing-room had to send his wife to a hospital yesterday. I've got to give him a chance for her."

She made no reply, and when she left, after he had talked haphazardly of some of the paper's problems, she carried with her a sort of admiration and sympathy for the man.

The work was distasteful though, in many ways. So foreign to her training! She was out of place in that office; out of place in her tiny apartment. She was lonely for ease, leisure, comfort; hungry for the love that would give her that valued sense of stability; a bit weary, wondering what the quality in man might be which would let her love, which would bring her to a safe mooring. . . .

The paving scandal broke. Respected names were scourged, rotten conditions in the city's political life laid bare, and this brought on Howell's head more threats, increased the obstacles in his way to established security. More scurryings on pay day, more stormy interviews with creditors, while Janet stood between Howell and unnecessary detail.

He came out of his office late one afternoon.

"Look here, Miss Burnham, you've been around the shop long enough to know that I mean what I say, haven't you?"

"I have," wonderingly. He was so much in earnest.

"Good! I have two things to say: The first is that whatever answer you give to the second will alter things here not one jot. The other is that I'd like to call on you. I can't make love to a woman in my office!"

She leaped to her feet then; but the indignant words in her constricted throat did not come. After a brief pause she laughed, giddily. That Marc Howell should want to make love to the daughter of a Burnham! And yet he was so honest in his lack of restraint. . . . Why, it was a challenge to all she had ever held desirable!

"Good!" he said, and grinned queerly. "I've always been afraid of going off half-cocked. You don't like it. I'm sorry."

He turned away as if to hide the real torment that strangled him.

"Why, Mr. Howell, you may call on me," she heard herself saying. One could not be downed by a man from behind the mills, could one?

He went a bit white and bowed gravely. "That is generous," he said.

HE CALLED, toward the end of the week, and Janet waited for him with the oddest conflict of emotion that she had ever experienced.

He did not make love to her. He talked about himself, his paper.

"Why, when I was a kid and used to be out all day on hot pavements or in cold winds, I used to believe every blessed thing I could spell out in the papers! I didn't believe my father; I don't remember my mother. Most of the men I knew were braggarts and liars. But I believed the papers I sold. I believed in my job.

"That's why, when I finally got inside and saw that the 'Express' was not always infallible, I wanted to make it so. The only way I could do that was to own it. That's what I'm trying to do—make my ownership secure."

He laughed and rubbed his hands over his knees, great, strong hands; and Janet watched them, wondering how they would feel, holding hands like hers. Such rough

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She averted her face because the intensity of his want hurt her, knowing, as she did, that she could not satisfy it

hands, like his voice! Uncouth . . . uncouth? He was talking:

"I never wanted to be any journalistic messiah, but I've got to keep on believing in my job if I'm going to be happy in it. Things just happened to steer me into the newspaper business; but here I am, and I've got to make my place and keep it, in that business. It's what I want more than anything else in the world, I guess . . . more than almost anything—to keep the 'Express' going. It's all I've ever had, you see; it's a dream slowly coming true that I dreamed when I was a kid . . . yonder, where most of us were without any incentive beyond keeping warm and fed. It'd be easier to build a sound financial foundation by using a little bunk, maybe—"

He looked around the room; old, honest furniture; mellow pictures; subdued lights; a soft Oriental rug on the floor. . . .

"No bunk in *your* background," he said, as though drawing an analogy. "Your foundation had no bunk in it. It's the only kind worth while, isn't it?"

So personal, so intimate, that question. She had been oddly impressed by his enthusiasm for his objective and the processes of attainment. Now, she felt, the thing he had come to say was imminent.

But she was wrong. He did not even expect a reply to his question.

"That's what I've learned from watching you . . . about your kind. You're free from bunk. It seems the satisfactory answer to all the questions I used to ask myself about people who—who stood for something in the city, whether they did much or not. That quality goes all through your lives, I guess." He stroked the chair arm. "No veneer, here; honest, solid walnut. That rug, mellowed by use. . . . It must be a comfortable feeling to own a background like that."

And then, back to his own ambitions again.

NO WORD of that announced love-making. She wondered, as she stood watching him swing down the street with his long strides, what his attitude would be on the morrow.

Men, her sort, did not use slang habitually; neither did they talk so enthusiastically about themselves. They had that same pride in attainment, surely, but their training kept them silent. Why should it? What virtue there? She recalled now, that his roughness, his directness, had not jarred her after the first half-hour.

His greeting that next morning was as it always had been; when he looked at her his glance was unchanged. For a week, then, no personal word. She wondered if it was only because he was harried by a series of minor crises.

Then, abruptly, in the midst of a trying problem: "Did I talk myself out of a welcome the other night?"

"Do you want to come again, Mr. Howell?"

"More than anything else in the world!" holding his voice steady.

"Then, won't you, please? And often?" she added, for a reason obscure even to herself. Later she thought it must be because her curiosity about him was as keen, now, as his had been about her.

As she listened to his talk, she thought that out again. He had been without restraint in his desire to know her kind; she had covered her interest, held it back. Foolish! She said abruptly:

"You wanted to know about me. Now, I want to know. (*Continued on page 187*)

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I Retired At Forty— But I Couldn't Stand It Long!

By Frederick L. Collins

WHEN I was a little boy, I edited, published, and wrote a weekly newspaper called "The Home Wreath." Its edition was limited to one copy, because that was all Mother had time to sew up the back. But its editorial policy was none the less vigorous because of its limited sphere of influence. The doings of Father, Benjamin Harrison, and Mike Kelly—"Slide-Kelly-Slide" Kelly—were worshipfully chronicled, and the conduct of Grover Cleveland, who chanced to differ from Father in his political affiliations, was thoroughly anathematized. In short, "The Home Wreath" was a good, clean family paper.

Mother was sure that I had hitched my wagon to Pegasus's flying hoofs, and that nothing could stop me from becoming an Immortal. So I set out to be a newspaper man. Hammond Lamont gave me my first job. He was editing "The Evening Post" in New York. Then, two good men in the periodical field—Charles Lanier and George Hazen—labored successively to turn me into an honest-to-God magazine publisher. And to a degree they succeeded. For, in November, 1911, eight years after I first came to New York, I started my own company.

For six years, I heard only the whirring of the business engine and the grinding of the business gears, from the standpoint of the man who has to look the operating statements in the face. Moreover, I deviated still further from the straight path of literary virtue by flirting with that most commercial infant, the motion picture. I became active in the management of several corporations, and experienced the joy of drawing several sizable salaries at one and the same time.

What cared I for Pegasus now? I was making a terrible dent in "The Directory of Directors." And that was glory enough for any man!

Came the war, as the movie captions say.

Somehow or other I didn't feel the same about business afterward. I had no desire to go back to my job. But I wasn't foolish enough to turn at once from activity to inactivity. And, as a matter of fact, I couldn't have done so if I had wished. My business obligations died hard; even their obsequies dragged interminably. Moreover, I happened to be very much interested in the Periodical Publishers' Association; so I fussed around for a time with the affairs of that semi-commercial organization. Then, I spent a year or two on other half-business, half-altruistic schemes. I remember that I worked up a great enthusiasm over the use of films in schools and colleges; held windy conferences with distinguished educators; wrote memoranda; drew up plans of organization; fancied myself a very busy man. What I was really doing, though I didn't have the sense to know it, was trying to prolong my old business life by means of artificial respiration.

In the interest of one of these synthetic ventures, I went to Europe, and visited, among others, my old publishing friend, Lord Northcliffe. In front of the fire, in the little old house where Northcliffe used to write "Answers," he asked me the question which I had thus far refused to answer to myself.

"What are you going to do," he said, "when you go back to America?"

I knew in my heart that I was through with chasing rainbow visions. There was nothing to this playing at work. A fellow had to be all out, or all in. So I answered rather discouragedly:

"Go back into business again, I suppose."

"Don't do it," he replied, placing a friendly hand on my shoulder, "if I had had two years off at your age, I would have twenty years ahead of me now."

I never saw him again. He died while I was still in Europe. And to this day, I don't know whether it was the sequel to his words or the words themselves that strengthened my wavering resolve to "get out." Anyhow, on the way home to New York, I decided that Northcliffe was right. For two years, perhaps for always, *I would do nothing.*

My family thought I was crazy. My friends laughed at me. My enemies suspected my motives. Nobody could understand how a man who had been active all his life should suddenly make a god of inactivity. At least, they pretended that they didn't understand—although I am sure that the urge to quit is much more common than people admit. The number of business men who actually do retire at forty is necessarily limited. In that sense, my case was a peculiar one. But the number who *would* retire at that age, or even younger, if they could, is substantially *un*limited; and their reasons for thinking they would like to do so are doubtless very like my own.

I wasn't any lazier than the next man. In fact, I wasn't lazy at all. At school, I had done a good job at my studies; and I was the kind of fellow who was always "on the paper." In those first years in New York, I had worked grimly to get ahead. And as the twenty-nine-year-old boss of a good-sized publishing house, I had had to keep grinding to make up for youthful deficiencies. My labor record was good. And I think it usually is in the case of the man who yearns to quit. The lazy man never works hard enough to make business a burden; and he seldom earns enough money to make quitting a possibility. But the busy man tires himself out; and, if he can afford it, he begins to look about for relief.

So, first of all, I was tired; so tired that I had begun to look upon *leisure* as an exciting and a constructive thing. I longed to live what I called "the physical life." Like most brain workers, I cherished the notion that I had neglected my body for my head. Of course, I hadn't. The average business man leads a pretty regular life. I don't suppose there is a more healthful one in the annals of civilized man. He doesn't eat too much; he can't drink a great deal; and if his smoking bothers him at all, he is almost sure to be keen enough about his job to taper off to safety. At forty, he is apt to be disturbingly fit. I was. But, in leisure, I hoped to attain boisterous health, amounting to perfection.

IN LEISURE, too, I hoped to find *freedom.* There is nothing which the average business man thinks he wants so much as freedom. Of course, he *is* the freest mortal that ever walked this earth. The man who works can work as hard as he likes, and nobody will molest him. The man at the head of a modern business has the power of life and death over ideas and policies, over reputations and careers. He leads, as the phrase goes, his own life. But he seldom appreciates this almost feudal power. I didn't. I felt that I had been buffeted about from one hard day's work to another, forced always to do something that I really didn't wish to do, never allowed to choose for myself either the beginning or the end of my road. In leisure, then, I would find freedom.

And it didn't seem too much to hope that I should find *time.* I was sure that I never had found it. Otherwise, I would have learned to tell the good-sounding opera singers from the good-looking ones, I would have become what I was sure I could become if only I had time—a cultured man. As a matter of fact, the two most important things in life are the world and the people in it. And a good business man cannot know too much about either.

There was no limit to the amount of "culture" which I might have acquired, to my great advantage, in the course of my daily job. But I didn't see it that way then. I wished to be high-brow in a high-hat way. In leisure, and only in leisure, would I find time to live!

As a matter of fact, I had begun my new life by spending a good deal of this excess time in bed. Every morning—for a week—I slept until nine, ten, or even eleven o'clock.

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It was good stuff, as long as it lasted. But, by the end of a week, habit began to reassert itself. For many years, I had got up at seven o'clock: a practice for which I had successively blamed my mother, my school, and my business. But now, after I had thrown off the parental, the pedagogical, and the commercial yokes, I found myself actually preferring to get up at seven. What had seemed to me at first the fatigue of a lifetime had disappeared in the first week of unusual sleep. There was still no reason why I shouldn't slumber the clock around; but there was evidently no physical excuse for doing so. I woke at seven ready for the day.

And such a day! I read not long ago about a man in Jersey who retired from business after twenty-five years of honorable labor. He quit on a Friday. The following Tuesday he was dead. My case was worse than that. I quit, but I didn't die.

It was nearly twenty years since I had written anything more formidable than my name. Now, I bent awkwardly and lengthily over the most unimportant letter. Usually, I made a mistake about two thirds of the way through, and had to start all over again. Then, there was the envelope. I hadn't addressed a half-dozen envelopes since I stopped writing love letters. And I hadn't licked a stamp for so long that I had forgotten the taste.

UP TO this time, I had given only the vaguest thought to where all the sharpened pencils came from; the ink well that wasn't dry, the erasers, blotting pads and paper. All these things were "supplied." I had had no idea what a wonderful institution a good purchasing department could be, until I tried to get along without one. The average home desk is the most polyglot of all our national institutions. It is the catch-all, but not the melting-pot, of most of the different kinds of stationery in the world. No two pieces are alike; they seldom belong to the same family. And neither do the pens!

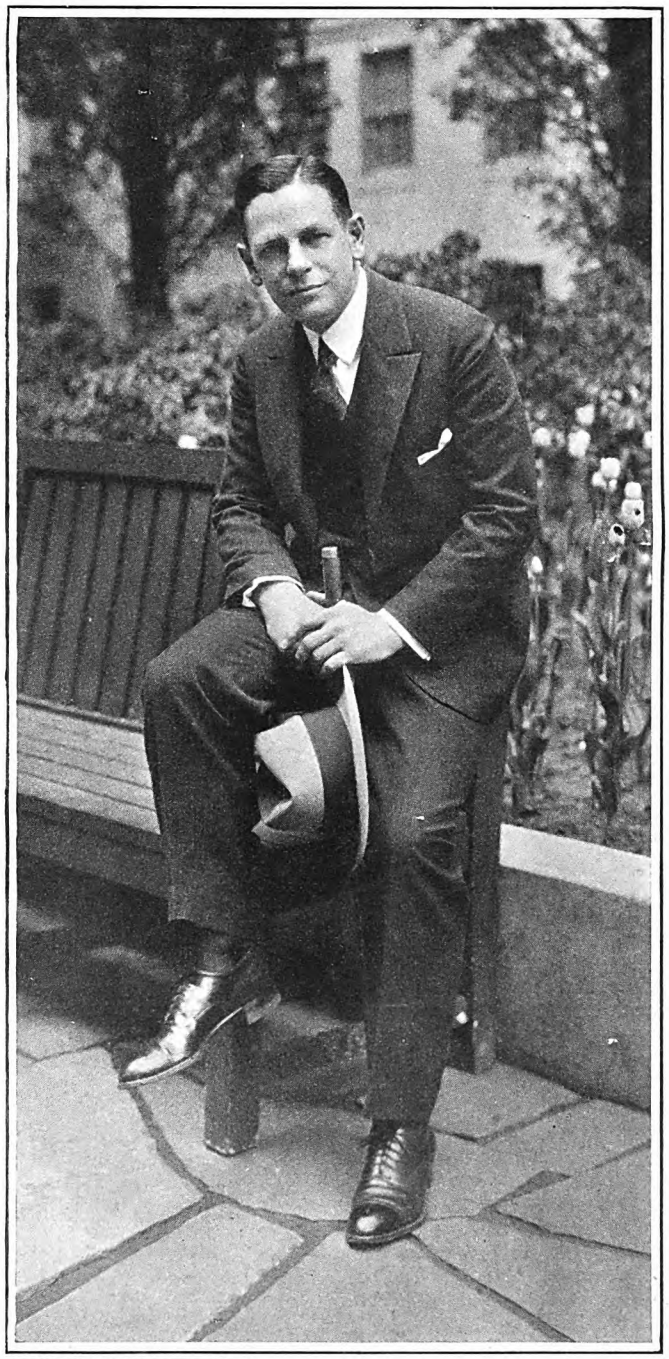
As for the telephone, I was forced to get acquainted with it all over again. I had known it as a reasonably well-mannered instrument. It never rang in my hearing unless somebody had convinced somebody else that the conversation would be on a subject that was interesting to me. Now, it rang at all sorts of times and for all sorts of reasons; and it kept on ringing until somebody answered. Of course, I wasn't obliged to answer it myself; but I couldn't sit still doing nothing while that hideous sound was ringing through the house. Nine times out of ten, it was for some other member of the household, usually a kitchen member. The tenth time, it was more than likely to be the wrong number—or an adolescent inquiry for my small daughter.

On outgoing calls, I was helpless. I had been accustomed to lifting the receiver off the hook and saying: "Get me Mr. Smith, please," and when my buzzer rang, Smith was there. But by the time I had looked up my first number for myself, forgotten it and looked it up again, and told it to Central with the second "3" left out, and had turned again in fury to that terrible book —by that time, I was convinced that there was no place in all the world like a well-run office.

And a good stenographer: she is God's most blessed creation. Who got my tickets when I was going away? Who called up and found when the train went, and whether it was on time? Who kept my check book and made out my income tax? Who did these things now? Nobody. Except, occasionally and laboriously, me!

It was absurd, of course, to be bothered by such a petty thing as having to do my odd jobs myself. But the average business man without his organization is as helpless as a baby. He is a nuisance, not only to himself, but to the family on which he has thrust himself. My household was most considerate. I have no doubt that in time we might have worked out a system that would have made life more worthwhile for all of us. But it was inevitable in the beginning that I should be treated in my new environment with something not much better than tolerance. As a Sunday and night-time feature, I had been enthusiastically welcome. But as a continuous performance, I soon lost my appeal.

I didn't mind moving out of my room to let the vacuum cleaner in, but I began to suspect that the wielder of the instrument regarded me as a domestic nuisance. The household used to move around me; now, I moved around the household. Problems in algebra had gone unsolved rather than "bother poor tired Father;" now they became my daily fodder. Errands used to be total strangers to me; now they were my constant companions. Even the cook would ask if I couldn't run out and get something that the grocery boy had forgotten to deliver!



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS, N. Y.

Frederick L. Collins, widely known writer, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1882. Before he began to write regularly, he had had long experience as an editor and publisher

It was plain that the erstwhile head of the house was in danger of becoming the foot. And it was equally plain that he would do well to get out before he was thrown out.

ALL this was natural and understandable. Man rules in one kingdom; woman in another. I had been a king; now, I was a subject. It was hard for me; I dare say it was harder for my family. A woman has to do her job in her own way. She has to bring her home up to scratch for the normal time when her h sband's key turns in the old front door, just as a business man brings his profit and loss operations up to the final balance sheet at the end of the fiscal year. And she prefers to do it without too close observation along the way. She doesn't want a great husky man sitting around the house figuring out how he could do the family housekeeping on a three-crew shift. She doesn't, if the naked truth must be faced, want him sitting around at all.

It got so that I was ashamed to stay home any more than I had to, so I sought refuge in two clubs to which I belonged. One of them was in the country. I had played golf there every fine week-end ever since I could (*Continued on page 172*)

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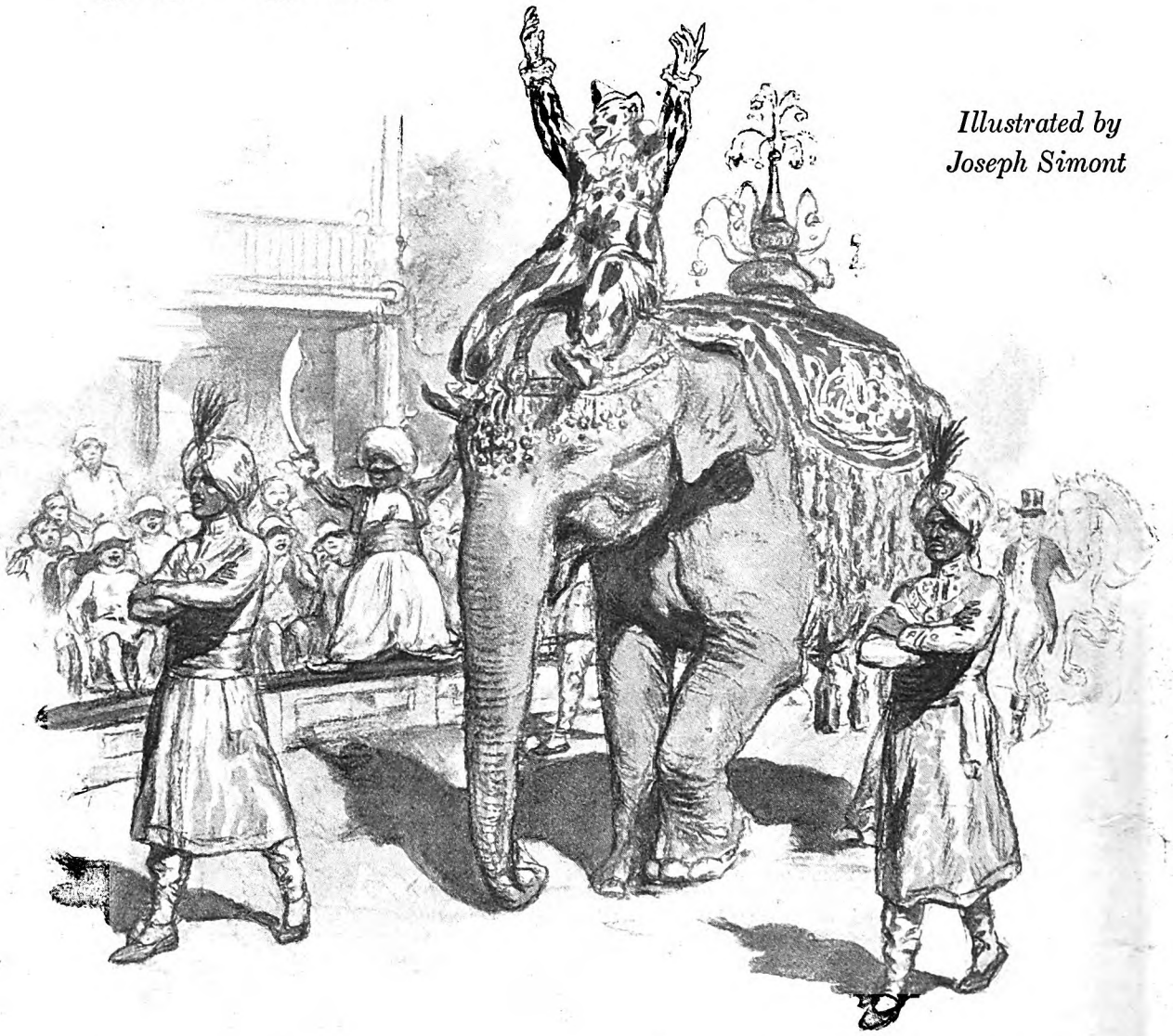
The Show Must Go On

A brave story of Koko the clown and his little crippled son

By Anne Fuller

Illustrated by Joseph Simont



Seated on the first elephant's head laughing and chuckling and waving his hands in their big white cotton gloves was Koko, Eddie's father

AS MISS BEAMISH came down the long corridor, her blue and white uniform rustled cheerfully, and the early morning sunlight lingered intimately in the hair which glinted under her pert white cap. Because Miss Beamish was young and gay of spirit the children in the hospital had shortened her name to "Beamy;" and because of her gentle kindness they loved her.

As she came toward Ward C, the tinkle of little voices reached her ears. Miss Beamish always listened for the voices of the children, for their tone was her forecast of the many little moods inside the ward. Sometimes the voices were fretful and cross. That meant that Miss Beamish must summon all the sternness she possessed and put away her smiles until the voices changed.

Sometimes, too many times, the voices were anguished. Then Miss Beamish's bright eyes softened with sadness, for the voices told her that the dark hours of the night had been marked by pain. But today the voices were happy, so Miss Beamish smiled her brightest smile, and as she opened the ward door some of the morning sunshine seemed to hurry through it with her.

For a moment the children did not see her. During the night a new child had been brought to the hospital, and all the excited talk was directed toward him. He lay there, his body making a very miniature mountain, in the whiteness of his little bed, his eyes starry, as he listened.

The spokesman was Eddie. Miss Beamish and Eddie were very old and tried friends, for Eddie had spent almost half his brief life in Ward C. He had come

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there as sad a little specimen of humanity as anyone ever saw. It was not neglect that had made Eddie that way; rather, he had been loved too well; but not wisely. His mother had loved him so much that she had given her life for him without even seeing him; and his father had given his baby love enough for two.

But a father who is Koko, the most famous of circus clowns, living the kaleidoscopic life of a big circus, hasn't very much time to give to a little son. The circus, which was the breath of life to Koko, had been too much for Eddie. Some obscure and terrible thing had stricken Eddie's little spine, and the atoms of feet, meant to carry a sturdy little boy around, hung limp and useless.

FOR over three years now, from his crib Eddie had watched the world of the hospital go on before his eyes. It was a world as changing as the circus world—but different. Eddie had seen dozens of other little boys come—and go. He had grown from a wan baby to a very small little boy whose white face was dominated by blue eyes several sizes too large for it. Everything possible had been done for him; but the little legs had never moved. All the doctors said that only a miracle-working operation would ever make them move now. And there was no one of them who dared attempt it.

Miss Beamish loved Eddie, as did everyone else. He was always so good. He never whimpered or complained, as the other children did. He was a pensive little boy who sat propped up in the small domain of his bed, looking reflectively at life with big, questioning eyes. He was not very talkative.

There were just two topics that excited him and made the words tumble out, two topics so closely related that they were one—the circus and Koko, his famous father. And as Miss Beamish stood listening in the doorway, Eddie was talking of these, his heart's dearest, and enthralling the new child with glamorous details.

"And my father'd let me sit on the effalunt's back, and when he brings the circus to the hospital today maybe he'll let you do it too! Honest!"

But the new child was slow to believe. "Aw, say," he answered, his words contrasting pitiably with the angelic innocence of his face. "Listen to the kid! What-cha givin' us? Nobody ain't never heard of no horspital where they have any free circuses!"

An expression of hurt dignity settled on Eddie's face. He looked away from the unbeliever, blinking his eyes rapidly and swallowing hard. Then he saw Miss Beamish, and turned toward her eyes that held panic in their wide blueness. There was anxiety and supplication in his frail voice.

"O-o-o-h, Beamy!" he faltered, pointing a bud of a finger at the newcomer. "He says there won't be a circus today. I'm right, aren't I? There will be the circus, won't there? And isn't my pop coming in to see us this morning? You . . . tell him!"

Miss Beamish smiled from one to the other of the tiny combatants. "Of course, it *is* too good to believe," she said; "but the circus is coming to see us today. You see," she went on, crossing the floor and twinkling down at the new little boy as she stood by his bed, "it's like this:

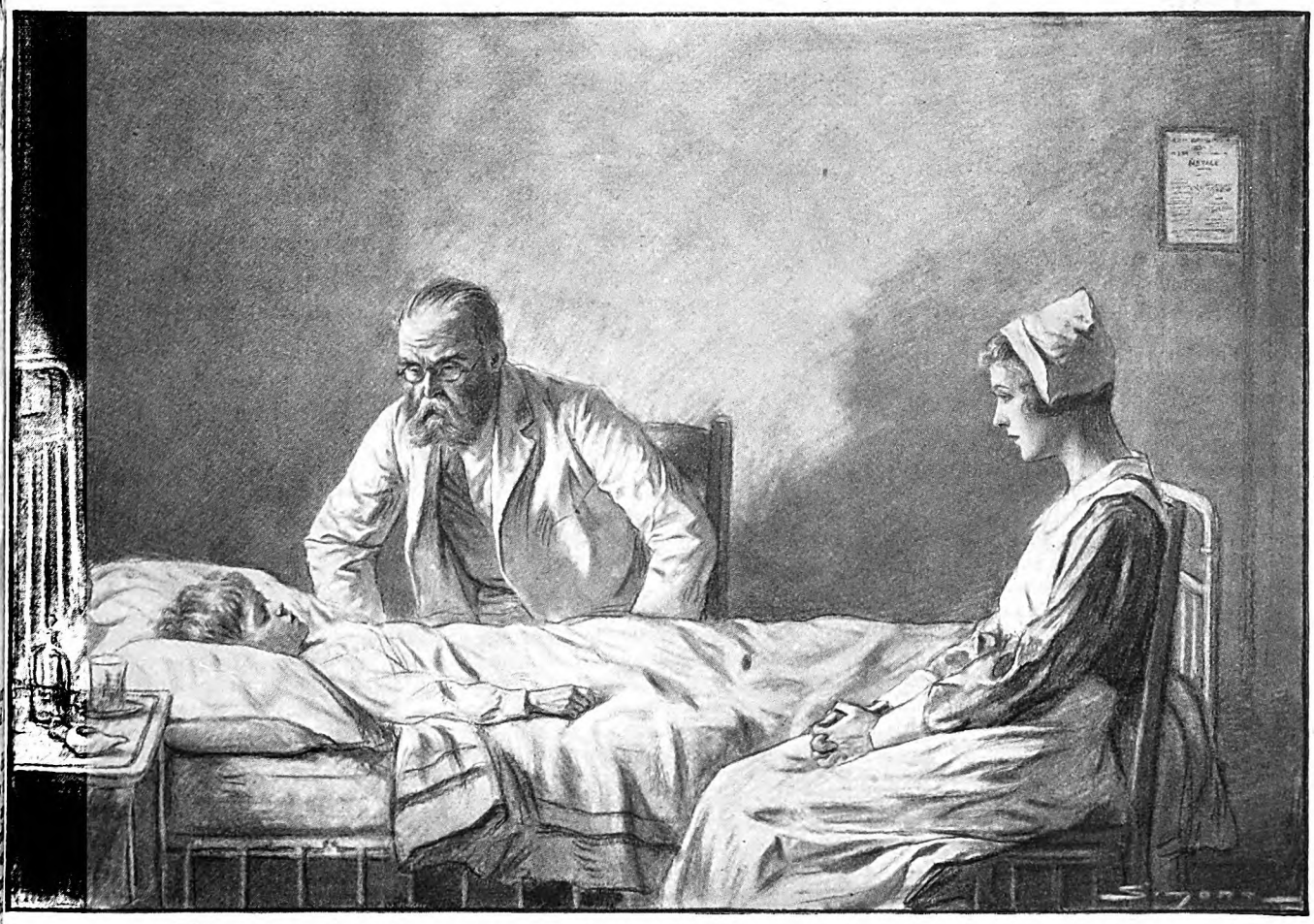
"Once upon a time, there was a very good man who loved children a great deal, so he knew how much they liked circuses. And he thought to himself that boys and girls who were sick were so good, and had to be so patient, that they deserved to see the circus even more than well ones. So he asked Doctor Brush, who is in charge of all this big hospital full of boys and girls, if he could bring the circus to the hospital every year when it comes to town. And now the circus comes every single year.

"They parade all the way out through the streets, with bands and steam pianos and everything. Then they come right into our back yard, and we take all of you outside there"—she pointed toward the courtyard which lay in a pool of sunlight outside the window—"and you can see the whole show!"

THE child's face was ecstatic as he peered up at her. "And elephants?" he whispered, his voice tempered with awe.

"Well, I should say so!" Miss Beamish reassured him. "And clowns!" She pointed to the bit of a boy whose minute chest expanded at the mention of the word. "Eddie's father is the head of all the clowns. They call him Koko, and he's the funniest man in the whole world!"

Doubt was erased from the boy's face



Within the walls of the hospital two other people were tense with an emotion that gripped them as the joy of the circus gripped all the little spectators outside—the emotion of suspense

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and he glowed with a transfiguring belief. "Gosh!" he said.

Then the excited patter of voices rose in a twittering chorus, and the convert was showered with more details than even his eager mind could absorb. Eddie still led the talk; but the others were not far behind him. They all spoke with assurance, for they had talked of nothing else but the circus for days—talked of it, dreamed of it.

They had played menagerie too, with Eddie as the baby lion behind the bars of his white crib. He had done his best; but even to the soaring imaginations of the other children there was something lacking in a baby lion whose roar was so tiny, and who had to lie so very still in his cage.

Now that the day of days was here, the children were more excited than ever. In every ward, in every little white bed, there was an exclamation point of a child who looked forward with an intensity of eagerness that marked no other day in the year as it did this one. And of all the children, Eddie was the most excited, the most eager. For Eddie's excitement was not born of a week's expectation; it was the cumulative result of a whole long year. While the other children talked and dreamed of the circus for a week or so, Eddie thought of it all the time.

To the others it was a dream come true, a spectacle to be regarded breathlessly from a distance. But Eddie was part of it. He belonged to the circus. To him it was so very much more than one crowded, glittering little while, to be forgotten in a surprisingly short time after the last elephant had flicked his ridiculous tail through the straight gate of the hospital.

THE circus meant to Eddie the only real joy he had ever known. It meant the only home he had ever had. And, more than all these, it meant his father, his wonderful father, who could make a little boy forget that there was such a thing in the world as pain. And today his father was coming! Even the sacred routine of the hospital had been laid aside so that he might spend the whole morning with his little son, instead of coming with all the other visitors for one short hour in the afternoon.

The breakfast trays with their round blue bowls of cereal were brought in and taken away. The hour for baths was much more placid than usual, for what is the mere inconvenience of a bath, when the circus is coming? At last all the little beds in their even rows around the walls stood as fresh and smooth and white as the petals of a big flower; and in each bed a tense bit of humanity waited bright-eyed for the coming of the great moment.

In his crib in the far corner of the ward, his hair against his pillows like a bit of pale gold, Eddie lay as still as a doll in its cradle, his eyes squeezed shut so tight that his little parody of a nose wrinkled.

He was playing a game with himself. He was going to keep his eyes closed until he heard footsteps coming toward his bed. Not just any footsteps would do. There was only one step that would make him open his eyes, like the Princess in the fairy tale, whose eyes could be opened only by the kiss of one who really loved her.

At the sound of the ward door opening Eddie's eyelids squinched tighter than ever. But the footstep was not the one he was waiting for. It was only Miss Preble, the fat probationer, going around hanging the temperature charts on the little hooks on the foot of the beds. She passed him; he heard her footsteps go around the ward and back to the door, and the slap of the door as it closed behind her.

Then there was a time that seemed very long to Eddie in his self-imposed darkness. Several times his little eyelids fluttered uncertainly, as though they would defy him and let in the light in spite of all the strength of his baby will. But at last the door opened, very slowly, to be sure, and the plod of big footsteps came toward him.

Oh, how the eyelids wanted to flick open just for one reassuring second! Nearer! Nearer! Now Eddie could distinguish that there were two pairs of footsteps, instead of one. One of them, then, would be nice young Doctor Curtis, who had special charge of Ward C, and who always grinned so happily at Miss Beamish whenever he saw her. And there could be no mistake about the quick, vibrant pad of the other feet.

He couldn't wait any longer! Like the wings of a white butterfly the fragile lids flashed open, and the periwinkle eyes beneath them were excited almost to the brightness of tears.

Yes, there, smiling down at him with his round brown eyes, was Doctor Curtis. Eddie's blue gaze did not linger on him. He could see the "Doc" every day. His look flashed joyfully to the owner of the other footsteps, then grew blank, and the miniature face drooped with trouble. For with the Doc was someone Eddie had never seen before, a great big someone, who towered over his bed just as Goliath, the circus giant, loomed over Sir Toby, the smallest midget.

This was a shaggy mountain of a man, who looked intently at Eddie with eyes like steel buttons, and whose face was almost hidden from view behind a gray beard that rushed away from the middle of his chin as though he were facing a high wind.

HE SNAPPED his sharp eyes from the baby cowering back against his pillows, to Doctor Curtis, and spoke in a voice as unexpectedly gentle as the hum of a great bass viol.

"You did not tell me, Monsieur Doctor, that he was so tiny, this little one. Nevertheless, we shall see."

Eddie regarded him with bewildered eyes. "See what?" he wondered. Were they going to see if he was too little to go to the circus? If only his father would come, everything would be all right, he knew!

The Doc came to him and patted his bit of a shoulder with a kind hand. "Eddie," he said, "this is Doctor Ronssoy. He comes all the way across the ocean from a place called France. He knows all about boys and girls, and he wants to have a look at the old feet. He's not going to hurt you. All right?"

That was what the whiskery man wanted, was it? This was nothing new to Eddie. There had been so many who had wanted the same thing. Eddie knew the routine by heart. Someone would turn back the covers of his crib. Then the inquisitive one would wiggle his toes and hit him gently on his knees with a funny little rubber hammer. Then he'd be turned over so that his face was buried in the pillow. He kind of liked that, because he could stretch out his shoulders while the hum of conversation went on over his head and soft fingers gently prodded his misbehaving spine.

Then he'd be turned back again, and for a few minutes the doctors would stand by his bedside holding up to the light strange black and white shadowy pictures which Eddie thought that the Doc called "Eddie's extra-plates." Then there would be a shaking of heads, and the doctors would go away, leaving the smoothness of the bed so tumbled that Miss Beamish would have to come back and straighten it all out again. It was always the same.

SO EDDIE met the comradely grin on the Doc's face with a wisp of a smile. "Sure," he said, in his piping voice, "it's all right, Doc. Only, say, listen, Doc," and he lowered his voice to a shrill whisper, "don't let him wrinkly me all up! My pop's coming, and I want to look nice for him."

"Not a wrinkle!" Doctor Curtis promised, as he turned the pocket-edition blankets back in a neat fold. "Will you begin your examination, sir?" he said, turning to the shaggy one, who stood looking down at the offending baby legs for a minute, his great fingers straying thoughtfully through his beard.

"Ah, yes," he said, "ah, yes." And bending closer he engulfed one of the tiny feet in a hand as gentle as a woman's, and as big and soft as a down pillow.

Then, with a series of "Humphs," he did as all the others had done. Each tiny toe was wiggled; the little rubber hammer was produced from the straw basket filled with funny, shiny things that the Doc carried on his arm. "Tap, tap," it came against his knee. "Tap, tap." Would it never stop? There! That was all of that.

Eddie heaved a pygmy sigh, and waited for the Doc to turn him over, so that his befringed visitor could run expert fingers up and down the lazy spine. But Doctor Ronssoy did not ask to have Eddie turned over. Instead, he stood looking hard at the too-quiet little toes and pulling at his ambush of beard.

"Yes," he rumbled finally, "yes, Monsieur Doctor, it could be done. But the risk is of a greatness that—" he stopped suddenly and turned kind, keen eyes toward the atom of a boy. "Well, you can judge. It would be either a success the most perfect, or—"

Eddie lay gazing up at the two men, his eyes blue pools of bewilderment. What were they talking about? It couldn't be about the circus. That was always a success, no matter what happened. What was it? Eddie was thinking so hard and watching the two faces above him so raptly that he did not hear the ward door open and close again behind the figure he had waited so long to see.

Even in the unobtrusive gray suit he wore there was something remarkable, arresting, about the man who stood in the doorway, something that made people smile happily and a bit wistfully when they looked at him. For Koko did not doff his personality with his clown's ruff and peaked hat. The appeal which made

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children laugh, and men and women forget for a moment that they were no longer children, was always with him.

It was there in the curve of the wide mouth, that needed no grease-paint smile to make it turn up rakishly at the corners. It was there in the funny way he cocked his head on one side. And it was there in the grown-up edition of Eddie's blue eyes, which danced like bright spots of concentrated joy in Koko's face.

Then suddenly Eddie saw him, and in his one word of greeting he voiced all the yearning of his year of lonely waiting. "Pop!" he called.

And as Koko came and gathered his little son in his arms, loneliness was forgotten and remembrance of pain was erased.

The Doc's voice broke in on the moment of ecstasy.

"Doctor Ronssoy, this is the boy's father," he said.

Doctor Ronssoy smiled behind his beard, and nodded his head. "It is well," he said to Koko, "that you have come. It would be a happiness to me if I might say a few words to you." He turned to Doctor Curtis: "There is, perhaps, somewhere we could talk? I would not excite the little one, and how is it you say it? Little pitchers hear much."

"Would you come with us a minute, sir?" Doctor Curtis said to Koko, and with a lingering pat on his little son's bright head, Koko followed the doctors out of the ward.

This was almost too much! A microscopic fury of resentment burned in Eddie's eyes as he watched the three figures go away from him. He felt sure that there was nothing important enough to take his pop away from him at that moment.

BUT in the spare brightness of the waiting-room outside the ward, Koko was listening to the deep-voiced words of Doctor Ronssoy, and the expression in his intent eyes said that the words were too important to miss even one of them.

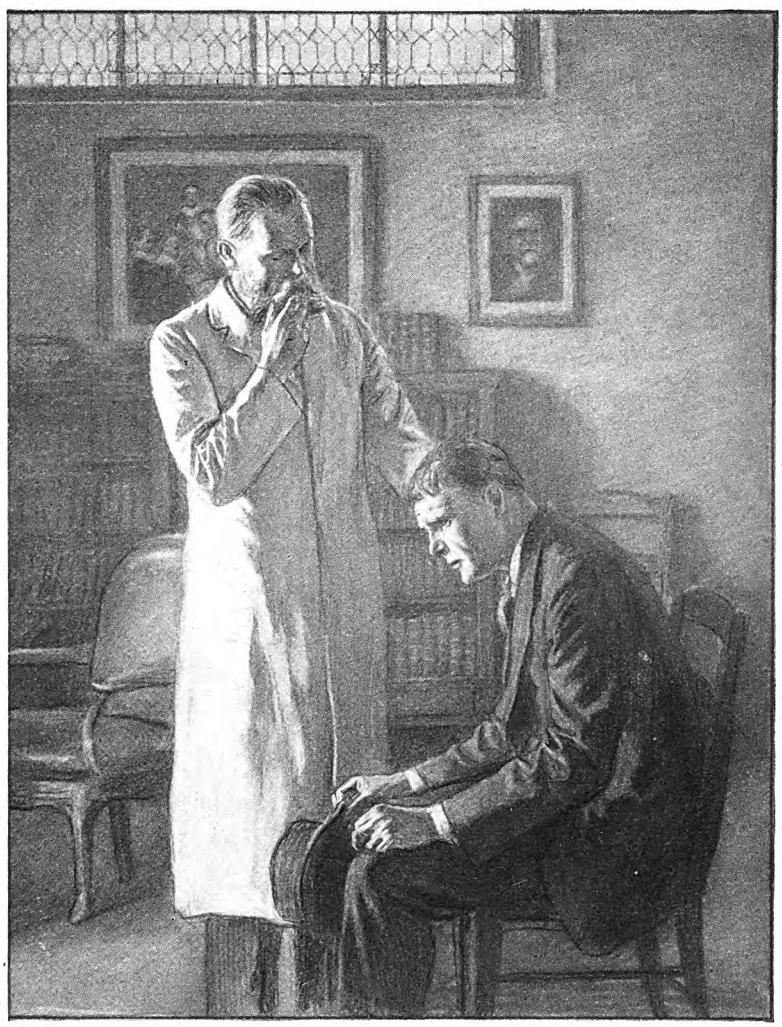
"Yes," Doctor Ronssoy was saying, "as I said, it is well you came this day. I would have your consent before I attempt this operation. It is of such a delicacy, and there is so very much of danger in it, that I should hesitate otherwise."

Koko's blue eyes searched the doctor's face with a look of anguished absorption. "And you say," he said hesitatingly, "that—afterward—my boy will walk?"

"If the operation be a success, Monsieur. Otherwise—" Doctor Ronssoy shrugged massive shoulders. He hesitated, and then went on in his big, slow voice: "I think it only just, Monsieur, that you should know—all there is one can know about the chances. It may be he will walk again. It is with frankness I say that it is in the hand of God as well as in these hands." And he held out his great hands with their delicate fingers.

"It may be—" He stopped abruptly, and walked away from Koko, who watched him in an agony of anxiety as he turned his vast back on the room and stood a moment looking out of the window. Suddenly he wheeled about. "Monsieur," he said, "it would be a great pain for you to lose your little child. I have seen that. I know. Therefore, I tell you now that this may happen.

"There is but one chance in ten that he will—that he will survive the operation."



All the thousands who knew Koko of the circus ring would not have recognized him now

"And if you don't operate? I'd rather have him always as he is"—Koko's voice was almost a whisper—"than . . . than to lose him!"

"Ah, but, Monsieur, you could not keep your boy as he is now. There might be, at most, three, four years. Who can say? During those years the pain would not grow less. And the child's spirit, now so hopeful, so bright. . . . Can you not see? Too much suffering darkens the mind, Monsieur.

"Therefore, I say to you, your boy might live for a few short years; but, ah no, he would not be the same, either in mind or in body." He came toward Koko and laid a great, gentle hand on his arm. "Monsieur, I too have a son. I love him more than my life. Were this my son, I should know no hesitation."

All the thousands who knew the Koko of the circus ring would not have recognized him now. His eyes no longer laughed but in their depths was only remembered pain.

"One chance in ten, you said?" he faltered.

"Monsieur is right!"

Koko's hands trembled, then gripped each other in an iron clasp. "Give him his chance!" he said; and this time his voice did not falter.

In the quiet corridor Miss Beamish sat at her desk folding immaculate bits of gauze into perfect little squares. As Koko came from the waiting-room she saw him and came toward him, her hand extended in a gesture of sympathy.

"Doctor Curtis has just told me about . . . Eddie," she said. "No one has told him about it yet, and I wondered if you wouldn't like to be the one to do it. He'll be so disappointed to miss the circus!"

KOKO looked at her with grateful eyes. "Bless you!" he said, softly. "I would like to tell him. We've both got to help him, Miss Beamish. It's pretty hard for such a little tike to buck this all by himself."

Miss Beamish's eyes were bright as she answered: "I'll do all I can. You know that."

"I do; I do, indeed," he answered, and went from her into the ward, where Eddie waited him with unwhetted eagerness and greeted him with a joy-laden shout.

"Pop, the fellows want you to tell 'em about the circus. Pop—say—tell 'em about the time the baby effalunt ran away, will you?"

"Aren't you going to let your pop talk to you for a little while first?" Koko said, as he sat down in the stiff chair by the side of Eddie's crib. "Let's have a good old visit first, then I'll tell 'em all the stories I know."

Eddie smiled proudly up at his father. "Sure!" he agreed, in what he thought was a most manly voice.

Koko took Eddie's hand, which lay like a wee wax model on the counterpane.

"I've got a story to tell you about the circus," he said. "It's a story I've often told you; but I want you to listen harder than you ever have before, because you must understand what I'm going to say. When you grow to be a big man," Eddie felt his father's hand tighten on his, and his voice seemed to come all soft and husky, "you're

(*Continued on page 168*)

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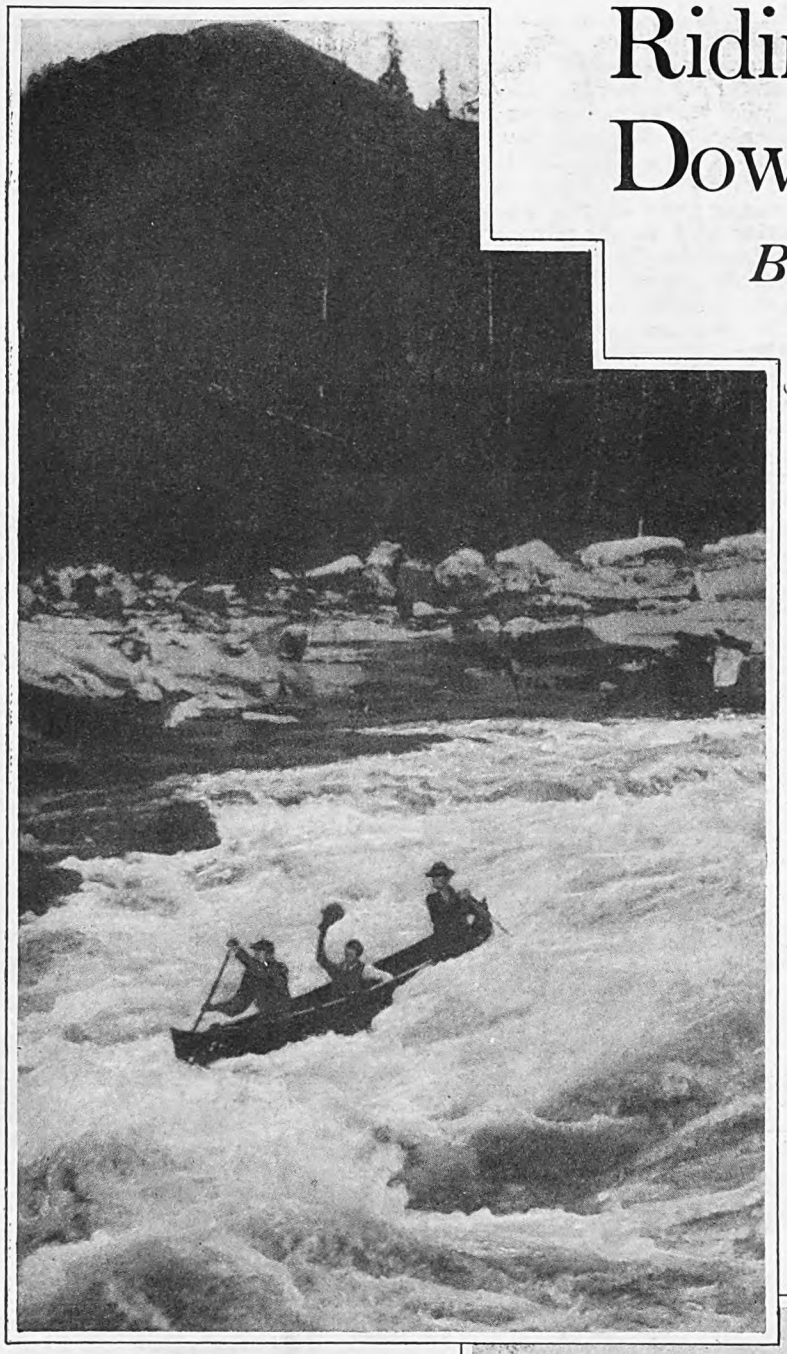
Riding The Rivers Down To The Sea

By George W. Gray



BACK in '98 the Alaska fever got Lewis R. Freeman, an undergraduate in Stanford University, and carried him off in the gold rush to the Klondike. He has been a nomad ever since. The Alaska episode introduced him to mountains, glaciers, and swift river water. A cruise to Tahiti, Samoa, and Fiji acquainted him with sailing ships, tropic isles, and blue sea. After this the round world was his.

He saw the Russo-Japanese War from the vantage point of Nogi's army before Port Arthur. He voyaged to Australia, South Africa, up the Zambezi and down the Niger and the Nile; zigzagged to London; caught a steamer for Brazil and spent two years wandering over South America and the West Indies. A brief stay home, and he was off again, this time to China. A roving excursion carried him through Borneo jungles, India, the Himalayas, Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Tripoli—with Dyaks, Malays, Negritos, Arabs, and a score of other native varieties as trail mates. After poking into odd corners of every part of the world, he says that, of all the wonders he has seen, rivers interest him the most.

"But why rivers?" I asked, "any more than mountains, jungles, or seas?"

"I like the aliveness of a river," answered the explorer. "Also, I suppose, the excitement of getting somewhere. As an old sergeant of the Gama Patrol once put it to me, river boating comes natural—it's not opposed to nature, like mountain-climbing, for instance, where you are bucking the law of gravity from start to finish. You just get into your boat and let it go. Sooner or later, dead or alive, you arrive somewhere.

"THERE is a sensitive quality about a river," Mr. Freeman went on. "It can be—and generally is—as temperamental as a cat. Every stream has its distinctive personality. Some are such pugnacious characters that they overpower the waters into which they pour. A striking example is the case of the Mississippi, which flows for nearly twelve hundred miles before it is joined by the Missouri. Thereafter, it is quite a different river, simply because the turbulent Missouri dominates it. Some authorities have reasoned that the Missouri is the main river and the Upper Mississippi the tributary. But if you track the Missouri back to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, as I did a few years ago, you find that it, too, is a mild-mannered stream before it is joined by a boisterous tributary, the Yellow-

(Left) The icy waters and resistless power of these Alaskan rapids fill the boatman's task with interest and variety. (Below) A quiet stretch on the Petawawa in Ontario

COURTESY CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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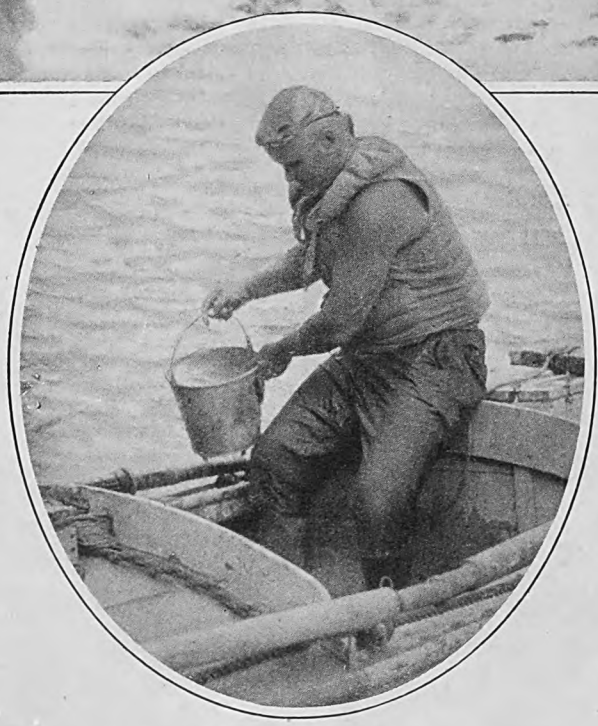
COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

(Above) Handling a scow on a big cascade, Athabasca River, in Alberta



(In oval) Mr. Freeman bailing out a half-filled boat after a tussle with some tricky rapids

stone, which thereafter domineers over it. On this basis it might be argued that the great river which pours past New Orleans to the Gulf is, precisely speaking, not the Mississippi nor yet the Missouri, but the Yellowstone."

SOME rivers are habitually quiet and lamblike—the gentle Concord; the placid Charles, in Massachusetts. The Hudson is majestic, with its broad strip of unhurried water edged by the green Catskills and the brown Palisades. So is the spreading James, in Virginia, which was characterized by an early explorer as "one of the famousest rivers that ever was found by any Christian." In this same class of broad, stately streams, whose lower reaches are really arms of the sea, with daily tides, are the Potomac, the Thames, in England, and the St. Lawrence, in Canada. The last is also the cleanest of the world's big rivers, because the Great Lakes serve as settling basins and clear the muddy waters before they pour into the St. Lawrence. It is in striking contrast to the tawny Missouri, whose mud is carried all the way down to St. Louis and even on to the Gulf. One branch of the Nile is blue, another is white, colored by the clays carried in solution.

"But the champion for mud, as well as for savagery," said Mr. Freeman, "is the Colorado as it tumbles through the Grand Canyon in Arizona. No wonder it has cut there the deepest scar in the face of the earth. The water is so thick with silt that you actually feel the added weight. Oars bend and sometimes snap, as they might if one were trying to row in quicksilver, and when a wave strikes you the blow is terrific. Big waves in all swift water come down with tremendous force; but the combers of the Grand Canyon have an added wallop, mainly because they are weighted with tons of mud.

"I was with the engineers of the Geological Survey in their expedition through the Grand Canyon in 1923," continued Mr. Freeman, "and both saw and felt something of the solidity which Colorado water can assume. At one point we discovered a new rapid, formed apparently by a slide of rock from a cliff. Originally, it must have dammed up the river considerably, but gradually the current had swept the looser rocks down the steep chute, leaving only one huge block of limestone planted squarely in midstream. The effect of this rock, when hit by the furious tumble of water, was to throw back a wave more than ten feet high and create behind it a deep whirlpool.

"WE CAMPED above this jagged pitch of water, and took time to study it. We saw that, because of the throw-off of the big wave, there was no danger of colliding with the rock. The wave completely cushioned the obstruction. The really serious danger lay in being capsized and sucked down into the whirlpool. The problem, therefore, was to steer as far as possible from the wave, keeping in mind, also, not to get too close to the ragged cliffs which walled the river on either side. We selected the channel on the right of the rock as our best passage. The current seemed stronger on this side, and the more powerful the current, the quicker it would whisk us past the danger point.

"We had four boats—the 'Marble,' the 'Boulder,' the 'Glen,' and the 'Grand,' all names borrowed from the Colorado canyons we were exploring. The boats were especially designed for Colorado river navigation—each a trifle over sixteen feet long, decked over, with a cockpit for the oarsman in the middle, and with two hatches, fore and aft, clamped down on water-tight compartments which carried our provisions, instruments, and other stores. I was skipper and crew of the 'Grand,' and it was with some relief that I watched the 'Marble' and the 'Boulder' negotiate the dangerous passage.

"The 'Glen' was next. As it dropped into the chute I cast off in the 'Grand,' and a moment later the 'Glen' was almost abreast of the wave. I saw her edging perilously near, in spite of the boatman's frantic efforts to get into the safe channel.

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Then, in a flash, I saw her bottom boards as she tipped on her side almost perpendicularly. She hung there on the uprush of water, and in the same moment I saw the flick of a flying oar and the body of the boatman sprawling through the air. A second later all had disappeared into the descending foam. I was at the brink of the chute, and realized that I was about to run through myself and learn what had happened.

"I learned in quick order. Running a rapid calls for such concentration and attention that a man hasn't time to be afraid or nervous, or to think of anything but his own precious bark. The 'Grand' slid down that chute of frothing water like a toboggan. In the split part of a second, so it seemed, the wave loomed above me, enormous, dark, threatening—like a crag. Then we bumped, for the 'Grand' shook as though we had hit the rock. But the rock was more than twelve feet away, and we had only grazed water—a geyser of the tumbling Colorado.

"My boat quickly righted and we sped on with the current. I caught a glimpse of the whirlpool as we shot past. It was fully five feet deep, and I could see a log of driftwood which it was twirling and splintering against the rock.

"IN THE eddy below the rapids I found the 'Glen,' already righted, the boatman bailing the cockpit. He was unhurt, and he confirmed my own impression of the solidity of the wave. He said his boat snapped up under its impact as though it had been struck on its gunwale by a pile-driver, and he found himself flung into space like a pebble from a sling. It was fortunate for him—and for us all—that those rapids are not broken with numerous boulders, as so many are.

"As we advanced down the Grand Canyon, the river rose under the flood of a freshet, and the weight of the water increased. A splash of it left a plaster coating on the skin as it dried—and not a day passed that we were not drenched. The effect of this liquid mud on the eyes was almost blinding. So opaque was the water that you couldn't see your hand two inches under the surface. I don't think anyone who looks down into the Grand Canyon upon that ribbon of a river threading its way among the cliffs and boulders a mile below thinks of the Colorado as a formidable stream. The river is dwarfed by the chasm; it is almost lost in the stupendous scale of its setting. But those who have trusted themselves to the Colorado in a boat know what a ferocious ruffian it is."

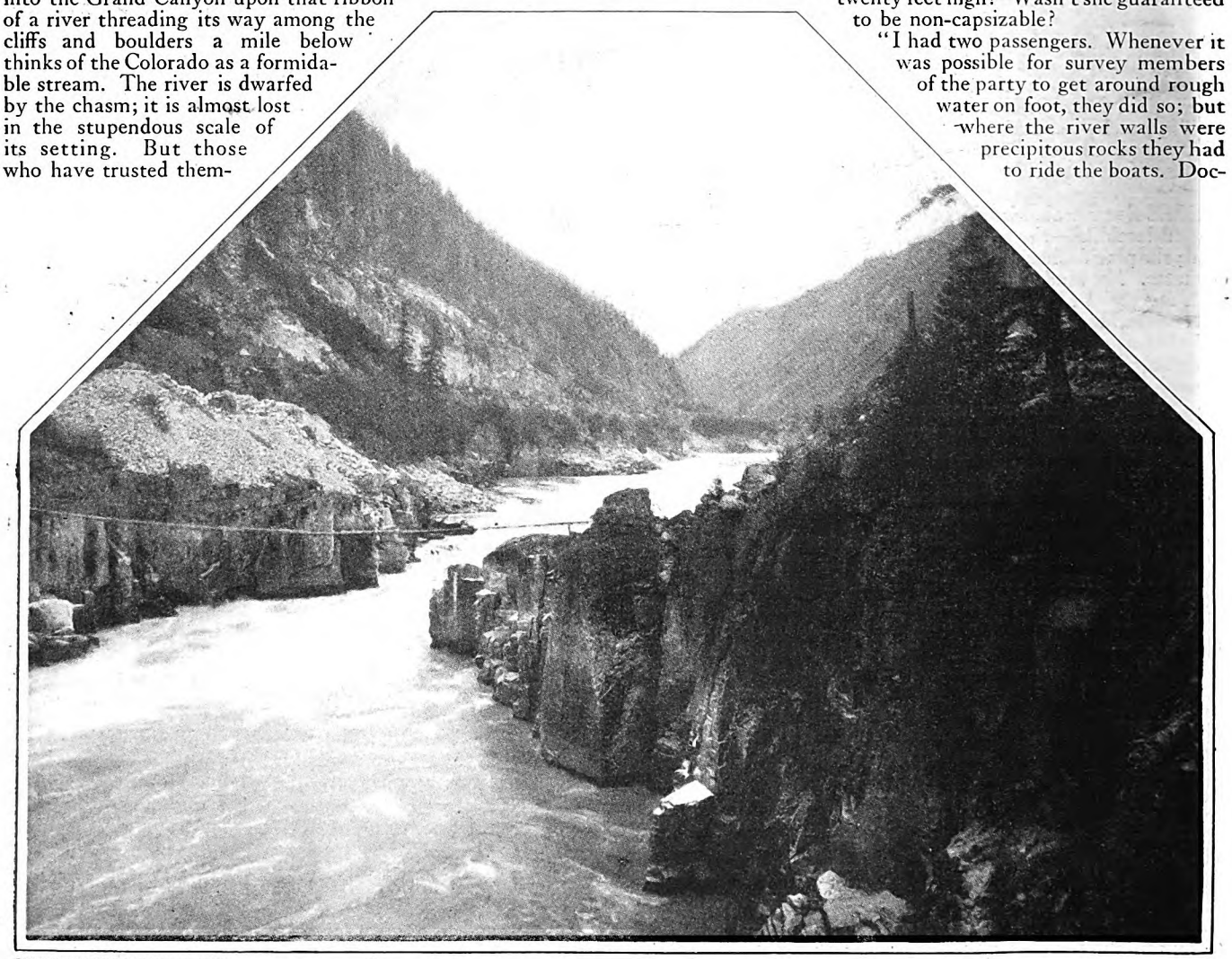
"How is it different from any other husky river?" I asked.

"The great cliffs make the difference. Its rapids are not rougher than those of the Columbia; in fact, I'd say that one of the worst stretches of water in the world is the three miles of rock-fanged river in the Big Bend of the Columbia known as Surprise Rapids. But a boatman is not compelled to run Surprise Rapids. He can get out and 'line'; that is, drift the boat alongside with a line attached and with a pole to poke it off the rocks. Or, if lining becomes too dangerous, he can resort to 'portage'—lift the boat ashore and carry it around the danger spot. But in stretch after stretch of the Grand Canyon no such thing as lining or portage is possible. The cliffs rise for thousands of feet on each side of the river, sheer walls without even a toehold, and a boatman has to run the rapids because he cannot turn back."

One of the worst of this kind is met in the lower gorge. Powell, the first explorer to go through the Grand Canyon, named it Separation Rapid, because here his expedition split up, three members of the party refusing to go any farther into the unknown. This occurred in 1869. Twenty years later, another explorer, Stanton, confronted by this same stretch of river, wrote in his journal: "As I looked down into that pit of fury, I wondered if it were possible for our boats to go through and come out whole, and right side up." Stanton soon found out. He came through the rapids alive, but his boat was overturned and had a hole rammed through it.

"UNFORTUNATELY," continued Mr. Freeman, "Separation Rapid did not look as bad in 1923 as Stanton had pictured it, else I should not have been so cocksure. I watched the 'Glen' put out and get a heavy tossing in the big waves where the second riffle began. Solid water was rolling right over it, but the boat got through. The 'Grand' could do the same thing easily, I thought. Hadn't she already ridden waves twenty feet high? Wasn't she guaranteed to be non-capsizable?

"I had two passengers. Whenever it was possible for survey members of the party to get around rough water on foot, they did so; but where the river walls were precipitous rocks they had to ride the boats. Doc-



COURTESY CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

A bridge over Hellsgate, Fraser River, British Columbia

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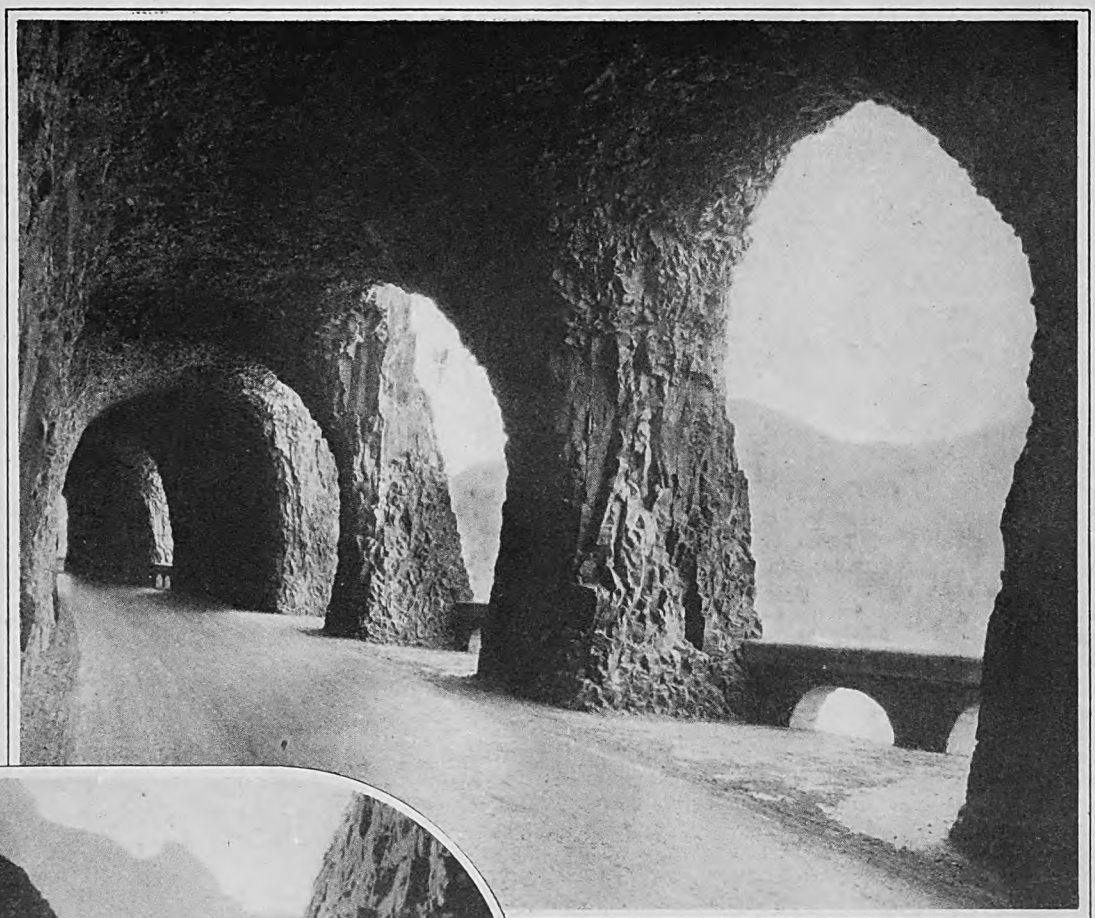
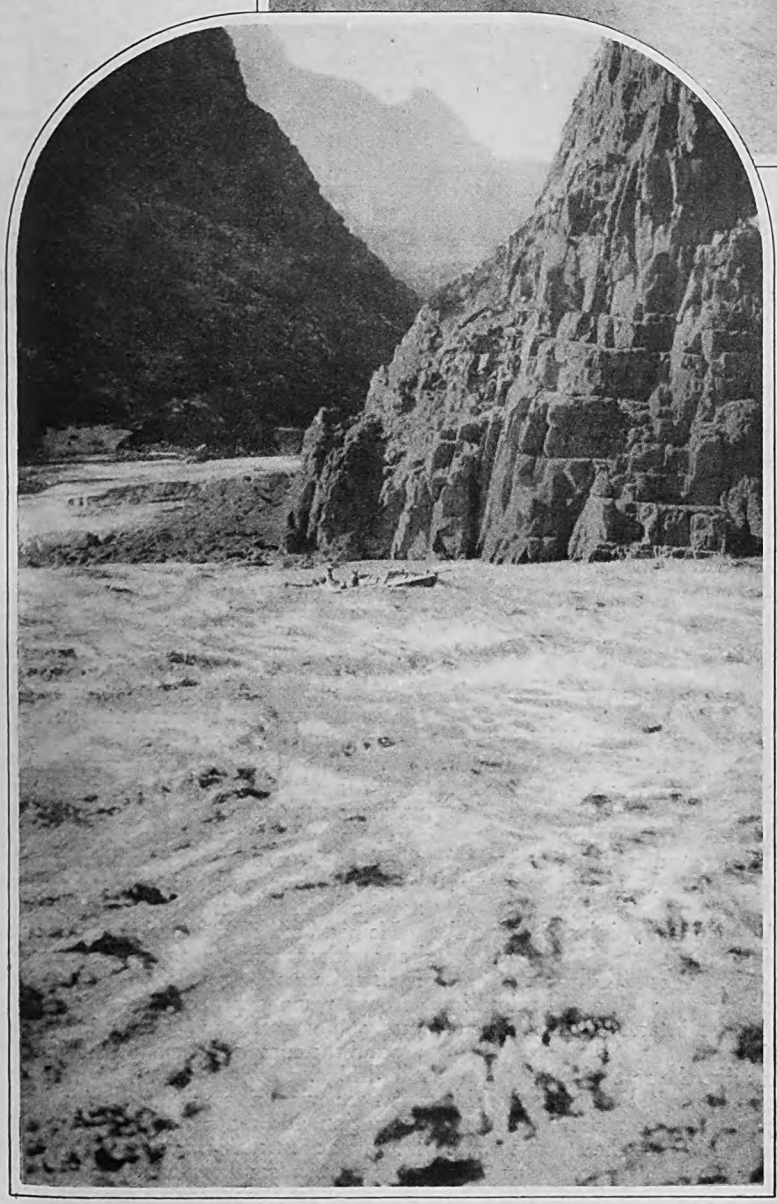
tor Moore, the geologist, and E. C. LaRue, hydrographic engineer, traveled with me. They rode lying flat on deck, faces down, Moore on the forward hatch and LaRue aft, each holding by the hand ropes strung along the gunwales. I sat in the cockpit and wielded the oars. Thus laden, and with about half a ton of cargo below deck, we eased out into the grip of the current.

"What happened came quicker than I can tell it. I was pulling to keep the stern well on the tumbling waves on the left, when a sneaking gray comber on the right lifted as easily as a bird rising from the water, caught the boat under the right gunwale, and the next instant the 'Grand' flopped over—bottom up.





COURTESY NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

(Above) Mitchell Point tunnel, near Portland, Oregon, on the world-famous Columbia River Highway. Along this route are many of the beauty spots of the Northwest. (Left) The "Boulder," one of Freeman's boats, entering Separation Rapid, in the Grand Canyon—the beginning of a thrilling battle described in the accompanying article

"As I hit the water, I dropped the oars and dived, remembering a boatman who had been cupped under his cockpit in just such an upset. It was a successful dive all right—deep down into the muddy Colorado—and for some seconds I was pawing around in the submarine darkness, gulping water, grabbing frantically for the surface. A vicious swirl shot me to the top, only to suck me down before I got a full breath. When next I came up, I was able to keep my head above, and saw the bottom-up boat adrift ten or fifteen feet down-stream.

"I FLOUNDERED after it. Moore was hanging on by one of the side ropes, and a few seconds later I caught a glimpse of LaRue bobbing through the water on the end of the other rope. I grabbed a hold, and the derelict towed the three of us through the third riffle in a perfect tumult of noise and tumbling waves and spray. The roar of the rapids was like that of an express train at full speed, and even when we had floated below into quieter water our conversation was limited to the sign language. Two of the other boatmen came to our assistance, and in an eddy against the cliff we righted the boat, bailed the cockpit, and soon had the 'uncapsizable' 'Grand' back into commission. I've had spills before, but never a more vicious or completely unexpected one."

Five days after this adventure, the four boats came out of the canyon, (*Continued on page 159*)

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Scattergood *And The* Six Big Men

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

SCATTERGOOD BAINES was driving home from a business engagement in Higgins Bridge. It was late afternoon, and the old hardware merchant dozed in his seat, while his horse seemed also to sleep, even while it ambled along. They followed the curve of the river, now climbing to some shelf high above swirling rapids, now descending gently to a meadow where the stream spread itself into excellent trout pools. It was a lovely road, dusty, it is true, but flecked with sunlight as it laughed its way through the leaves.

Something agitated the bushes upon the rocky slope above the road, something unnoticed by the somnolent Scattergood. Some man or creature was making a floundering progress toward the highway. Then, just as the ancient buggy rounded a shoulder of rock, the bushes were thrust apart and a man rolled down the dozen feet of pitch, to bring up in the road almost under the horse's hoofs.

The sedate animal snorted and leaped sidewise. Scattergood started awake, saw the crumpled figure and, with agility incredible in one so stout, was over the wheel and bending down to scrutinize the man, who stirred and moaned and struggled to rise.

One could not tell if he were old or young, or what was the character of his features. He was unpleasantly disguised by blood and bruises and dirt, so that his own mother could not have recognized him. Dried blood matted his hair, one eye was closed, his nose would not do satisfactory duty as a nose until it received plastic attention from a doctor.

"I dunno if I know ye," Scattergood said. "I calc'late nobody'd claim acquaintance with ye on the strength of your looks. Live around here?"

"Fred—Norton," mumbled the man.

"W-al, I swan! Freddie Norton, eh? And who 'd 'a' thought it! Be you injured, or jest merely hurt? Better lemme help ye down to the water, so's we kin scrape ye off and see what's left. Kin ye make it?"

They did make it, between tugging and staggering and groaning, and Scattergood's red bandanna handkerchief soaked in the cool river water set about removing what accumulation of blood and dirt was thus to be cleansed away.

Freddie leaned down to drink, much like a blind puppy, while Scattergood clung to his shoulders to restrain him from falling in.

"One man never done it alone," Scattergood said. "It might 'a' been a pair of bears, or ye might 'a' been trompled by a herd of cows. Allus thought ye could take care of yourself, Freddie. Big enough, hain't ye, and soople enough? How many of 'em was the'—and what kind of critters?"

"Six," said Freddie. "Men. The Six Big Men."

SCATTERGOOD pinched his cheek and pursed his lips. "Ye hain't been a-foolin' around Half Acre, have ye? And what fur?"

"Help me into that buggy," Freddie said, in a tone Scattergood did not like. "I got to get home."

"What you got to git home for? Nobody's goin' to be glad to see ye—lookin' like that. You better have a errand some'eres for a week. What you want, to home?"

"My rifle," said Freddie.

"Um. . . . Dunno's I hold with rifles in sich circumstances. You might git mad and shoot at somebody."

"I calc'late to," said Freddie grimly. "I calc'late to get back to Half Acre and scrouge down in the bushes and get 'em, one by one!"

"Nobody never derived no credit from bushwhackin'," said Scattergood. "It's frowned on. . . . No; I don't calc'late I'll ride ye home to git you a bushwhackin' rifle. Thought ye had sense enough to keep away from Half Acre. 'Tain't no place for boys."

"Nor girls," said Freddie.

"Eh? Girls? What's girls got to do with it?"

"They ketched me talkin' to their sister."

"Seems as though they didn't favor it," said Scattergood. "Now, what does Lawyer Norton's son want, talkin' to a sister of the Six Big Men?"

"Her," Freddie said sententiously.

"I heard they had a sister, though I hain't never seen her. Is she as big as they be?"

"She's little and cunnin' and sweet," said Freddie; "and I'm goin' to get her away from 'em, or get killed tryin'."

"Don't seem as though a girl raised in Half Acre 'ud be interestin' to a decent boy, Freddie."

"She's not like the rest of 'em."

"They never are," Scattergood said. "Freddie, you don't know Half Acre like I know it. It hain't give the trouble these last few years that it used to. Not by a sight. Kind of confines its deviltry to itself, as you might say—or goes off to a distance. But it's bad, Freddie, clear through, as bad as the whisky it makes for itself, and as the drugs that it takes, and the blood that goes runnin' in its veins. It's a offscourin'. Folks that is too bad for any decent town to harbor 'em finds Half Acre is jest what they want. They're low, Freddie, awful low, and the' ain't no kind of evil they don't delight in. How come you to git acquainted with this girl?"

"I met her once when I was out huntin'—and we talked. And I met her again, and other times. She's dyin' there, Mr. Baines. It's killin' her; all that vileness around, and her so sweet."

"Must be kind of a miracle for a woman to keep sweet in Half Acre."

"Those brothers of hers watch her. They won't let anybody come near her. But she stands in mortal fear of 'em."

"Don't wonder at it none. And they ketched you a-talkin' with her?"

"Yes. We were arrangin' to get away."

"Now, I tell you what," said Scattergood, "you come along home with me and git yourself patched up some; and then you 'n' me'll talk this over. If I was you I wouldn't say much to your ma about no Half Acre girl. Seems as though it 'ud kind of upset her. Then, when you git washed up and stitched up and your eyes git open agin, you come around by the store, and we'll see. . . . Though I can't credit a good girl bein' in Half Acre."

SO SCATTERGOOD helped Freddie into the buggy and they drove on toward Coldriver, taking the back way into town and driving up the lane behind Lawyer Norton's house, so the young man could get in by the back door without being seen in his present condition.

Scattergood hitched his horse in front of his hardware store, and found very welcome the comfort of his specially reinforced arm chair on his piazza. There he tilted back, hat at his feet, and allowed his eyes to rove over as much of Coldriver as he could see from that vantage point.

He had been there a little more than an hour without moving, for there seemed to be little demand for hardware at that time of day, when a procession—what might justly be called a procession—came around the corner of the bank and crossed the bridge.

There was a semblance of military formation, and something of the business-like look of men marching to war. There were six men, six enormous men. Of them, the smallest stood four inches over six feet, and the largest six inches. As be-

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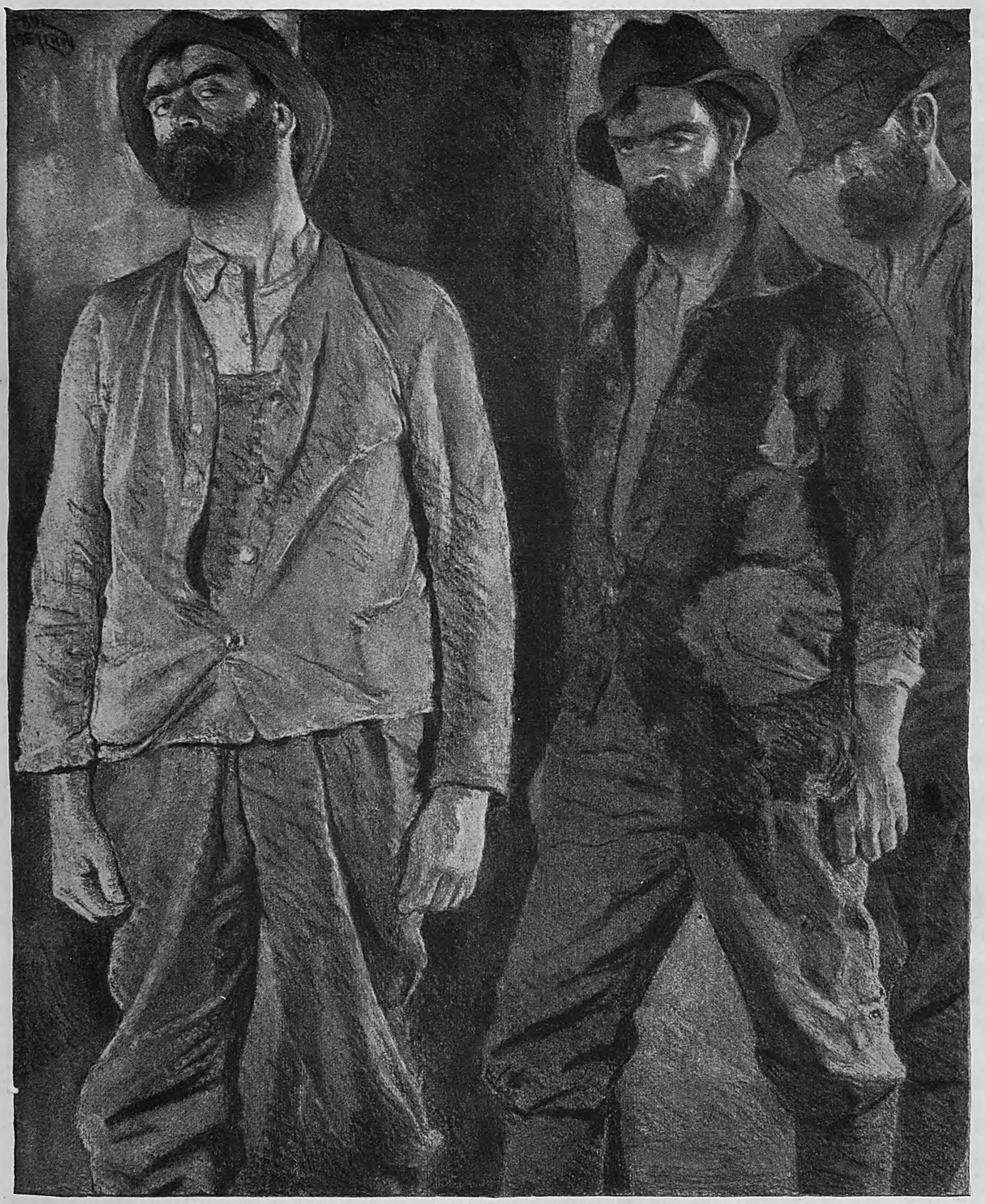

Not for years had the Six Big Men visited Coldriver in a body, and now that they came again it was with a purpose to be read in their eyes—the purpose to overawe

fitted men of their size and bulk, they were bearded, and the beards were black and bushy.

The six kept step as they swaggered along, two by two, and their bold, challenging, impudent eyes stared out of countenance all whom they met. Scattergood noted how they gave space to no one, and how inhabitants of the village gave way to them—even taking to the road to permit their free passage. . . . For these were the Six Big Men of Half Acre.

Half Acre! That hamlet of outcasts, lurking in its mountain valley! A hamlet of shanties, of slatternly women, of furtive-eyed men, of evil odors and of more evil ways. How many human beings clustered there not even the census man could tell with exactness, for the person whose duty it had been to enumerate was satisfied to submit facts and figures wholly apocryphal. Even by daylight he dared not venture into that warren.

How the village had originated few remembered; there were times when the godly forgot its very existence, for the Half Acrers kept to themselves, administered their own laws, and resented intrusion. There had been a day when, growing in numbers, they had played the part of bully in that part of the mountains; but that day was past. Scattergood had seen to that. Now, for half a dozen

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years, there had been a sort of treaty between Half Acre and the world which surrounded it. The world was to leave Half Acre to its devices, and Half Acre was to confine its deviltry to its own bounds.

And, of all the turbulent men of that place, the Six Big Men were most turbulent. Brothers they were, and co-rulers. Men of their hands, quick to passion and quicker to act. Their fame had spread, and they were at pains to keep it alive. . . . Now, as they approached, Scattergood studied them, and not without admiration, for he was able to appreciate a fine figure of a man, even if that figure were drawing wages from the devil.

The procession swaggered along, its very manner a taunt. Insolence rode upon its shoulders. It was an expedition. Scattergood recognized that. Not for years had the Six Big Men visited Coldriver in a body, and now that they came again it was with a purpose to be read in their eyes—the purpose to overawe.

In a moment they came abreast of Scattergood, who leaned back in his chair and cleared his throat.

"How be ye?" he asked.

The Six halted and faced him.

"Who wants to know?" demanded the largest.

"Pete Haddy, hain't ye?" Scattergood said. "These your brothers?"

"What if they be?"

"Fine-lookin' boys," said Scattergood. "Able-bodied and stout. . . . Um. Did ye come to taown for anythin' special?"

"What if we did?"

SCATTERGOOD leaned forward and nodded. "Now, Pete," he said genially, "you know you'll git as fur by bein' p'lite to me as by tryin' to raise my dander. I got a lot of patience, but I hain't got too much. Seems like you might remember me, Pete."

"I know ye well, Scattergood Baines."

"And so, time havin' passed along, you calc'late to come down here for a sort of a dare, eh? 'Tain't good jedgment, Pete."

"Aw, tell him to shet up, and come along," said one of the brothers.

"We're lookin' for a feller," said Pete. "We ketched him in the woods, makin' up to our sister. And we aim to ketch him again."

"And then?"

"He won't do no more tamperin' around in our part of the country."

Scattergood cleared his throat again. "I didn't know as you Half Acre folks was so strait-laced," he said. "Seems like I heard you was kind of loose in your dealin' with wimmin."

"Our sister's different."

"Um. Different, eh? Makes a sight of difference whose dog gits kicked, don't it? . . . W-al, boys, lemme say jest a word! You come swaggerin' down here, pushin' folks off'n the walk and what not. It hain't good jedgment. You folks hain't bothered us much of late—exceptin' for a stray chicken or a sheep or sich-like. And we don't calc'late to be bothered. So long's you mind your own affairs we don't calc'late to interfere."

"But if we don't, eh? What then?"

"Why," said Scattergood gently, "I'll git riled up, and then, fust thing you know, they won't be nothin' but ashes where Half Acre used to stand."

"Aw, sock him, Pete, and let's git along!"

"Kind of hot-headed, that young feller," said Scattergood. "Better git him home 'fore he does himself a harm. . . . And you better git too, Pete, and the rest of you. There's suthin' about your manners we don't take to here." He cocked his head. "Pete, what kind of a misapprehension was you laborin' under when you come blusterin' in here? Did ye think I was dead, or what?"

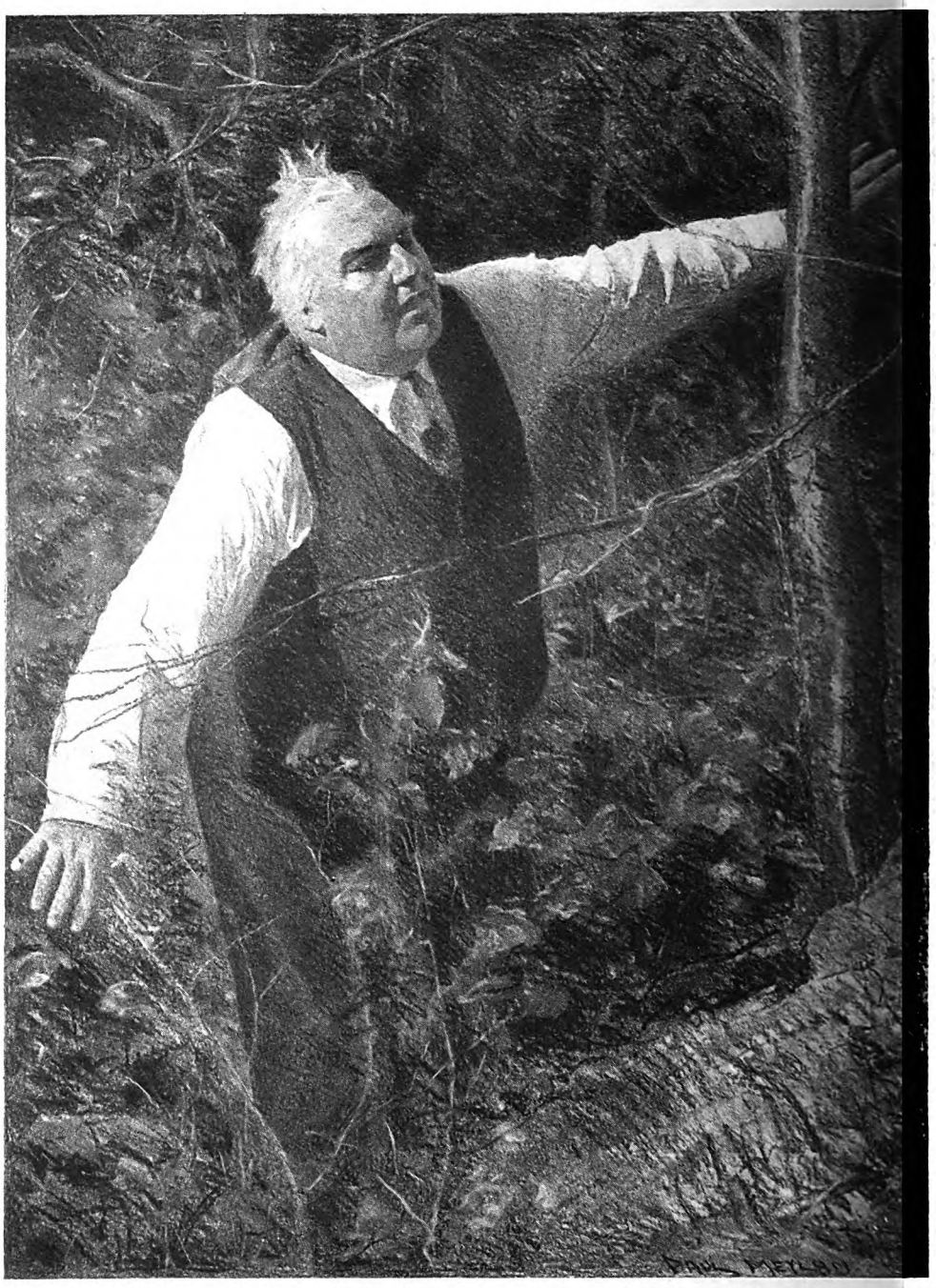
"We didn't care if you was dead or alive. We come to git that feller."

"Um. . . ." Scattergood drew out his watch. "This here timepiece says twenty minutes past five. I calc'late you drove down, eh? W-al, inside of ten minutes I want you should be on your way drivin' back."

"And if we hain't?"

"You will be," said Scattergood, "because licker hain't rotted away *all* your brains. . . . And keep to your half of the walk. Don't go crowdin' off folks that's got a better right than you. . . . Now, g'-by, boys. Don't make me remember that I'd forgot ye. Don't ye do it!"

Pete glowered, hesitated. Scattergood leaned back again in his chair. "G'-by, boys. . . . I'm kind of curious about that there sister of yourn, that you kep' so pure and sweet and pertected. I'd



Scattergood cleared his throat.

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be more inclined to b'lieve in her if I was to see her."

"She's to home," said Pete, with narrowed eyes. "Some day when you feel able, jest drop in and call." He leered. "Some day when you feel able."

"If that's an invitation," said Scattergood placidly, "I dunno but what I accept it in the spirit it's offered in."

"What if we don't git out?" demanded one of the younger brothers belligerently. Scattergood pondered that a minute. Then he answered indirectly: "It kind of looks to me, boys, like Half Acre was gittin' too big for its britches." Suddenly he stood up. "Hey, Pliny," he called, "suppose you was to go and give a couple of yanks on the fire bell."

"Oh, we'll go," Pete Haddy said sullenly, "but we hain't promisin' not to come back."

"So I gathered," Scattergood said. "Pliny, you leave that fire bell alone. 'Twon't be necessary to-day."

"PLINY," said Scattergood, "I'm goin' callin' on a girl—at my time of life."

"Kind of ridic'lous, seems as though."

"You hain't got ary idee how ridic'lous it is," the old man said fervently. "A man hain't got much choice in this world how he makes a fool of himself. The's only about so many ways, and most of 'em has to do with wimmin."

Pliny Pickett pondered. He was not given to taking the initiative; collecting tickets on Scattergood's railroad was the passion of his life, and his one problem was guessing what his employer wanted him to do next. Now, he felt vaguely that Scattergood required some service; but he could not guess what it was.

"Either," Scattergood said, "a girl's good, or else she's bad, or else she's middlin'. Except when she's mixed of all three. A man kin git along with any of 'em, so long's he knows which set she falls into. The trouble's to find out. It don't matter what a woman is, she wants to be thought suthin' else. And whatever she is, you kin bet your bottom dollar she hain't what a feller in love with her thinks she is!"

"Seems as though," admitted Pliny. "I hain't studied wimmin in p'tic'lar."

"I've give a sight of time to it, and I've drawed a heap of conclusions—all of which is wrong in 'most any given case. Now, with men it's different. You take a case where the's ten chances to act sensible and jest one of makin' a fool of yourself, and a man'll unerrin'ly pick the one."

"I dunno's I jest foller ye to any practical end," said Pliny.

"THAT," said Scattergood, "is because the' hain't none. I've went and gone and let myself be drawed into suthin' all on account of a feller's bunged eye, and the bumptious set of another feller's shoulders, and a girl that most likely hain't so a-tall. Got my curiosity excited, that's what. If the Lord had of wanted it that there wouldn't be no trouble in the world he'd 'a' fixed it so wimmin couldn't excite curiosity."

"None of 'em ever excited mine," said Pliny.

"You ain't dead yit," said Scattergood. "Was you ever in Half Acre, Pliny? Eh? Ever visited around much there?"

"I calc'late you know better'n that."

"Um. . . . If you was to hear I was goin' there, what 'ud you do?"

"I'd figger you'd went crazy."

"'Tain't so improbable. Um. . . . And if you heard I'd gone there, say, about one o'clock this afternoon, and then found out I hadn't got back agin at six, like I said I was goin' to do—what?"

"I calc'late mebbe I'd ring the fire bell," said Pliny.

"Then what?"

"I calc'late the boys 'ud know what to do when they gathered," Pliny said, a trifle grimly.

"G'-by, Pliny," Scattergood said, dismissing him abruptly, as was his custom.

"G'-by, Scattergood," said Pliny.

"Jest a minute," Scattergood said. "Was you passin' Lawyer Norton's house?"

"I *could*."

"Would ye be apt to see young Freddie?"

"Seems as though."

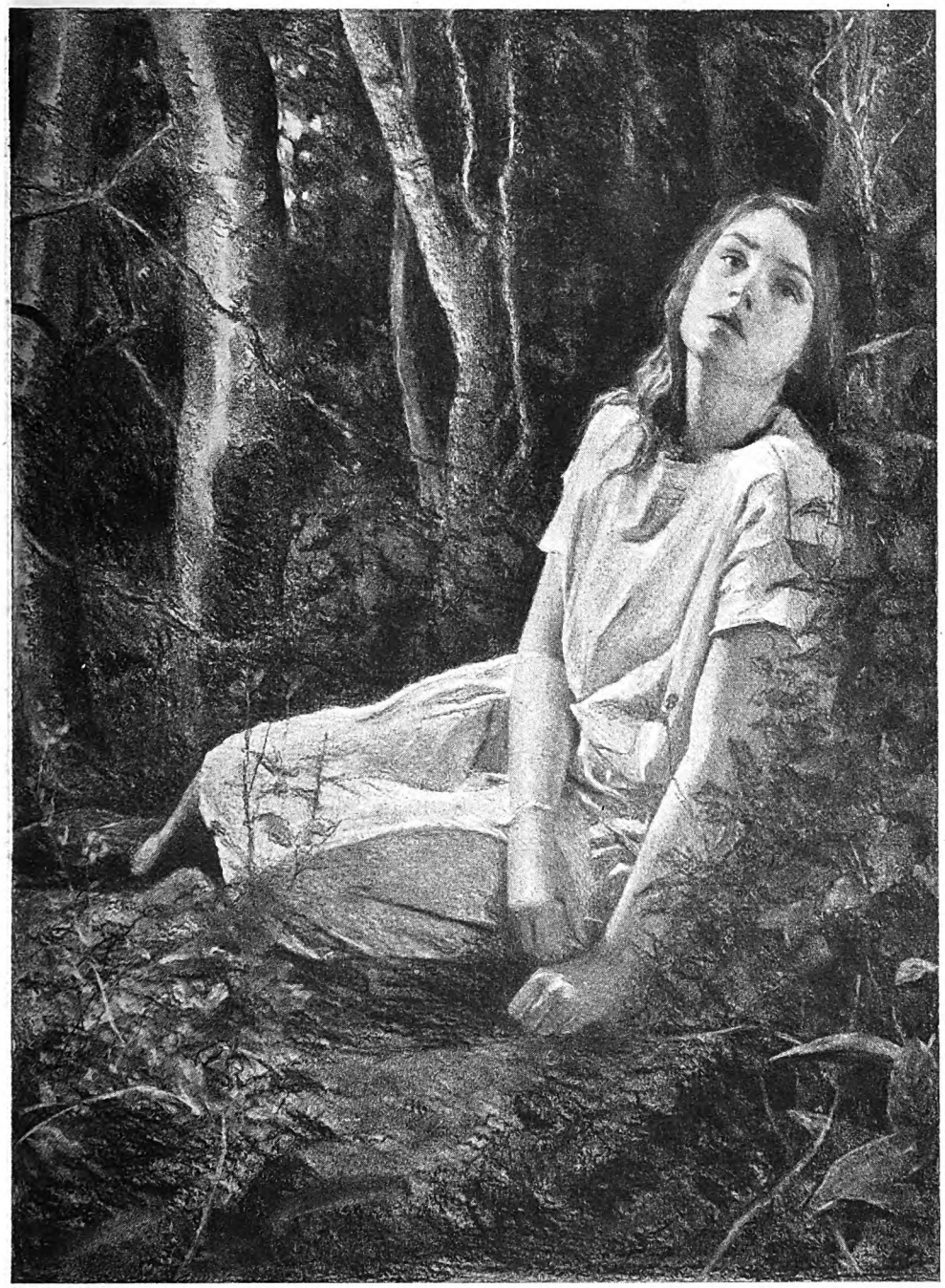
"Anythin' special in mind to say to him, Pliny? Anythin' of a revealin' character?"

"I'd tell him you wanted to see him, Scattergood."

"Um. . . . Didn't say so, did I? W-al, about what time would you say I wanted to see him?"

"After six, seein's you won't be back till then."

(*Continued on page 108*)



"What ails ye?" he asked

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Other People's Children, Dogs, And Radios

Personal conversation and a radio entertainment don't mix

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

DRAWINGS BY
R. M. BRINKERHOFF

I LOVE children; I have three of my own. I am fond of dogs; I have one of my own. I have met radios; I have none of my own.

I believe that I keep an open mind with regard to all the above-mentioned articles. And, keeping an open mind, I try to see all sides of them.

Of course most parents are blinded by love, or are supposed to be. Yet I am sure that I detected my children's imperfections when they—the children—were small. Prudence and a sense of fitness forbid my suggesting that I observe any imperfections in them now that they are men. Years have taught me discretion. So, if you please, we will leave my own offspring out of the question.

Perhaps the fact that children are more of a rarity than they used to be accounts for the omnipresent propensities of those that now exist. I am not demanding that we return to the days of the once popular rule that children should be seen but not heard. All I ask is that they need not be both seen and heard *all* the time—especially heard.

To illustrate: I called on a friend who had urged me to come so that she might have a long, confidential talk with me. "I want," she said over the telephone, "to hear everything—what your plans are; how your work is progressing; in fact, I must have a heart-to-heart talk with you."

I had always liked Helen. She had been living in a distant city for the dozen years since her marriage. She, her husband, and her ten-year-old daughter had recently moved to New York.

She met me cordially and affectionately, and introduced her small girl to me.

"Dorothy, speak to this lady," she said.

Dorothy was sitting in a chair reading a book. She looked up for an instant.

"Hello!" she murmured, then returned to her book.

I think that the young have a right to their reticences, so, after asking the child a question or two, to which she responded only with a "Sure!" or a "No!" when prompted by her mother, I let her alone.

Not so the parent. We were hardly launched on our conversation before small Dorothy dropped her book and listened, wide-eyed. Her mother, noting this, smiled sympathetically.

"I was just speaking of this lady's work, my dear," she explained to the child.

"Does she work? What does she do?" the youngster asked briskly.

"She writes, dear." Then, to me: "By the way, what *are* you writing now?"

I never know what I am writing when asked. Moreover I have a "something" that makes me dislike most cordially to talk of my work. Some of us near-morons are hopelessly diffident in the presence of a superior and supercilious small girl. So I changed the subject to one less personal than myself.

AFTER a while my hostess mentioned a man who was a friend to us both.

"Tom dined with us the other night," she said. "I fancy he is drinking heavily. He looks it. Don't you think so?"

I glanced at the child. The mother saw the glance and interpreted it immediately.

"Oh, you need not hesitate to speak plainly in front of Dorothy. We have no secrets from her. It is so much wiser to be perfectly frank with children, you know. She saw Tom herself when he was here."

"He wasn't drunk—not much drunk," the child said gravely. "I liked him."

"Of course you did, dear," the parent smiled. Then, to me: "She is such a keen reader of human nature. She saw with her clear child-eyes the good that is in Tom in spite of all his weaknesses."

Again and again the little girl was included in our conversation. When she did not understand some reference, she asked, "What are you talking about?" or, "Who did that, Mother?" In every case the mother went into a detailed explanation.

I did not stay so long as I had expected to. The presence of a third person is sometimes a check to confidences between two old friends. And when the *tertium quid* is a small child who may repeat anything that is said, one's conversational ardor is automatically dampened. After a half-hour, when I arose to take my departure, my friend murmured a protest that sounded genuine:

"Oh, you are leaving so soon—why, you have not told me a thing about your private affairs! I wish you would not be so reticent about yourself."

NOW, the point I wish to make is that, while she may be willing to talk of her personal affairs in the presence of her small daughter, I am not willing to talk of mine. And I insist that if she wanted to have me confide in her she should have suggested that the little girl retire to her own room, or elsewhere, for a while.

"But you do not really love children, or you would not feel like that!" a mother reproves.

If loving children means that I want them present upon all occasions, then I must plead guilty to not loving them. Yet—I have always thought I was fond of them.

I have come to the conclusion that I did love them individually and as a class, until they were forced upon me. The fewer the children, the more they are talked about. And I have noticed that their bad manners increase as their numbers decrease.

Nor am I alone in this opinion. Recently a man told me that he was not going again to a certain house.

"I cannot stand their children," he declared. "I used to like children—at least the children of ten years ago. But I cannot stand them now that they are allowed to develop their own individuality at the expense of other people's comfort."

"I once thought I wanted children," one wife says. "But after spending a week-end with my cousin and her family I have reached the conclusion that there is no joy but calm. Those youngsters were up and

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storming about the house by daylight. And the parents never said a word against it."

Of course they did not. Parents don't say a word against many things now. Such statements as they do make their children contradict. Parents express opinions, and the children ask them how they get that way. If the child is father of the man, there are signs that the coming man is going to be a very disagreeable person.

I HAVE not touched on children as the fond parents' main topic of conversation. This phase of the subject might be discussed with more resentment than is becoming in one who loves her fellow man and woman. I try, as do numbers of other sufferers, to smile at what are termed the "wise cracks" of adored youngsters.

"And then," a mother says impressively, "Jackie said: 'Mother, isn't Daddy cross this morning?' Wasn't that clever? To think of his noticing and speaking of it so cunningly!"

There is some of the savage in even the most repressed of us. It may have been the savage in me that caused a faint and reminiscent tingling in the palm of my right hand. Perhaps I recalled what would have happened to me had I thus criticized one parent to the other; perhaps I was thinking what would have happened to one of my small boys had he said what young Jackie had said.

"He is really wonderfully clever and observant!" the proud parent sighs.

He was clever enough to mar a book which was the property of one of his mother's house-guests by drawing pictures all over the fly-leaves and margins. When the mother saw it she apologized laughingly, yet there was a ring of pride in the apology.

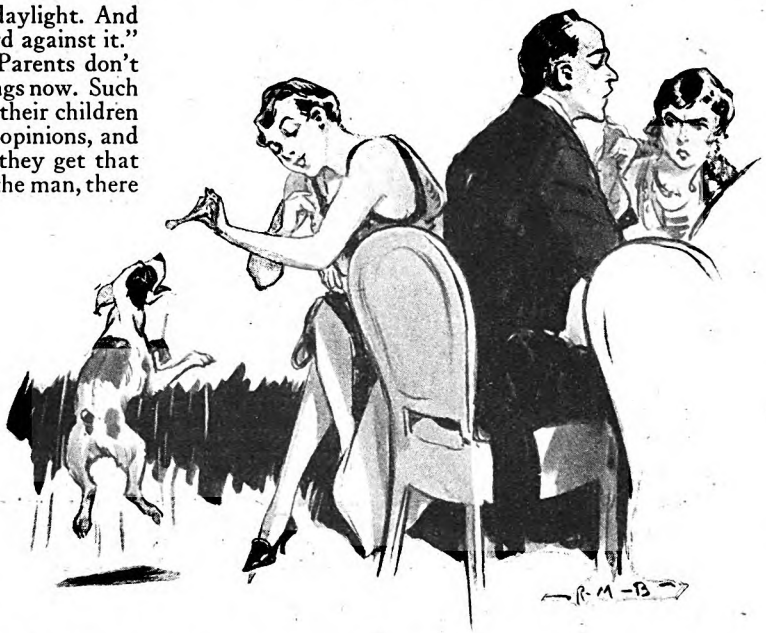
"I am sorry about your book, my dear. Of course the child ought not to have touched it—yet he has such a fondness for making pictures! And I actually believe he has real talent. Just look at the action in the legs of that horse he has drawn. Darling," to the small boy standing by, "say you are sorry you drew pictures in this pretty book, even if they are nice pictures."

"I'm not sorry!" the child muttered.

"Well, well, I am sorry you are not sorry," the mother soothed. "When you are older you will know better than you do now."

I sincerely hope he will.

I am aware that I seem intolerant in discussing other people's children. Yet my very intolerance is proof that I love the young of the species. If I did not, I would not mind seeing them spoiled and warped into ugliness. But I do not claim that my indignation is all altruistic. No—I may as well admit the truth that I am indignant because my own comfort is interfered with by the obstreperousness of other people's children.



I find it an effort to enjoy my dinner when a fox terrier belonging to my hostess is fed bits of food at the table at which we are all seated

OF COURSE love of my own comfort is also at the root of my protests with regard to other people's dogs.

Not all other people's dogs. I know some dog owners who regard dogs *as* dogs. And when I say that I am not belittling the canine. I have never had a stancher friend nor one as adoring and unselfish as my dog. His fidelity, his trust in me, his nobility, yes, even his sense of honor, are beyond words. But he is a dog, not a human being. And I resent it when people put a dog in the false position of behaving like a human being. Sometimes I find it uncomplimentary to the dog. I also consider it uncomplimentary to my own intelligence. One friend has told me of such remarkable performances on the part of her Airedale that, were I as big a fool as she seems to think, I would wonder that the estimable beast has never learned to read. According to her own statements he has done almost everything except vote.

Now, I insist that this is a positively unkind strain on the politeness of one's friends. To sit and smile and say, "Extraordinary!" at regular intervals takes quite a bit out of one. And even if one is as fond of dogs as I am, it is an acid test of one's politeness to have a big Airedale wipe his muddy feet on one's best white georgette gown. Having a rather squeamish stomach, I also find it an effort to enjoy my dinner when a fox terrier belonging to my hostess is fed bits of food at the table at which we are all seated. If he ate his food quietly it would not be so bad; but when he is given a bone and growls and slobbers over it while lying right near me—well, somehow my own food stops tasting good and I am inclined to stop eating it.

The steadiness of my stomach was put to the supreme test when a pretty young woman fed her Pekingese ice cream from her own plate and with the same spoon with which she was feeding herself. But I draw a veil over this scene.

Only—I who love dogs do wish that their owners would not prejudice people against them.

As I write, my Scotch terrier lies near me dreaming (*perhaps*) of chasing chipmunks or squirrels, his legs (*Continued on page 190*)

"Darling, say you are sorry you drew pictures in this pretty book, even if they are nice pictures"

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How Much Do You House You

By L. Porter

IN PREPARING the nine questionnaires printed below, Mr. Moore, who is head of the Home Owners Institute, Inc., had the coöperation of many of the most important men in the building trades, together with prominent architects and experts in other fields bearing on the physical aspects of homes.

Quiz No. 1—General

(The answers to these questions are given on page 164)

1. What is the oldest known manufactured building material?
2. What building material leads in American house construction?
3. What is a jamb?
4. Name a President of the United States who was an architect.
5. What products are advertised with the slogan: "Save the surface and you save all"?
6. Name the four primary rooms of a house.
7. Name the U. S. Cabinet officer who established the Governmental Division of Building and Housing.
8. What is a sub-contractor?
9. Distinguish between (a) double-hung, (b) dormer, (c) casement, and (d) French windows.
10. Give at least two uses for slate in home building.
11. What is a fan light?
12. What famous Civil War general's home can be seen across the Potomac River from Washington?
13. What is a mechanic's lien?
14. Name three of a number of outstanding architectural features of the Spanish style of American home.
15. What building material extensively used today was employed by Romans in constructing the Colosseum?
16. How is a saw sharpened?
17. What is the earliest known forerunner of the apartment house?
18. Why do carpenters use a miter box?
19. Define a single coat.
20. What governmental bureau tests building materials?
21. Name an outstanding feature of Dutch Colonial architecture.
22. What shape of house is the most economical to construct?
23. What is a quantity survey?
24. Name the largest lumber-producing state in 1926.
25. What effect did the discovery of gunpowder have upon housing?
26. What in building construction is referred to as "the heart of the home"?
27. What is bronze?
28. What is plaster of Paris?
29. What famous American general in the Revolutionary War left his plow in the shadow of his farm home to fight?
30. Distinguish between (a) bungalow and (b) house.
31. Name two or more outstanding characteristics of Southern Colonial design.
32. What organization, controlled by the American Institute of Architects, and endorsed by the U. S. Department of Commerce, is established to aid home builders?
33. What have the following in common: Monticello, the Hermitage, Oak Hill, Mount Vernon, Montpelier?
34. Who was Andrew Hamilton?
35. Name two building materials so well thought of by early American Colonists that they imported them from the mother countries.

Quiz No. 2—Structural

1. What is a lintel?
2. Differentiate between (a) face brick and (b) common brick.
3. Name at least five materials used for exterior wall construction.
4. Define board foot.
5. Name three types of windows.
6. What are batter boards?
7. What is meant by a "square" of roofing?
8. Name at least three raw materials from which wall boards are made.
9. Give within one inch each the three dimensions of a standard-size brick.
10. What is the advantage of brass or bronze hardware?
11. Give the two standard thicknesses of oak flooring and respective uses.
12. What is meant by "Colonial siding"?
13. Name at least five pieces of stock built-in furniture or millwork.
14. Differentiate between (a) studs and (b) joists.
15. Name at least four of six materials or methods commonly used for laying up foundation walls.
16. Give width and height of the average good size front outside door.
17. What is glazing?
18. Name the two strongest structural woods.
19. What is sheathing?
20. Name at least three styles of exterior stucco surface finish.
21. What is parquetry?
22. To what do tread, riser and newel refer?
23. Give two methods for waterproofing a basement wall.
24. What names are applied to each of three plaster coats necessary to obtain a satisfactory interior plaster job?
25. Name four of six commonly used woods for exterior wall surfaces.
26. Give five of eight commonly used woods for interior trim.
27. What material used in interior construction guards against plaster cracks?
28. What is a dormer window?
29. Define a dovetail joint.
30. Give the proper two dimensions for floor joists.

Quiz No. 3—The Roof

1. Give two reasons why a roof should be slanting.
2. What is a deck?
3. In order of length of service when in place, name three of five materials used for roof gutters.
4. What is meant by a tapered shingle, a strip shingle?
5. Name the wood most commonly used for shingles.
6. Of what is creosote made and what is it used for in roofing?
7. Of what material should roofing nails always be made for permanency?
8. Name at least five varieties of shingles.
9. Name a rock formation used in its natural state for roofing, and two other rock formations used to manufacture shingles.
10. What have copper and zinc in common for roofing and metal work?
11. What is a gable?
12. Name three fire-resisting roofing materials with highest insurance ratings.
13. What is a downspout?
14. Name three kinds of roofing materials, excluding shingles or tiles.
15. What is the distinguishing characteristic of a mansard roof?

Quiz No. 4—Heating and Insulation

1. Name the two seasonable functions of insulation.
2. What is a pipeless furnace?
3. Define thermostat.
4. What general word is used to denote the heat generator of a heating system for (a) warm-air heat and (b) radiator heating system?
5. Give two of the three main advantages of oil fuel for house heating.
6. What inside and outside temperature bases are taken for figuring the required size of a heating plant and the heating contractor's proper installations?
7. Name six of twelve materials from which house insulating materials are made.
8. Give two reasons why roof insulation is important.
9. In what shape house is a warm-air heating system frequently unsatisfactory?
10. Name the four popular methods of modern house heating.
11. What is the average chimney height required for proper draft with an (a) 8x8-inch flue, (b) 8x12-inch flue?
12. How many flues should a chimney have?
13. How high should a chimney project above the highest point of the roof, and why?
14. Name two of four insulating materials that are also plaster bases.
15. What is the function of a radiator vacuum valve?
16. How much greater radiation capacity should a radiator have when enclosed by a screen or grill instead of being placed in the open?
17. What famous American statesman in-

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Know About The Live In?

Moore

Highly technical questions have been excluded, leaving in the majority only those which the *average* man or woman should know something about.

To pass this test with credit you should be able to answer at least two thirds of each questionnaire.

vented an early American heating device?

18. What is the necessary difference in piping for (a) a steam and (b) a hot-water heating system?
19. Name two fuels that are taking the place of coal for heating plants in many locations.
20. How were early American Colonial homes heated?

Quiz No. 5—The Living-room

1. For what large piece of furniture should living-room wall space be planned?
2. Name three materials that can be used for interior living-room wall finish.
3. Give one advantage gained by building the stairs to the second floor directly up from the living-room?
4. Differentiate between paneled walls and wainscoting.
5. Why is it usually preferable to have a living-room face east or southeast?
6. Name three hardwoods used for living-room finish-flooring.
7. Name two methods of providing an extra overnight guest-room in the small home living-room.
8. Differentiate between a balustrade and a baluster.
9. How should radiators be painted in a living-room, if not concealed?
10. What is the proper type of wall finish for the Spanish or Italian style living-room?
11. How are cross-ventilation and good natural light related in living-room planning?
12. Name at least four fireplace-facing materials.
13. What three hardwoods for living-room trim best resist wear, dents, and scratches?
14. What finish flooring until recently thought of only for kitchens is becoming increasingly popular for other rooms?
15. Name two pieces of built-in living-room furniture.

Quiz No. 6—Miscellaneous

1. What is the minimum of wall space that should be provided for twin beds?
2. What is a trap?
3. Why is it best to plan for a bathroom directly over the kitchen?
4. Define septic tank.
5. When should French doors in a bedroom take the place of windows?
6. Name the three essential bathroom fixtures.
7. What plumbing fixture makes possible always-available hot water?
8. Granted a second bathroom is a real convenience, why does it cost less to install than the first?
9. Name two of three materials from which bathroom fixtures are manufactured and finished.
10. Why is metal lath almost always used in bathroom wall construction?
11. What plumbing fixture is frequently installed instead of a bathtub, particularly in a second bathroom?
12. Name two materials used in place of tile for side walls or wainscoting in tiled effect.
13. Name three built-in fixtures or accessories that add to modern bathroom conveniences and comfort.
14. Why can brass pipe of smaller gauge than other kinds of pipe be used in the water-supply system?
15. What material is used to line the walls of clothes closets to eliminate danger from moths?

Quiz No. 7—Kitchen and Laundry

1. What is the now recognized standard height for the kitchen sink?
2. Name two of four types of electric clothes washers.
3. What is a mixing faucet?
4. What fuel, labor, and time-saving automatic device appreciated by the cook is to be found on the modern gas range?
5. Name three popular kitchen or laundry flooring materials.
6. What development in window construction offers more air and better light to the basement laundry?
7. How should the kitchen sink be provided with light?
8. What is a gooseneck faucet, and what are its advantages?
9. Why is southern exposure least desirable for a kitchen?
10. Within the past few years what new-style room or alcove convenient to the kitchen is to be found in many modern homes?
11. What are the three recognized operating centers for the worker in the kitchen to be planned for when the floor plan is made?
12. How can stealing of milk delivered in early morning or of other parcels left while no one is at home be prevented by proper planning?
13. Why is a floor drain essential in the laundry?
14. What piece of kitchen furniture is said to save more steps than any other?
15. What electric labor-saving feature has only recently been advertised in connection with the kitchen sink?

Quiz No. 8—Electricity, Gas, Oil

1. Who invented the first practical commercial electric lamp?
2. What is the meaning of k. w. h.?
3. Name two fuels or energies now making possible manufactured ice for home refrigeration.
4. Name two heating devices for furnace or boiler that eliminate the ash man.
5. Who proved the existence of static electricity in the air and lightning, with a kite and a key?
6. Name three of five ordinary cookstove fuels.
7. What modern device does away with garbage pails and collection?
8. What is meant by convenience outlet?
9. Give the two general types of oil burners for house heating.
10. What is a three-way switch?
11. Name two gas and two electric devices that take the place of wood- or coal-burning fireplaces.
12. What causes a fuse to "blow out"?
13. What is meant by indirect lighting?
14. What are the two most satisfactory tank systems for heating water, and name two of four fuels commonly used.
15. According to electric wiring standards, give within ten square feet the average number of square feet of floor space which should be serviced by one lighting outlet and one convenience outlet.

Quiz No. 9—The Site and Finance

1. What percentage of value of house and lot in cash usually is required to build or buy?
2. To what does the term "setback" refer?
3. Differentiate between (a) improved and (b) restricted property.
4. What is a mortgage?
5. What is meant by per foot front?
6. What does a good architect charge for preparing plans, specifications, and supervising construction?
7. What is amortization?
8. Differentiate between (a) title search, (b) survey, and (c) title guarantee policy.
9. Name two of three considerations that should be given to schools of the vicinity.
10. Name at least four added expenses and maintenance costs incurred by home ownership.
11. What type of loaning institution finances the majority of American homes built annually?
12. Name three of five possible methods for financing a home.
13. Give an advantage and disadvantage of each of the following: (a) Rock formations on grounds, (b) large trees, and (c) hilly or rough sloping grounds.
14. Name four of six important points to be considered concerning the physical characteristics of the home site to build on.
15. Give two of three general sources of second-mortgage money.

(*See page 164*)

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Sunset Pass

A strange and thrilling drama of frontier days

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

Synopsis of Preceding Instalment

MANY colorful adventures had come to Trueman Rock—cowboy, gunman, heart breaker—but none so wild and strange as that which befell when he came home to Wagontongue after six years' absence. He found many changes: The sheriff who had been on his trail, dead. The reason for the shooting which had made him a fugitive from justice, explained, and his name cleared. His one-time sweetheart, Amy, married to John Dabb, the richest cattleman in that country. His best friend, Sol Winter, broken in fortune, moved from his big, successful store into a dingy little one—and Sol Winter's son dead by the hand of Ash Preston.

And that was the beginning of a new life for True, a life that bound his fate inextricably with that of the strange, wild Prestons of Sunset Pass.

Newcomers to Wagontongue they were, but on the very day of True's return he heard rumors everywhere of cattle rustling, of the exploits of Ash Preston, of the mystery surrounding the whole Preston family, who had settled several years before in Sunset Pass. And on this same day he met Thiry Preston in Winter's store and lost his heart to her completely.

Before the day was over he had knocked down Ash Preston, who had insulted him in a drunken rage because he was with Thiry, had learned all that Winter knew about the Prestons, and had made up his mind to travel the sixty miles to Sunset Pass and get a job on Gage Preston's ranch. The trouble in Thiry's eyes had been plain to read, and he had resolved, no matter what came, to get to the bottom of her unhappiness, and to wipe that shadow from her lovely face.

He turned over to Winter the ten thousand dollars he had made in a lucky cattle deal in Texas, part of it to be put into the store, the rest to be kept for emergency, bought a magnificent white horse to suit the beautiful trappings he had brought with him from Mexico, and, in spite of Winter's warnings, set out for Sunset Pass.

IT WAS nearly noon the following day when Rock had his pack outfit ready for travel. Leslie came up presently with the white horse.

"Black leather an' silver trimmings," said the rancher admiringly. "Never seen him so dressed up. An' the son-of-a-gun is smart enough to know he looks grand."

"He's smart, all right," agreed Rock, with shining eyes. "Now we'll see if he'll hang me on the fence."

The white horse took Rock's mount easily, pranced and champed a little, and tossed his head.

"Jess, I'm sure surprised and plumb sorry to find you—your condition so—so different," began Rock, a little uncertain

"Good day and good luck, rancher," said Rock, lifting the halter of the pack animal off a post.

"Same to you, cowboy," replied Leslie heartily. "Reckon you don't need any advice about them hard nuts down in the Pass."

"Need it all right, but can't wait. When you see Sol, tell him I'm off fine and dandy," rejoined Rock.

With that he headed down the road which the Prestons had taken the preceding day. Before Rock was far out of town he had ascertained that his horse was a fast walker and had an easy trot. For speed and endurance, Leslie had committed himself to the claim that no horse in the country could approach him.

Several hours' ride out of the town, Rock reached the top of a long slope and there halted the horses to spend a few moments in reveling in the well-remembered country.

A thirty-mile gulf yawned wide and shallow, a yellow-green sea of desert grass and sage, which sloped into ridge on ridge of cedar and white grass. The length of the valley both east and west extended beyond the limit of vision, and here began the vast cattle range that made the town of Wagontongue possible.

THE valley smoked with the thick amber light of the warm June day. Lonely land! Rock's heart swelled. He was coming back to the valleys and hills that he now discovered he had loved.

An hour's ride down the slow incline brought Rock into a verdant swale of fifty acres, fresh with its varied shades of green, surrounding a pretty ranch-house. Here Adam Pringle had lived. If he were still there, he had verified his oft-repeated claims to Rock that here had been the

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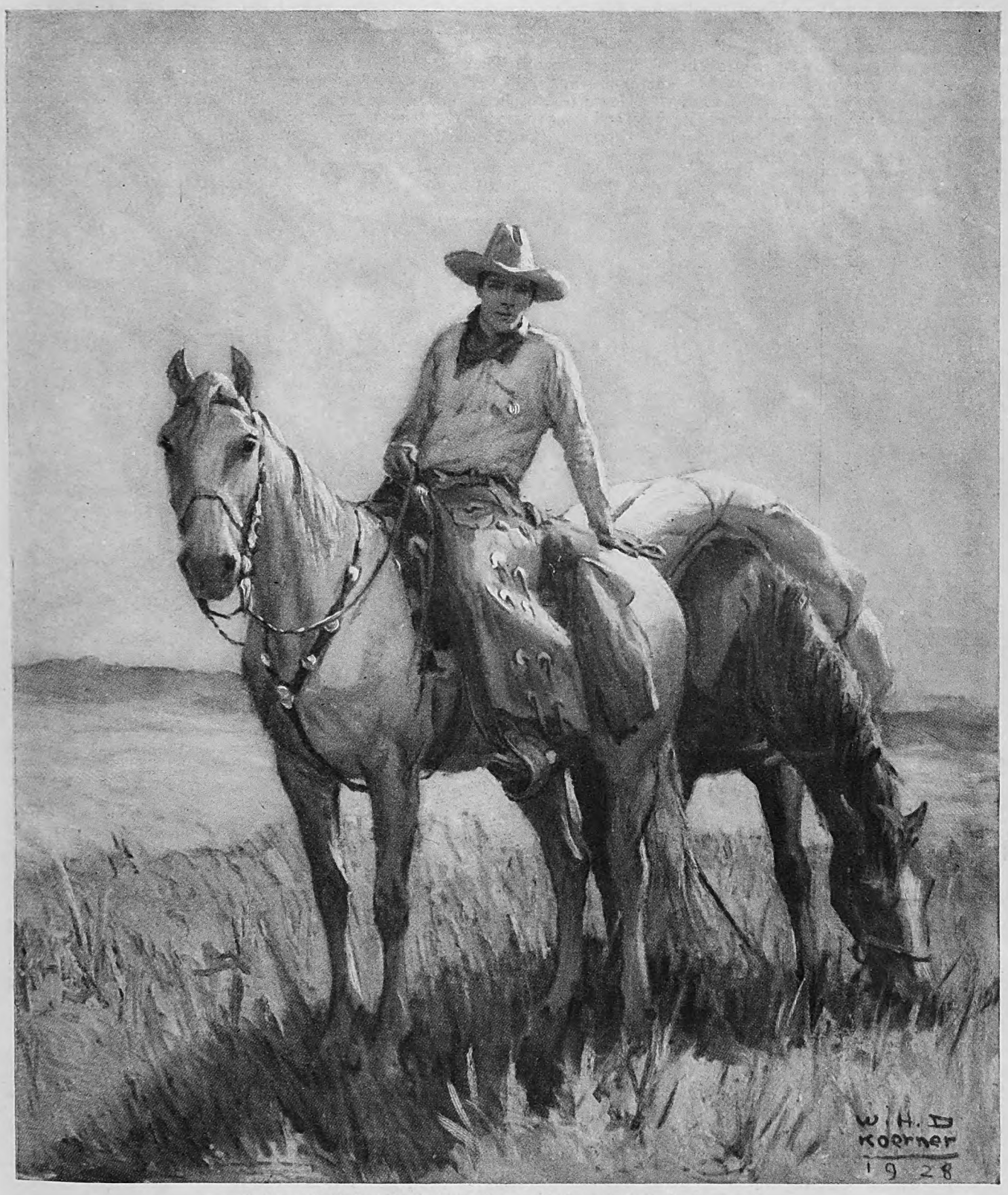

Rock reached the top of a long slope and there halted the horses to spend a few moments in reveling in the well-remembered country

making of a prosperous farm and cattle ranch.

The barn and corrals were closer to the road than the house. Rock saw a boy leading a horse, then a man at work under an open shed. Rock halloed. Whereupon, the farmer started out leisurely, then quickened his steps. It was Adam—stalwart, middle-aged, weatherbeaten settler.

"True Rock, or I'm a born sinner!" shouted Pringle.

"Howdy, Adam. How's the old-timer?" returned Rock.

"I knowed that hoss. An' I shore knowed you jest from the way you straddled him. How air you? This is plumb a surprise. Get down an' come in."

"Haven't time, Adam. I'm rustlin' along to make camp below. . . . Adam, you're lookin' good. I see you've made this homestead go."

"Never seen you look any better, if I remember. Thet's a hoss an' saddle you're ridin'. Whar you been?"

"Texas."

"Whar you goin'?"

"Sunset Pass."

"Cowboy, if you want work pile right off heah!"

"Thanks, Adam; but I've got a hankerin' for wilder country. I'll try Preston. Think he'll take me on?"

"Shore. If you'll stand long hours an'

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poor wages. But don't you ask him."

"Why not?"

"I'm advisin' you—not talkin'," returned the rancher, with a sharp gleam in his eye. "You know me, True."

"Used to, pretty well, Adam. And I'm sort of flustered at your advisin' me that way," replied Rock, keenly searching Adam Pringle's face.

"Stay away from Sunset Pass."

"Adam, I just never could take advice," drawled Rock. "Much obliged, though. How you doin'?"

"Been on my feet these two years," returned Pringle with satisfaction. "Got three thousand haid of stock. An' sellin' eight hundred haid this fall."

"Bully. I'm sure tickled. Losin' much stock?"

"Some. But not enough to rare aboot. Though I'm agreed with cattlemen who know the range thet there's more rustlin' than for some years past. Queer rustlin', too. You lose a few haid of steers, an' then you never hear of anyone seein' hide nor hair of them again."

"Nothin' queer about that, Adam. Rustled cattle are seldom seen again," returned Rock, for the sake of argument. But there *was* something unusual about it.

"Many new cattle men?" went on Rock.

"Not too many. The range is healthy an' improvin'."

"How's Jess Slagle? I used to ride for Jess, and want to see him."

"Humph. Didn't nobody tell you aboot Slagle? He couldn't make a go of his ranch in Sunset Pass after the Prestons come."

"Why not? It's sure big enough country for ten outfits."

"Wal, there's only one left, an' thet's Preston's. Ask Slagle!"

"I sure will. Is he still located in the Pass?"

"No. He's ten miles this side. Stone cabin. You'll remember it."

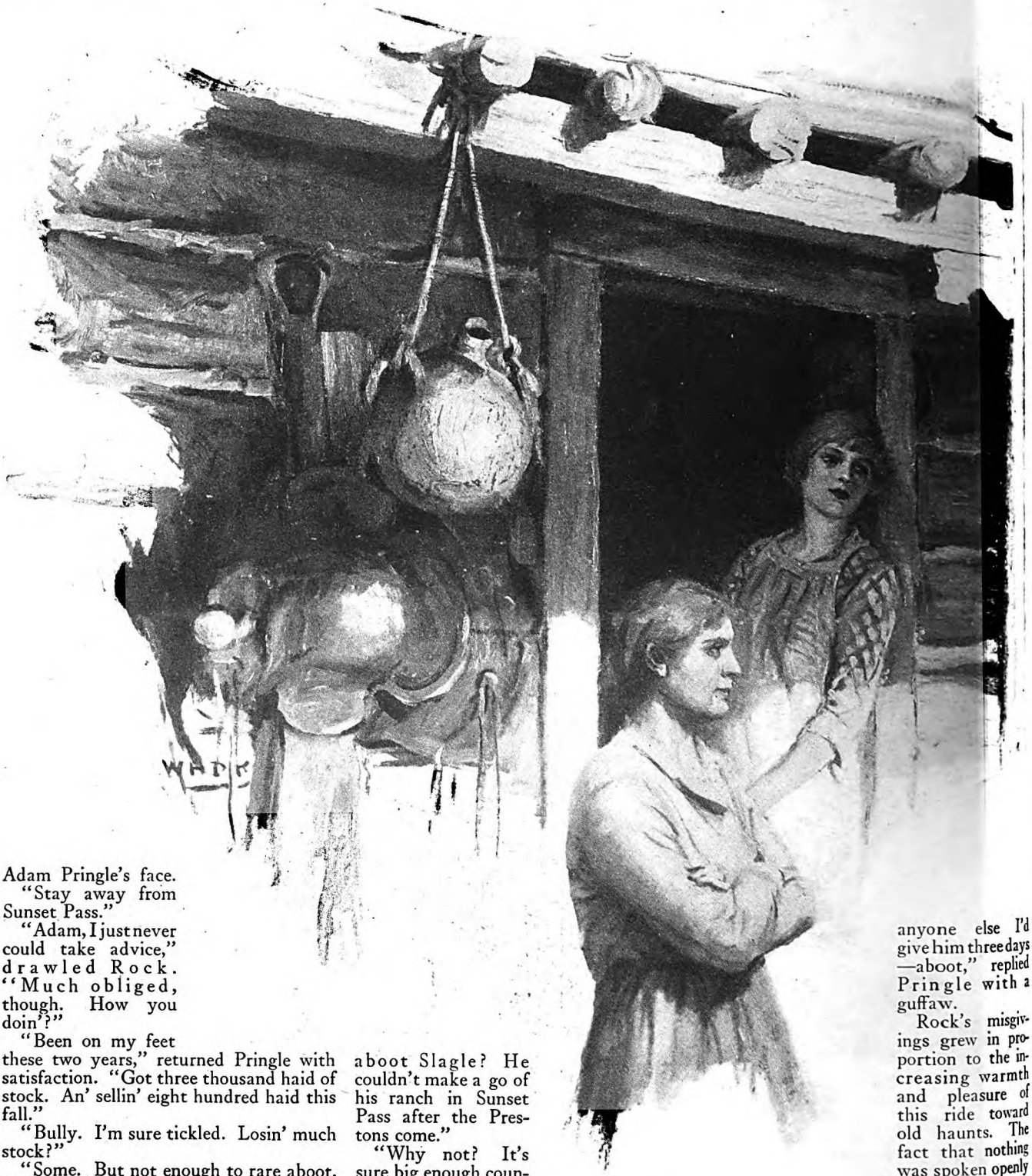
"If I do, that's no ranch for Jess Slagle. Marsh land, what there was of it fit to graze cattle, salty water, mostly rocks and cedars."

"Your memory's good, Rock. Drop in to see Slagle. An' don't miss callin' heah when you come out."

"Which you're thinkin' won't be so very long. Huh, Adam?"

"Wal, I'm not thinkin'; but if it was anyone else I'd give him three days—aboot," replied Pringle with a guffaw.

Rock's misgivings grew in proportion to the increasing warmth and pleasure of this ride toward old haunts. The fact that nothing was spoken openly detrimental to the Prestons was a singular feature that he had encountered once or twice before. The real Westerner, such as Leslie or Pringle, was a man of few words. This reticence sprang from a consciousness that he was not wholly free from blame himself, and that to be loose with the tongue entailed considerable risk.



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Rock could not prevent his growing curiosity and interest, but he succeeded in inhibiting any suspicions. He wanted to believe that Thiry's people, including the redoubtable Ash, were the very salt of the earth.

Toward sundown he reached the south slope of the valley, and entered the zone of the cedars. These gray-sheathed trees, fragrant, with their massed green foliage and grotesque dead branches, seemed as much a part of a cowboy's life as grass or rocks or cactus. Rock halted for camp near a rugged little creek where clear water ran trickling over the stones. He went off the road and threw his pack into a clump of cedars where he could not readily be seen. How long since he had camped in the open, as in his earlier days on the range!

Then he unsaddled the white, hobbled both horses, and watched them thump out in search of grass. He unrolled his tarp under a low-branching cedar and opened his pack, conscious of pleasurable sensations. It had been years since he had done this sort of thing.

He was on his way before sunrise the next morning, and about noon he halted before the stone cabin that he knew must belong to his old friend and employer, Jess Slagle. Rock rode into what was a sorry excuse for a yard, where fences were down and dilapidated wagons, long out of use, stood around amid a litter of stones and wood. The corral in the back was a makeshift, and the log barn would have shamed a poor homesteader. It amazed and shocked Rock, though he had seen many cattlemen start well and never finish.

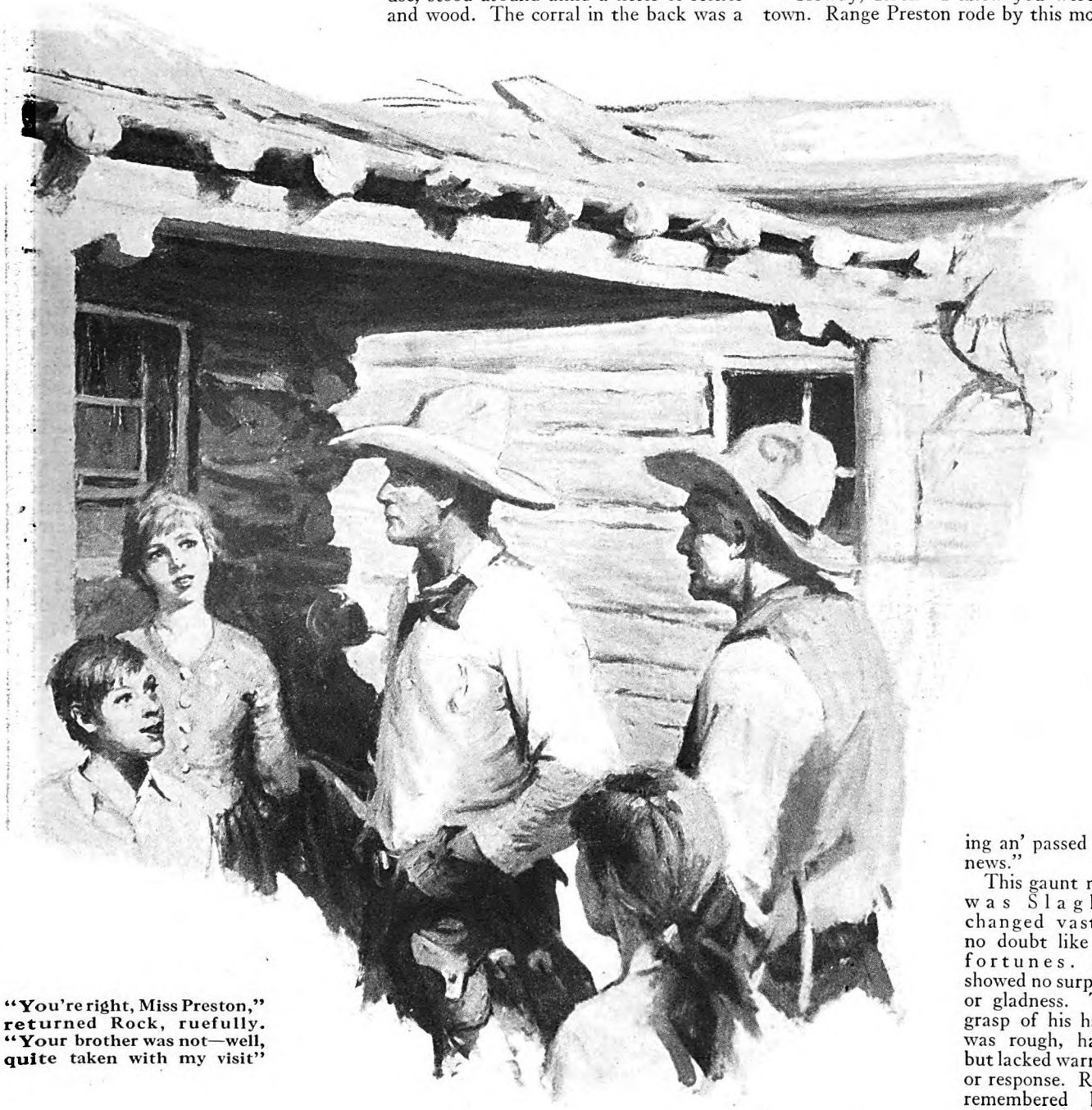
Dismounting, Rock went to the door and knocked. He heard steps inside. The door opened half a foot to disclose a red-haired, homely woman in dirty garb, more like a sack than a dress.

"Does Jess Slagle live here?" asked Rock.

"Yes; he's out 'round the barn somewheres," she replied, with a swift flash of beady eyes that took him in.

As Rock thanked her and turned away he saw that she was barefooted. So Jess Slagle had come to squalor and poverty. Who was the woman? Rock certainly had no remembrance of her. Presently he heard the sound of hammer or ax blows on wood; and he came upon Slagle at work on a pen beside the barn.

"Howdy, Rock. I knew you were in town. Range Preston rode by this morning an' passed the news."



"You're right, Miss Preston," returned Rock, ruefully. "Your brother was not—well, quite taken with my visit"

This gaunt man was Slagle, changed vastly, no doubt like his fortunes. He showed no surprise or gladness. The grasp of his hand was rough, hard, but lacked warmth or response. Rock remembered him as a heavy, florid Westerner, with clear eyes, breezy manner, smooth of face, and without a gray hair.

"Jess, I'm sure surprised and plumb sorry to find you—your condition so—so different," began Rock, a little uncertain.

"Reckon that's natural. Not much like when you rode for me, years ago," replied Slagle, with the bitterness of the defeated.

"What happened, Jess? How'd you lose out?" (*Continued on page 191*)

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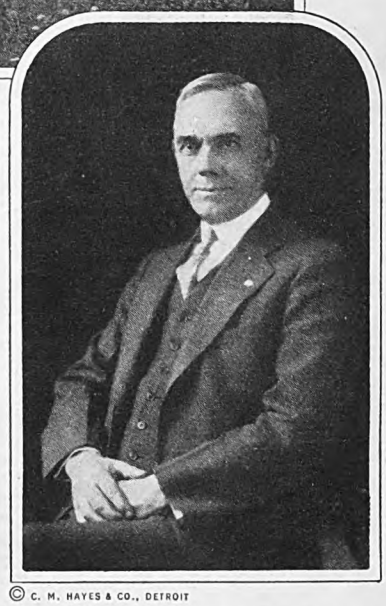
INTERESTING PEOPLE

He Gets His Fun by Taking Boys to Alaska



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George E. Buchanan, Detroit coal dealer, takes boys on trips to Alaska and pays a third of each one's expenses, provided the boy's parents pay a third, and the boy himself earns the other third. (Above) A group of youngsters on one of the yearly trips

GEORGE E. BUCHANAN is Scotch, wealthy and a bachelor. His hobby is boys. He believes that travel is necessary to education, and each year he sponsors a trip to Alaska for boys. Last year seventy-two boys went "On to Alaska with Buchanan."

He has gathered dollars, many of them, and invested and multiplied them. But he has gathered boys, and encouraged them, and instilled into their young hearts fine ideals, appreciation of clean pleasure, and the ambition to work and grow.

He was born in a log house near Thamesville, Ontario, in 1869. When his father died the mother had the care of eight boys and one daughter. George, fourth eldest of the children, had to stop school and work on the farm to help support the large family. But while he worked on the farm, he dreamed of far-off places. He was young and he had no money; but he had a friend, an old Irish ship-builder named Alec Elliot. Old Alec was a seaman, and it was to Alec that George took his dreams.

The old Irishman sympathized with the eager boy. He told him wonderful tales of foreign places, and offered to lend him one third of the price of a trip, if his mother was willing to have him go.

George's mother encouraged her son's ambition. That night, after the other children were in bed, she and George talked of how he could make enough money to go abroad. His mother said she could spare an amount equal to that Alec Elliot had offered, and George could use it as a working capital.

The next day he began to buy up underfed sheep from shiftless farmers. He kept up his regular home work, but also did odd jobs wherever he found them. He helped the blacksmith at his forge, and ran errands for Alec Elliot. Every penny he could make went for food for his half-starved sheep. At last came the day when he traveled with a double-deck carload of fat, healthy sheep to sell in the Buffalo market.

"The money I made on that sheep deal satisfied Alec Elliot. My mother had already loaned me one third. I had earned a third, and Alec now loaned me the other third. I was ready to go to Ireland. I chose Ireland because my mother had a friend there who had agreed to let me stay in her house if I would work on her farm without pay.

"I traveled first class as an investment in education; but it was expensive, and I had to walk from Arcolo to the farm in Wicklow County.

"As I trudged over those miles all I could think of was that Mother had said her friend owned enough cows to give seven barrels of buttermilk in a day. I forgot that I was realizing my ambition to travel and learn and see. All I could think of was cool, fresh buttermilk, and before I reached the farmhouse I felt as though I could drink the whole day's output of seven barrels.

"My mother's friend made me welcome, but she did not mention food. All afternoon we sat in the big kitchen, and I answered her questions about my mother, my trip, the United States and Canada. I was so hungry I could not keep my eyes off a huge mound of potatoes in the corner. When at last I was given a knife and told to peel potatoes and drop them into a great iron kettle on the fire, I wanted to shout with relief.

"When the men came in off the farm, the Irish woman placed upon the table onions, butter, and two enormous pitchers of buttermilk. Then she drained the steaming potatoes, and there followed the best meal I have ever eaten in my life.

"I got back home and soon afterward went to live in the United States. I found work immediately, and with what I could save I bought wood and sold it. When I had accumulated eight hundred dollars, I started a little fuel yard, with one horse and an old wagon for deliveries. I sent for one brother and later another to join me in this country. I paid Alec Elliot—but not *all* I owed him, because I can never pay him for having trusted me with that loan. I can never pay him for establishing within me a sense of financial responsibility. But in grateful memory of his belief in me, I trust the boys who work for me."

Mr. Buchanan has never had one of his employees under bond, and some handle

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s much as seven or eight thousand dollars day. Even the office boys have access o the cash, and he has never lost a cent y theft.

Buchanan says he was past middle age efore he realized what the first trip had eant to him; but from that realization ame the "On to Alaska with Buchanan" roject. He refuses to have the trips ppear in the light of philanthropy. "It is elfish," he insists, "because I love boys."

His plan is based on Old Alec's offer o him when he was a boy: Each boy must arn for himself one third of the cost of he trip, the parents must pay one third, nd Mr. Buchanan pays one third.

"I supply each boy with one hundred nd twenty-five dollars, and I tell him hat he may pay it back some day—not o me, but to the fund for other boys to o to Alaska. I do not ask that they sign a note or obligate themselves in any way."

"Then how do you know they will pay it back?" I persisted.

"Because I just believe they will."

Sometimes a boy wants to go, and the parents say no. Then Mr. Buchanan tells the boy that he cannot take him without the consent of his parents; but he advises him to go to work, to save his money, to learn all he can about Alaska and its history, and adds that perhaps when these things are done his parents will give their consent and help. When the parents see their son working after school hours instead of running the streets; putting his pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters into the bank instead of into candy and movies; studying geography and history, because he wants to do so, those parents are pretty sure to be convinced that thrift, ambition, and education for their son is cheap for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"How do you maintain discipline?" I asked.

"There is no need for discipline," he replied.

"And what do you get out of it?"

His lips twitched and his eyes twinkled. "You think because I am Scotch that I've got to be paid. Well, that works both ways. The Scotch also pay—full measure." Then his eyes took on a far-away look and the deep lines in his face softened. "As I look back on my life I see that all I have ever had I owe to someone's helping me. I help boys."

Boys from all over Canada and the United States may go along, and there are no religious or nationality restrictions. On the 1926 trip, boys from places as widely separated as Florida, Connecticut, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia, and Carolina went together to Alaska.

They are taught to buy their railroad tickets, make Pullman and ship reservations, manage their baggage and laundry, handle certificates of deposit checks which draw four per cent interest, and conduct themselves with dignity and self-confidence in public places.

MRS. HARRY F. WEBBER

Mrs. Neill is Boss of a Planing Mill

IN HER seventy-third year, Mrs. Rachel Neill is still boss of her own planing mill in Orange, New Jersey. And not just a letterhead boss, either. Every morning for the past thirty-five years has found her the first to open the mill door and every evening the last to shut it. Mrs. Neill looks as though she would be more at home in a blue-checkered apron, trimming the edges of an apple pie than in this place of sawdust, shavings, and noisy machinery. But when you talk to her in the little mill office the apple pie fades out of the picture.

"How did I do it?" Mrs. Neill smiled as she straightened the blue prints on her desk. "How did Lindy get to Paris? He figured it out for himself, and just got up and at it. And that's what I had to do."

When she was thirty-eight years of age Mrs. Neill faced the world with five children to support. Her husband owned a planing mill. This was the only business she knew anything about, and all she knew had been gathered from scanty conversations at home.

Not very inspiring, for the mill had been failing for two years! But during this time Mrs. Neill had pieced together her own opinions about the business. She decided it was her logical means of support and, having decided, she went to work.

There were plenty of people to tell her what a ridiculous idea it was, and how impossible it would be for an inexperienced woman to cope with the details of a mill. But that didn't bother her. She had too many other things to keep her busy. There were forty-odd men employed in the mill at that time, and you can imagine how they welcomed a "Petticoat Boss." Not only that, but one who admitted she knew nothing about the business!

"The first big thing to decide was what to do with the children," she said. "How could I look after them and the business at the same time? I could have boarded them out; but I am a strong believer in families sticking together. Our home was some distance from the factory, and I knew being two places at once was more than I could manage. The factory couldn't be moved, so I moved the family. I set the men to work in a hurry building a small cottage just as close to the mill as possible. We weren't long in getting settled, and I had the comfortable feeling that, while I still had my worries, at least they were all under one roof! The change made my housework easier, and I had more time to study in the evening."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PARK STUDIO, ORANGE, N. J.

In addition to taking over the management of her husband's planing mill, Mrs. Rachel Neill has raised a family of five children. She is seventy-three now and is still boss at the mill

Mrs. Neill spent the next few months working *with* the men. To this day you are apt to find her in a flower-sprigged apron running through a choice piece of oak with a ripsaw or bossing some important job in the gluing department. Perhaps her sincerity in tackling even the lowliest jobs in the shop put her on a solid basis with the men. It was not long before she understood every piece of machinery. She says the biggest thing she had to learn was how much she *didn't* know.

Every business has its own peculiar problems and at first they were baffling, even to a woman who was determined to learn. What does the average home-keeper know about markets, the comparative strength of woods, how weather affects them, which wood is best stained, which painted?

"I'd never say I didn't know or couldn't do a thing," confessed Mrs. Neill. "I would take all the papers over to the cottage and just study it out until I did know.

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I spent weeks learning to read architects' specifications and blue prints."

It was not easy work for a woman to learn the complicated ways of profitable bidding on contracts. It was a job in itself to be able to recognize a good buy of timber.

"In those days it never occurred to me that I would fail. I had worked so hard it just seemed natural to finish my first year with a fair profit on the books. From that time the business improved steadily. It has never been what you might call a 'get-rich-quick scheme,' but it has made it possible for me to raise and educate my children, and enjoy them as well!"

After thirty-five years of strenuous work, Mrs. Neill is still at the head of her business, although her two sons are now her assistants.

ESTHER MELBOURNE KNOX

The Theatrical Stars in Their Courses Have Been Good to Peter

AT a desk high up in the Empire Theatre building in New York City, from nine to six every working day, sits a colored man with a gentle, sensitive face, and a voice that matches his face as voices rarely do. His name is Peter Mason, and for thirty-three years his job has brought him into constant contact with the great and the near-great of Broadway.

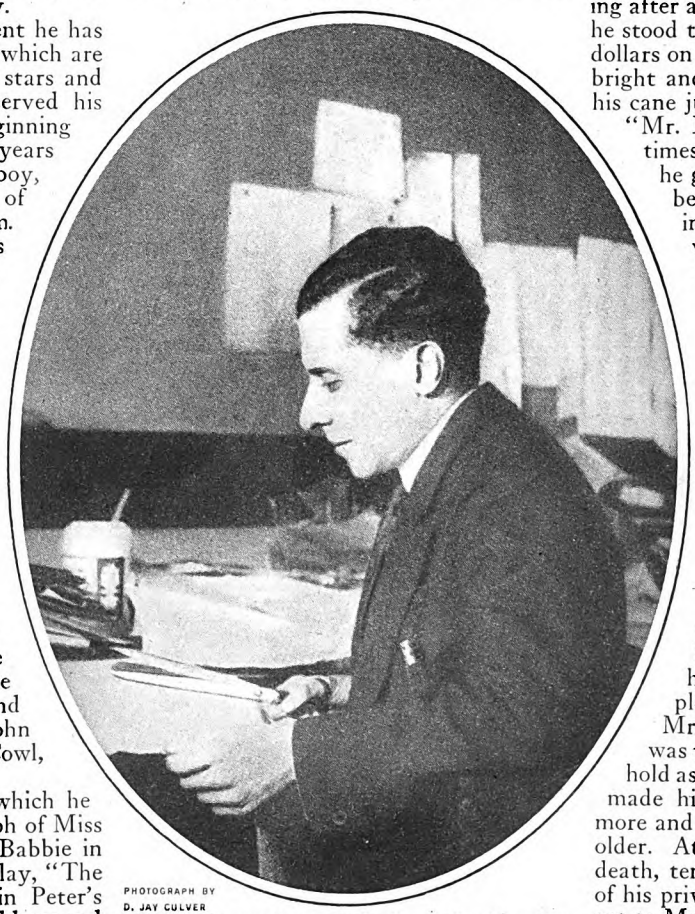
Among other duties, at present he has charge of the clipping books in which are pasted press notices of Empire stars and productions. But Peter has served his theatre in many capacities. Beginning as water boy when he was ten years old, he has been in turn office boy, call boy, watchdog, custodian of manuscripts, and general factotum.

Actors, playwrights, producers —Peter knows them all. He has seen stars risesuddenly, twinkle for a few months or a few seasons along the horizon of the Great White Way, and then sink back forever into oblivion. Years ago, he watched in walk-on parts awkward beginners whose names now glitter in electric lights as regularly as the theatrical season swings around. It is the pride of his gentle heart that he can count among his friends such personages as the late Charles Frohman, veteran producer and owner of the Empire Theatre; Augustus Thomas, the dean of American playwrights; and such stars of the stage as John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, and Maude Adams.

On the wall of the room in which he works hangs a signed photograph of Miss Adams as the immortal Lady Babbie in Barrie's never-to-be-forgotten play, "The Little Minister." Locked up in Peter's head is the actress's New York address and telephone number. Since she quit the stage, about ten years ago, Miss Adams has lived a secluded life, avoiding all possible contact with the outside world. The Empire Theatre is still her business address. All mail that comes to her there is by her request entrusted to Peter, who takes it home with him, redirects it, and sends it to its final destination.

"People often ask me," said Peter, "how the stars act behind the scenes or off the stage. That's a question I like to answer. Mostly they behave just as you would expect great men and women to do. As a rule, the higher up they go, the kinder, and more thoughtful and generous they are. I believe stage folks are the biggest-hearted people in the world anyway. But perhaps that isn't a fair thing to say, for they are the only people I know very well and they have been such wonderful friends to me.

"I have never been very strong. A good many years ago when the doctor said my lungs were threatened, Miss Maude Adams heard about it. She knew that I didn't have the money to go away. Most of my savings had gone to pay the doctors. And what did Miss Adams do? She sent me to Colorado for three months, with all my expenses paid.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Peter Mason has worked at the Empire Theatre for thirty-three years—ever since he got a job there at the age of ten. He has known Maude Adams, John Drew, Charles Frohman, and many other notables of the stage

"Another one of my good friends was Mr. John Drew, the veteran actor who died a few months ago. I always think of Mr. Drew as the perfect gentleman. I never saw him lose his temper or even his patience.

"I remember when Miss Ethel Barrymore, as a tall, thin slip of a girl, used to come to the Empire to watch her famous uncle rehearse. The boys, Mr. Lionel and Mr. John, used to come too. Few people realize how talented a family the Barrymores are outside their great gift for acting. Miss Ethel plays and sings extremely well. Mr. Lionel is also a skillful musician. Mr. John is a very clever cartoonist. Mr. Frohman used to say that the Barrymore children took to the stage like so many young ducks to the water.

"Speaking of Mr. Frohman, he was the best loser I have ever seen. Many a morning after a bad opening night that showed he stood to lose hundreds or thousands of dollars on a production, he would come in bright and early, whistling and swinging his cane just as cheerily as ever.

"Mr. Frohman sent me away several times for my health, and every time he got a chance he gave me a little better job, or a little more money in my pay envelope. I fairly worshiped him; but I wasn't the only one. He was one of the best-loved men in the theatrical business."

Peter first came to the Empire when he was about ten years old. For the first few months, he worked as "water boy," passing water to the patrons of the theatre between acts. Then big Alf Hayman, manager for Frohman, noticed the alert little colored boy, who seemed to know by instinct just where the thirsty ones sat. Peter was promoted to the anteroom outside of Mr. Frohman's private office. Here his energy and eagerness to please attracted the attention of Mr. Frohman himself and Peter was taken into the producer's stronghold as general utility boy. He rapidly made himself indispensable, taking on more and more responsibility as he grew older. At the time of Mr. Frohman's death, ten years ago, Peter was in charge of his private office. Anybody waiting to get to Mr. Frohman had first to get past Peter.

As I said in the beginning, Peter has an exceptionally nice speaking voice. I might have added that his diction would do credit to a college graduate.

"Born on Fortieth Street, a few blocks from what is now Times Square, I was just a common little Broadway tough when I came to the Empire," he told me. "However, deep down in my heart I burned with the desire to make something of myself. The first thing I noticed was that all the people I admired most had soft voices, and that they expressed themselves well. In my feeble way, I tried to talk like them."

Peter shook his head a little sadly.

"I ought to do much, much better," he said wistfully. "Remember, I have lived among the stars for thirty-three years!"

MILDRED HARRINGTON

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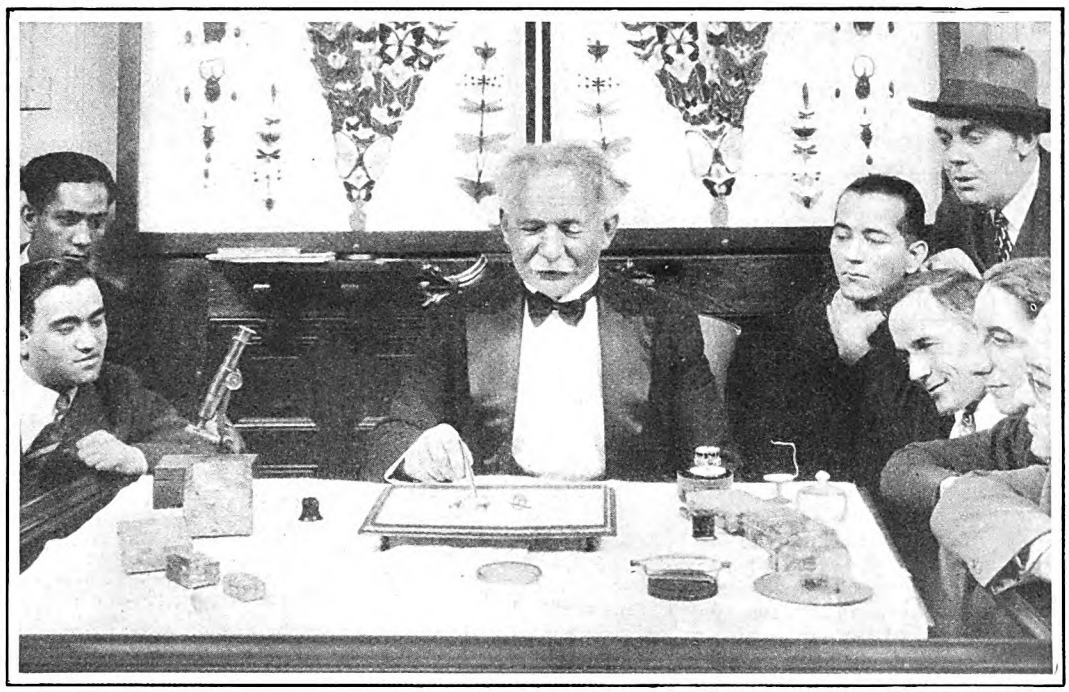
Professor Heckler's Trained Fleas Are the Whole Show

"GIDDAP, Napoleon!" "Yea, Marc Antony!" "Come on, Cæsar!"

An excited crowd cheered the animals on, and the tiny golden carts rattled merrily across the strip of white blotting paper. The first act in the flea circus was under way.

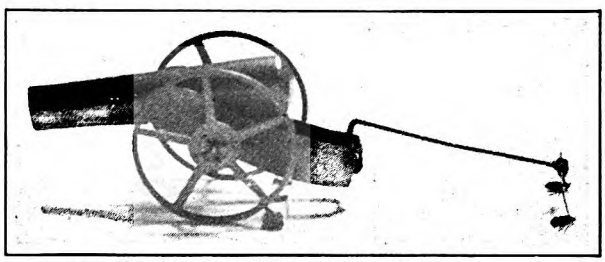
There were five successive acts: Professor William Heckler opened his pretty inlaid boxes, dipped in his pincers, and lifted the fleas out by leashes attached to their metal collars. During the performance, he talked to them gently and persuasively. "Easy, there, Reuben! No, Paddy—the other way. Back into the box, Peaches—remember what I told you." And, amazingly enough, these actual, live fleas jumped when they were told to jump, came when the professor called them.



PIEMONTE STUDIO, N. Y.

Professor Heckler putting his trained fleas through their paces before an interested gathering. For twenty years the professor has been giving performances of his flea circus at fairs and expositions all over the country

Prince Henry juggled a ball, lying on his back. Two fleas kicked a "football" back and forth. Paddy, the Irish flea, carried a green flag, turned 'round twice, and jumped through a hoop. Rudolph made a merry-go-round revolve briskly, and several fleas, dressed in ballet skirts of rose and green and yellow, stood on their hind legs and danced to the tune of a music box. That was all; and would you please leave fifteen cents with the lady at the door, as the flea circus was an extra attraction.



Two fleas pulling lever that will fire off cannon

Professor Heckler was born in Switzerland. As a child, he traveled into Germany, and it was there that he first saw performing fleas.

He came to this country when he was eighteen. At that time he made delicate machinery for a living. He used to amuse himself by fashioning boats through the necks of bottles. "It taught me patience," he says, "and delicacy of touch."

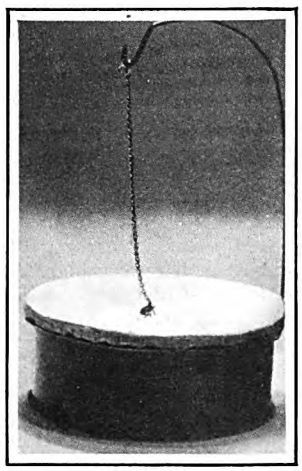
But he had always wanted to own a troupe of fleas, and one day, about twenty years ago, he saw his chance. He met a man who claimed to be an expert flea trainer—all he needed, he said, was a backer.

Professor Heckler was willing to be that backer, so they went into business. They posted the town of Jacksonville, Florida, with billboards, and hired a show place. They collected some likely-looking fleas. Then it was that Mr. Heckler discovered the man in whom he had put all his confidence to be wholly ignorant on the subject of flea training.

"That's how I got into the business," Heckler explained. "I just had to jump in and train those fleas myself. You never know what you can do till you try."

The professor's first flea circus, given twenty years ago, was, he says, a pretty crude affair. He managed, somehow, to get collars around the necks of his fleas. He got them harnessed up to carts, but he didn't have them really trained.

"They were always trying to escape," he said, "and a lot of them *did*. I used to hang onto their leashes like grim death. Now, as you saw, I don't have to watch my fleas, or hold on to them, because they don't want to escape. I have won their confidence."



A flea in the process of being trained

Professor Heckler knows several sailors who keep him supplied with fleas, for they are usually plentiful on shipboard. The female flea is far easier to train than the male. She is not only more docile, but also larger and stronger. "Most of these you saw today are females," he told me, "though I have given a lot of them men's names—that's for purposes of showmanship.

"The first thing I do when I get a fresh batch of fleas is to put them into a bottle, and expose the top of the bottle to a strong light. Fleas don't like heat; but it's their instinct to keep on jumping. Well, most of them will keep right on jumping up into the light; but a few will learn to stay down in the bottom of the bottle, where it's cool. Those few have got gumption. They've passed their first intelligence test.

"I put collars on those fleas, and harness them up to a little spring, to watch the way they jump. That's how I judge what they're best suited for. It's my business to suit their jobs to their temperaments, so as to get the most out of every flea.

"Different? They're as different as human beings. They don't even *look*, let alone act, alike. Now, my star performer"—and he patted the tiny mother-of-pearl box that housed Prince Henry—"he's like all geniuses, he's temperamental. Sometimes he goes through his act without a hitch. Then again

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he'll be as stubborn as a balky mule."

It takes the professor about two weeks to get one of his fleas into form. During this time, the flea is handled constantly, rewarded for good behavior by being fed —the professor feeds his charges with blood from his own right arm.

It is the flea's nature to jump, and one of these tiny insects, weighing half a grain, can jump three or four feet. But weighted down with a car, the flea learns to walk. And gradually it learns to jump only when it is given the signal to do so.

At the end of two weeks, an ordinarily intelligent flea is ready to step before the footlights and make its bow to the public. In the meantime, understudies are being trained to step into its place, for trained fleas don't usually last more than three or four months. "They die in harness," the professor observed.

They are kept in little boxes, their feet entangled in cotton. The whole troupe can be packed away into a small satchel, and often is, for Professor Heckler has exhibited his fleas in expositions and fairs, from New York to California. For the past two years he has been with Hubert's Museum. He's seen a lot of humans, but he prefers fleas.

"I know I have to think for my fleas," he says. "When they do wrong, I figure it's because they don't know any better. But when humans don't use their brains, it's their own fault."

DORIS MONTAGUE

Out of the Frying Pan Into the Lily Pond

IN a series of greasy, smelly waterfront kitchens, R. C. Byers spent thirty years cooking, for a weekly pittance. He did it because it was the work he had turned to when a lad; but while he worked over a red-hot stove, his dreams were of the country, chaste water lilies, and a quiet pool.

Then, at the age of fifty, this man, once a cook, but now a water-lily specialist of the Pacific West, and the possessor of a fortune drawn from the gold hearts of lilies, spent all his savings, two hundred and seventy dollars, for an acre of land on Haller Lake, a few miles north of Seattle, Washington.

At first, he kept on making clam chowder and frying salmon steak in a small Seattle waterfront restaurant, all the while working at his little logged-off land tract that was one quarter marshy lake front. All his free hours went to removing the stark stumps—draining the lake beach. Today, the one acre has grown to a five-acre ranch, and he has standing offers of twenty-five thousand dollars for the place.

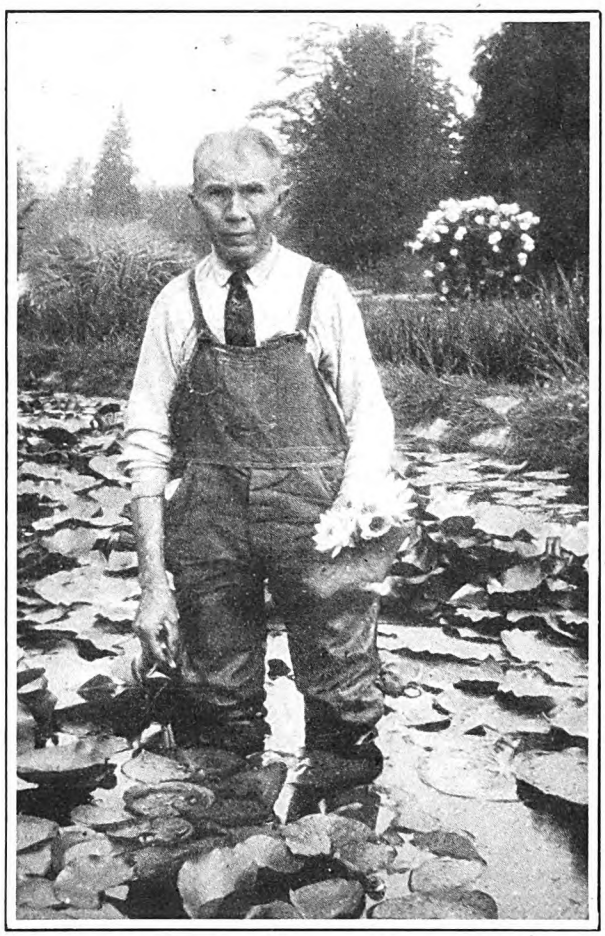
Finally, a picturesque log house was built close to the lake front, and the erstwhile cook left his pots and pans and started to carry out his water-lily dream in earnest.

"When I bought my original acre," Mr. Byers said, "there were muskrats in the lake. Now, these rats fed on the water lilies, and I wanted to make a business of raising the lilies. So I trapped the muskrats and sold their hides, and I used the revenue from the hides to buy my first water lily plants at ten dollars a dozen. You know, if it hadn't been for those muskrats, I don't know how I would have got the money for the lilies. As it is, the hides have paid for the lilies, and the lilies have paid for the place."

Mr. Byers began by using a quiet bay-like indentation of the lake as a lily pool; but now his rarer types and his favorites are kept in a concrete display pool 178 by 70 feet and in a 600-foot trench which winds gently away from the lake front.

As the lilies have to be kept free of pests and insects, Mr. Byers has stocked this trench with imported French frogs, trout, and bass. The water in the trench is constantly changed from the lake, and the concrete pool is flushed by turning in lake water so that it overflows. The submerged root stocks of the lilies thus have the fresh water that is vital to them and the placid atmosphere that is likewise so necessary.

A revenue running into thousands yearly is derived from the sale of water-lily plants, as the original stock develops very rapidly. As well as supplying plants to nurserymen, horticultural stores, and individuals on the Pacific coast, this grower ships to Texas, to New York, to practically every state in the Union. During the blooming season he cuts fifteen to twenty dozens daily. He has a loving regard for them all, but a half-dozen types are his especial favorites. He lingers over Mrs. Richmond, a rainbow-tinted bloom that appears from April to November. Then there is the garnet-colored "Attraction," plants which he purchased two years ago for fifteen dollars each. These plants have brought ten times their purchase price in the two years. Exquisitely scented "Rose Arey" and "Eugenia de Land" are also regarded with especial pride. The gloriously blue "Bluebird," a tender lily with thirteen-inch flowers, he nurses along in a hotbed.



R. C. Byers raises over fifty kinds of water lilies on his five-acre farm north of Seattle, Washington. He supplies nurserymen and florists all through the country

"Cold winters make no difference to the water lilies—just cover them with plenty of water, and leave them in the pool or lake;" he says. "That's all they need. In a concrete pool, such as I use for display purposes, the plants thrive best with a foot of soil and a foot of water. Really, lilies just grow themselves. Soil should be changed every two or three years."

Mr. Byers declares that the roof of an apartment house or office building is a fine place to raise the beautiful blooms. A concrete pool could be built, and the same principles which govern his concrete display pool followed. As well as the day-blooming lilies, there are exquisite types which unfold their beauty at dusk and remain open until the morning sun. Gorgeous are these night bloomers, ranging in hue from glistening white to deepest crimson. "Lotus," "Dean," "Juno," and "Devon" are favorites with Mr. Byers.

Lilies reward with bloom a month or six weeks after planting, and each plant yields more stocks each year. That is why this prolific lily garden, occupying a mere quarter of the original acre, has paid for the entire ranch, placed it all under cultivation, bought an automobile, and brought in a substantial income besides.

There are five hundred cherry trees on the Byers place, and last year Mr. Byers sold twelve tons of cherries. Except at cherry-picking time, he still does all of his own work.

I looked at the blush-pink lily which he had given me, while I wondered how to put a question. He answered it before I got a chance to ask:

"Yes, I'm nearly seventy years old," he said. "But a fellow can't grow really old, you know—not raising flowers."

LOLA LOU BRIDSTON

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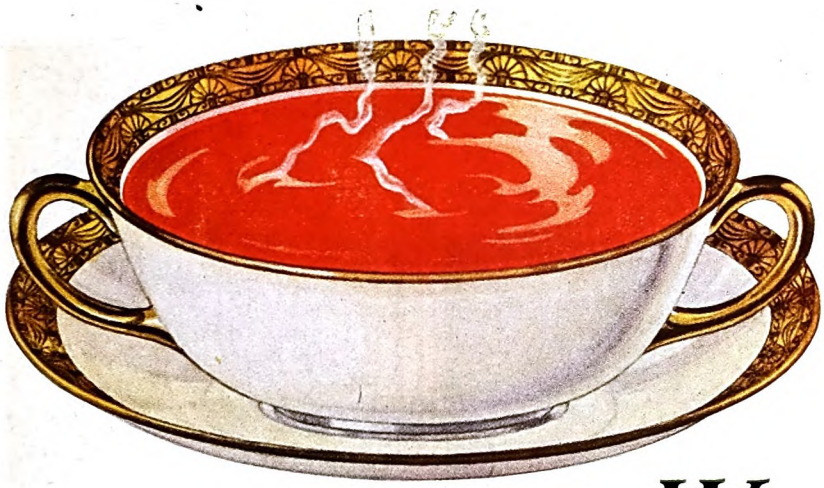

Women know that everybody enjoys this soup!

The Campbell's way I'm here to say
Is easy as can be.
It's quickly done, now comes the fun—
Just leave the rest to me!

What a comforting thought that is! To be sure that the meal will begin with a soup which puts everybody in a happy mood!

For Campbell's Tomato Soup is without a rival in popularity. Its sunny, enlivening flavor gives an instant sparkle to the appetite.

"Captured Sunshine" might well be another name for it. Pure tonic tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat". Strained to a smooth puree, enriched with golden butter, seasoned as only Campbell's French chefs can do it. What a delight to the taste! 12 cents a can.

Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. For a Cream of Tomato Soup follow simple directions on label.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label.

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

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22 or 45 *is* there an age when women must cease to look young?

Among the greatest enemies of health and vitality are decayed teeth and infected gums. Every year they cause thousands of cases of ill-health and premature old age, as well as dangerous diseases, physicians tell us. And, of course, no one really begins to grow old until health begins to fade.

Dentists state that the most serious of dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. The rounded edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. They ferment, forming acids that cause decay and irritate the gums.

A dentifrice should do more than clean the exposed surfaces of the teeth. But it is almost impossible to clean between the teeth or in the V-shaped crevices where acids form. A dentifrice should protect these remote places against decay by neutralizing the acids that form in them. Dentists long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing mouth acids. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize the mouth acids. Used regularly, it will prevent decay. It reduces the peril of Pyorrhea, relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It helps to keep the entire mouth in a healthy condition.

Safeguard that precious health now. Prevent the many serious troubles that arise from neglect or the wrong methods of protecting your teeth. Just remember—the acids at The Danger Line must be neutralized—and Squibb's Dental Cream accomplishes this safely, pleasantly and effectively. No wonder this dentifrice has become one of the largest selling dental creams in the world. At druggists everywhere—40 cents a large tube, for beauty's sake.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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The Shiner-Up

(*Continued from page 23*)

to do it little by little, but I think it should be done at once. It"—she paused as though to think of a charitable word—"it needs a bit of freshening up."

That night, for the first time in his twenty-six years, Harrison Westlake knew what spring housecleaning really was. Up to that time his various dwelling places had been rendered immaculate by unseen methods. This time he was a party to it.

"If you could just shake the larger rugs, I can attend to the other things," the new maid said hesitantly. "I'm sorry. They're too heavy for me."

"I should say so! Of course I'll shake them."

"Out at the back door—and not till dark, you know. Then no one will see."

Through the evening, with window shades tightly drawn, the outer office underwent changes. Down came the window curtains, which were put to soak in the kitchen tub. Up came the rugs. With sure, deft strokes of broom and brush the dust came off the walls and the yellowish woodwork was white again. The floor shone under the smart application of a flannel cloth. Chairs and tables took on a luster from a bottle of polish found in the kitchen—left by the last residents of the cottage.

The doctor, standing awkwardly about, holding the teetery step-ladder, or laying the rugs, found himself full of admiring wonder.

"She's certainly some little shiner-up!" he told Harriet on one of his trips upstairs. "Why, by George, that's just what I'll call her! She doesn't seem keen on giving us her first name. Said we could use her last one."

THE tiny inner office, upon which he had been guilty of his only extravagances, was rendered still more white. And at last everything was done.

"The windows have to be left till daylight; but I'll do them early and have the curtains up by noon," the Shiner-Up said gravely, as she started with a load of buckets and brooms to the kitchen. "Thank you for your help, Doctor Westlake. And what time will you wish your breakfast? At eight?"

"Yes, but—just a moment. I want to tell you how much I appreciate all you've done tonight. It's mighty good of you to do all this when you should have been sleeping. I—"

It seemed as though the small figure drew itself up a little.

"That's quite all right. I shall tidy up the rest of the house as soon as I can. Good night, sir."

It had the tone of a dismissal. "Funny little piece, that," the doctor thought to himself as he went up the stairs; "but heaven-sent if anything ever was."

He went to sleep with the curious feeling of relief from an intolerable load.

The next morning at breakfast, the Shiner-Up, looking very fresh and rosy, stood again respectfully beside her employer.

"I was just thinking, sir, if I were you, I should start off in the car every morning after breakfast, and drive about the town until nearly noon. It would have a good effect upon the neighbors, sir, to see you going out and coming in—as though you were very busy, sir! Women will gossip to each other, you know."

"You bet they will," the doctor laughed. Then he looked serious. "Your idea's pretty good. Thank you, I'll try it!"

When he came back at noon after circling the town he stared in amazement at his own house. Even to the least observant eye it presented a subtly different look. The windows shone clear in the sunshine, and behind them hung curtains of an incredible whiteness and crispness.

But it was upon the doorway that the doctor's eyes remained riveted. The old iron-colored knocker and door handle had apparently been replaced by ones of new and shining brass. So had the bell. But that was not all. At the side, as if upon an escutcheon of pure gold gleamed the words:

Harrison Westlake, M. D.

They stood out in bold brilliance to hit the eye of every passer.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" the doctor muttered reverently.

ONCE inside, Harriet gave him the details.

"She worked nearly all morning on that knocker and door latch. I told her they were only iron, but she was convinced they were brass. When she had everything done she came flying up to tell me how fine it looked. She's too good to be real, Harrison! There's something queer about the whole thing. She says that well-polished brasses on a doctor's office are bound to bring patients."

"Not such bad psychology at that when you come to think of it!" returned her brother. And as he went down-stairs he was humming jubilantly:

"He polished up the door-knob so faithful-lee
That now he's the ruler of the King's na-vee."

The Shiner-Up received his praise demurely, and then made a further shy suggestion:

"I was thinking it might be well, sir, if you would let the car stand out in front during your office hours. It would look rather businesslike. And you could start right off again at four o'clock for another drive."

She hesitated, turned very pink, and then added, "And, if I may suggest it, sir, I should walk out hurriedly if I were you, and start off as quickly as possible. It all has its effect upon people, you know."

For three days, under the gentle suggestions of the Shiner-Up, the doctor went striding out of the house with his satchel every morning and every afternoon, dashing off as fast as the car could achieve a start. For three afternoons he sat at his desk in the immaculate white coat she had insisted upon washing, and read up feverishly on obscure diseases. This too had been suggested.

"It's a wonderful opportunity for study, sir, if you should care to," she had intimated timidly.

Then as he entered the house on the fourth day at noon, the Shiner-Up met him with eyes very bright.

"A patient called up this morning, sir, and asked for an appointment. I told her you couldn't possibly see her today, but—"

"What?" shouted the doctor in a terrible voice. "You told her I *couldn't see her?*"

"Yes," went on the Shiner-Up calmly, though her cheeks were flushed. "I said your time today was all planned for—it *is* you know—and I told her I could give her an appointment for tomorrow, but she said she was going to a bridge luncheon. Then she asked if you had office hours on Saturday, and I said you had for the especial convenience of business men—I just thought of that at the moment, but it *would* be an excellent idea. So I told her she could come Saturday at three."

The doctor stared at her with his brows drawn, aghast.

"But why, under heaven, didn't you let her come today?" His voice was still formidable.

"Well, you see she'll be *determined* to come now. And at the luncheon tomorrow she'll tell all the ladies how wonderful you must be, since you're so busy. I know from her conversation that she talks a good deal. I told her she should make appointments to see you several days ahead." The Shiner-Up suddenly drooped a little. "I hope I did right," she said rather pathetically.

The doctor was not mollified. "Well, it would not have been exactly my idea. If anyone else calls, please say that I'll see them at once."

"Very well, sir," she said quietly.

But up in Harriet's room the doctor found he had still more to learn of feminine psychology. He told the story, and waited for Harriet's wrath to be added to his own. Instead, that discerning lady lay back upon her pillows and laughed till the tears came.

"Why, Harrison, that's the richest thing I ever heard! But she's *right!* Absolutely. That's the neatest stroke of advertising among the women of Riverview that could have been done. The trouble with both of us is we wouldn't have had the courage to do it, but *she had!* Really, she's *marvelous!*"

THE doctor went down to lunch in a chastened spirit, but all his apologetic overtures were repulsed gently. He spent his office hours calling himself a beast for the way he had shouted at her, and wondering what Saturday would bring.

As a matter of fact it brought, first of all, some new suggestions from the Shiner-Up.

"I was just thinking, sir," she said seriously, "when the lady comes, you could be in the inner office. I will show her into the outer office and close the door into the hall. We had better keep her waiting at least ten minutes. Then I'll open the door of the little office into the hall, and then bang the front door as though another patient were leaving. Before she

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can look out the window I will be in, announcing that you will see her. Don't you think it would be well to do it that way?"

"I suppose so, Shiner-Up. Your ideas seem to have the weight of the majority behind them. I want you to know, though, that if I didn't really feel I could make good I wouldn't want to use any silly pretenses of any kind. But I respect my own ability—and all I want is a chance to prove it. Real worth-while work! I *know* I have skill!"

The doctor spoke impressively and looked, as he uttered these sentiments, very earnest and noble—and very young.

The Shiner-Up nodded respectfully. "Yes, sir, of course."

And just then the bell rang.

THE Shiner-Up pushed the doctor unceremoniously into his inner office, straightened her cap at the hall mirror with hands—it must be admitted—that shook a little from excitement, and then opened the door and, with a superb blending of dignity and gracious deference, showed the expected patient into the outer office and closed its door.

After a five-minutes wait in the hall, she peeped in at the doctor.

"You might scrape your chair a little, or move about," she whispered softly, and withdrew her head.

At the end of another five minutes two doors banged and the meeting of the patient and the doctor was at last achieved.

That evening at dinner, the doctor, in great spirits over the success of his afternoon, looked suddenly at the Shiner-Up as she served his dessert.

"Why don't you ever smile?" he demanded suddenly.

Her face grew a shade more prim.

"One does not smile at one's employer," she said with finality.

"Oh, doesn't one? One would think one might with impunity if one were very careful about one's kind of smiles!"

And then something happened. Under the doctor's very eyes the plain little face of the Shiner-Up underwent a transformation. It seemed to crinkle uncertainly for a second, and then laughter swept over it; and with the laughter, a piquant beauty, a charm, a coquettish appeal seemed to dance upon it. The doctor saw for the first time the sweetly parted white teeth, the blue eyes all roguish with fun, and an exquisite, alluring dimple in each cheek—and he forgot himself.

"Why," he muttered rather insanely, "why, I never *knew* you had dimples!"

The Shiner-Up drew herself up to her full sixty-one inches and regained her gravity at once.

"I use them only occasionally," she retorted, and disappeared into the kitchen.

That night, for the first time since her arrival, the doctor seemed loath to discuss the latest doings of the Shiner-Up with Harriet.

During the next weeks three important changes came about in the white shingle cottage: First of all, Harriet came downstairs and took her old place as mistress of the house; and, second, to the utter amazement of the doctor, patients began to come; calls increased. Before he knew it, he was reasonably busy and his spirits soared when he won his first hard battle. He knew then that his belief in himself was not idle vanity. In May there came a day, gloated over by the Shiner-Up, when there was no need of subterfuges. The office hours were filled.

But the third change was in the doctor himself, although, as he fondly believed, there were no outward and visible signs of it.

Day after day he felt a sweet new toxin creeping through his blood. It caused him to sing with joyous abandon as he prepared for breakfast each morning; to beam upon everyone he met on the street, to drive the car at a breakneck pace to get home again from his rounds. It caused him to haunt the kitchen and the back porch upon the smallest and feeblest excuse. Night after night, when the house was still, he would sit at the office window looking out into the starry spring darkness in a mood of vague enchantment. Then he would fall to scribbling on his prescription pad. Although the intended poem never got beyond the first lines there was a great variety of these:

> Oh, presence, gentle and serene,
> With calm and quiet spirit blessed,

and,

> Oh, eyes so wise, so sweet, so blue!

were among the many initial stanzas that adorned the professional tablet for a moment, and then in tiny bits were deposited in the waste basket.

ALTHOUGH his general skill as a diagnostician was growing more apparent each day, the doctor was slow in admitting the truth about himself. But at last he had to. He, Harrison Westlake, whose taste in girls had always been considered rather super-nice; who had led college proms with the belles of the hour; who was supposed to have left everywhere behind him, these later years, a trail of adoring feminine hearts; he, whose acquaintance with ultra-smart flappers and highly sophisticated beauties had been long and varied, now found himself in love with the maid! With the *Shiner-Up!*

Oh, it was true. This strange, deep longing to look upon her face whenever he was away from her; this burden of tenderness; this quiet bliss as of having at last "come home" whenever he was near her; these shuddering bits of delight when her small hand accidentally touched his as she tidied his desk or served him at table—all this told him it was no mere infatuation such as he had known before. It was love. As new in all its phases of revelation as though he had up to that moment never heard of it.

He was reminded at every hour of the day of her services. His cuffs were not frayed now. They had all been miraculously turned. His home was a place of order and shining comfort. Even the frowsy little pines under the front windows had been made neat and symmetrical by the patient manipulation of the big kitchen shears upon them. A bed of flowers was planted along the fence. In all weathers, the brasses on the front door shone to glistening. Appetizing food was placed before him. And, most marvelous of all, *patients adorned his office!* For all of it he was indebted to the Shiner-Up.

Harriet herself seemed a new person. She was gaining in strength and in housewifely knowledge at the same time. The Shiner-Up had relaxed noticeably since her mistress had come down-stairs. Her small, prim face was often smiling now. And sometimes the doctor heard, as he was coming in, a faint ripple of music which he knew was her laughter; but though he always rushed to see again the magic of it on her face, the Shiner-Up invariably received him with a serious demureness by the time he got there.

He was, in fact, baffled at every turn as the days passed, not only by the girl herself but by certain well-worn old words that kept rising combatively to the surface of his mind: *Family* and *Convention* and *Career*, were the most annoying.

The oil portraits of stern, handsome men and proud women that furnished the up-stairs living-room along with some ancestral mahogany pieces that Harriet would not part with, all remonstrated with him, too, from their heavy gilt frames. He could hear them saying that no Westlake had ever married beneath him.

And while he was fighting with all the strength of the new aching tenderness in his breast against these reproachful warnings, the roses began to bloom, skies grew bluer, and the nights more sweet with honeysuckle—and it was June.

One night the doctor started up from a sound sleep with the sound of crashing glass and grinding brakes, and a man's shout. He flung on his clothes and went out. Two cars had catapulted into each other just in front of his driveway. Two men from one car were already on their feet when he got there, shakily telling each other how it happened. The man in the other car was much too silent about everything. The doctor did most of the work of extrication. In the faint moonlight he was able to satisfy himself that the young fellow he had brought out was not killed, but was stunned from a bad head cut.

"I'm a doctor," he told the others. "Can you two help him in if I go ahead and get things ready?"

"Sure we can carry him," one of the men assured him; "but don't ask us to do anything when we get in. Me, I'm kinda sick already!"

The doctor ran up the walk and made a few quick businesslike preparations in the office. Then he went up the stairs two at a time and knocked on the Shiner-Up's door.

"Can you help me in the office right away? A man's been hurt. Come as fast as you can," he called softly, and was back to receive his patient.

AT ONCE he became absorbed in his work. It was a nasty cut, and it was necessary to work skillfully and quickly. He was hardly conscious of the Shiner-Up's entrance. He only knew that the articles he needed as he worked were ready at his hand, and all his brusque commands obeyed promptly.

Meanwhile, the others had telephoned to an address they found in the young man's pocket, so that by the time the doctor had finished his work and given his patient a stiff dose to bolster him up, another car was at the door, and the young chap was able to be helped into it by all hands, and sent home.

The doctor walked slowly back to the house, thinking now only of the girl. She had been plucky! She could do anything, it seemed. But when he reached the

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What men wanted in shaving cream. Now, before you buy, try what we've made for you—at our expense—for 10 days

GENTLEMEN:

Politicians know what to expect nationally when an election goes one way or another in the comparatively small state of Maine. And so, in merchandising, experience teaches that the opinion of 1000 men reflects the average viewpoint of millions.

So, when we decided to create a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what they sought in shaving comfort and efficiency. Then we set out to meet their requirements.

They told us four things. We gave them five. Now we ask the courtesy of a test—based solely on merit—to prove *to yourself* the shaving delights we have discovered for you.

Just mail the coupon for a free 10-day test

Our laboratories for 65 years have specialized in fine soap products. One of our toilet soaps is a leader of the world. Others are used in countless homes and institutions everywhere.

With the four objectives we had set, we started our experiments. Time after time we got a fine shaving cream result, yet one or another of the things we sought was missing.

Finally, after the 129th experiment, success came. It was enthusiastically received by men everywhere. Today it is outstandingly the fastest selling shaving cream on the market.

These 5 important factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now, before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you.

3962

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.....

(Please print your name and address)

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office door he smothered a cry. For there, drooping over a chair was the Shiner-Up, in a queer, inert little heap. Her long taffy braids hung childishly at either side of her white face. Her eyes were closed.

"If I'm not the prize brute," the doctor groaned as he picked her up bodily and strode through the house to the back porch. There, in the cool night air, he laid her down and set about mechanically doing the right things to revive her. But even as he worked, the physician was lost in the lover. For as she lay there, so little and helpless and white, he knew at last that the faces in the oil portraits had no more dominion over him. He was a free man and in love. No matter who she was, it was this girl out of all the world that he desired for his own.

WHEN the Shiner-Up opened her blue eyes, she looked wildly at him for a moment, then she smiled and tried to sit up.

"How silly of me!" she cried. "I must have fainted just as you came in. I'm all right now. My head is quite clear."

"Drink this," said the doctor, supporting her.

And then, because his arm was already about her and because he loved her so, and the air was full of roses and honeysuckle, the doctor went a little mad. He drew her close.

"Sweetheart," he breathed. "I *love* you! Haven't you seen it? Ever since you came. I can't do without you. My precious girl! I *love* you!"

The Shiner-Up struggled free. She got up unsteadily to her feet. The doctor rose too and stood on the step below her, looking eagerly up. But the girl's face was crimson now instead of white, and it was soon apparent that the red was that of anger.

"How *dare* you!" she burst out. "How dare you say you love me! *I'll* tell you what you love. You love your comfort. That's what it is! You were in hard luck when I came. Now things are going well. I cook your food and darn your socks, and wait upon you! And because I've become necessary to your comfort, you call it *love!* Well, it's not. You don't know what love is! And don't you touch me again!"

She turned to flee, but the doctor was too quick for her. He too had a crimson face. In all his life, he had never met with so violent and so unexpected a rebuff.

"I'll show you whether I know what love is," he said through his teeth. He caught her and held her in his arms.

"You've *got* to listen! I've never asked a girl before to marry me. I ask you now. I tell you I *love* you! If you don't believe me—well, here's this!"

And he kissed her hard on the lips.

"Oh," cried the Shiner-Up, with a little moan. She tried to pull herself away. "You ought to be *ashamed!* All you handsome collar-advertisement men think you can make love to any girl in the moonlight! Well, you can't to me!" She struck at his broad chest, while suddenly the tears ran down her cheeks. "Let me go. I—just—*hate* you!"

He released her then and she disappeared. He heard the stairs creak faintly and her door close above. Then he sank down on the steps with his head in his hands. He had never felt such a hurt. A collar advertisement! So that was what she thought of him. Why had he been so boldly confident that she would love him? What was there about him for any woman to love, when you thought about it! He wallowed in bitterness.

Then, as he still sat on gazing into the darkness, he began to curse himself again for a brute and a fool. Why had he bothered the girl now, of all times! After all she had just been through! Had he no chivalry, no self-control, no common sense? No; it seemed he had not. He sank lower in his despair, and did not leave the porch till nearly daybreak.

The next morning at breakfast the doctor and the Shiner-Up did not meet each other's eyes. Harrison told his sister about the accident, and then left on his morning rounds.

When he entered the door again at noon, Harriet met him with tearful excitement.

"Harrison," she cried, "she's gone!"

"Who?" said the doctor dully, though of course he knew.

"The Shiner-Up!" said Harriet, and went on to explain.

The girl had merely said that she had received some word that caused her anxiety and must leave at once. She had taken the eleven-o'clock train, refusing her week's pay.

"Did she—leave any message for me?" the doctor asked huskily.

"She said to say good-by to you. That was all."

"No address?"

"None."

"I see," said the doctor inanely. And he went into the office and shut the door.

For two weeks the doctor went his way, doing his work conscientiously, staying out as long as he could, because he hated to go home. A small daughter of Ethiopia now kept the brasses clean and served him at table. There was really no diminution in his physical comfort, for Harriet had learned much from her teacher; but oh, the unendurable ache in his heart! He lay awake nights making wild, foolish plans for finding her. He lay awake because the deep hunger of his love would not let him sleep.

On the day when he did not eat, Harriet knew that something must be done. She left him at the table, went into the office and wrote a few lines on his desk pad, then went for a walk. When the doctor went in later, he found this:

I can't bear to see you suffer so. She asked me not to give you her address. I won't; but if you look in the upper drawer of my bureau—left-hand side—you'll find it. H.

THREE leaps up the stairs. A whirlwind in Harriet's neat drawer. The paper in his hand! He read: Violet Landis, Dowling Institute, Dept. of Home Economics . . .

The street and number blurred before his eyes; but *New York* was clear. Only an hour away. He dashed down the stairs, left a message with the maid, did some rapid telephoning, and was off.

"Violet," he kept repeating to himself. "Her name *would* be Violet! It's perfect!"

At the institute he waited, puzzled, in the wide entrance hall. It seemed elaborate for an employment agency. Miss Landis was in a class just then, the girl at the desk informed him at last.

"In a *class?*" he repeated mystified.

"Yeah, students are, *sometimes*, you know," the girl said pertly.

He sank into a chair, dazed. Students! Classes! Just then a dapper young gentleman entered the hall and sauntered up to the desk. He leaned upon it and beamed at the young lady. The doctor forgot him for several moments, then came back to him with a jerk.

"And if you'll help me get an interview with the Landis girl," he was saying, "say, kid, I'll do anything for you. I want the scoop! I just got the tip today, and I beat it right over. She's the only heir to the late J. T. Landis's fortune, I know that. You see, it would make a front-page story: Young Heiress Serves as Maid! Great stuff, if I can get all the details. How soon do you think I can see her?"

"That man there asked first," the girl stated reluctantly, seeing the doctor's eyes upon her.

Then the doctor rose and came forward.

"I think," he said in a low voice, "that you will find it useless to wait. There isn't going to be any scoop for anybody. I'm not from a newspaper. I'm a—friend, and I know Miss Landis has nothing to say for publication. I'll walk with you to the door."

And he steadily propelled the reporter thither. After a glance at the doctor's set chin and general dimensions, the other stopped sputtering, and went.

The doctor stood still a moment as the door closed. He would get his hat and go home. There was nothing to wait for now. He saw everything clearly. The whole thing had evidently been a combination of school experiment and lark. The wonder was that he had not guessed something like it from the beginning.

His face grew hot with shame. Why had he ever invented such a silly name for her as *Shiner-Up?* Why had he done any of the foolish things he had been guilty of? It must all be a joke to her now, even his love-making. He felt sick at heart.

HE TURNED sharply on his heel and stood face to face with the girl herself. The chic little frock which she wore with an accustomed air, the sheer silk stockings and smart pumps represented the wealthy Miss Landis. But the small heart-shaped face with its frame of yellow braids was still that of the Shiner-Up.

"Miss Landis?" the doctor inquired stiffly.

She nodded, flushing a little, then motioned toward a small reception-room on the right. "If you will come in here we can talk," she said.

The doctor went in and Miss Landis closed the door. The doctor spoke with an effort. His face looked drawn.

"I have just discovered the truth about you, quite accidentally as I waited here. I—I want to apologize for everything, and—say good-by."

"Was that what you came for?" There was a hint of dimples.

The doctor shook his head.

"Why not tell me your real errand," she suggested. Her voice was very soft.

"You know without my telling you what it was, and you know, too, why everything is different now. I want to thank you again for all you did for us—it's beyond words of course—and to say good-by."

He held out his hand but she did not take it. Instead, she spoke with a humorous tenderness:

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Let the gift be worthy of the "best girl" you ever had

Mother's Day, Sunday, May 13th

This is the world-famous Sampler specially wrapped for Mother's Day giving.

Whitman's Sampler

The Sampler is expressive of the qualities that most appeal to mothers. Inner character and goodness. Outward charm and refinement. A gentle whisper from bygone days in the quaintness of its "dress". Yet thoroughly modern in the variety of its sweets and the skill with which they are made.

Yes, *genuine* things are most acceptable to Mother. And she will recognize in the Sampler your desire to express a real affection.

Many will prefer to give the Sampler in its special Mother's Day wrap, with Lincoln's famous tribute, or other appropriate sentiments, cross-stitched in the design. The Whitman Agency near you—probably the leading drug store—will attend to all details of mailing or delivery for you.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
New York Chicago San Francisco

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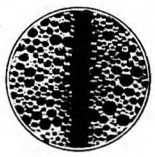
We Offer Men

a faster, smoother shave this new Small-Bubble Way



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

"There's really no mystery to it, sir! This 'small-bubble' shave cream certainly makes it easy for your razor."

BEARD stubborn . . . skin tender? Forget it, men! Here's a quick new way to get whiskers off clean and smooth, without razor-pull, sting or smart. See unique offer in coupon below.

Can you imagine a shave that leaves your face smooth as velvet? A shave that keeps your skin fresh and invigorated . . . delightfully clean and cool? A shave that stops razor-pull, drag and scrape?

It's a shave with a smile . . . glorious comfort from start to finish.

Small Bubbles . . . that's the theory of it. A brand-new principle of shaving that soaks whiskers soft in a hurry.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands now buy it daily.

But we want you to try it, too.

So we're offering a test that any man can make with unique results. See coupon below.

Small bubbles did it

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap. is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

You'll say, "Good-by, Razor-Pull"

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth.

No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

Clip that coupon before you forget.

We will also send a trial bottle of Colgate's "After Shave." It's a new lotion which is making friends every day.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon . . . and leave the rest to us.

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES...FREE...If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits...we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon.

FREE OFFER, *MEN!*

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 501-E*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name_____

Address_____

"But I thought a doctor always took the history of the case before he pronounced a final verdict?"

"So he does," the doctor stammered, "if it's really his case."

The girl's eyes dropped.

"I think then you had better hear mine. I suppose you ran into a reporter here. I've been warding them off for a week. It is true, as he probably told you, that my father was J. T. Landis. But that doesn't tell all about me."

SHE hesitated, then went on steadily: "My father and mother were very unhappy together. So for years I lived six months of the time in a little New England village with my mother's people, and I learned to cook and to keep house in the most thorough-going fashion, and the other six months I lived in my father's big city home and was a different sort of person. You see?

"When I was at last left alone, I felt I couldn't stay idle. I wanted some sort of career. I came to Dowling. The New England part of me, you see, always came out on top!

"This spring one of our deans told us that a student could get her last term's credits by doing practical research in some field. So I shocked them by deciding to answer an ad for a maid. I thought it would be fun, quite an adventure, and, besides, I was hungry to crawl into a real home again on any pretext. I meant to be most scientific and professional, though—study the domestic problem and all that, and then write articles about it."

The girl's face grew suddenly scarlet. Her voice dropped.

"But when I got the wrong telephone number—and finally got to your house—that first afternoon when I saw you trying so hard to hang up those tea-towels—I—I *loved* you, Harrison!"

His name on her lips sent a tremor through him.

"You—*what?*" he breathed.

The girl went on bravely.

"I loved you. I know it now. Then I refused to believe it. And the night you told me—I struggled, because I hated to surrender. And because I wasn't sure of you. You see, I haven't seen much happiness between men and women, and I decided never to *let* myself believe a man, or to fall in love. I was always going to be free and independent."

"But now—?" the doctor whispered.

"You've won," she said simply, and held out her hands to him.

A little later he grew daring.

"Violet," he begged. "I *love* that name! Why can't we be married right away, today? What is there to wait for, sweetheart?"

She was serious a moment, and then she raised sweet eyes.

"Nothing, I suppose, since it's unconditional surrender."

"Then I'll telegraph Harriet, and tell her I'm taking a day off and—"

"Oh," Violet cried with a little ripple of laughter, "let me show you just what you must say to her."

She turned to the desk and wrote swiftly:

"Have made a permanent contract with the Shiner-Up. Expect us both home on Thursday."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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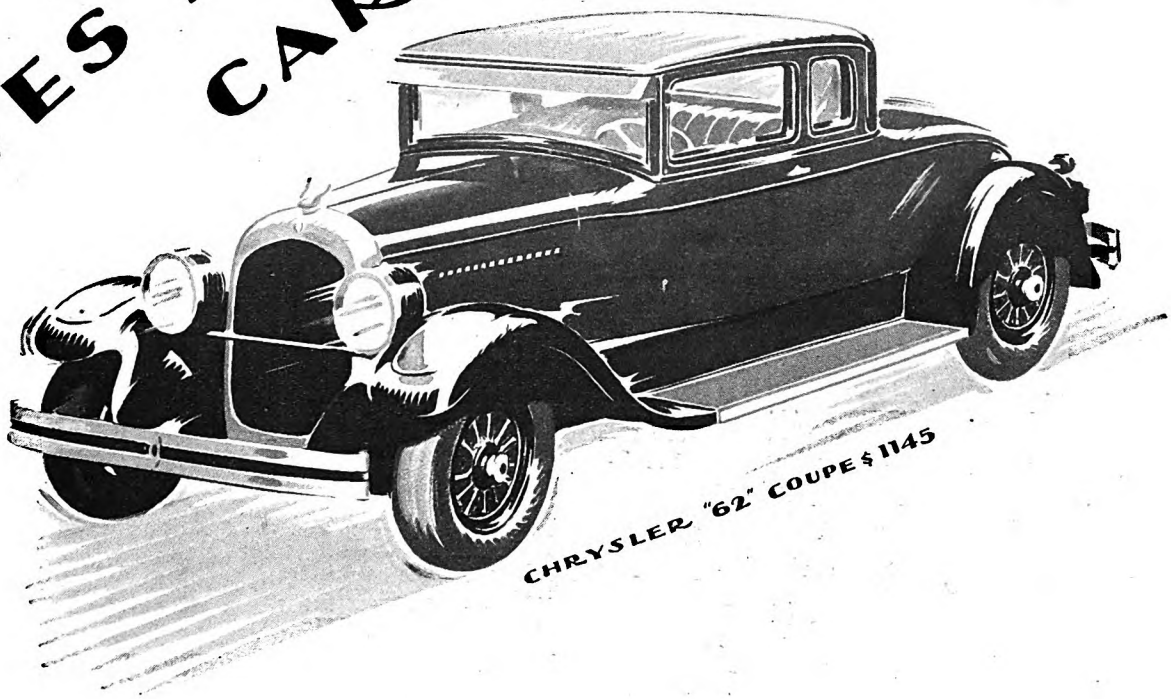
WHAT CHRYSLER GIVES NO OTHER CAR APPROACHES



WHEN a product like Chrysler leaps into prominence almost overnight and continues growing in public favor month after month and year after year, it must offer unique qualities and values.

The fact is, people are recognizing more and more how Chrysler engineering and manufacturing constantly show the way, how refinements and improvements for the very finest Chryslers are passed on, through the principle of Standardized Quality, to the Chryslers of lesser price.

The way that Chrysler sales keep climbing, always climbing—from 27th to 3rd place in 42 months — reflects the realization of motor car buyers that Chrysler manufacturing and engineering offer quality and value in every price field—from $670 to $3495 — that no other car approaches.

Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles, $1065 to $1235. Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Seven body styles, $1545 to $1795. New 112 h. p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron, $2795 upwards. New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles, $670 to $790.

NEW CHRYSLER "Red-Head" ENGINE *—designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power, and hill-climbing ability; standard equipment on all body models of the 112 h. p. Imperial "80," also standard on the roadsters, and available at slight extra cost for other body types, of the "62" and "72."*

FOUR GREAT CARS IN 4 GREAT PRICE FIELDS
CHRYSLER "52"-"62"-"72"-112 H.P. Imperial "80"
40 BODY STYLES-$670 TO $3495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

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She can't *Tell* you all she *sees*..

—when it comes to half-clean faces!

SOME things she *has* mentioned... his curly hair, his clean white teeth, and how well he looks in evening clothes.

But she can't tell him that her sharp woman's eyes have discovered what his mirror didn't—the pore-dirt that hides in every face.

The air about you, according to the scientific study made by the U.S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of dust and soot. Too small to see, these particles float onto your face. Cling to the skin. Work into the pores. Get jammed *under* the skin.

Surface washing can't budge pore-dirt! These photos show that. And they show one other thing, too—that Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every gray speck free!

Rolls out pore-dirt that washing never reaches

Photo Number One, taken under the lens of a microscope, shows a section of skin before this pink cream was rubbed in. See for yourself the dirt in the pores.

Now look at picture Number Two. Some difference! Notice those dark marks—dried pellets of cream *gray* with pore-dirt that just a few minutes' massage rolled out.

1. Photomicrograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

2. Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Remember, all the surface washings in a blue moon wouldn't have removed that dirt. But now—there's skin *really clean!*

Try Pompeian today. Give yourself a brisk two-minute massage.

Pompeian not only spruces you up with a gloriously clean feeling but sets you on your way with a complexion as glowing as a man just back from a long vacation.

Let this FREE test convince you

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it FREE. Fill in the coupon below and mail it now.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-E, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. *Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal*
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

"Boys, We Had Him Wrong!"

(*Continued from page 13*)

books, not usually war books, to the social gatherings he has always liked in moderation; but he has not given up work. The blade is not rusting in the scabbard. It still flashes, for there are still fights to fight.

"I've always got a lot out of life," he says, "and got along all right that way—keeping busy."

Has it agreed with him? An Irish sergeant used to say, "I needn't ask—only look at you!" The picture of health, straight-backed, square-shouldered, he belies sixty-eight strenuous years, because through those years he has disciplined himself. He is going strong, yet if ever a man has earned a rest, that man is John J. Pershing. He started working when he was thirteen, and has been at it ever since.

Work was needed to graduate from the early school that has educated so many other famous Americans—the farm and the small town. The Pershings were people of character and intelligence, and later, of substance; but not during John's boyhood. Outside Laclede, beside the railroad track, is a sign: "This is the birthplace of General Pershing." On September 13th, 1860, his father was bossing a railroad gang, and in a section house that stood there first arose the voice that two million men were to obey. A year later the family took a farm near Laclede, where John remained almost until he entered West Point.

That that event was foreshadowed when the General of the Armies was but five years old is scarcely known. For four years of Civil War, Missouri had been at the cross-roads of North and South, East and West. Northern troops were continually passing through Laclede, or garrisoned there. One of the first things John Pershing saw as a baby was his country's uniform; one of the first things he did as a boy was to put it on. Dressed in a "soldier suit" his mother had cut down, the youngster mingled with the admired grown-up soldiers, went to their commissary and "drew rations," bacon, coffee, and hard-tack, to be borne home to his mother.

THERE were nine Pershing children, and father and mother would have had their hands full even if their pockets had been, too. They had the real pioneer spirit. They worked hard, and sent the children to school; but as soon as John got big enough and old enough, thirteen, he went to work on the farm when he wasn't at school. But he liked it, "had a good time at it." The fences were post-and-rail of oak logs split into rails; good, stiff exercise. John did about everything on the farm. He got up and drove out to the fields when the stars were still shining sometimes, "dropped corn," as they called it, and bound wheat and ran the mowing machine.

"I did a lot of work around horses too."

The General had been smiling more and more broadly as he talked. Now he chuckled one of his chuckles that seem to go 'way down into the midriff.

"And you know, afterward, in the cav-

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Quality

won this strong Mobiloil support from 354 manufacturers

Only a firm belief in the quality of Mobiloil can explain why—

182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks approve the recommendations for their cars in the Mobiloil Chart.

31 farm tractor builders recommend Mobiloil.

30 stock engine builders recommend Mobiloil.

77 marine engine and motor boat builders recommend Mobiloil.

6 motorcycle builders recommend Mobiloil.

28 fire apparatus builders recommend Mobiloil.

You may be sure that these manufacturers do not carelessly accept the oil recommendations of the Mobiloil engineers, when the smooth, efficient running of their own engines is at stake. They endorse Mobiloil as thoroughly protecting the latest types of high speed, high compression automotive engines.

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The World's Quality Oil

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

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Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

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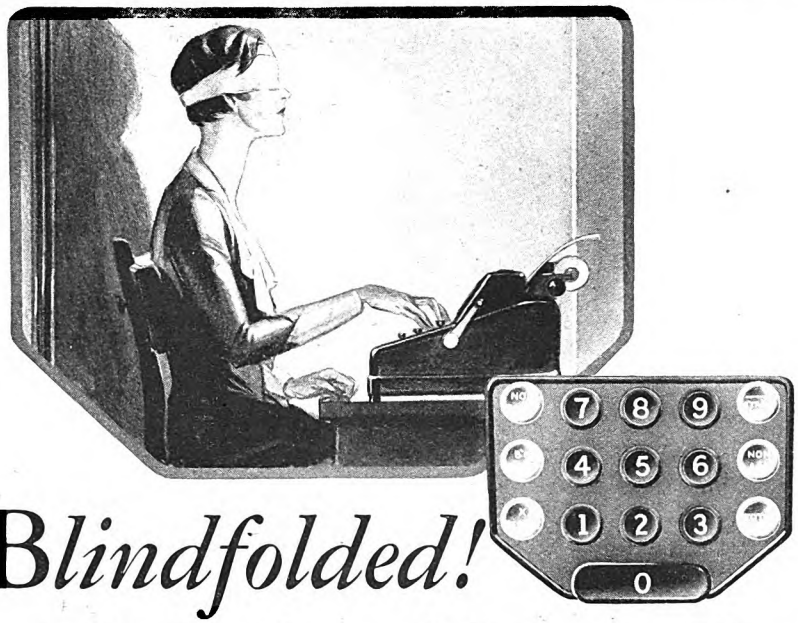

Blindfolded!

..this Sundstrand operator did not make a single error

MEN shouted, "Add 1242 and 371 and 9642. Now subtract 9347. Multiply by 81." The answer? 154,548. They read it themselves—then they checked it by hand. It was always right.

There she sat for six whole days . . . the noise of a convention around her.

Any numbers, any combinations—this operator did not make a single error, even though she could not see the keys. Why? Because Sundstrand has a marvelously simple keyboard—only ten numeral keys.

So simple that the touch system is natural. So simple that errors are few. So simple that a good operator can figure almost as fast as you can talk.

One hand controls all operations. Every figure is printed on a tape in plain sight. Direct subtraction—which means no complements to figure—is as simple and speedy as addition. Just touch the subtract key and write. Automatic-shift multiplication is just as easy. Sundstrand does half your thinking and all your work.

Nor are Sundstrands expensive. They cost as little as $100. A request brings you Sundstrand's fully illustrated descriptive booklet on the complete line of adding, subtracting and calculating machines and cash registers. All with the ten-key keyboard. Use the coupon.

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alry out West, any difficulty I got into, it helped me to get out of. That work with horses, wagons, and harness, that farm work, gives assurance. It teaches you to do things. I believe it's the best preparation a boy could have for life. I had a real home when I was a boy, and we were a big family, and a happy one. We had good times, hunting, sometimes on horses, bareback, with an old muzzle-loader and powder horn, for ducks, quail, rabbits, or squirrels. But we earned good times by doing real work every day."

And the General became very earnest.

"I like to see anyone work up and make good by character and ability," he said, "so that he stands out on his own worth. A great many men who came to the front in the war were self-made."

"But to go back to early days—my memory has just got going—my first journeys out into the world were to the Linn County Fair at Linneus, six miles north of us, and once, when I was twelve, I helped drive a flock of sheep into Iowa. Once my father took me up to Brunswick, in Chariton County, to look at some land, and I saw the Missouri River in flood, eating at its banks, carrying off houses, and frightening people."

HE HAD been going to school and studying evenings, and when he was seventeen he began to teach a negro school at Laclede. He cut and split the firewood, but, again, liked the exercise. The fine new building is called "Pershing School." In October, 1879, the General went to Prairie Mound to teach, and got forty dollars a month for it, and the next year he went to Kirksville Normal, hoping to save money to gratify his boyhood ambition—to become a lawyer.

"Yes; I wanted to be a lawyer," he said, explaining, "and my family wanted me to. The law then was considered the ladder of success. Lincoln, my boyhood ideal, had been a lawyer. I have always liked preciseness, exactness, and the study of law seemed to gratify that. Before I was twenty, I had read all of Blackstone and all Kent's Commentaries. Our friends knew about my fondness for law, and one loaned me books and helped me—old Abe Mullin in Linneus, the best lawyer in Linn County and just as good a lawyer as you'll find *anywhere*."

He borrowed books from another friend, Doctor Spurgeon, of Laclede, whose boy planned to become a doctor, as John Pershing did a judge.

In the spring of 1882, he saw an announcement in a newspaper that competitive examinations for appointment to West Point from Missouri would be held in two weeks' time. That changed the whole course of his life.

"Perhaps but for it I might be wearing a black gown today, and be a judge," the General said.

He got up and walked quickly to the window, then back.

A while before, he had been offered an appointment to Annapolis by Congressman Hyde, a friend of his father, but the navy did not interest him. He went home and talked this new opportunity over with the family. His father was willing, but his mother didn't like the idea. Her war memories were not child memories like his. But his sister, Mary Elizabeth, said she would help, and he went to work.

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"A clean exhilarating feeling . . unlike any other dentifrice"

writes Norman Black of Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

I have been using Pebeco daily since 1915. At that time my teeth had gotten in such poor condition that it was necessary for me to have a great deal of dental work done. It seemed that there were small cavities continually appearing and the gums would bleed very easily.

After various experiments I found Pebeco to be the very best and finest dentifrice on the market. As soon as I started to use Pebeco, I became aware of the exhilarating and clean feeling it left in the mouth, absolutely unlike any other dentifrice. I noticed tobacco stains soon disappeared and my teeth became much whiter, in fact a very glossy white, and after massaging the gums with Pebeco night and morning the bleeding ceased. I have not had a cavity in my teeth nor any trouble with the gums in all these twelve years.

I am, therefore, very enthusiastic about your product and cannot recommend it too highly.

(Signed) NORMAN BLACK

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Leaves a good clean taste . . *keeps teeth sound and white*

LIKE A PLUNGE in a mountain pool, the refreshing tang of Pebeco brings a tingle of health and cleanliness to your mouth.

Pebeco's honest, virile flavor comes from its special salt, placed in its formula by a famous physician to stimulate the mouth fluids which are the real guardians of the teeth. They disarm the acids that cause tooth decay, softening of the gums, unpleasant breath. But while we are still young these mouth fluids diminish and our teeth begin to deteriorate.

At the first taste of Pebeco, and for hours after the morning brushing, your mouth feels young and fresh. You smile and talk without self-consciousness. The bedtime brushing gives protection while you sleep.

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Keeps the mouth young . .

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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
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(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MAY, 1929)

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Dermutation does it!

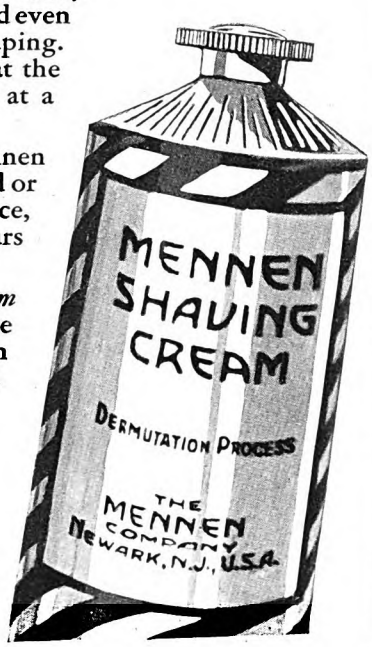
There's a smooth, fresh finish and feel to the Mennen shave that's immediately noticeable and gratifying to you. It's *dermutation* that does it, *dermutation* that softens the toughest, horniest beard that grows, leveling the skin peaks around the hairs, so your razor cuts the beard square, clean and even at the skin surface. No nicking. No scraping. None of that irritating drag, that yanking at the hair roots so painful when the razor balks at a partially softened beard.

No caustic to burn or smart. And Mennen works equally well in water hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing emollients tone up the face, leaving it comfortable and smooth for hours to come.

And be sure to top off with *Mennen Talcum for Men*—soothing and comfy—stops face shine, yet doesn't show. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

Now Made With Menthol!

Many revel in the reviving, snowy coolness that a dash of menthol adds to your shave. Now you can enjoy Mennen either way. To get the *mentholized* ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball.



He had just two weeks to plug for that examination, and seventeen boys took it, but he got the appointment.

Today General Pershing is very glad he did. He has never spent a dull day in military service. He has found it interesting, likes to be with men and work with them and train them out in the field. He always liked to have a well-trained outfit, whether a cavalry troop or the A. E. F. with two million. It is better for the men, too, he thinks. Preciseness and thoroughness stand one in good stead in battle.

The General's voice lowered, as he revealed something close to his heart.

"My one big rule for happiness," he said, "is to have something worthwhile to do, and do it with all there is in me—no matter what the circumstances. The old saying that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well is a good motto. If anyone should ask me for advice, I would say something like this:

"'Whatever your job is, put your whole soul into it. Don't do it half way. Do it the best way you can at this time. That particular chance will never come again.'

"That is not only the best way to be happy but the only way to prepare yourself for your next step forward. I have tried all my life to live up to that rule."

"Is that your guiding principle?" I asked.

"That and another rather like it," the General replied. "I believe that an honest-minded man won't do anything very wrong, however strange or complicated the circumstances. If he means to do right, he will. So I suppose you might sum it up this way:

"'Do as right as you know how, all the time.'

"I think that's a good rule for boys to start to follow. It is a strong conviction with me. In fact, I don't believe in having anything but strong convictions on the important, basic things of life. After a man has thought a thing out the best way he can, and found out what seems right, how can he have any but a strong conviction about it?"

SO THE General honestly enjoyed the dread plebe year at West Point. The jokes and horsing, if not dangerously rough, he found just part of the game, and thought a good plebe should take them that way. If later he did a little horsing himself, that was in the game too. Probably his thoroughness as much as anything—though he was older in years and experience than many classmates—enabled him to finish First Captain of the Corps of Cadets. He was chosen perpetual president of his class also. He was not a wonderful student but did his best and got just one 'max,' in Philosophy, not the mathematics of the hard-boiled regular. Then he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the cavalry, thanks partly to his fondness for horses, and sent to chase Indians.

"Did you give up all idea of the law and becoming a judge?" I asked.

"For a while. Mother was reconciled to my being a soldier, and I had my duty to do. From 1886 to 1890 the Indians kept me busy. But then for four years I was military instructor at the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, and the chance was too good to lose. I studied law and got my degree. I liked the army, but I

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"We're not sick, Daddy. Why are you taking us to the Doctor?"
"Why? To do all we can to keep you from ever getting sick."

YOUR children will probably never forget the odd experience of being taken to the doctor when they are perfectly well. Perhaps no other act of yours could stamp more indelibly on their minds the wisdom of preventing sickness.

When your boys and girls were ill nothing was left undone to make them as comfortable as possible and to help them to get well. But have you done what you can do to spare them from future illnesses?

Have you guarded against diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and rickets? Have you had adenoids removed? Teeth, eyes, throats, legs and feet—every part of the body should be examined. Modern medical science teaches us that in order to prevent much needless disease and suffering every child should have a complete physical examination at least once a year.

Make May 1928 a banner month for your children. Have them weighed, measured and examined for known and unknown defects. Give them a fair start toward a happy and useful life.

The Metropolitan has issued a booklet, "Out of Babyhood into Childhood", which gives valuable advice on preventable diseases with helpful suggestions concerning diet, environment and training. Mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write for it.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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wasn't sure then that I should always stay in it. Now, if promotion got too slow, I could practice law. I never quite gave up the idea until nearly fifteen years later, when I became a general officer."

So when President Roosevelt promoted Captain Pershing over eight hundred other officers to the rank of brigadier general, unknowingly he may have saved to the army its most illustrious figure since Grant. The almost unprecedented, if entirely legal, leap-frogging was earned by a splendid record in Cuba"—the coolest man under fire I ever saw," his commander wrote—and extraordinary— service in the Philippines among the Moros, whose language and ways Pershing learned as did few Americans. That same promotion sent the General back among them in 1909, to begin what in retrospect he calls the best period of his life.

FOR as he relinquished a boyhood dream, the law, he realized a man's ambition, and married the woman he loved, the daughter of Senator Warren of Wyoming. Until its untimely tragic end, it was a splendid, happy marriage. Its softening, refining ten years gave the seasoned trooper, after twenty years' soldiering, his only real home and family life in the almost fifty years since he left Laclede. Even now, he cannot talk about it quite unmoved.

Four years were spent in the Philippines, mostly on the Moro Island of Mindanao, whither the newly created brigadier general had been sent as governor. There the children were born, three daughters and a son, Warren, now a freshman at Yale. There, as the children were baptized, husband and wife were confirmed together by Bishop Brent, later chief chaplain of the A. E. F.

In those inspiring years General Pershing did some of his best work, that helped prepare him for the vast problems of the World War.

Nobody understands him who does not understand those four years. His job was to bring not a sword but peace, to a distraught land of fanatical Mohammedans, warlike, stubbornly resisting any but the most tactful guidance. He succeeded, and today, despite greater successes, he remembers that with greatest satisfaction. It was won fully as much by the boy who did everything on the farm, who taught school, who studied how men govern themselves through laws, as by the regular soldier. It could not have been done by a hard-boiled disciplinarian. It took sympathy, understanding, consideration. Not to appreciate that is to get him wrong. Brigadier General John J. Pershing made the Moros stop fighting; but John Pershing of Laclede taught them better ways to spend their time.

By late 1913, he had beaten the Moro kris into a plowshare. Crops were the best ever and so were revenue collections and school attendance, while more money was appropriated for school buildings than in all the previous American occupation. For the first time in history, Moros were putting money into a bank, just opened.

But when Villa and other imitators raided the Mexican border, the cavalryman Pershing was sent there, and there he received the news that fire in the Presidio, military headquarters at San Francisco, had taken his wife and three daughters. Only the baby, Warren, had been saved. Those who saw General Pershing then knew how terrible the blow was, how fortunate for him that soon afterward he received the important task of leading the expedition into Mexico after Villa.

The days were full of work and responsibility, but the evenings were hard. Once, as he sat alone at his tent door, some strolling Mexican musicians played near by for his staff, who had warned them not to play "La Paloma," Mrs. Pershing's favorite. After a while the General walked into the firelight, and asked the musicians in excellent Spanish:

"Won't you play 'La Paloma,' please?"

At the last note, he walked slowly back to his tent.

He took his own advice, followed his guiding principle, and put his whole soul into his job, to catch Villa. By hard marches and rides, by clever stratagems, he would have succeeded, but for orders from Washington. Like a soldier, he obeyed the President's orders, and stopped.

"I've never indulged much in retrospection," the General says, "nor figuring out what might have been. There has always been too much to do in the present."

The World War had begun; we were trying to be neutral, but our success looked doubtful. Also, here were fifteen thousand husky regulars in a country none too friendly. General Pershing started a stiff training schedule of European methods adapted to America, for even then he believed that the World War had not changed the principles of warfare, as he maintained later in France to the disgruntlement of some of our Allies.

He had a human side. After one pay day, the General passed an overturned wagon, from behind which sounded excited voices and click of dice. He spoke to the men engaged in winning baby some shoes, and the crap game moved into the brush.

"What did he say to you?" asked an inquisitive correspondent.

"Oh, the old man's all right," a doughboy replied. "He said: 'You better get farther away from the trail.'"

WITH more serious transgressions, however, he was less lenient, unlike some others who maintained that "soldiers will be soldiers." His fifteen thousand that came out of Mexico were not only the best trained but the most upstanding, as they were the largest American military force that had been assembled in many years. He had been putting his whole soul into today's job, so making tomorrow's, the World War, easier for his country. Many did not know that then, some did not understand it. They had him wrong.

President Wilson hadn't. He valued a general who could be vigorous in pursuit, silent when balked, obedient and efficient, and who had no political intrigues. As his chief of staff in the Meuse-Argonne said the other day: "Pershing was very exceptional—always was."

The General doesn't talk war much now, except to very close friends, or ex-doughboys. He likes good doughboy stories. But the present is interesting, retrospect foreign to his nature. He does not discuss his relations with Allied leaders, or with President Wilson, except to say that probably no American commander in history, save perhaps Grant, had greater freedom of action or, on the whole, more loyal support than he.

In 1917-18 titled foreigners all looked alike to him. He did his duty then, upholding the American viewpoint; he does it now, keeping silent, and can point to abundant justification in the results attained by some who have been less discreet.

Because of this silence, it is not appreciated what difficulty General Pershing had to obtain from the United States the men and supplies he needed, how long it took to arouse the Government and the country fully to the fact that they really must hurry, unless they were to lose the war. It is not understood yet how nearly that happened. The General foresaw it, in the dreary winter of 1917-18, and was pushing every day to move the War Department to help him arm for the great German offensive that was coming.

There were dark days in March, 1918, when the great German drive came, and even clerks at G. H. Q. were issued helmets and gas masks. Darker still was late May, and early June, when the Germans broke through on the Chemin des Dames and reached Château Thierry, forty miles from Paris.

"That was the worst time," General Pershing says; then, with a glow of pride, "But then we really got into it."

"The strain on you must have been terrific," I suggested.

"We-e-e-ll," the General deprecated, "I had been training for it all my life, and especially when I came to France. Taking care of myself. My best exercise was riding horseback." This with the half-enthusiastic, half-ashamed smile with which a man mentions a hobby.

IN FRANCE, General Pershing rode every morning before breakfast or else before dinner. He did a daily dozen in the morning. He had to work many evenings, and do a lot of automobile riding, scarcely sport compared with riding horseback. At meals he talked about subjects unconnected with the war, with his staff, General Harbord, General McAndrew, Colonel Boyd, and many guests. Those were the principal relaxations during the war.

During the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles he had a special train, with sleeping cars and office car, a sort of traveling office. It was all work there.

"One of my most valuable habits was that of dismissing a subject from my mind once it was settled," the General said:

"I've always done that—think it must be inborn."

That recalled what Vice President Dawes, then an A. E. F. officer, wrote in his diary:

> Pershing is the man for this great emergency. He has an immense faculty for disposing of things. He is not only a great soldier, but he has great common sense and tremendous energy.

Modern war makes all generals—the A. E. F.'s needs made him, particularly—more like the head of a great industry, a super-executive, than one of the old-style, flashing, dashing captains. He could not live in a tent among his men, as in Mexico. But he never forgot them.

Only a few hours after the first Americans were killed or captured in a German trench raid, November 2d, 1917, General Pershing was in the smashed-up front line trenches where it had happened, seeing for

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The Secret of her Popularity
a glorious flashing smile

Since Childhood Days
Miss Gittere has used this one dental cream
and look at her lovely teeth today

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Much of Miss Dorothy Gittere's charm is due to a really remarkable smile. A smile that shows two even rows of sparkling, lustrous teeth.

Miss Gittere tells us she has used but one dental cream during the past 18 years. Daily cleaning with Colgate's and a trip to the dentist every six months . . . that's her secret.

Many tell same story

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Miss Gittere who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years.

Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

Accept our free offer

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist to-day for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

Clean

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream —designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can properly do.

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Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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Just jot your name and address on the coupon at the left, tear out and mail today. We will gladly mail you a trial tube of Colgate's to test in your own home.

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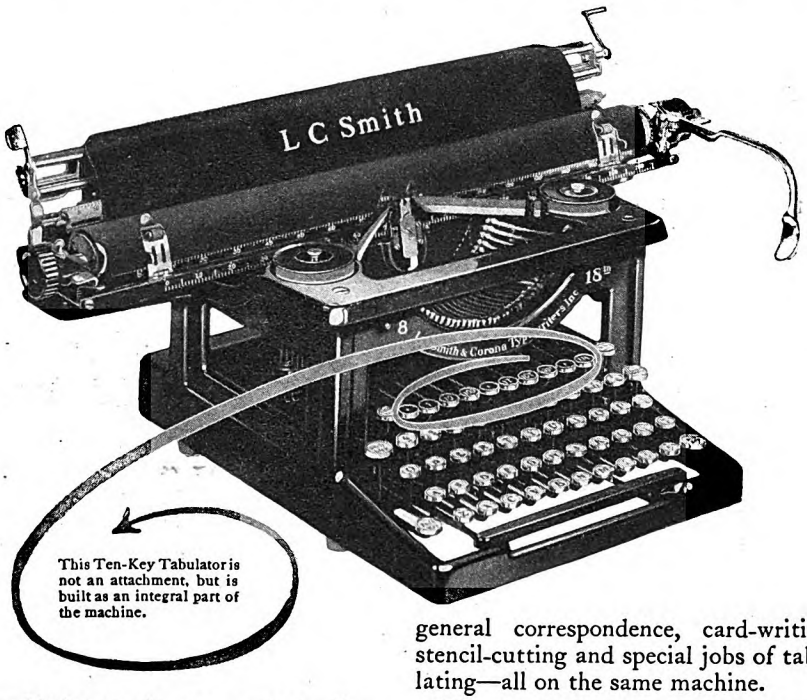
New!

L C Smith

with the 10-KEY key-set tabulator



IN addition to the many outstanding advantages of the L C Smith there is now available a Ten-Key Key-Set Tabulator.

This convenient feature is not an attachment, but is built into a new series of L C Smith models called the "Ten-Key Tabulator Models," which cover the entire range of carriage widths—10, 12, 14, 18, 20 and 26 inches.

The ten tabulator keys have white numerals on a black background, so that they are readily distinguishable from the other keys.

The tabulator feature in no way interferes with the use of the machine for general office work. You can handle general correspondence, card-writing, stencil-cutting and special jobs of tabulating—all on the same machine.

The tabulator stops are all set and cleared mechanically; very simply.

Merely by pressing one of the tabulator keys the carriage is brought directly into position to write in the column desired.

Most important of all is the fact that with this new convenience you obtain all the other advantages of L C Smith—ball-bearing construction, light touch, easy action, speed, quietness, durability, interchangeable platens and rigid carriage. (The rigid carriage is particularly important with the wide models.)

Write today for illustrated folder describing our new Ten-Key Tabulator models.

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Corona, the Personal Writing Machine

Now finished in beautiful DUCO colors

himself. From there he went to the base hospital at Bazeilles to tell the wounded how proud of them everybody at home would be, and two correspondents who met the General as he left thought they saw moisture in his eyes.

"What are the principal lessons of our war experience for the American people, General?" I asked him.

"Oh, I could write pages and pages about that," he replied, amused but in earnest. "Why, first and foremost, we should try to prevent future wars by understanding other peoples better. Our people should read about them more, study their ways of thought, if we can't all travel and see. Our Government should seek closer relations with other Governments, avoiding, of course, entanglements. Without becoming militaristic—we could never do that—we should be better prepared to make war efficiently, in case we should be forced to again, than we were in 1917."

Then the General said emphatically something that is rather startling even now:

"If we could have armed and equipped even a half-million men, and sent them to France early in 1917, the war could have been won that year, not a year later. Our citizens should know this, and other things bearing upon the nation's welfare.

"One of my very greatest interests now," General Pershing continued, "is in doing what I can to arouse all the people whom I can reach to greater interest in taking their part in the government of country, state, city, or town. I try to get them to attend caucuses, and register and vote, in all elections. That is the only way to make the nation strong, and it's good for people to do it too."

"And your other greatest interests, General?" I asked.

"My deepest interest," he replied, "is in a work that appeals to me greatly—to keep green for all time the memory of the Americans who gave their lives in France, where many are still buried."

As chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, General Pershing has just completed a careful plan to erect memorial chapels at American cemeteries and monuments on American battlefields. Work has started on these, and the General will supervise it carefully, thoughtfully, lovingly. He often goes to France to see about it.

"Then, as to the rest of my time, I have a large correspondence with former officers, some who are good enough to call themselves admirers, old friends from Missouri or Nebraska, or all over the world.

OF FRIENDS, General Pershing now has more, sees more, and enjoys more than ever before in his life. One job of his secretary is to work in all the callers.

Sometimes they disorganize his schedule and he eats a sandwich at his desk and calls it lunch—but he doesn't mind. The General likes to talk to his callers.

"General," I said, "two years ago I met you striding through the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, as you used to on inspections. Were you enjoying art or inspecting the Metropolitan?"

"I was enjoying art," the General said, without a moment's hesitation and with enthusiasm. "I always have enjoyed it. I go to the Metropolitan or any other art gallery whenever I can. In Paris I always

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The AIRMAN travels fast -in greatest comfort

The new Seven-Passenger Airman Sedan

CONTINUED, hard, fast driving—for hours on end—with no fear of injury to the motor, with no sense of car-strain, with no fatigue to the driver and passengers—

That is the type of performance which has won for the Franklin Airman the title of "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built."

What is it that gives Franklin this roadability, unmatched by any other car? A more efficient and dependable motor, air-cooled like the famous airplane motors—with sustained high power. A flexible chassis that absorbs the majority of the road shocks before they can reach the body. Full-elliptic springs, with double cushioning effect, that also smooth the action of 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes. Scientific light-weight construction that eases control and holds securely to the road.

These and many other exclusive features, throughout a wide range of distinctive types, will make *your* next car an Airman—if you will but arrange for the kind of demonstration which only Franklin can give. Favorable terms of payment are offered.

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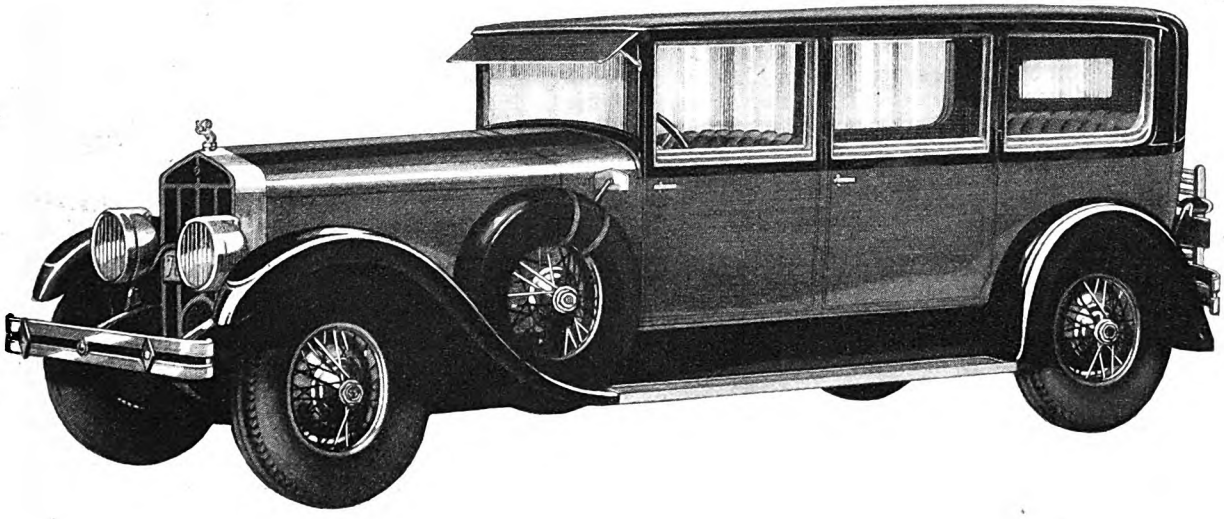
Scientific spring suspension—four full-elliptic springs provide an unusual degree of riding comfort—the total spring-length on each side is actually greater than the wheelbase.



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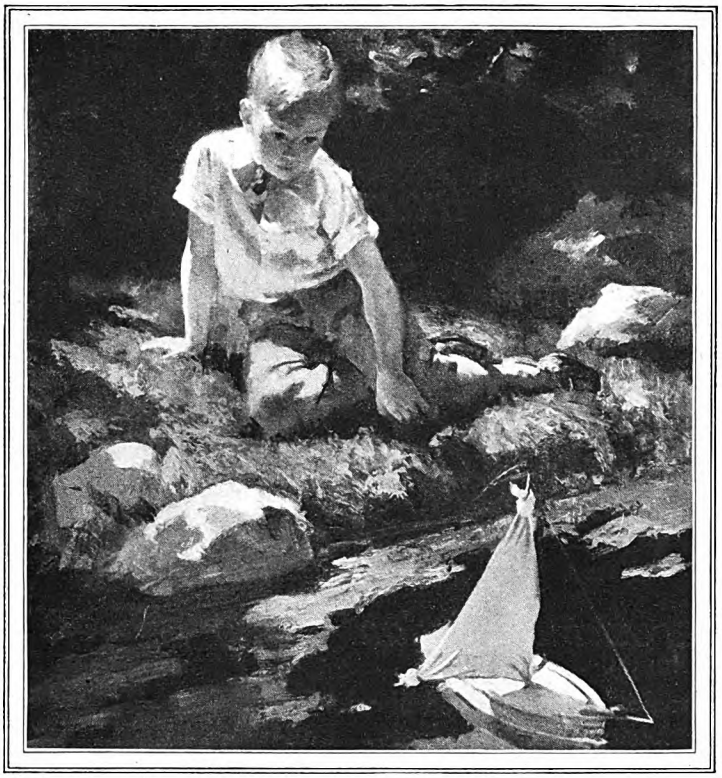

When he begins to grow away from you

This simple plan to help you guide him

HOW anxious he is to grow up and face the world alone! But, to give him the right start—that's his mother's problem.

He's so *careless*. Hard on his clothes—forgetful of responsibility—unconscious of what his sturdy little body needs. The matter of food, for instance. What a sketchy breakfast he'd bolt down—if you'd let him!

Other people's boys and girls have to be watched for this, too. Knowing this, school authorities are making a nation-wide campaign to help rouse youngsters' enthusiasm for the *right* sort of breakfast every day. They are emphasizing the thing that mothers know will stick to little ribs all morning. A *hot, cooked* cereal.

Tests made in great cities have shown what all teachers and mothers have already found out: that children are seriously handicapped in the school room and at play when they do not have a *hot, cooked* cereal, regularly, in the morning. Displayed on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms today is this slogan:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

You know how sure you are that they are ready for their day when you see them empty their bowls of *hot* Cream of Wheat.

Here are three reasons why mothers and health authorities for over 30 years have considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for children: 1. It gives in abundance both mental and physical energy. 2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy and quick to digest. 3. Children love its creamy goodness.

It's so easy to safeguard your children in this way. The simple plan described below will help you establish the regular habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Start now. Your grocer has it.

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FREE — *Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A plan that makes your children *want* to eat a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a new enlarged edition of the booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Just mail coupon to Dept. P-14, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child..... First Name ..... Last Name

Address..... *City*.....

visit the Louvre and the Luxembourg—and I think I have formed some idea of what is good."

"When you are at home, how do you spend your time?"

"Why not come and see?" he asked.

General Pershing lives alone most of the year, while his son, Warren, is at Yale. The General tries to keep him out of print and away from the cameras. He thinks the less parents say about their children sometimes, the better for the children.

The General has a two-room suite at the Metropolitan Club, in Washington, little over a block from his office in the State, War, and Navy Building. The rooms are comfortable but hardly palatial. Standing at the door from a narrow hallway to the living-room, one is reminded of the simplicity of an early American home.

The room is bright, with green-curtained windows on two sides, letting in plenty of light to be reflected by bare buff-tinted walls. There is a dark gray rug upon the floor, in the center of it a good-sized octagonal walnut table, covered with papers.

Separated from the desk only by a window, is a small fireplace, and before that is the General's favorite chair, a low, dark, gray-brown stuffed arm chair, best described as "just an arm chair"—but comfortable. Here, in brown leather slippers, the General does his reading.

"Just now I am reading about Lincoln again," he said. "Never get tired of that. I am reading Carl Sandburg's life, the volumes that he calls 'The Prairie Years.' There is mighty good stuff in them. It appeals to me especially because I know the West, and try to know Lincoln."

THE General keeps up with what's going on, here and abroad. He reads newspapers, magazines, especially reviews and current-events magazines, American and foreign. A smaller table is covered ten deep with papers and magazines.

"I like to read detective stories—for relaxation," he said—"usually have some around, and I like history and biography, to see what other peoples and people have made of life. What I read depends on my mood. I usually put in several nights a week reading when I'm in Washington. I never was one of those people who must be going out somewhere every single night."

General Pershing practically doesn't smoke at all. He had smoked ever since he was a boy on the farm, was smoking incessantly when, at fifty, he decided he would be better off if he stopped—so he "put his mind on it," and stopped.

General Pershing cannot live on exact routine, for he travels quite a little. But he is usually up by eight o'clock or half past and has breakfast at the Metropolitan Club. Usually by ten o'clock he is at his desk in his office in the State, War, and Navy Building, where he is often a fixture until six o'clock. He likes to work.

Life is agreeing with General Pershing. He seems scarcely older than during the war. There may be a little more white in his sandy hair, but not much more; perhaps face and figure are fuller, but not much. The smile seems readier in these piping times of peace than in those tense, stern days, but that is not strange. Though he smiled then, and often. Those who thought not, had him wrong.

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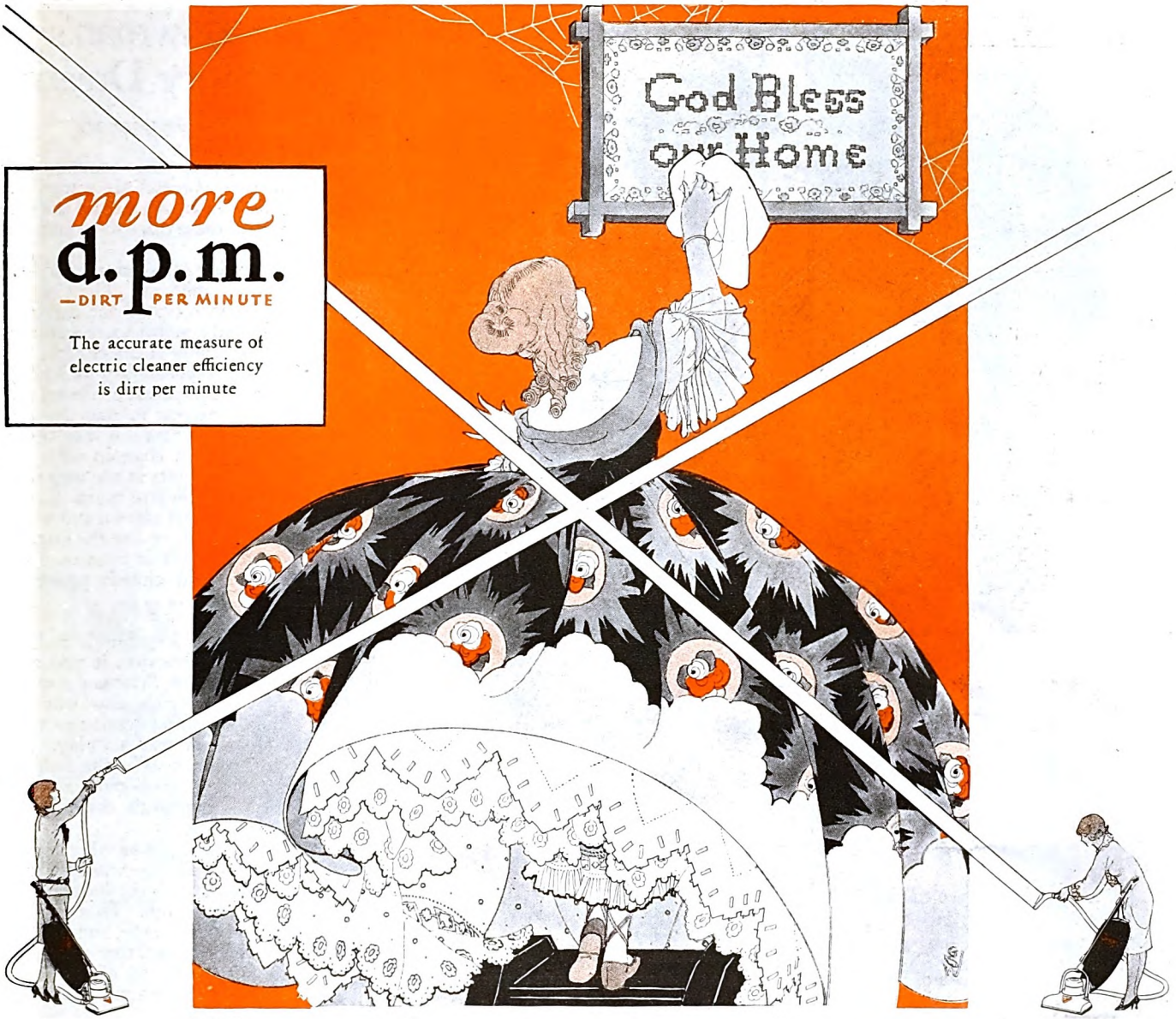

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House cleaning is easier now

. . . . *thanks to* The HOOVER *Dusting Tools*

HOW old-fashioned it seems—the tearing up of carpets, the carrying out of furniture, the beating of rugs and brushing of draperies that meant housecleaning a few years ago . . . Yet some women do it still. Such drudgery is quite unnecessary—thanks to Hoover Dusting Tools. They search out the dirt from every crack and corner, clean thoroughly and quickly overstuffed furniture, hangings and door frames—all the difficult, hard-to-get-at places.

And they do it so easily and effortlessly. Each tool is carefully planned for its purpose—to eliminate stooping and reaching, to prevent tiring. Swivel joints make twisting your wrists unnecessary and spring catches lock the different units securely in place.

Yet dusting is but a small part of the aid the Hoover offers in housecleaning. Its greatest service is in the cleaning of rugs. Here you secure the thorough cleanliness which only The Hoover can give, through its deep-beating principle—"Positive Agitation"—which repeated tests have shown removes more *dirt per minute* than other cleaners. We shall be glad to demonstrate the Hoover's greater *dirt per minute* capacity in your home. Because *d. p. m.* represents the real gauge of electric cleaner capacity, you should see this test before buying *any* electric cleaner. Telephone the Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash Prices, Model 700, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

NEW . . motor-driven floor polishing attachment, **$7.50**

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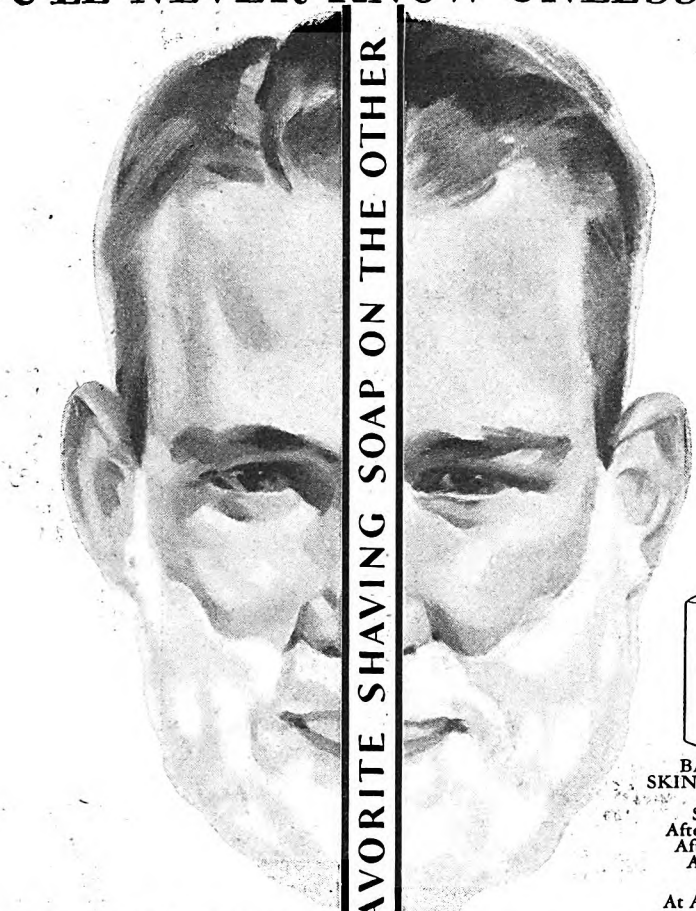
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW UNLESS YOU

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER



BARBASOL
SKIN FRESHENER
A Tonic
Stimulant
After Shaving—
After Bathing
Any Time
65c
At All Druggists

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

You may think there couldn't be any better shaving preparation than your present favorite. Maybe you're right.

But millions of happy shavers think BARBASOL has everything else beaten at least *three* ways: *faster, smoother, closer.* We hope *they're* right.

Why not settle this shaving question the modern American way?

Make this 3-day test

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet).
2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in).
3—Shave!

Do this three successive days, and—

Let Your Face Decide!

It will tell you, smartly, which is the soap side, alkali burn and razor pull and beard resistance.

It will tell you, coolly, the BARBASOL side is all smooth and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Just as we said: *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

All druggists 35c and 65c. Send 10c for generous trial tube.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

John Bowman's Fifty-Story Dream

(*Continued from page 37*)

Manifestly, then, if the community's tastes are bad, if its views are warped, if its intellectual level is low, and its colleges are unsupported, these three have failed in their duty.

"Parents of today condemn the modern freedom of their children. They forget that it was they who reared the children. Churchmen bewail a moral laxness and indifference to the affairs of the church, but forget their own responsibility as leaders in church affairs. Educators condemn and deplore student interest in dancing and athletics, overlooking that it is they themselves who have been charged with the training of these students in the way they should go. In the theatre when a play fails to 'go over' it is withdrawn and a new play substituted for it, or else the original play is rewritten. Isn't it time that the home and school and church profit by this lesson?"

COMING back to Pittsburgh and its impoverished university, it was as a playwright that Doctor Bowman saw the problem there. The rich city was his theatre. The theme of education as typified by the university was his play. The play was not "going over"—the bulk of the audience had walked out. Plainly, something was wrong with the play as written and enacted.

Near the foot of the hill on which stood the old university buildings was a vacant square of ground. It was the heart of the civic center of Pittsburgh. That ground Bowman picked for his stage, and his was a literal and not a figurative selection. Somehow he got possession of the stage for $1,500,000 and then started to rewrite the play.

"The usual appeals had been made, and failed," he told me. "Every word that could be used had been used, every argument exhausted. Cold arguments would be only a waste of time. Something was needed that the people could *see*, that would arouse their imaginations, stir their feeling and their pride in the university. It had to be as modern as the age, startling, true, beautiful, and daring as the spirit of the city itself, a promise of the New Day in tangible form."

He studied his stage, lived on it. Education was the "Vital Thing" and he must make the city see it as that, as the dominant factor in its progress. He must dramatize the thing! How? In brick and stone and mortar that would endure. And in vision suddenly the rewritten play took form, a drama in stone that soared toward the heavens and mingled with the clouds themselves! He would build on this stage a cathedral—a Cathedral of Learning! A mighty skyscraper!

"To catch the spiritual, driving, courageous stuff that made Pittsburgh"—that is what he wished to do in this building he envisioned. To express power, achievement, righteousness, culture, the spirit of a new age, to express these in stone was what he purposed. Above all, the building, towering to the stars, was to express

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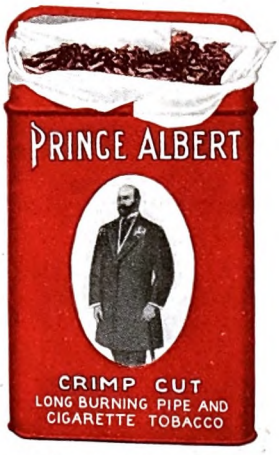
They told me to try P. A.

THEY said: "You've never really smoked a pipe unless you've smoked Prince Albert." I divided their enthusiasm by two, and decided to take a chance. Chance? Well, if *that's* what it was, I *won!* I knew I was "going somewhere" when I got that first whiff.

A few seconds later, I arrived. Boy, what a taste! Cool as a hat-check girl when she kidnaps your kelly. Sweet as her smile when you pay her the ransom. Mellow and mild and long-burning, yet with that rich, satisfying body that lets you know you're smoking. Yes, *yes!*

My pipe-program begins right after breakfast and runs far, far into the night. P. A. never tires my taste. Each pipe-load tastes better than the one before, if such a thing is possible. If you think I'm over-enthusiastic, you can check me up—with a pipe and a tidy red tin.



P. A. gives you more in every way — TWO full ounces in each tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

life, because education as Bowman conceives it *is* life. It was to be the better life dramatized in stone! Fifty stories in its height!

Charles Z. Klauder, of Philadelphia, is one of America's leading architects. Doctor Bowman went to him with his vision and tried to put it into words. He found it was beyond words; Klauder did not get the whole idea. Words, pictures, literature—these did not help much. Finally the two listened to music. They listened to the fire music in "Die Walküre."

"THERE you have it," said Bowman, "climax rising above climax, when you felt that each was the top of human achievement."

Klauder knew music. His soul was stirred. "Those climaxes are buttresses," he answered, and for the next five hours, he drew music freehand in the form of a cathedral. Sheet after sheet he threw aside, each time coming closer to a great expression of courage and spirituality.

That day was a success! At the end of it Klauder was all eagerness, but he remarked, "I'm tired. I'd like to go to Europe for a month."

"Splendid idea," said Bowman.

Klauder went to Europe and came back still more eager. For three years the two worked. Klauder, now as obsessed as was Bowman, designed only to destroy. He filled wastebaskets with his discarded efforts, tried as he never had tried before. Finally, he showed a finished design to Bowman. It represented months of work.

"Is it the best you can do?" asked Bowman.

Klauder's answer was to put aside the design and to begin again. "To be able to do that," said Doctor Bowman to me, softly, "is an attribute of genius." So the work went on. Klauder varied his design a hundred times, just to get one.

And genius was in this one when the design was finished. I can't describe it any more than could Bowman, who left its description to great music. Here were lines, not pulled into steeples, but parallel and projecting themselves into infinite space.

Here were mass and proportion perfectly blended, rising fifty stories above the rock foundations. Here was an inanimate thing that was animate, alive, speaking the language of the human heart and soul. Here was the new drama of the university.

Bowman took the design of this cathedral-skyscraper to Pittsburgh and gave it to the city. Pittsburgh looked, gasped at the man's daring, and paused in its stride, amazed. The pictured edifice seemed to speak; it did speak!

Within three short months Pittsburgh's people, who had been indifferent, subscribed more than ten millions of dollars to the university! Eight millions of this, it was specifically designated, were to be used in erecting the building. The remainder was to be employed in supplementary buildings, land, and endowments.

This money came from the wealthy; it came from the poor. Steel workers by the thousands, and bankers; florists and 10,000 department store clerks; manufacturers and street-cleaners; almost 100,000 school children who "earned" what they gave; Hungarians and Armenians—these contributed.

Advice to wives

whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY husband and I used to be careless with money. Fred made a good salary but we spent practically every dollar of it.

Then something happened that opened our eyes. Fred was taken sick and confined to bed for five weeks. By the time he was able to go back to work we were penniless—worse than that, we had been obliged to borrow money to live.

After that I began to worry about money. What would happen to us if Fred were sick for *several months?* What would happen if he were incapacitated in some way and unable to go on with his work?

How to end money worries

One day a little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It was one of the most valuable, interesting and unusual books I ever read. The book made me think of Fred and the hopes I had for him. Here's what it said:

You're interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.

You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.

You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're justified in quitting—that you've earned it.

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

SINGLE WOMEN TOO

may want to know

—how to retire with an income
—how to save money scientifically
—how to end money worries

The booklet offered below tells how. Mail the coupon.

Get this Free Book

This story is typical. The book, "How to Get the Things You Want," tells how you can become financially independent—how you can provide an income to retire on—how you can end money worries—how you can do these things and many other things, no matter whether your present income is large or small.

The financial plan outlined in this book is so clear and so simple that you will understand it at once. It is so reasonable, so sensible, so logical in every way that the minute you read about it you will realize instantly that it works.

This plan is backed by one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It is completely explained in the free book. There's no obligation. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. **First Policy issued 1851**

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 346 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name _____ City _____

Business Address _____ State _____

Home Address _____ Date of Birth _____

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"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and under weight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination. My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

"I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

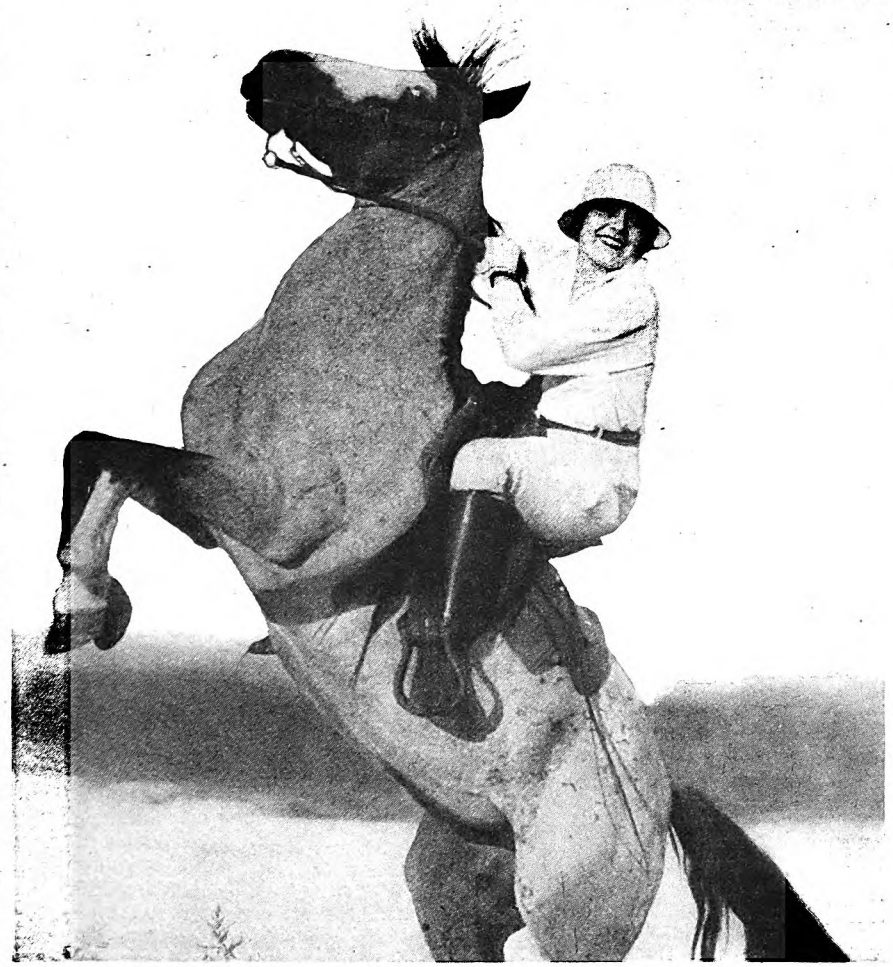
MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," *in beauty competition*

AS fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food.*

It cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that saps your vigor and health. Soon your indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-52, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.



"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says MISS RITA LA ROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:*

"AT AN EARLY AGE I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

"Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live.

"But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. I was beginning to become distressed... Three years ago I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. And my constipation was helped, too."

RITA LA ROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*

"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes William Blakeney. His letter follows:

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast'. I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough?"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, *Newtonville, Mass.*

***Easy, natural*—this new way to health, to greater zest in living**

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.

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Pipe Smoker Finds Pep-Producer and Solace All in One

When a man has a good pipe and the right tobacco, he has a true and helpful friend. Never was there a more convincing illustration of this fact than the following letter from Mr. Arbogast. Here is a gentleman whose work makes a constant drain upon his nervous energy, and all day long his faithful pipe and favorite tobacco help him produce pep.

Then, at the day's end, the soothing fragrance of his favorite pipe-smoke wipes all cares away. Here's what he says:

Cincinnati, Ohio
June 1, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

My good old pipe has just reminded me of a dozen promises to write a bit of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth.

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc.

When you are up against a barrage of questions by excitable women, doubtful men, and self-confident millionaires, trying to harmonize the whole in an effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before—well, you need a Pep-Producer—that's all.

And when the day's work is done, along toward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all.

I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did.

Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,
William H. Arbogast.

As a pipe "affinity" (which Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) Edgeworth has brought many a man and pipe together for a grand and glorious lifetime friendship.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.

Doctor Bowman told me of a night during those three months when he spoke in a little hall in a foreign section of the city. The audience was made up of folk who spoke little English. A woman stood up. She had been an immigrant, but her children were American born. In the building she saw personified the promise of America which had brought her across the sea.

"I have no money," she said in broken English. "All my man earns goes to keep us. But in our house we will go without meat for a week. We will give what we save this way."

"At our house we will go without a meal a day for a week," said a man. "We will give that." And one after another followed him to their feet, until the whole audience pledged itself in such ways to help. The idea spread. The Greeks, the Poles, the Italians, and other groups took it up, until thousands, inspired by the building, gave their bits.

Today, the building's foundation is done. The steel skeleton of it has started to rise triumphantly. Besides this, a great stadium that will hold 65,000 people has been built. The university is no longer troubled by debt; there is no longer a yearly deficit; almost 12,000 students are enrolled in the university classes.

WHAT does this change signify, not to Pittsburgh alone but to your community and mine? What is *our* interest in the promise of tomorrow expressed in the building?

It was with these questions in mind that I went to Doctor Bowman. If Pittsburgh's problem was typical, then the solution to which it is turning is of national import. What is going on in Pittsburgh may be a signpost along the way we, too, are to go, as marchers in a national procession.

"First, let me make this fact clear," began Doctor Bowman. "We do not pretend, for a moment, here in Pittsburgh, that the mere erection of a building, however fine and inspiring it may be, is going to solve all of our educational shortcomings and ills. The new building is only the prologue in the play, a promise.

"The primary object of the building was to arouse the community to the importance of the university to Pittsburgh. Its next object was to arouse the university itself to its own responsibility and possibilities. Beyond those two aims was yet a third, greater even than both: we wanted a building that would arouse the students who are to use it to give their finest efforts.

"There is a sublimity in fine architecture that is capable of changing lives. The emotions may be awakened by a great structure just as readily as by music, a great poem, or a great painting. This has been recognized for ages; you see it exemplified in the cathedral, and in many churches; you see it in some university buildings, and also in some skyscrapers in our big cities.

"We have our own problems here in America, our own history, our own ambitions. We sought to embody these in our university building so that it will be, when finished, an original and purely American structure inspiring to American students of today.

"The fact that this community in three months gave ten millions of dollars, and that nearly every class in the community contributed, suggests that our people were but awaiting such a building. Also, to me it suggests future educational heights of which we have not dreamed—once the nation's pulse is stirred.

"But the building, as I have said, is only the prologue to our play. A new and better educational structure is being built *as a whole* as rapidly as we can build it. The classroom itself is being pried loose from tradition and is being brought into stride with the times—and in the classroom are to be found the chief faults of our school system, here and elsewhere."

I ASKED him to name these faults, and he continued:

"Instead of guiding our youth to understanding, we have been trying to stuff understanding down its throat by a process of forcible feeding, while professors stand by as policemen or keepers.

"We have been calling the college, or school, a preparatory course for life and utterly ignoring that it *is* life—that a boy's life is in progress from the day he is born, and is going on as much when he comes to college as when he leaves it.

"We have been blaming the boy, the times, and outside influences for many failures that justly should be blamed to the school itself and thereby excusing the classroom from a responsibility that belongs to it.

"We have let the classroom be ruled by tradition instead of by need, with the consequence that its methods have become antiquated and even ridiculous in the eyes of students.

"Perhaps these indictments of the classroom sound sweeping and harsh. They are no more so than the occasion demands; for, after all, the real test of whether or not our educational system has been satisfactory lies in what it has done, and not in what it has hoped to do. Give the average boy his choice between attending school or a circus, and he will choose the circus. I have yet to know a boy who had to be driven to a circus, but I've known hundreds who had to be driven to school.

"The simple truth is that the circus has set out to capture the boy's interest and has succeeded in doing it. The school has set out to do the identical thing and, in competition with the circus, has failed. When I say boy in this connection I mean youth, all the way from childhood up to manhood. When I say school, I mean our educational plant in all its complexities. When I say circus, I mean any competitor of the school, or classroom, for youth's interest—the dance, the theatre, football, society, and, in a larger sense, business, industry, and getting rich. The trouble is that the school's rivals have forged ahead and taken more than is their right, while the school has lagged behind and taken less. We can't blame the competitors of the school for this condition if we honestly wish to reverse it—that would be like blaming the rain for the leak in the roof. We must put the blame where it belongs, on the school!

"And once blame has been placed, we should set about to remove it. If teaching methods are bad, we should find new ones. If textbooks are dry, we should rewrite them until they are interesting, or do away with them. If buildings are repellent and out of spirit with the land and day, we

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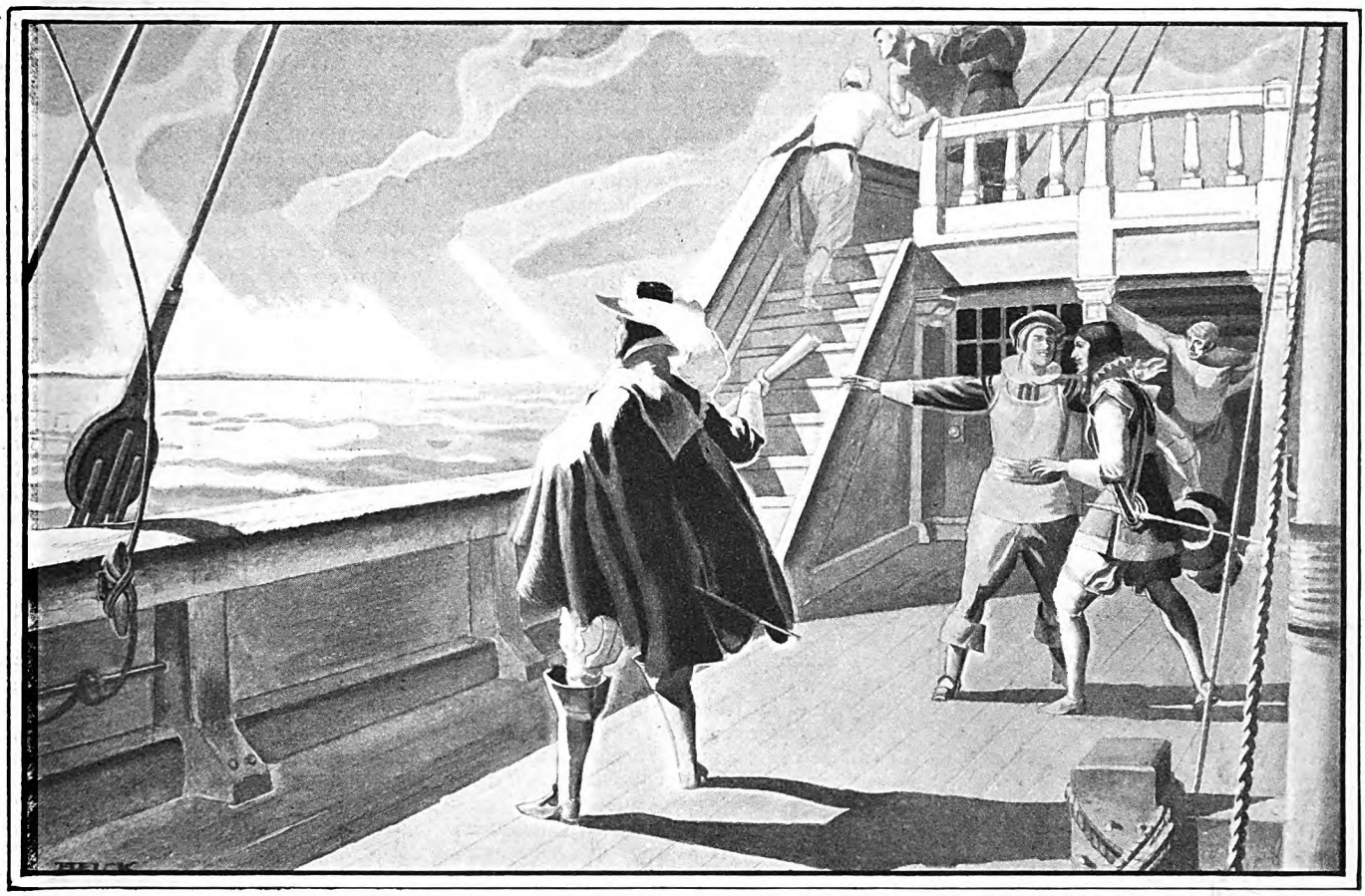

Widening the Telephone Horizon

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN THE memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

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While you're "listening in"

Serve Welch's half and half with ginger ale.

With your radio concert—a cool glass of Welch's Grape Juice!

It's mighty refreshing.

And it's so good for you—as though you drank a glass of fresh grapes. Welch's is the juice squeezed out of ripe, fresh grapes.

All the health-building mineral salts, energy value, laxative properties of the fresh fruit are held in this delicious juice.

The delightful flavor of the ripe Concords is held in Welch's too. Served straight or blended, Welch's is always the very best grape juice.

For a long drink, mix Welch's half and half with ginger ale or charged water; or make a pitcher of the always-popular Welch Punch. Recipes are printed on every label.

Free—How to make Popular Fruit Drinks. Send a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., A-82, Westfield, N. Y. In Canada, St. Catharines, Ont.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's no other grape juice will do

should tear them down and build anew.

"That is what we are doing at the University of Pittsburgh. Something has been radically wrong with us in the past, and now we are trying to set ourselves right.

"One of the first and most constructive things we did was to set up a research organization for a research of ourselves, as a university. For years, in common with other universities, we have been making researches for others—in medicine, physics, biology, chemistry, and industrial lines. It never occurred to us, however, that our own educational methods might profit by research. We who were in the business of dispensing knowledge were being guided *not* by knowledge but by tradition. We were deciding on precedent, not on facts.

"And right in this one practice we found one of the greatest weaknesses of the old system. For example, the only answer we had to give as to whether or not this subject or that should be included in a course, was that it always had been included or excluded, the decision had been made a generation or a century ago. We gave examinations because they always had been given, asked questions because those questions always had been asked. Arbitrarily, we fixed four years of study as a college course, simply because tradition said four years. We taught this boy Latin and that one zoölogy because the subjects had always been taught so. Schoolmen dead and forgotten were dictating our policies, formulating our curriculum, picking our teachers, and training our students, this in classrooms which had not changed since the Middle Ages.

"A parent came to us asking, 'Why did my boy fail?' The only answer we had was that the boy hadn't passed the examination. It never occurred to us that the boy's failure was really our failure. He had come to us and paid good money to get something and we had not delivered the goods, so we called him an idler or a stupid fellow."

"JUST what have you done to date toward solving your problems?" I asked.

"For one thing, we have worked out a way of getting acquainted with our students," was the answer. "Sixty per cent of our freshmen classes come to us from the high schools of Pittsburgh. Those boys and girls used to come to us as strangers, but no more. We concluded that the high schools knew something of these freshmen, so we went to the high schools, which were eager to coöperate. We said, 'When you send us a boy, tell us all you know about him. Tell us of his ambitions, his character, his abilities and his failings. Give us as much as you can of what you have learned in four years.' Further, we invited parents to come to the university at will to talk with the boy's teachers. We tried to divide classes into sections so that no teacher would have under him more than thirty students for instruction at a time. We asked that teachers spend at least fifteen minutes weekly alone with each pupil.

"And as soon as we started to become acquainted with our students, we began to learn why many of them failed. Freshmen were coming here as strangers in a new land. They were lost, confused, lonely in the whirl of university life. Here things moved at a rate to which they were not accustomed. Class followed class. They had no set study periods.

"The very strangeness caused many to fail. Others simply did not know how to study. Some could not read fast enough to keep up with the mass of university reading assignments. Some had physical difficulties. Some were misplaced.

"We began removing the strangeness, teaching them to study, getting at their individual difficulties. The result was that the number of failures in the freshman class during the first semester was reduced by *two thirds*.

"Now we have gone a step further. We are taking high school students who wish to enter the university, but whose high school work is low, and working with them *before* they come to the university. This work has two objectives: first, to bring the pupil up to a level that promises success in his university life; and second, to weed out those who will most surely fail, and guide them into work in which they will make a greater success than in college studies.

"YOU may say that an entrance examination, or an 'intelligence' test, or some other such cut-and-dried method would more readily determine fitness for college study. The fault with such tests of intellect is that they don't go far enough: they are not tests of motive and soul.

"The greatest problems of life—marriage, parenthood, and all of the innumerable problems involving character and heart, are not solved by intellect. Nothing in life that is of consequence is ruled by intellect alone. I would ten times rather graduate a boy whose motive is 100 per cent and his intellect only passable, than graduate a boy with 100 per cent intellect but only passable motive. That has been one of our greatest mistakes, one of the primary reasons for our failure in the past: we have emphasized intellect to the neglect of soul, and when there is no soul-inspired motive back of knowledge the latter is worthless and even dangerous.

"The test of intellect overlooks so many things and it tells us so little. We had a boy in one of our engineering classes who was lagging. The boy was doing his best and yet he couldn't keep up. He knew, and the teacher knew, that he would fail in the approaching examinations and have to leave college, disgraced. The teacher talked with him as a friend and guide.

"'What are you interested in?' he asked the boy. 'You've been going to school for twelve years. Some study must have interested you.'

"The boy shook his head. He cared nothing for mathematics, nothing for botany, nothing for literature. From the outset he had just been 'getting by.' The school had aroused no interest.

"'Then outside of school?' pleaded the teacher. 'In all of this world, as you have known it, something must have stirred you.'

"'Yes,' said the boy, and his eyes lighted. 'Birds. I've always loved birds.'

"The very next day that boy was studying biology—and birds. And for the first time in his life he was awake, alive, eager to study. Today he is an ornithologist with promise of becoming a famous one. The friendly interest of a teacher, not a test of intellect, found him the career which was his birthright.

"We have been trying to get to the

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Keeps food fresh *and* wholesome
—and it's QUIET too!

That sums up in a few words the advantages of Iroquois Electric Refrigeration—the modern method of food preservation. The convenient way, the sanitary way, the economical way, the healthful way.

And because the *quiet* Iroquois not only produces the "crisp dry cold of a frosty night" so necessary to proper refrigeration, but constantly maintains that same desirable low temperature, it is noted for its efficiency.

This dry cold checks the growth of bacteria and mold, and by preventing decay it safeguards the health of your family.

The moment you plug the electric cord of the *quiet* Iroquois into the electric outlet, you are through with mopping up the kitchen floor after every visit of the ice-man, through with the moist clamminess of the ice-cooled refrigerator and the unpleasant task of frequent cleaning. There's not a thing left for you to do or think about.

And the Iroquois is so *quiet* in operation—as *quiet* as the "gentle whispering of the woodland pines." Mechanically it is so simple and compact that it is practically trouble-proof; and in most localities the *cost of operation is less than the cost of ice.*

The *quiet* Iroquois is the delight of housewives, too, because of the wonderful variety of dainties which it enables them to make so easily, and they need never be without a liberal quantity of sparkling ice-cubes.

Any woman would treasure the *quiet* Iroquois shown in the illustration—would consider the beautiful all-metal cabinet, white enamel inside and outside, a distinct addition to her kitchen. And while it is roomy enough for homes with four or five persons in the family, it is so compact that it is ideally adapted for apartment use.

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—one of the savory relishes you may add to your menu, if you have a *quiet* Iroquois.

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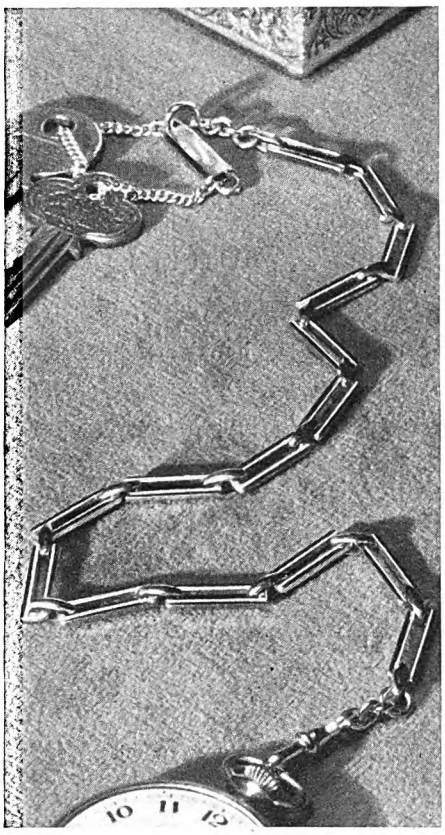

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Simmons Chains offer a range of choice that appeals to men of all ages, in every walk of life. They are priced from $4 to $15. Made of seamless gold-filled wire, manufactured under our own patents in our own factory, they may be obtained in natural, green or white gold. . . . The chain shown here is a Waldemar, No. 29770. Price, $9.75. Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

Attach to the end of your chain a Simmons Key Holder—convenient for house and auto key. Illustrated above.

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CHAINS

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souls of our boys and girls here in Pittsburgh. Instead of charging the student with failure, we are demanding of the teacher, 'Why did you fail with that student?' If the student isn't interested in his work, we are asking what is the matter with the work or with our methods of presenting it.

"Personally, I wish we could do away with all cut-and-dried examinations, honors, marks, and even degrees. I wish we could make one real test of fitness, such as life inevitably makes anyhow—the test of accomplishment alone. When a boy is head over heels in love with a girl no examination on paper is necessary to prove it. And when he is head over heels in love with the work he is doing, no examination is necessary, either. The test should be, 'Is this boy getting out of college what he came to get? Is he ready to go ahead to bigger things? Does he *want* to go ahead?' To answer these questions first we must know the boy; second, if we want satisfactory answers, we must teach him differently.

"We are teaching differently, but teaching methods are too broad a subject to go into in detail here. Let me instead state our chief aim: to arouse the boy's interest. That aroused, he will learn in the very momentum of his interest. A boy wants to become a chemist. He enters the laboratory and is given some sulphur. He is assigned the task of finding out the principal characteristics of sulphur.

"'How shall I start? What am I to do?' he asks.

"He is dazed and flounders about. He is in a wilderness, through which the teacher is accompanying him only as a companion. The teacher suggests the library might be a guide, and the boy in desperation turns to the library, a seeker, an explorer 'on his own.'

"Perhaps he will flounder for days. He will feel like pitching his books out the window and going home. Then, suddenly, he will make a discovery, find a clue. A second clue and he sees a light beyond the trees. Now he is thinking his way; he is getting somewhere; he is elated by his progress.

"The boy's breath comes fast when at last he discovers the first important fact about sulphur for which he has been seeking. By his own prowess and ingenuity, he has won a victory; and he plunges on to the next, and next. Why, chemistry is not so dull after all! It is a fascinating mystery that he himself can solve! It has byways which no man has yet entered, but which *he* some day might pierce! On! on!

"BUT, you object, such training is possible only with the very bright boy. Well, why is it? There is the slow boy with persistence and character and good purpose. Is anyone wise enough to say within what range of mental slowness or dullness a boy may be given the opportunity to make the most of himself? A boy must be dull indeed who cannot learn what folk need in order to live happily together, what the significance is of food, clothes, banking, transportation, and good neighbors. Elementary principles of art can, in their application to his life, bring him lasting satisfaction. The materials and surroundings of every day can become effective in his thought.

"It may be that some slow students need five to six years instead of four in a college course. Here is a big-hearted, kindly, gentle, and earnest boy who wishes to be a doctor; but he is a plodder and drops behind in his class; he fails in his examination, because the pace was too fast, and that failure is to bar him forever from medicine. In the same class is a boy brilliant mentally but without one fine impulse of heart; he is going to be a doctor because he wants to make money. And the college aids and abets him in becoming one. Which of these two *should* have been the doctor?

"What we mistake for dullness often is only lack of interest, or misdirected effort, as was the case with the boy who loved birds. Look at life as it is: you will find many of these 'dull' lads of yesterday in the seats of the mighty today. By no means is it always the honor student who climbs highest.

"BUT for the boy, bright or dull, who does not show progress in reasonable proportion to his ability there is no place at the university. Let us be clear about this matter. A student must either enter the university and do his best, or else, with the understanding of his parents, drop out.

"This policy prevents the waste of parents' money and of the university's money, and allows full and simple sincerity to prevail. We expect the best of our teachers, or they do not stay, and we can't except students from the same rule.

"And, too, the university, the school, any school, can't do its work alone. The parent must be behind the student. There must be a partnership between parent, boy, and school. The boy should have at home a definite place to study. A room alone is preferable, not one into which go the chairs with broken legs and the pictures that nobody else wants, but a room that is comfortable and attractive. Boys and girls are apt to gauge much of their self-respect by the rooms which parents provide for them.

"Then, what sort of conversation does the boy hear at home? How much of the talk is mere gossip? Do parents require themselves to live up to their highest level, as instructors in the school and university are expected to do?

"As I have said in Pittsburgh, the real purpose of the school system of America is to set up in America learning which is life itself. And if the object of the school should be that of arousing the individual, the object of the system should be to arouse the country. Let us send forth from our schools one awakened and enlightened generation, and the next generation will almost awaken of itself. A few such generations will revolutionize the country, because then there will be no question of the partnership between parent and school, and also between industry and school.

"Our colleges have already demonstrated that they can interest youth if they will. Look at our college sports, especially football. Physically, we have improved youth and charged the country with the spirit of better health. It remains for us to deal with the head and soul as successfully as we have with the body. It can be done. It will be done."

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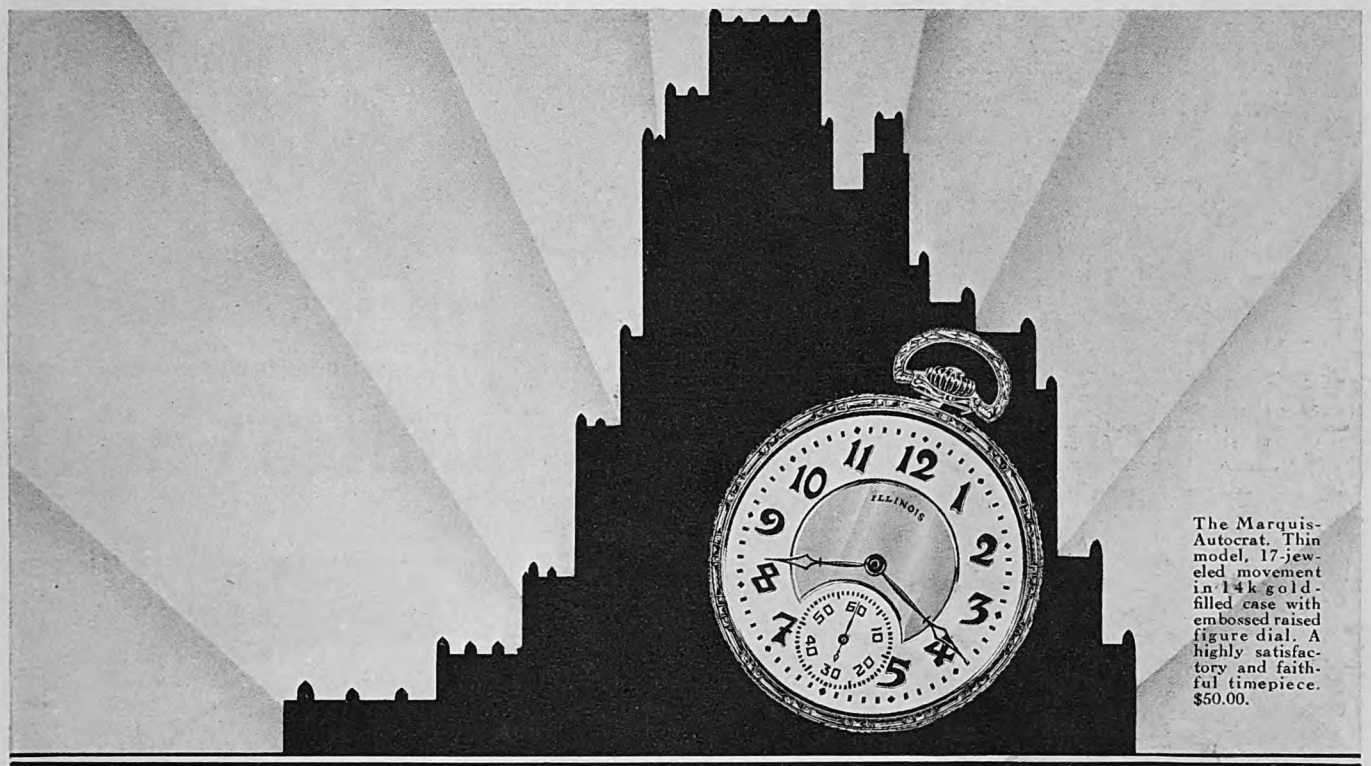

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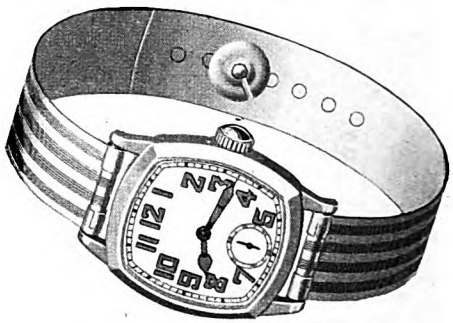
At your jeweler's — countless gifts

for the coming graduation, wedding and anniversary season

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model

Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: plain, $20; decorated, $25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch



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GIFTS for the man. Gifts for the woman. Gifts for the boy or girl. Gifts for the house.

Gifts for graduation. Gifts for the wedding—for the bride, the groom, the best man, the ushers, the bridesmaids, for the new household. Gifts for the wedding anniversary. Gifts for birthdays.

No matter what or whom the gift is for, how much or how little your budget will permit you to pay for it, you will find a variety of appropriate articles to select from at your jeweler's.

At your jeweler's too, you will find helpful counsel by experts trained through years of experience in aiding other people to solve their gift problems.

And the gifts offered in the jewelry store are *gifts that last*—the only kind worthy to become tokens of lasting good will or affection. The high character of these gifts is illustrated by the few examples shown on this page.

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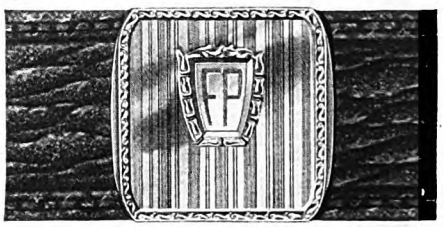
Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH



Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in a pleasing variety of designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone: Sterling silver, $5 to $7.50; 14 kt. gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $10 to $15; 14 kt. gold filled, $15 to $20

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

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The Wages of Hate

(*Continued from page 16*)

established home. His partner in this promising venture was a widow whose own first marriage had been unfortunate. The two thus joined in the new household seemed ideally mated, and their happiness was accentuated by the long, hard struggle through which each had gone. All seemed well until some scoundrel wrote an anonymous letter accusing the woman of having had an illicit liaison after the death of her first husband and before she met her present one. She acknowledged the truth of the accusation, pleaded her own wretchedness and desolation as her only excuse, told of her bitter self-reproach and penitence, protested her utter loyalty, and threw herself on her husband's mercy with passionate appeals for forgiveness.

What was he to do?

All his masculine instincts rose in revolt. In spite of the fact that she had not sinned directly against him, he was angry and resentful. His love turned to revulsion and he hated where once he had been tender. For weeks he fought with himself, while the fortunes of the home hung in the balance. Then he came to me. What should he do to his wife?

At once I saw that the question was not simply what he should do to his wife but what he should do to himself. His soul as well as hers hung in the balance. If he left her, the chances were that she would go to ruin—he saw that. But what he did not so clearly see was that he would go to ruin too. He acknowledged that, under the circumstances, if he did go out from his home he would go out hating his wife, cursing women in general because of her, embittered, angry, burning himself up with resentment, and doing this all the more because he so deeply loved her. No one could talk with that man without seeing that there was only one way out which offered any hope of a real solution: he must generate enough good will and magnanimity to transcend his wife's fault and reunite his life with hers. If he could do that, he, she, and the home would all be saved. If he could not do that, he would ruin his own life as much as he would ruin hers.

Fortunately, he had sense enough to see that and strength enough to save his home.

THAT this is hard doctrine to believe and often much harder to practice is obvious, but it is true doctrine, not only morally but psychologically: the first wages of hate are always paid to the hater.

To be sure, nothing has ever evolved in human life, not even hatred, without serving some good purpose, and the present evil of hate cannot be understood without understanding its history. Our primitive forefathers not only had to get angry; they absolutely depended on anger for self-protection. In the primitive forest, where danger might lurk behind any tree, the man best fitted to survive was the man whose instincts of fear or anger were set on a hair-trigger. The man whose fear mechanism was slow in getting under way was likely to be bitten in two

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER

Memorial Day—
every day for centuries

ON A day in May this whole nation renews its pledges of remembrance.

But *you* will have made *every day* a memorial day for generations yet to come . . . when you have marked a loved one's resting place with a symbol of devotion . . . permanent record of a remembered name . . . carved in the enduring beauty of Vermont Marble.

Since the beginning Vermont Marble has been America's noblest Memory Stone . . . chosen above all others for the Arlington Memorial, the Unknown Soldier's tomb, and family memorials everywhere.

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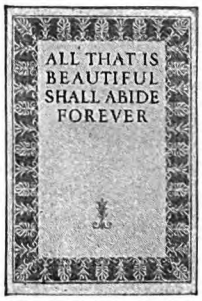

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The Memory Stone

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You don't have to Coddle an Ingersoll Alarm Clock

NOBODY need ever have to make an Ingersoll Alarm Clock the pet of the family. Like Ingersoll Watches, these clocks are sturdy and dependable.

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before he got started in flight, and the man whose pugnacious rage took any appreciable time in getting roused was not fitted to handle a sudden fight with a dangerous enemy. Nature, therefore, weeded out the men whose instincts of fear and anger were tardy in operation and saved the men whose flight was instantaneous and whose wrath was explosive.

The results of this primitive selection are with us still. We all have glands waiting at the call of fear or rage to pour out into our blood the adrenal stimulant which almost instantaneously doubles and trebles our strength. The effect of this secretion is now definitely known. The blood leaves the head and the digestive organs and rushes to the running and fighting muscles. The boy fleeing from a bull can jump a fence that under normal circumstances he could not negotiate at all, and a man enraged may fight off ten men with superlative power. That is to say, in all primitive conditions where men face elemental perils and conflicts, nature's old provision evolved in the jungle serves its purpose well.

MODERN life, however, has largely outgrown the old conditions. To be sure, even on a city's streets, quick reaction in flight still is necessary to escape death, and no one can stand in the midst of traffic and say, "I do not choose to run." But in general neither fear nor rage is so useful as it was, and the man who is easily frightened or easily angered is hopelessly handicapped in the normal world of business.

Nevertheless, we still have the old fear-rage mechanism in our bodies. We still have the glands whose adrenal contribution to our system in times of flight and fight is instantaneously stimulating. In a word, we still get a kick out of anger and hatred.

Watch your own minds and see. I have yet to find the man whose mind, when he is fagged out and "all in," does not invariably tend to quarrelsome thoughts. The fatigued person always is difficult to get along with because the fatigued mind thinks vexed, angry, pugnacious thoughts, and the fatigued mind does this because it craves stimulant, and every inward quarrel it can conjure up which makes for rage calls the old glands to their work of producing the fight tonic.

One of the most wholesome bits of information that can come to anybody is this explanation of our quarrelsomeness when we are tired. The pugnacity of a worn mind is nothing in the world but a call for stimulants from the glands.

Hatred, therefore, has an inherited physical basis. The lower orders of married life thrive on domestic quarreling. The participants get a kick out of it. The rough, hard living of the frontiers sometimes expresses itself in a holiday devoted to fighting. The combatants enjoy the experience and get a thrill from it. Hate is a stimulant, a literal, physical stimulant just as whisky is, but it is similarly dangerous. A little whisky may perk you up; a little more paralyzes you. A little fear speeds your running; a little more freezes you cold. A little anger multiplies your strength; a little more makes you, for the time being, violently insane.

Under primitive, jungle conditions, the fear-and-rage stimulants worked themselves off in intense muscular activity and were, therefore, generally harmless, not to say useful. Under modern conditions the same stimulants have no such outlet and become dangerous poisons. Even from a physical standpoint, therefore, hatred is bad business for the hater.

To be sure, there is a favorable side of this ancient inheritance of ours which finds stimulus in a fight. A rousing conflict with an antagonist, working off our mettle, in a cause worthy of our devotion, is and always will be an exhilarating experience. Bismarck's biographer says of him, "When not fighting, he was hardly more than a misanthrope and a scoffer: his great energies were drained by doubt, cynicism, and melancholy. But the presence of an enemy restored them to unity, converted them into action and purpose, and gave him self-reliance by providing an external force against which his self-reliance could be directed." We all know what that experience means. The fact that we discover new powers in a fight can be seen in every range of life from Bismarck up. Emerson says of Daniel Webster that he "could never speak without an antagonist." Martin Luther's biographer remarks: "Anger he always recognized as his greatest fault, but he believed it a good thing in its place. He liked to be angry in a good cause, he once remarked. It refreshed him like a thunder storm, and he could write much better for it." Even Jesus cannot be understood without knowing the tremendous capacity for moral indignation that was in him. But in all such cases we have left far behind hatred in its narrower sense and have risen into the noble meaning of the Psalm: "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil." That always will be necessary.

Angry, quarrelsome, hateful attitudes toward people, however, are another matter. Anyone who finds himself relying on the kick that comes from them would better quit it. It is a perilous habit, like taking drugs. When a man begins relying on liquor to get through the day, his business or professional career is nearly finished. So is the career of a man who relies on the stimulant of hatred.

THE difficulty of putting into practice the sort of life which these injunctions imply becomes clear at once. You can no more get rid of the habit of hatred by trying than you can end the night by pushing out the dark. Something positive has to take the place of hate, as the sun has to rise before the night will go. And the only effective "bouncer" of hate is good will. Until positive good will is the rule of a man's life he will always be dallying more or less with hate.

Here, for example, is a young man who recently was cheated out of several hundred dollars by an acquaintance. It was a case of downright, deliberate crookedness. A few months afterward my friend met the defrauder on the street—a dejected down-and-out, disreputable, and woebegone figure. He tried to shrink away, but my friend faced him, and, asking the cause of his obvious trouble, received the reply, "Hunger—no food in twenty-four hours." My friend fed him and kept on for several weeks feeding him enough each day to sustain him. Moreover, he fed him also plain talk about the practical results of crookedness, and then got him

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Read the Truth

—when they learn to smoke for pleasure they flock to

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employment and up to date has apparently succeeded in reëstablishing his defrauder's character and career.

The first reaction of some folks to such a true story would be pious pleasure over the good done to the defrauder. But let us not forget to take a long look inside the other man's life who had enough surplus good will to try the experiment. He is a healthy, wholesome, normal, right-minded spirit. In comparison with his internal state, hatred and vengefulness are morbid and sick. That is the fact I wish to drive home. Good will is not simply the only way to live with other people; it is the only way to live with yourself.

To be sure, good will need not be soft. There are crooks who have to be locked up and defrauders who cannot, offhand, be reformed by kindness. A man does not need to surrender his common sense and worldly wisdom in order to have good will. But even a very canny and shrewd good will is different by a long sea mile from hate.

THE plain fact is that, no matter what we think we think about this, we know what we really do think, by our admirations. No sane person admires vindictiveness or takes any pleasure in an exhibition of vengeance. But we all profoundly admire magnanimity. Take Lincoln, for example. He was called all the evil names that his enemies could lay their tongues to and if he had had any room in him for spite, grudge-bearing, and hate, he would have had ample opportunity to exercise them. What he said, however, was this: "No man, resolved to make the most of himself, can spare the time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control." A very wise man, and we all know it when we see him. Once, when an acquaintance was expressing himself in terms of vindictiveness, Lincoln said: "You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I have. Perhaps I have too little of it; but I never thought it paid."

Moreover, Lincoln in this regard lived the way he talked. Stanton said that he had found Lincoln a low, cunning clown. McClellan said that Stanton "never spoke of the President in any other way than as the 'original gorilla,' and often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found at Springfield, Illinois." Yet Lincoln, knowing Stanton's attitude, made him Secretary of War because he was the best man for the place. Years afterward that same Stanton stood at the bedside of the martyred President and, looking at the silent face, said, "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

Over against such a character, as clean of grudges as an autumn day with the west wind blowing it clear of mists, I think of many souls whom I have seen at close range in confessional confidences. As soon as they open even a small window into their inner lives, one can see what is inside. They are full of remembered discourtesies and wrongs, cherished grudges and resentments, accumulated angry moods and desires for retaliation, rankling hostilities long dwelt on and brooded over. To say that Lincoln's attitude is idealism and that this contrary attitude is practical is idiotic. Lincoln's attitude is the very essence of practicality. It is the only sensible way for any man to live who expects to exist decently with himself and happily with anybody else. But the prevalence of the contrary method is evidenced by the larger number of words used to express it. We are habitually peeved, piqued, nettled, miffed, provoked, irritated, and incensed; we are resentful, vindictive, mad, angry, retaliatory, and vengeful. Moreover, in these attitudes we commonly think that we are doing something punitive to somebody else, when we are only doing something destructive to ourselves.

What these false attitudes, fully developed, come to in the end is, of course, the delusion of persecution. Our asylums are full of people who started by suffering some injustice, who were thereupon resentful and talked to themselves a great deal about it, who, being either actually wronged by some individual or at least thinking so, nursed hatred against him, spent their leisure time inwardly blaming him and feeling righteous indignation against him, until at last they became border-line cases. Here is one who, having failed at his profession, has defended himself from self-reproach by blaming another. Then, finding comfort in hating his chosen scapegoat, he has habitually indulged in inner wrath until his mind is utterly warped and abnormal. Here is one who has suffered a real and outrageous wrong, who has had every right to feel indignant, and who, recognizing that right, has habitually practiced it. He has so wished to "get even" that that desire, as with Roger Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter," has consumed his own soul. Now, however, he discovers that while wrongs should, when possible, be righted, hating people in the process is like burning down your own house to get rid of a rat.

Or here is another man, who has identified his favorite social reform with himself. He started by being unselfishly devoted to the cause; then he became personally sensitive so that anything done against the cause was done against him; then he became bitterly resentful at all who differed from him or opposed him, until devotion to his cause had taken the form of hatred against all who do not share his views, and he is an unbalanced, pathological public nuisance. Such a man explains Beecher's exclamation that reforms were well enough but that he could not swallow the reformers.

CASES like these come to the psychiatrists and to the minister's "confessional" in an endless stream. They differ in multitudinous details but they are all alike in this: they illustrate the destructive consequence of hatred on the hater.

The longer I live and watch people, the more I put high up toward the top, as a primary requisite of a balanced and wholesome life, the determination of Booker Washington: ". . . resolved that I would permit no man . . . to narrow and degrade my soul by making me hate him."

It is only when we approach the matter from this angle that we can understand what the spiritual seers have meant by teaching us to love our enemies. To

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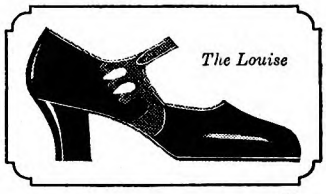

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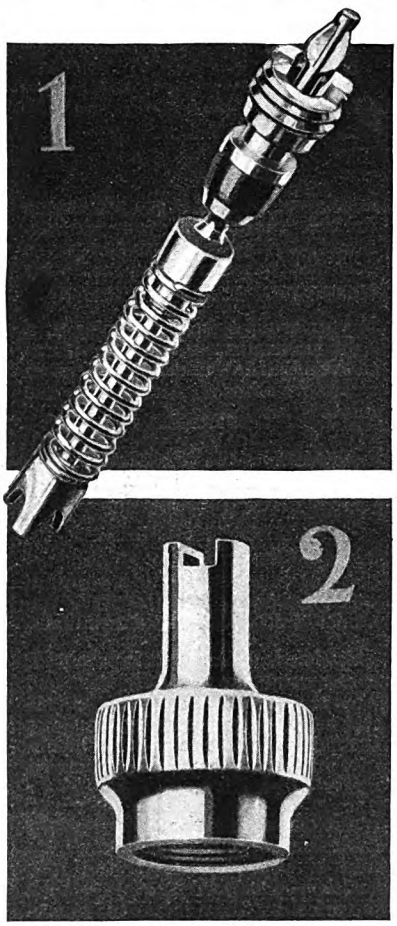

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many people that injunction seems like stark nonsense or else like an airy ideal impossibly removed from real life. Of course, the fact is that nothing could be more compact with hard-headed common sense than the injunction to love our enemies.

If you are so unfortunate as to have enemies, that is the only thing which wisely can be done with them. They are too dangerous to one's peace of mind to be handled in any other way. The popular reaction to the words of Jesus, "Love your enemies," is that that would be fine for the enemies but utterly unjust to one's self. Upon the contrary, I suspect that Jesus was thinking primarily about the interests of the one who was tempted to hatred. He knew that hating enemies would not do the enemies so much harm as it would do the hater.

At any rate, he is a rash soul who turns lightly away from the testimony of the great seers of many races on this point. Said Buddha: "Let a man overcome anger by calmness; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth! . . . For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by not hating; this is an old rule."

One does not mean, of course, that this attitude so recommended by the seers shuts out severity or makes one a soft and pliable object of other people's wrong. There are times in personal relations when, with the utmost good will, quite free from bitterness, we must be rigorous and even hard. It is no kindness to anyone to let him run all over you. But well-considered and effective severity is a very different thing from hatred. So in dealing with a child, as Beecher said, a mother can have all Mount Calvary in her heart and all Mount Sinai in her hand, and the child get both.

LET me illustrate what the seers meant in a true story. In the course of the Armenian atrocities in 1922 a young woman and her brother were pursued down a street in Smyrna by a Turkish soldier, cornered in an angle of the wall, and the brother was slain before his sister's eyes. She dodged down an alley, leaped a wall, and escaped. Later, being a nurse, she was forced by the Turkish authorities to work in a military hospital. Into her ward was brought, one day, the same Turkish soldier who had slain her brother. He was very ill. A slight inattention would insure his death. The young woman confesses to the bitter struggle that took place in her mind. Equally to the man's good and to her own, the better side of her conquered, and she nursed him as carefully as any other patient in the ward. The recognition had been mutual, and one day, unable longer to restrain his curiosity, the Turk asked his nurse why she had not let him die; and when she replied, "I am a follower of Him who said 'Love your enemies and do them good,'" he was silent for a long time. At last he spoke: "I never knew that there was such a religion. If that is your religion tell me about it, for I want it."

This is putting the principle of good will to a very severe test, but is there any question as to the wisdom of that girl's action? From Buddha to the modern psychiatrist, from Jesus to Lincoln, the seers would give one answer.

We have been dealing so far with the disastrous effect of hatred on those who harbor it. Suppose now that we imagine the kind of consequence that comes to the hater multiplied immeasurably in the population. What a devastating social curse hatred is!

A teacher of dramatic art had a friendly acquaintance with a woman who one day cut him dead in the hotel parlor. He demanded an explanation. "I have heard that you have a Japanese pupil," said the woman. "And why," said the teacher in astonishment, "should my having a Japanese pupil prevent you from speaking to me?" "Because I don't like Japanese," said the woman. "What reason have you for disliking the Japanese?" was the query. "I don't know," said the woman, "but I hate the Japanese and," she added with a vicious accent, "I hate Italians."

PERSONALLY, if I had to name the most dangerous and damnable sin on earth, I should name that kind of spirit. Its devastating effects are written large in every war, in every outburst of racial hatred, in innumerable oppressions and ostracisms. The record of its heartbreaks surpasses the record of any other human evil. It tears class from class and race from race, makes different religions bitter enemies instead of spiritual partners, and its results in bloodshed between nations cause civilization today to be a brief interval between catastrophes. It is the world's worst sin.

That woman who hated people by groups, not knowing why, and who cut those who would not share her hatred, walked in respectable society, but she was a carrier of a deadly moral pestilence. She may have called herself a Christian, gone to church and recited the creed, but, for all that, she was a specially accredited ambassador of the evil one.

As with the individual aspects of hatred, so with its social aspects; the source lies far back in the instincts of the race. In primitive days every stranger was an enemy. People then had no speedier means of communication than a horse. They either made war upon strangers or else they stayed at home, shut themselves up in walled towns, and were suspicious about every unfamiliar face. The early Greeks called all non-Greeks barbarians, and that word is simply the scornful imitation of "bar, bar, bar," which is the way all foreign language sounded to Greek ears. In such a stage of human culture Greeks would not even recognize moral obligation toward a non-Greek, and there would be no more compunction then about slaughtering strangers than there would be among us about slaughtering sheep. Duty was tribally limited. Many a custom still lingers among us, illustrating this point of view. Why do we clasp right hands when we meet? Because of old when two men met it was the best way to be sure that neither could draw sword upon the other. Far back our traditions go to a time when everything strange—strange clothes, strange color, strange manners, strange speech—denoted hostility. Without reason, without investigation, men at that time were suspicious of anybody unlike themselves.

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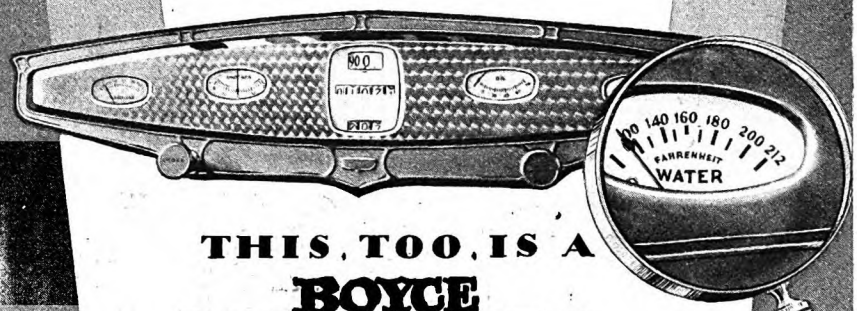

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Scattergood and the Six Big Men

(*Continued from page 55*)

"Any mention of the fire bell, Pliny? Figger to take him into your confidence about the bell?"

Pliny glanced at Scattergood's face, found it not enlightening, and guessed:

"I wouldn't mention it."

"G'-by, Pliny."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

Pliny made his way up the street; Scattergood remained seated until he heard the dinner bell in the hotel, when he ambled over to eat exhaustively before setting out upon his drive. He figured he could cover the road to Half Acre in two hours, attend to such concerns as demanded his attention in an hour, and drive back safely by six o'clock. . . . If he was allowed to drive back.

SO, AT one o'clock his round-flanked horse carried him across the bridge and trotted comfortably to the westward. A quarter of a mile from the bottle mouth of the valley he drove his buggy off the road and tied the horse among the young spruces where it would be securely hidden. Not that he purposed to remain in concealment, but before he ventured into the town he wished to observe.

From a vantage point upon a shoulder of the cliff he watched the cluster of straggling, squatting, paintless houses, with their shingles curling like feathers on the back of some squalid bird. He saw smoke arising from kitchen chimneys, saw bedraggled children clawing one another in the road; heard screams of rage in a feminine voice, and raucous male laughter. There were no yards, nor lawns; everything was ramshackle and shabby and overgrown with weeds.

Two big men came from a house and walked between the buildings to what might have been a store, but which, in all probability dispensed more liquids than solids. There was no mistaking the swagger of their shoulders or the bulk of them. They were Haddys. One of them kicked, unnecessarily, a dog out of his way, and it ran, cringing and howling. Scattergood frowned.

"Whisky and drugs and in-breedin' and deviltry," he said to himself.

Presently he made his way down again and back to his horse. It was his intention to drive openly into the village, accepting Pete Haddy's ominous invitation to call. He had gone not more than a hundred yards before a faint sound at the roadside arrested him. For an instant, he thought it the mewing of a kitten; but it was not that—it was something between a stifled sob and a wail, very low, very private, very personal. Scattergood listened, and then stepped over his buggy wheel softly and peered through the screen of bushes.

There, huddled on the long grass, was a girl, a girl with hair which the old man indiscriminatingly labeled as red; but it was not red. It was beautiful hair though unkempt, thick and waving. Small hands covered the face, small feet in ill-fitting shoes moved convulsively as she sobbed. While he stood a moment watching her,

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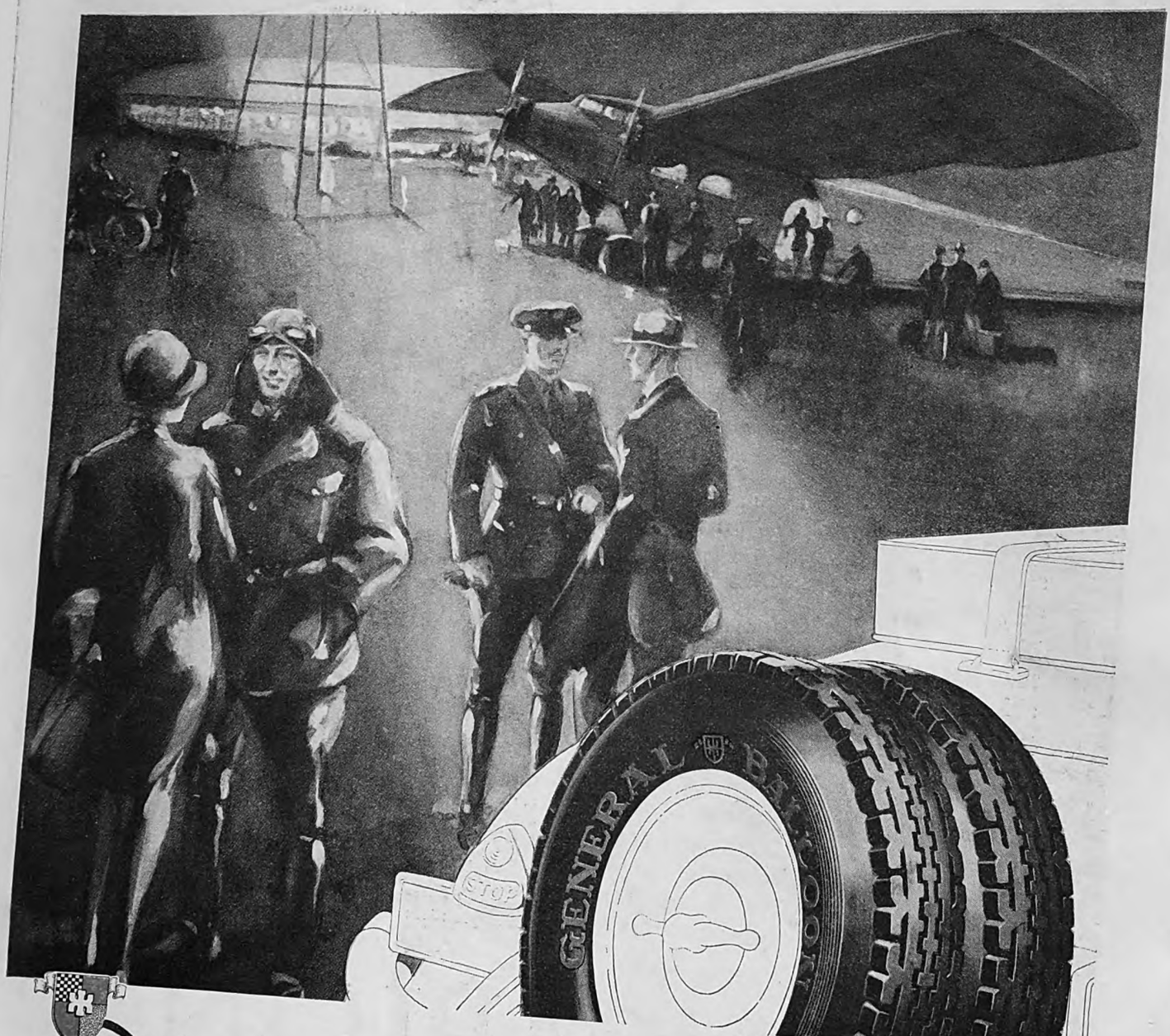

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she sat up, wiped her eyes and leaned despairingly back against a tree. Scattergood cleared his throat.

"What ails ye?" he asked.

The girl turned toward him in panic, her eyes suddenly wide, her hands lifted, as if to ward off attack.

"Who—who are you?" she whispered.

"Name of Baines. Somebody been a-hurtin' ye?"

She shook her head.

"Live yonder?" he asked, studying her face.

SHE nodded, and he saw that she was undeniably pretty. He did not envy her that loveliness, for it was an undesirable possession in Half Acre. Much better for a girl to be a slattern and hideous. And she seemed intelligent—and more—capable of feeling.

"What's your name?" he asked, his interest quickening.

"Haddy," she said.

"Sister to the Six Big Men?"

"Yes."

"I've heard you spoke of. Friend of mine mentioned ye. Boy by the name of Norton."

"Oh! . . . Oh. . . . Is he—is he alive?"

"Kind of damaged in his disposition, and hacked up consid'able as to his features, but 'tain't interfered with his spryness."

"I'm so glad—so glad. They said—"

"Um. Folks does say— And so, takin' everythin' into consideration, I calc'lated I'd come out and kind of look things over and all. . . . Now, about Freddie; seems as though you set a sight of store by him."

"It ain't any use," she said despairingly. "They wouldn't ever let me go. Seems as though they hate everybody outside of Half Acre."

"And, from what I hear, they hain't so fond of folks in Half Acre."

"You don't know. Nobody knows. . . . Nobody that ain't lived here all her life can know. Oh," she bowed her head again and her shoulders quivered, "I dunno what's goin' to happen to me. I'm scairt—I'm scairt all the time."

"What of?"

She looked up into his eyes, and he saw a great fear, a deep abhorrence in them.

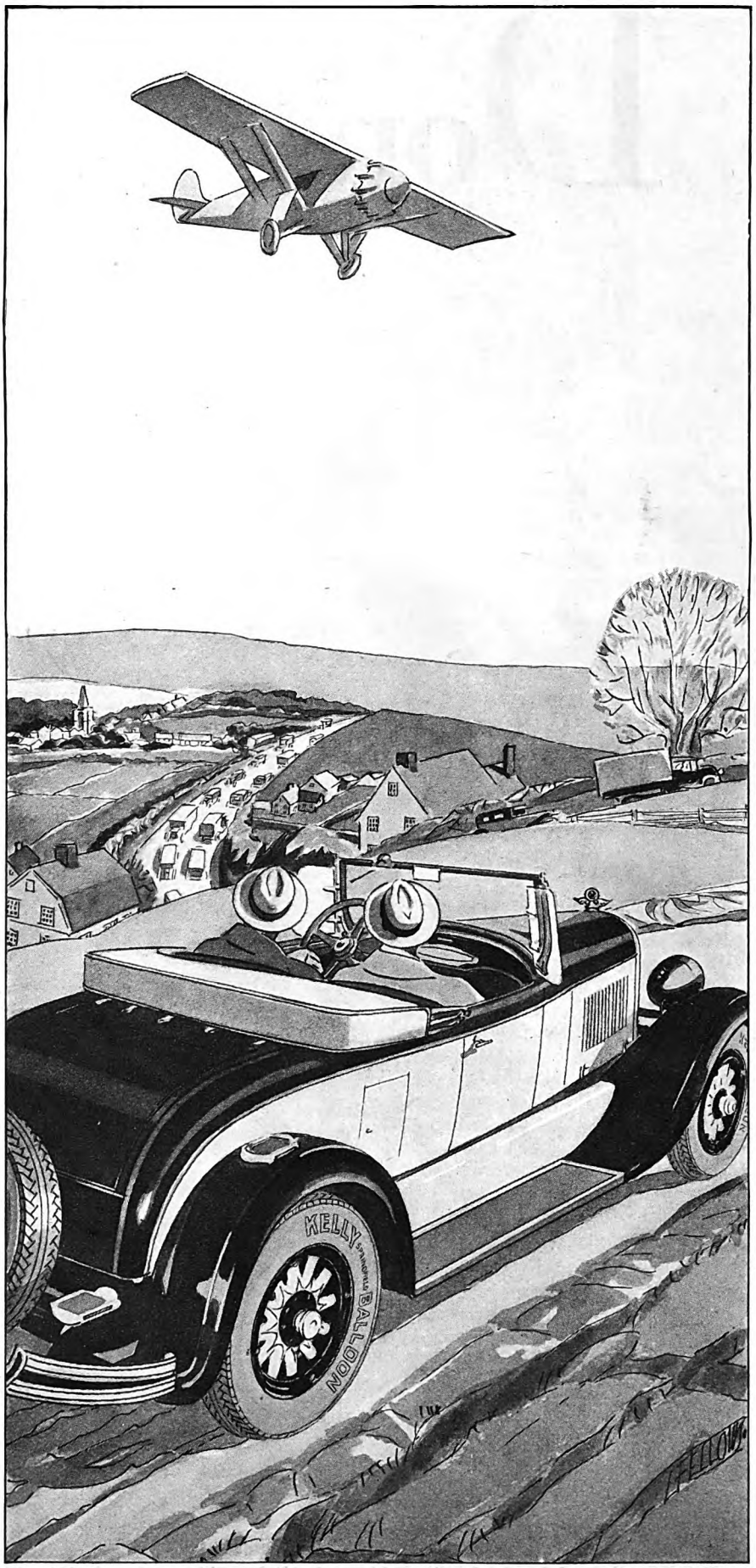
"They've watched me—my six brothers. Seems as though they've had a pride in keepin' me as I be. Not like the other women in Half Acre. 'Tain't because they want me to be good, but just so's to show off. Nobody dast touch me or anythin'; but all the time I keep thinkin' it's for some purpose. There's suthin' they figger to do with me; and I'm afraid of it."

"Um. . . . And do ye *want* to be a good girl?"

"I've never seen much good," she said. "I dunno's I know just what bein' good *is*. But what I want is everythin' Half Acre ain't. Drunken women and drunken men—and terrible goin's on! Oh, if I could only git away from it all and be like other folks—like I think other folks be." She looked up at him piteously. "I ain't ever wanted anythin' else," she said.

"Folks has different kinds of ambitions," he said noncommittally. "Just what form does your desirin' to be good take?"

"It's awful hard to put into words," she said. "I—I want to be where I never hear sich things and see sich sights. I



"That's the way to travel, Bob—no crowded roads, no punctures or delays of any kind."

"Yes, I suppose we'll all be traveling that way some day, but in the meantime, a good car with Kelly-Springfield tires all around is about the most comfortable and carefree way I know of."

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Don't Gamble *with* "cheap" paint

ANY time you sit in a game with "cheap" paint, you are beaten *before you start.* The low-price-per-gallon is "apple-sauce." It makes you *think* you are winning. That is one of "cheap" paint's smart tricks. But the result is inevitable. "Cheap" paint *always* holds the winning hand. No matter how you play the cards *you can't win.* The only doubtful point about the game is *how much you will lose.*

"Cheap" paint is *low priced* because it is *cheaply* made of *cheap* materials. But it covers *only 250 square feet per gallon, two coats.*

Fine old SWP House Paint costs more per gallon. That is because it is made of the finest ingredients according to a scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

But it covers *360 square feet per gallon, two coats.* Some difference!

Where you need 11 gallons of the "cheap" paint to do the average house, *only 7 gallons* of fine old SWP are required. That's four gallons difference.

So the low price is a fooler. Adding four extra gallons, your "cheap" paint costs practically the same as fine old SWP. But oh, what a difference in results!

That is one way "cheap" paint outsmarts you. But that is not all.

"Cheap" paint, with its inferior materials and *"cheap"* colors has very little resistance.

Very early in life it begins to chip, crack, chalk and peel. The cheap-looking colors begin to fade and wash out. In a very short time

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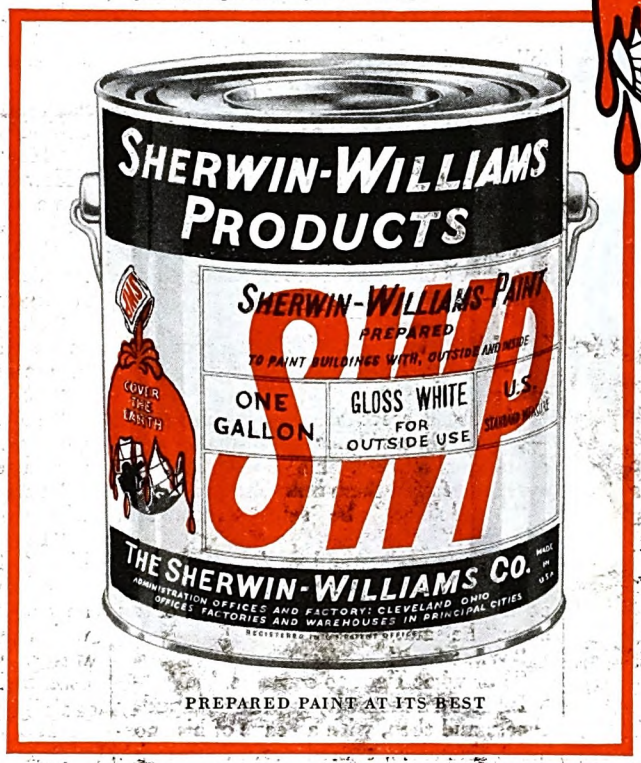

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your average "cheap" paint finish is *through.* Then you burn or scrape it off and do it all over again.

Fine old SWP, on the other hand, with its beautiful, weather-proof colors, gives you a stylish, rich-looking job from the start. It weathers very slowly. And you can figure upon an average of 5 *years* before repainting.

This is very important in this age of beauty, when even the outside of the home is made brilliant with color.

So there's your answer. A cheap-looking, "cheap" paint finish costs you practically the same as SWP to start with. And it costs you *two and a half times as much for repainting.*

In other words, "cheap" paint is the *most expensive* paint you can use.

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Even among first-rate paints SWP is outstanding. That is because there is one element in every gallon of SWP—the vital element—which cannot be imitated or duplicated.

It is the "Master Touch"—that spark of genius—which makes such scientific giants as Edison, Marconi, Burbank, and others loom up above all others in their respective fields.

The scientific men at the head of the great Sherwin-Williams laboratories are blessed with this Master Touch.

Their genius shows in the superfine raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific *balancing* of ingredients—in the beautiful weather-proof colors—in the great power-driven mills that grind and mix SWP to creamy-smooth texture—in the critical checking and rechecking that follows each step in the process.

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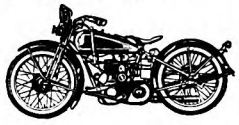

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want to be where folks is kind to each other, and don't fight and tear at one another, and git like beasts. . . . But mostly it's—oh, I calc'late it's jest bein' among folks that *thinks* different!"

"Uh-huh."

"The' *is* folks that thinks different, ain't the'? When I think about decent folks, I allus think about streams comin' down the mountain—jest ripplin' and *clean*. . . ."

"I calc'late I know. . . . Um. . . . But about Freddie, now? Jest supposin' you and him was to run away together and all? What's it your idee to do?"

"Oh," she said, "we'd marry, jest like folks outside does!"

The appalling innocence of this shook the old man; but he gave no sign.

"And," she said, her eyes half closed, "I'd like me a house that I could keep *clean*. And I'd like suthin' to *do*—suthin' besides hidin' and shiverin' and livin' amongst filth. It does seem like I never could git things clean enough. . . . Seems like that's one word I think about all the time—*clean*."

"LEMME look at ye," Scattergood said slowly. "Stand up, so's I kin see ye, and all."

She stood erect, slender, fragile, sweet—of a loveliness which her ill-fitting dress could not conceal. He looked into her eyes, and found them innocent and gentle.

"I calc'late," he said, "the's still miracles!"

"I don't understand ye."

"'Tain't likely you would." He looked at his watch. "I got jest short of an hour," he said.

"What for?"

"For what I got to contrive."

He stood a moment, pinching his pudgy cheek, and then, with a heave of his enormous shoulders, turned again to the girl.

"I calc'late it don't matter," he said, half to himself. "I hain't so young, and I've got about as much as most folks out of life. . . . And the young 'uns ought to git their chance, even if it costs the old folks."

"I don't understand," she said. "And—and they'll be coming to look for me. You better go away."

"I'm goin' the other way," he said; "and strong young laigs kin walk fur in an hour. . . . You listen to me: You're a-goin' to git that cleanness you was wishin' fur—if I kin arrange it. So you jest start out and walk—walk as tight as you kin, keepin' out of sight by the roadside. I calc'late their minds'll be so busy they won't git time to think of ye. Keep a-walkin' till I ketch up with ye. . . . And if I don't ketch up, why, you keep on a-walkin' anyhow. You'll meet a crowd, more'n likely, if I don't come, and you jest give 'em this word from Scattergood Baines: Tell 'em I said you was to be taken care of at all costs, and not to bother about me till that's done. . . . Now, as soon's I start drivin', you start walkin'—and Freddie 'll be at the other end of it."

"But—"

"You jest do's you're told," he said, and clambered into his buggy. Without another word or look, he clucked to his horse and drove toward Half Acre. The Haddy girl watched him, undecided; then determined to obey, and set off as fast as her legs would carry her in the direction of Coldriver.

Scattergood drove into Half Acre. Very few strangers drove there, and as his horse clopped into view there was a sudden hush. Unhealthy faces pressed against dirty window panes; starved dogs snarled; glowering men appeared in doorways. Scattergood drove on imperturbably to the building which was at once store and blind tiger, and there he stopped.

"Pete Haddy here?" he asked of a lounger on the steps.

"Hey, Pete," the man shouted, without answering. "Here's a fat jasper wants to see you."

Pete Haddy stood framed in the doorway, scowling; other men were visible behind him.

"How be ye, Pete?" Scattergood asked. "How be ye? You kind of invited me to come out yestiddy; so I come. Allus curious about this town."

"What d'ye want here?" Haddy demanded in a growl. "We don't favor strangers."

"I hain't no stranger," Scattergood said, as he alighted. "It jest seemed like you 'n' me better have a talk."

"Be you alone?"

"To be sure." He drew out his big gold watch, and glanced at it. "I'll come in and set," he said.

"Folks that comes here," Haddy said with a snarl, "mostly sets up the drinks."

"I don't buy illegal licker, nor no other kind," Scattergood replied; "but I'm willin' to treat to sody pop." Guilelessly he drew out his wallet, displaying bills which made the mouths of his audience water. One or two nudged each other ostentatiously.

THE Six Big Men stood grouped together, a contrast to the other shifty-eyed, shuffling creatures in the room. They were men, if evil men, and to none of the rest did Scattergood give an instant's attention.

"You Haddys run this town," he said; "why don't ye keep order in it?"

"We do what we want to," said Pete.

"'Tain't right to go committin' depredations." Scattergood's voice became complaining, and he glanced about apprehensively. Pete laughed harshly.

"Beginnin' to wish ye hadn't of come, eh?"

"I wish," said Scattergood, "the' wa'n't no sich place to come to. Now, I been kind of thinkin' us folks in Coldriver might buy ye out, lock, stock, and barrel, if ye was to promise to move off some'eres else."

"This here jest suits us," said Pete. He chuckled. "But I tell ye what, if you folks is scairt, why, mebbe, we'd consider lettin' ye hire us to guard your hen roost!"

Scattergood had gained his point: Here was something to discuss which would occupy their minds and consume time. They argued it, while the men crowded closer. It was a proposition which appealed to them and excited their perverted humor—to be paid tribute by Coldriver; to be hired for good, hard money to abstain from interfering with the persons and property of the village below. Scattergood glanced at his watch. The girl had been on her way more than half an hour!

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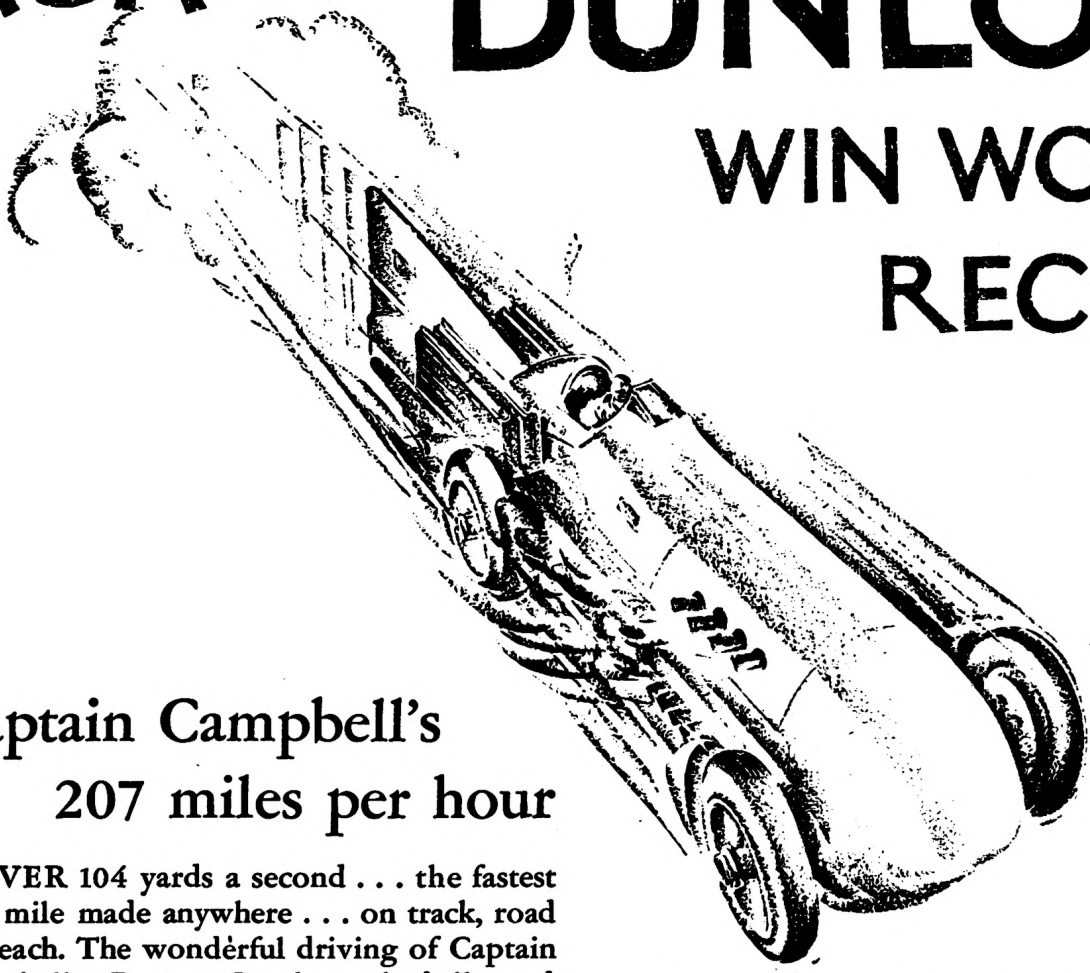
AGAIN DUNLOPS WIN WORLD RECORD



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THE RIDGEWOOD
DAYTONA, FLORIDA
E. P. WOODBURY, MANAGER

February 20, 1928

Mr. E. B. Germain,
President, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Germain:

Thank you so very much indeed for your congratulations contained in your wire which I received today.

I would like to most heartily congratulate you on the wonderful tires which you have produced, as those that I used when my car succeeded in breaking the record were uncut and in absolutely perfect condition, even though they had been through this gruelling test.

To give you some idea of the utmost confidence which I have in Dunlop tires, although arrangements had been made for McDonald to be at the extreme end of the course so that he could change my wheels for the return run if necessary, I did not even bother to stop to let him examine these after my first run, when the car succeeded in reaching a speed of over 214 miles per hour, as I felt they would last the return journey and give no trouble. I think that this expresses my absolute confidence in your wonderful production.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours most sincerely,

Malcolm Campbell

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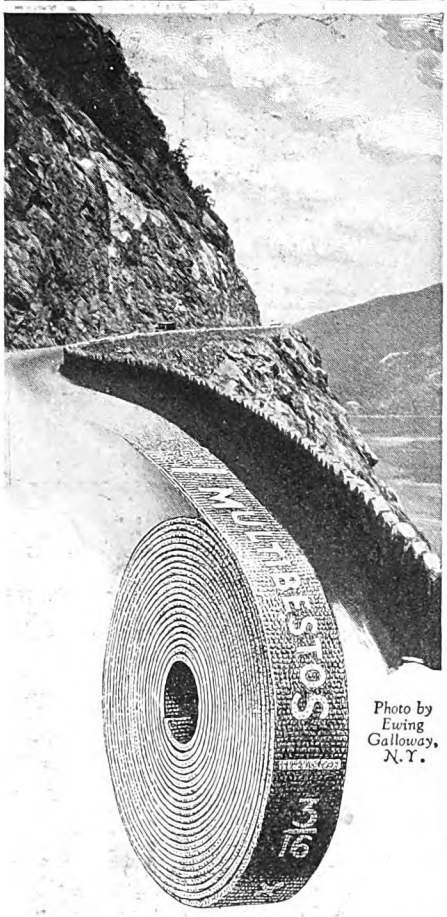

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He haggled and bickered; Pete Haddy baited him, and he submitted to it.

"I tell ye what," said Pete, "before this here negotiation goes any farther we want suthin' to show your good faith. Eh, boys? We want a payment down. So, jest reach into your pants pocket and hand over that there wallet."

"Looks like you men was startin' out this agreement by breakin' it," said Scattergood nervously. "This hain't nothin' short of robbery."

"Call it any fancy name you favor," said Pete, "jest so long as ye pungle out."

Scattergood demurred; and it was evident to the Six Big Men that he was fearful.

"Set on him and take it off'n him," one of them advised.

"Don't ye go to touch me," Scattergood said. "Don't ye lay a hand onto me, or I'll have the law on ye."

"The' hain't much law up here—exceptin' Haddy law," said Pete. "Pungle!"

Scattergood reached into his pocket, but it was for the big gold watch. Another ten minutes was gone—three quarters of an hour. If the girl had hastened she would be far by now—far toward safety. . . .

"W-al," he said, "'tain't fair; but I got to be goin'. We kin settle them terms in a minute, and I don't see no way out of makin' a payment down."

BUT before Pete could answer, a woman burst through the door. "She's gone, Pete," the woman wailed. "I been lookin' everywhere for her. She's took off!"

Pete turned, and his face was suddenly black. "What?" he said in a voice so cold and savage that a more warlike man than Scattergood might well have felt a chill along his spine.

"Nobody hain't seen Ann for an hour. The's a dozen huntin' her. She's clean disappeared."

Pete faced Scattergood. "Come dickerin', did ye? Calc'lated to work a dodge on the Haddys, eh? Figgered ye could hold us a-talkin' here, whilst that young feller run off with our sister! Hey, you, scatter! Git your hosses and tear up the road. She's headin' for Coldriver. . . . And when you ketch up to them don't let that feller git away this time." He swung again upon Scattergood. "And what did ye think was goin' to happen to you?"

"Now, you listen—you listen to reason," Scattergood said imploringly. He backed against the wall as Pete advanced menacingly. Of a sudden, his voice changed, he no longer cringed.

"Don't nobody step outside that there door!" he ordered. "You stand back, Pete. . . ."

Haddy crouched for the spring; but arrested himself in mid-motion, for Scattergood was holding in his hand a brown paper package, holding it in the attitude of one who means to dash it against the floor. It was cylindrical in form, and possibly eight inches long.

"Git back," he said. "All of ye. Line up agin the wall yonder. . . . Did ye think I was takin' chances with sich as you be?"

The room was still, all eyes were fixed on that cylinder wrapped in butcher's paper. It was of a shape they recognized, being men of the woods, for often they had seen such shaped cylinders used to break log jams in the rivers.

"Back up there, and no monkeyshines," Scattergood said, and step by step they edged away. "Seems to me the' hain't anythin' I'd enj'y more 'n blastin' this town off'n the map!"

There were men there who might have faced a gun, and taken their chances; but where is the man who will confront willingly a death involving a search of the county for the fragments of his remains? . . . Even the Haddy men remained very quiet. Scattergood backed toward the door. "I'm a-goin' now," he said; "and if I was you I wouldn't foller. . . . Coldriver's movin' this way, and ye might encounter 'em. Jest stand nice and quiet where ye be!"

He backed over the threshold and sidled down the steps. No man moved within. With surprising agility he was over the wheel and in his buggy, and then he astonished his rotund horse by a sudden application of the lash. . . . In an instant, the horse proved there was something more to him than the appearance of rotundity, for he leaped forward, bit in teeth, and the houses of slatternly Half Acre flashed past him on either side.

Scattergood did not look back; his hands were full, holding the animal to the semblance of road. Again the lash fell, for he must put much space between himself and that place before the Haddys recovered and could run to their respective stables for horses. . . . There came no shot. In that, luck was with him, for the Six Big Men were not accustomed to go armed, depending rather upon the fear created by their size and their ferocity.

On Scattergood dashed, a mile, two miles, and he did not spare the whip. Around curves, down sharp declines in the road, the buggy swayed and leaped and clattered. . . . Then, ahead of him he saw a movement of white. He settled his feet against the dash, wrapped the reins about his huge wrists and laid back. The horse came to a trembling stop.

"Jump in—spry," said Scattergood. And again the lash fell. Not yet had he heard sounds of pursuit, not until that stop to take aboard Ann Haddy. But then, in the sudden stillness, distant shouts came to his ears. They were coming. . . . But still distant. Then, as they rounded the shoulder of a cliff they saw in the valley below half a dozen motor cars coming swiftly.

Scattergood looked at his watch. It was not yet time for the fire bell to ring; but here came Coldriver, a third of the way to Half Acre.

"I calc'late Pliny Pickett must 'a' used his own jedgment for once," he said to himself. "You can't never tell when a miracle'll happen!"

IN FIVE minutes they were among the young men of Scattergood's own town, young men and middle-aged men, and not a few old men who had lived their years beside Scattergood Baines—old men who would not stay behind when they knew their friend was in peril.

"'Twa'n't my fault," Pliny said anxiously. "Freddie done it. He wormed out of me what you was calc'latin' on

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THIS summer, watch Silvertowns break their own fine performance records!

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doin', and nothin' would do but what he must come rampagin', with the town at his heels."

"Um. . . ." Scattergood's eyes twinkled. "And I thought it was a miracle. I'm dog-gone glad, Pliny, I kin still depend on ye to carry out orders to the letter. . . . That's right, Freddie, take her in your own car. . . . And, Ann, ye needn't to shy off him. He hain't allus a-goin' to look that battered up."

"You should have taken me," Freddie said. "I had a right to go. You might 'a' got yourself killed!"

"It didn't turn out that way," Scattergood said. "Um. . . . Any of you boys feel a mite peckish?" He drew from his right-hand coat pocket a brown paper-covered cylinder and from his pants pocket a huge jackknife. From the paper he unwrapped a length of bologna sausage, and cut off a generous slice.

"Allus carry suthin' along in case I git delayed from my meals," he explained. He grinned. "Ever notice, boys, how a length of bologny's about the same dimensions as a stick of dynamite? . . It's an interestin' fact that hain't never been called to the attention of Half Acre."

THE Haddys galloped to the shelf above the valley, and there stood grouped against the sky line, peering downward. The odds against them were too great. Sullenly they turned their horses' heads homeward.

"Hey, Freddie," said Scattergood, "be you takin' the gal home?"

"Fust of all," said Freddie, "I'm takin' her to a minister. I calc'late to take Mrs. Norton home."

"W-al, if the's any difficulty there, Freddie, fetch her out to the farm. Mandy 'n' me'll be glad to have ye till ye kin git settled around. . . . I calc'late we'll be hearin' some more from those brothers o' hern. . . . Sure ye won't have a slice of bologny?"

The young couple declined, and Scattergood smiled. He turned to Pliny. "'Tain't jest the right day for bologny yit," he said; "but the' comes a time in every man's life when he'd ruther have a good slice of sausage than a meal of love and kisses!"

"Seems as though," said Pliny.

"THEY'RE HELL BENT!" says Albert Payson Terhune. "THEY ARE NOT!" counters Harold Bell Wright. A slight difference of opinion, it would seem, between these two famous writers! They are discussing the young people of today—what else would they be discussing under such hot titles!—and next month each man presents his side of the case and leaves the verdict to you. They are writing about the livest thing there is—YOUTH—and they write about it in lively fashion. Both Mr. Terhune and Mr. Wright gave long thoughts to the argument, and each one puts before you stories and facts and opinions that will stir you. There will be no reason for you to sit silently wishing you had something interesting to talk about, after you have read these articles, for they will give you enough conversation to last a long time.

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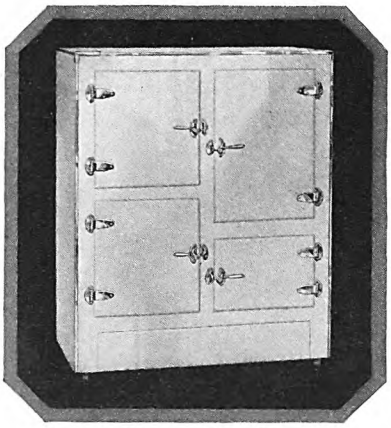

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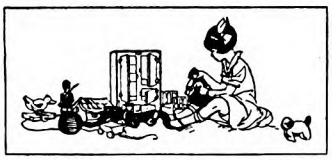

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"How much Does a Good Refrigerator Cost?"

Do Young Men Have the Chances Their Fathers Had?

(*Continued from page 19*)

produce an upheaval in the commissioned personnel. A lot of majors, colonels, and generals who had been doing passably well under peace conditions had to step aside—not always because they were incompetent, but because younger men were *more* competent. The severer, sterner tests of war multiplied by a thousand the opportunities of younger officers, and of enlisted men as well.

"Likewise, in business today, the severer tests of leadership imposed by competition are creating vacancies in the executive ranks which are just so many additional opportunities to the younger man. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, as an example, we have adopted the principle that present performance, and not past, must determine fitness for positions. The average age of our division superintendents today is considerably younger than it was twenty or thirty years back. These division superintendents have under them on their respective divisions more men and equipment than has the president of many a well-known road. One of our vice presidents in a most important branch of the service was but forty-five years of age when he was promoted to that position a little more than a year ago.

"In short, no longer does the young man in business need to wait for the man above to die or be retired by age. And in that fact probably is the answer to the question of whether or not these leaders who began their careers a generation or more ago could repeat if they had to start over again. If they are still at the helm meeting what today has to offer, it should be a fair indication that they could. Otherwise, the new conditions would have buried them before this."

I asked General Atterbury to give me concrete illustrations bearing on this change in conditions, particularly as it affects the work of the young man and his opportunities.

"TAKE freight," he replied. "Twenty years ago less than ten per cent of Pennsylvania Railroad freight trains were scheduled. If you loaded your goods, except perishable products and a few high-class articles, at Philadelphia for shipment to Chicago, they might take fifteen days en route, which was good average time for the distance. They might take twenty.

"Today, ninety per cent of our freight trains operate on a fixed schedule. You can ship your goods at Philadelphia with the assurance, barring accidents, that they will arrive in Chicago on the fourth morning afterward. We can tell you the hour they will be there and what train will bring them.

"But go back only seven years: For the first eleven months of 1927 as compared with the corresponding period of 1920 there was an increase in gross tons per train on the Pennsylvania amounting to twenty-two and one-half per cent; there was an increase in miles-per-hour speed of more than twenty-four per cent. And this improvement was accomplished at lower cost, with less fuel, fewer employees, *and with approximately fifty thousand fewer cars in service!*

"These almost incredible advances, which would be shown to be even greater if the figures were up to date, were not the result of chance or magic. They were not the consequence of piling more labor and longer hours onto the workman, because the trend in industry has been toward shorter working days. They can only be explained by the fact that management has been made a science of the highest order. New methods have been found, new machines invented, new short-cuts uncovered, waste effort eliminated.

"In the case of the railroad, for instance, the increase of more than twenty-four per cent in the miles-per-hour speed of trains was not brought about by the simple expedient of telling engineers to drive their locomotives faster. The problem, on the contrary, was one of so arranging the business of the train that it could do in nine hours what it had done in twelve hours, at the same running rate. The increase in speed, therefore, was really a decrease in delay affected by improved methods and scientific planning."

"BUT if fewer men, proportionately, are doing more work, wouldn't that indicate there are fewer opportunities for the young man today to get work?" I asked.

"No. Because wages buy more than they used to buy and this greater buying power is encouraging new industries to develop. The purchasing power of wages paid in America has been computed to be a third greater today than in 1914. The wage earner is spending that third on a radio, an automobile, and luxuries he couldn't previously afford. His increased spending power has opened a new market for manufactured products. It has created new standards of living.

"The census figures show that during the past forty years the increase in our number of business concerns of all kinds has been approximately on a par with the increase in population. But up until 1920, beginning with 1892, the average of this increase was only 23,500 new concerns a year; while since 1920 the average has been more than 56,000 new concerns a year. The figures are rough approximations, due to the difficulty of making exact comparisons from the census tables, but they unmistakably show that the past seven years offered almost double the opportunities for starting business ventures of any previous year as far back as 1892.

"Furthermore, the young man of today has almost six times as many opportunities to become identified with a really large business as he had twenty years or more ago. In 1904, which is the earliest date for which figures are available, there were only 1,900 manufacturing establishments in America that reported an annual output valued at more than $1,000,000. In 1925 there were 10,583 such concerns reporting! I have no doubt that a corre-

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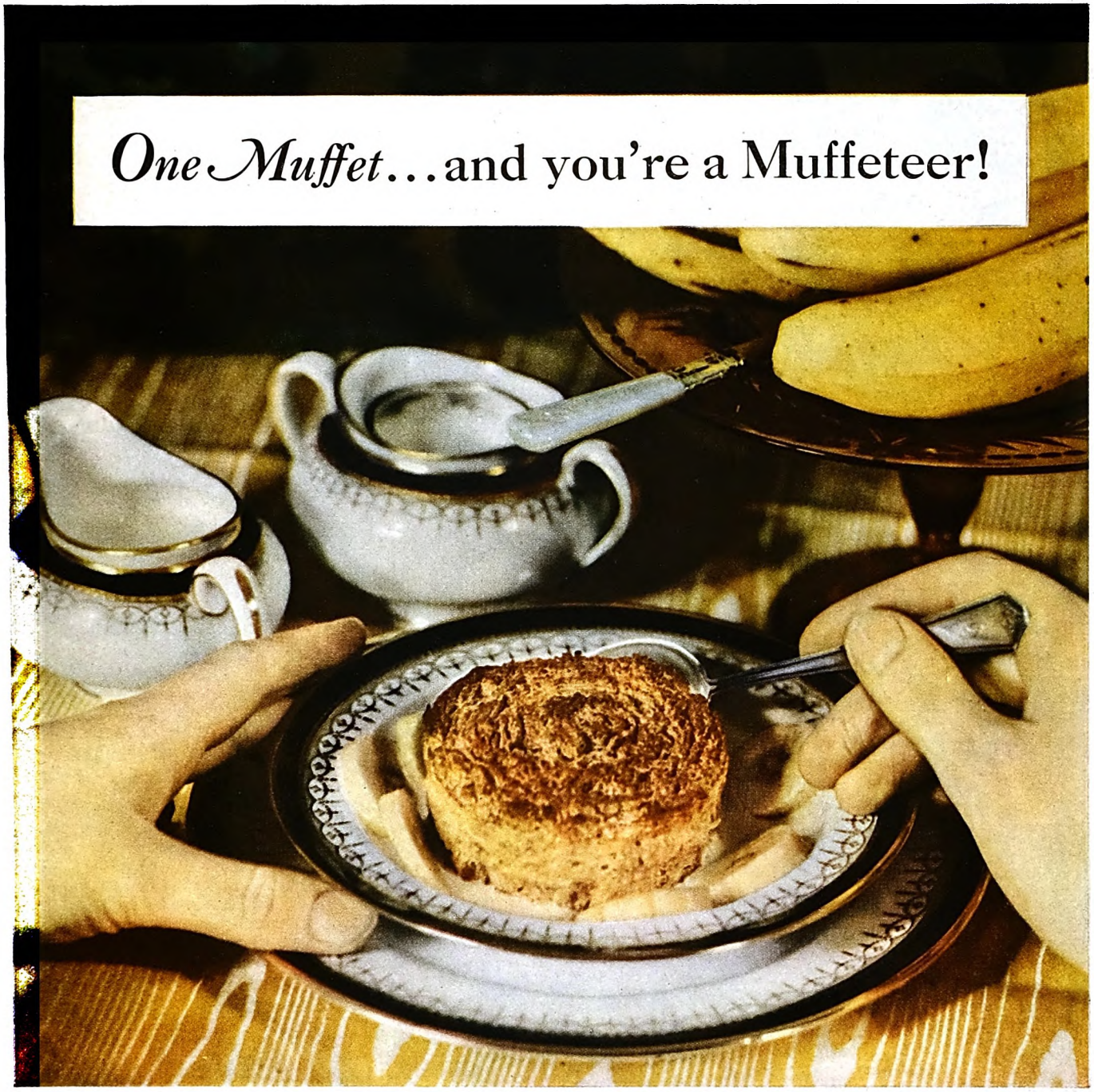

The minute you see a Muffet, you'll know. You've met your future. From now on you've a *favorite* breakfast!

Muffin-shaped. Butternut brown. Just fits your cereal dish—the right portion for the morning's appetite.

Look closer. Light as a crumpet! Whole wheat, cooked, drawn to a lacy ribbon, thin as flakes from the fluffiest shortcake. Wound round and round, layer upon layer—three yards of it! Baked. Toasted, both sides.

Taste it! Crisp as potato chips. Crunchy! Crumbles in your mouth. That's a Muffet!

Serve with cream and sugar. Or add fruit, fresh, stewed, preserved. You've calories, body-building minerals, bran, digestibility—*plus* food you'll enjoy any morning in the week!

One Muffet—and you're a Muffeteer!

Tomorrow, win the glory—have the fun—of introducing to your family their first really new breakfast in years. The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

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"That poster reminds me . . . a horseback scene like this would make a good cigarette advertisement . . ."

"Sure, call it *'Thoroughbreds'* and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"

THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

©1928, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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sponding improvement took place in other business lines.

"There are no figures later than 1919 dealing with the number of executive positions existing, and those available are also limited to manufacturing. But once again these indicate a trend in the young man's favor. Between 1904 and 1919, inclusive, the population of the country increased, in round numbers, from 82,602,000 to 105,003,000, or twenty-six per cent. During the same period the number of salaried officers reported by manufacturing plants increased from 60,047 to 132,467—they more than doubled.

"NOW, if these figures mean anything at all, a summary of the foregoing would show conditions today are most decidedly in the young man's favor. He should have a third more money to spend than had the youth of but thirteen years ago, making full allowance for present-day prices. He should have double the chance of starting in business for himself, as compared with any of the years before 1920. He should have six times more opportunity to get employment in a big business than had the young man of twenty years back, and he should have twice the chance of becoming an executive.

"However, the figures also indicate the presence of the competition I have mentioned. With more than fifty-six thousand new concerns entering the field annually, and with the growth of big business far exceeding in rate the growth of population, competition is bound to be of the keenest sort. The independent druggist or grocer must face the competition of the chain store; the small manufacturer must sell side by side with a rival backed by millions, who in turn is being elbowed by a giant as strong as he. You discover a new process, or invent a new device, and before the year is out you find a dozen or more competing processes and devices snapping at the heels of your original idea. Look at radio, unknown a few years ago; today fully a score of machines are vying for your favor. If you wear a soft collar, you have a very typical example right on your person of how long an 'exclusive' product may remain exclusive. Several years ago a factory superintendent discovered a way to make a soft collar in a single piece, and a new type of collar resulted that at once gained popular favor. But within six months every principal collar maker in the country had his own type of soft collar out in competition. So it is with automobiles, toothpaste, pianos, and breakfast foods, whatever it is you buy.

"And, furthermore, competition has assumed forms unheard of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. Manufacturers now compete with the wholesaler by selling direct to the retailer, and even with the retailer by selling direct to you, the consumer. Retailers compete with wholesalers through coöperative buying, and with manufacturers through forming chains and combinations that do their own manufacturing. Cotton competes with wool, silk with both, and artificial silk with all three. Steel, concrete, stone, brick, stucco, tile, and wood are in a wild scramble to build your home; slate, shingles, tar, tin, copper, zinc, tile, and what not seek to roof it for you; and oil, coal, gas, and electricity to heat it.

"In the old days, competition was limited mostly to that of company against company within an industry—that is, the lumber dealers competed with other lumber dealers, the coal man with other sellers of coal, the railroad with rival railroads, and so on. The old wagon builder was in no sense a competitor of the steam or electric railway; but his very vigorous successor, who makes motor cars, motor trucks, and motor busses, is.

"Today, trade is competing with trade, industry with industry, substitutes with the real, section with section. The South challenges New England, the West the East, and with rapid ocean travel and communication the foreign producer challenges all, and is challenged in turn. And all of this, most directly and substantially, has affected the chances of the young man in business, as well as the chances of the older man of continuing in business. It also affects the woman to the extent that she has entered the business field, which is not small by any means.

"Suppose we consider the favorable effects first. Foremost among them, perhaps, is the fact that business today must hunt for ability, and does most assiduously. This was true to a much less degree when I and others of my age started work.

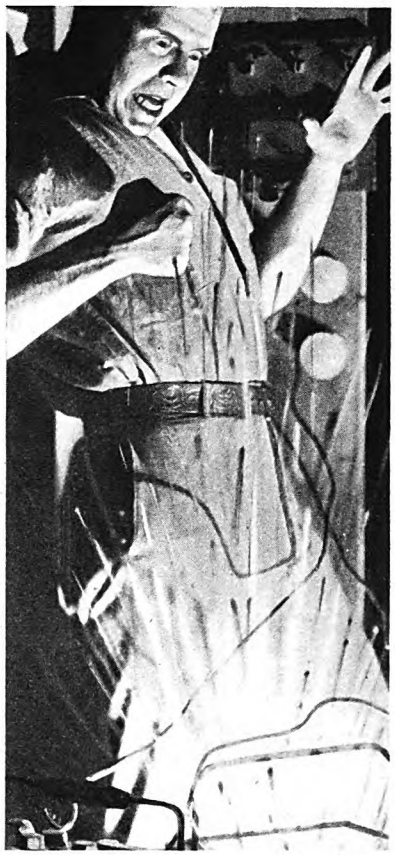
"Forty years ago, even fifteen years ago, a young man at the bottom of a large organization had to do something approaching the sensational to attract the attention of the boss. It required almost heroic effort on the younger man's part to upset the tradition that the oldest man, if reasonably competent, should become foreman, and the oldest foreman should become superintendent. There were exceptions, of course, but this was the rule.

"TODAY, competition has put a premium upon ability, and we are searching for it as untiringly as the prospector does for gold. We are searching for it everywhere—in the college classroom, the employment office, the shop, the office, the street, the newspapers. Some months ago a young man was graduated by an Eastern college with a record that attracted the attention of one of my associates in New York. At once he got into touch with the youth, found that his education was self-earned and that the boy indeed had promise. He tried to interest him in the railroad as a desirable place to start his career.

"The boy knew nothing of railroading. He knew little of general business. Already he had received several offers from other concerns, and he was in doubt as to what to do about them.

"'I'll help you to decide,' said my associate. 'I will see that you are given an opportunity to meet men in various lines of business. You can talk to a banker, a manufacturer, a merchant, an importer. I've already given you an insight into railroading. When you are sure as to what you want to do, make your decision. If it is to be a railroad man, come back.'

"The boy chose the railroad and we employed him. For the next two or three years he is going to be shifted from one kind of work to another, from one department to another, from one end of the road to the other. He is being paid a good salary for a young man, being made acquainted with our business and our problems, being put into contact with



"The acid sprayed into my face"

"I was the last employee of the battery company to leave. As I stooped over the charging line, one of the batteries blew up, sprayed my face with sulphuric acid. The burns were fearful. I applied Unguentine. What wonderful relief! I kept up the treatment. Today healing is *complete.*"

BURNS come to us all. Suddenly. Unexpectedly. In factory or field, on journeys—by our own firesides!

Any burn can become infected. Be ready. Treat it as physicians do: at once, Unguentine!

As soon as you spread Unguentine on, the pain is eased. The burn, germ-free, starts healing normally—quickly. In almost every case, *not the slightest scar remains.*

Use freely for cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Unguentine

The standard surgical dressing in American hospitals

FREE!

—A trusted name

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept.A-17, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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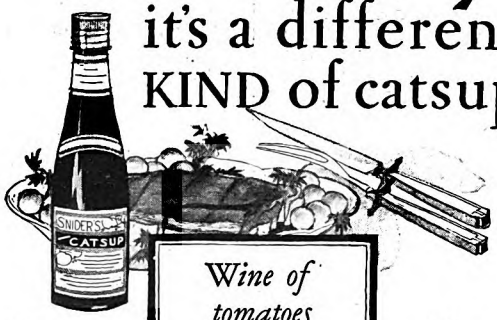
Really

it's a different KIND of catsup!



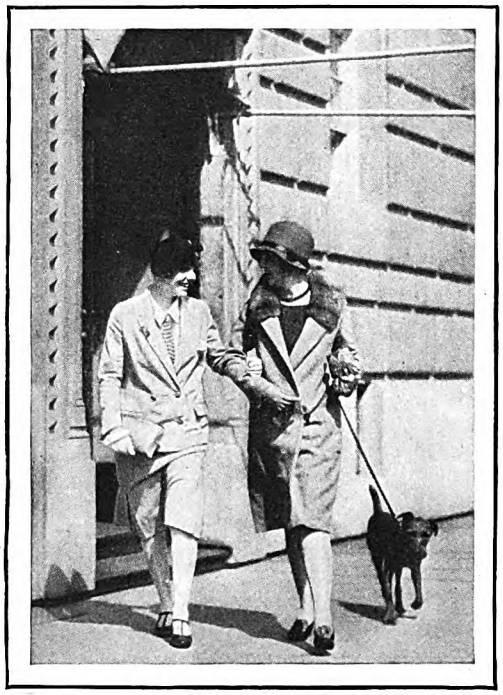
Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

OF course all catsups do not taste alike. For instance there is the flavor which a decidedly individual recipe imparts to Snider's.

This secret recipe, exclusively Snider's for the past forty years, owes its success not only to the careful blending of ingredients but just as much to the *mulling*.

The result is that Snider's, the mulled catsup, has an added zest. This condiment has been well called the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced — and indeed it has a "bouquet" all its own.

When it comes to catsup many people who apply intelligent choice to the foods they eat, specify "Snider's."



You will agree with them that Snider's is different

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

able, experienced men, with the sole idea of developing his ability until eventually he will be of value to the railroad.

"Now I wouldn't call the case of this boy typical, because the boy himself is exceptional; but it illustrates the length to which modern business will go to enlist ability when there is promise of eventual return.

"Here *is* a typical case:

"A locomotive engineer on an obscure Western run had an excellent record for being on time. His engine was always in good shape. He was popular with his fellows and respected in his town. In short, he was a good engineer and *looked* as if he might have ability to go higher. Yet he had proved nothing beyond the bare fact that he was an excellent engineer.

"There was a certain problem on that division to be solved. The engineer was asked to study it and present his solution. Incidentally, the division staff already had a solution. The engineer, unknown to himself, was merely being tested. Following that problem he was given a second, a third, a fourth. He was placed in charge of some men to see if he could lead them. Today he is an assistant to an important executive, and still in development. His own ability is the only thing, barring accident, that will limit his rise.

"WE ARE constantly testing men. A foreman takes a 'vacation' in order that his assistant may be in charge during his absence. A superintendent has subordinates solve problems that he himself has already solved. Promising men are made 'acting' this and that to see how they act under responsibility. Often they go back to their old jobs to remain there for months before promotion comes; often they go back to them permanently, tested but found wanting. But the process goes on.

"Every executive on this railroad knows that before he can be considered available for promotion himself he must have under him one or more men capable of taking his place. It is his duty to find and train those men, and how well he succeeds is regarded as a test of his own executive ability. In fact, the knack of being able to look down into an organization and spot ability there is a requisite of leadership today. Men in executive posts are judged as much by the kind of men they develop as by the kind of profits they produce.

"This search for new material by no means is limited to the immediate organization of a business. It is not uncommon today for the honor students of a university to have a dozen offers of employment from big concerns upon graduation.

"Another fact to the decided advantage of the young man is that his opportunity for advancement today is not nearly so limited as it was some years ago. When I started work on the railroad, there was a tendency to keep a man at the particular kind of work with which he had begun. That is, the opportunities of a machinist were limited to the mechanical branches, those of a clerk to the administrative offices. The clerk had little or no chance to learn the mechanical end, and the machinist was barred from the office end. Therefore, their advancement frequently

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Nobody has to drink substitutes now. Nobody needs to give up coffee

—here's one fine coffee that lets you sleep

FRAGRANT and cheery this coffee is—yet you can drink it, even at midnight, and sleep. Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delightful blend of the world's finest quality coffees—but it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed. It does not affect the nerves. It will not keep you awake.

But you'd never guess, by tasting, that the caffeine was absent (caffeine is odorless and tasteless). We extract it by an exclusive process. We leave the flavor and strength untouched. All the quick, bracing effects of coffee remain. They have never come from caffeine anyhow—but from aromatic coffee oils and heat. Caffeine stimulation doesn't even begin until two hours after drinking. Thus, there's no such thing as missing it at meal-time—*though, if drunk, it may keep you awake hours afterwards.*

How welcome Kaffee Hag will be to "substitute drinkers"! To thousands who have been forced to put up with unsatisfying coffee substitutes because they have never before been able to get real coffee without caffeine!

Try Kellogg's★Kaffee Hag. This fine, satisfying coffee will add cheer to all your meals. And everybody can enjoy it unstintedly. All the delights remain—but the harm has gone for good. Doctors recommend Kaffee Hag. Many drink it regularly.

Most grocers carry Kaffee Hag Coffee. Full one-pound cans. Air-tight. Ground or in the bean. Ask for it, too, at hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars.

For just a penny a cup you can try Kaffee Hag Coffee at home. Mail the coupon below for a sample can. We invite you to compare Kaffee Hag with any other coffee you've ever before tasted. Blend for blend. Aroma for aroma. Sip for sip.

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE—*minus caffeine*

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

★ Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1746 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name

Address

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Wherever there are children ✓✓

✓✓ *there should be a piano*

YOUR children . . . your boys and your girls . . . today they are with you following your guidance . . . tomorrow they are out in the workaday world. Now while they are close beside you is the time to set before them those things that will serve them best in the years to come.

Music is your children's heritage. Those little flashes of rhythm that bubble out of every child are the heralds of a desire to make music.

Encourage them. Give them the chance to learn to make music and by so doing not only will you add greatly to their talents, but you will enable them to get a greater share of the joys of life.

The piano is the natural musical instrument upon which your children should begin the study of music. All authorities agree on this.

A GOOD PIANO, like every other product of quality, is subject to the inroads of time and use. Proper tuning two to three times a year will prolong the musical life of your piano. If your piano is too old, you should consider exchanging it for a new instrument. Don't expect your child to get the most out of music on an antiquated piano.

FREE to Parents Who Have No Piano in Their Home: A four-octave keyboard on heavy paper. A wonderful help to beginners.

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Twelve Look-and-Play Piano Lessons for Young People: The simplest piano lesson book ever published. Makes learning the piano amazingly easy. Send 50c.

Everybody's Look-and-Play Piano Book: For those who can't play, but wish they could. Anybody can play the piano with this book. 50c postpaid.

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The **PIANO** **THE BASIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT**

was confined to the limits of their own departments or divisions.

"Then, too, business was more centralized in its control. There were a great many so-called 'one-man' companies, in which the man at the top reserved for himself the exclusive right of decision. He was, in effect, a king without counselors; and if he owned the business, his oldest son was trained to succeed him.

"All of these conditions have passed or are passing. On the railroads of the country especially there has been a decentralization of authority. Decisions of moment no longer are made by one man without consultation with his associates; a dozen men sit down around a table nowadays and each man has his say. About each principal executive in turn is a staff of sub-executives, who also have assistants. Men of promise are being made acquainted with all phases of the business as fast as they grow enough to warrant it. I have already outlined this practice.

"The family-owned, one-man-controlled type of business today is a relic of the past. In your own community you probably can name a dozen such companies that today are managed and operated by men who are employed for their executive ability to conduct the business successfully.

"More and more is the ownership of business passing into the hands of large groups of stockholders, who may be scattered all the way from Maine to California. The stockholders elect the ablest and most powerful of their number to sit as boards of directors. The directors choose a president who is a professional business manager, and whose job is dependent upon his ability to carry on the business efficiently and economically in the interest of the stockholders, the employees, and the company's service to the public. This professional manager can't afford to surround himself with favorites and relatives. The duties of his office are so varied and complicated that it is humanly impossible for him to handle them alone; he is forced to enlist the aid of able associates, and does. Invariably he must find and develop his own aides, and as he wants aides who will be with him through the years ahead, he looks for them first among his younger men.

"THERE is still another advantage the young man has today. Promotions at the present, if they are of any importance at all, generally are made by conference. Personally I would not think of elevating a man to a responsible post on this railroad without first consulting my associates. Some one of my associates might have a better man in mind whom I, inadvertently, had overlooked. They might know more of my candidate than I did.

"At regular intervals the members of my staff and I go away to some quiet place to spend three days together to do little else than discuss personnel. If a man is moving up, we want to know if there is anything that we can do to make him move faster. If he is standing still, or falling behind, we try to discover why. We don't like to see men in whom we have placed confidence fail. Their failure is not only a reflection upon our judgment but it means also that we must do our work over again. We like to see men

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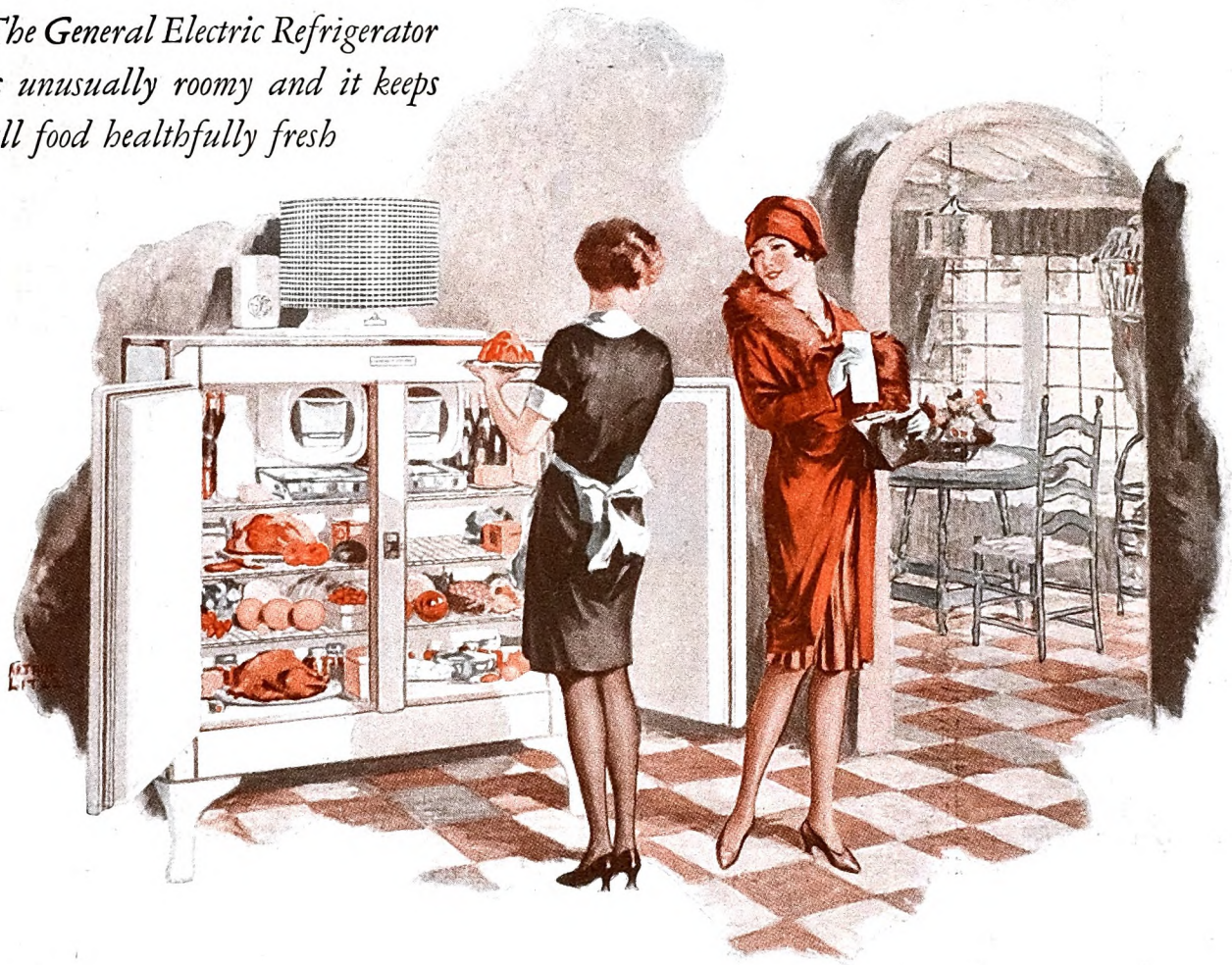
Save time, energy and money —don't market every day

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy and it keeps all food healthfully fresh



IT'S such a relief not to have to go to market every day. Two or three times a week will do the job —with energy and time and money saved—if you have a General Electric Refrigerator.

For even the smallest model is so designed that it can hold a generous store of foods—several days' supply for the average family. And its temperature is just right to keep meats wholesome, milk sweet, salads crispy.

All the models are up on legs. This makes it so easy to keep the floor underneath clean.

You will notice, too, that the General Electric has no belts or fans or drain pipes. All its machinery is hermetically sealed in one steel casing. You will be glad that it needs absolutely no oiling. And your bills for electricity will tell you the pleasant story that this perfect refrigeration is economical.

In fact, now that the fifteen years of experiment in the General Electric laboratories has produced this simple, quiet, efficient refrigerator, there's really no reason for being without the advantages it can give you. Already more than fifty thousand General Electric Refrigerators are bringing new comforts to American homes.

There are many models—at a wide range of prices. Get full information about them by writing us for booklet A-5, which is illustrated and completely descriptive.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

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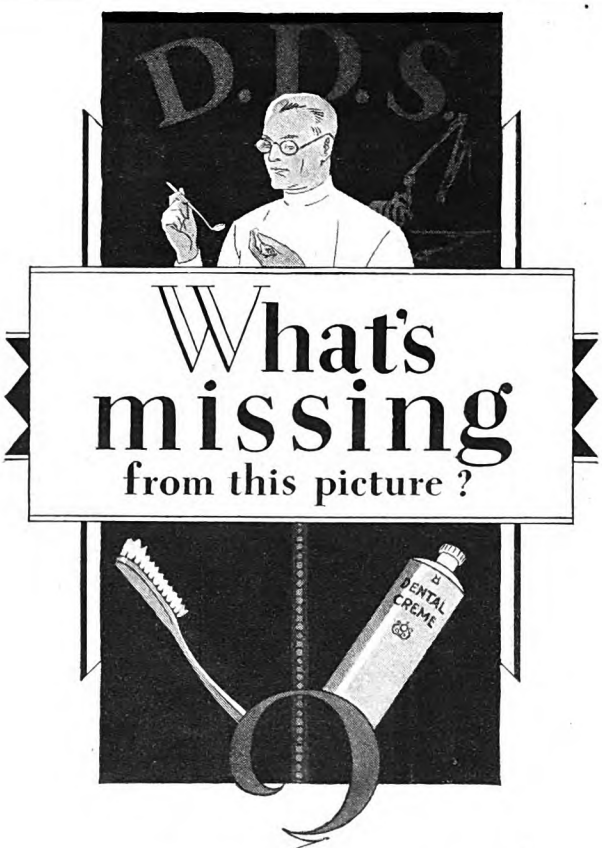

THOUGH dentists and dentifrices rally to the aid of modern teeth . . . though tooth brushes by the million work briskly every morning and every night . . . though Science, year by year, bestows upon us new weapons for the fight against dental ills . . *still, something is missing from the picture!*

Where's the help that *Nature* planned? Where's the thing that kept primitive man's teeth in his head—strong and sound—until he died of old age? In other words, where's the kind of diet that benefits teeth?

Missing, alas, from most modern tables! Check up on your own three meals a day if you doubt it. Note that most of your foods are soft—creamy—highly refined. Then recognize your error—and reform!

Replace some of those soft foods with crisp foods that require chewing—that you will delight to chew! Give to teeth and gums the *natural* exercise and stimulation that Nature planned. It's the easiest method—the least expensive method—and the only completely efficacious one! Your dentist will tell you that.

There's one particular modern food that's famous for the benefit it brings to teeth. You've heard of Grape-Nuts. It appears on millions of American breakfast tables every morning—a food deliciously crisp—golden-brown—nut-like in flavor. It tempts you to chew *thoroughly*. And that's why dentists so enthusiastically recommend it.

They recommend it, too, because it's the kind of food that helps *build* and maintain sound tooth structure. A food rich in varied elements. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Iron for the blood. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest because of the special baking process by which it is prepared.

Try it tomorrow! Your grocer sells it, of course—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

FREE! *Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an authoritative booklet—"Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."*

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet, "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

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succeed, for the greater their accomplishments are, that much greater are our own as managers.

"And this policy of conference is carried all through the organization of the railroad. A brakeman gets the same consideration for promotion in his sphere that a division superintendent does in his. We know that cars and engines and terminals are but the tools of the railroad; the men who use those tools *are* the railroad. In putting men first and in trying to develop them we are building a greater system—and our policy is the policy of every business of consequence today."

"AND what about the other side of the ledger, the side to the disadvantage of the young man?" I asked.

"He must have more education at the outset than used to be considered necessary, or he will be at a disadvantage," replied General Atterbury. "If he is a high-school graduate, good. If he has had business-school training in addition, better. If he is a college graduate, his chances are best, other things being equal. I would say that a college-trained man attains an executive rank about ten years sooner than does the man of similar ability and initiative but limited schooling. That difference of ten years may be most important in later life.

"For example, a board of directors in choosing new officers usually takes into account their possible succession to higher office. The odds are normally in favor of the younger man—not because an older man is too old for the present office, but because he might be too old some years later to be considered for the higher office.

"There are some men, of course, no handicap can keep down. They will find a way to overcome it. Many there are who overcome the serious handicap of lack of education, by taking advantage while they are young of the many ways open to them for self-education.

"Not long ago a young chap asked me for a job. He had been sent to college by his parents, who could well afford to do so, but he had failed to graduate.

"'What was the trouble?' I inquired.

"'Mathematics,' he said. 'I flunked in 'em.'

"'Why don't you try it again?' I said.

"His answer was that he never had liked mathematics and never would; that work seemed more attractive.

"We had no job for him, not because of his deficiency in mathematics, but because of his deficiency in the face of failure.

"One of the school agencies made a survey of one thousand former public-school pupils in Philadelphia to find out why they had quit school before getting all the schools had to offer. It was found that only fifty per cent had left school for financial reasons, whereas the other half had quit because they felt like it. A similar study in Boston disclosed that less than thirty per cent were forced from school by actual need.

"There are so many boys and girls who are getting an education in spite of financial difficulties, there is so much encouragement being offered for education, that it is only natural for an employer to expect the young man to do his utmost to make up for any lack of schooling he may have at the outset. And there

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is reason for this. If the office boy of today expects tomorrow to be the head of a corporation doing a world business and perhaps controlling the life necessities of half the world's population, he should know something of that world, its people, its geography, and its needs. If he expects to have in his employ, as he will need to have, men who have devoted years of study to fine technical problems, to finance, economics, and those branches of science which find daily employment in business, his fundamental education should at least be as good as that of his subordinates. If he expects to enlist the best minds, his own mind should be as fine as he possibly can make it.

"The pace of modern business is rapid. The young man who hopes to keep abreast of it should come with all of the education he possibly can get. He should know as much about the spirit, atmosphere, and fundamentals of business as he can learn. It will be of profit if he knows something of the laws affecting business, and he should not make the common mistake of youth—of being skeptical of business honesty.

"Yes, business is demanding more of the young man, but not more than the young man of today should be equipped to give. He has more opportunity to prepare himself than had the young man of a generation ago. He is growing up under these new conditions into which he is to enter. His schools are better, his teachers better. He is a part of this new, swifter, competitive life.

"I said the young man's ability must be higher if he is to get ahead in business. By that I mean that the ability he already has should be more intensely developed. Business is not demanding more brains of the young man, but a greater use of the brains he already has."

Things I Can't Understand About Women

(*Continued from page 14*)

I agree with him. Women do not settle a question on the basis of reasoning, but on the basis of their feelings. For example, a neighbor's children may do something which a woman will indignantly complain of. But if her own children had done that same thing, she would have found all sorts of excuses for them.

She doesn't weigh things calmly and judicially. She puts her feelings into one or the other side of the scales. The result is not justice, but the personal prejudice. I confess that I can't understand why women don't see this tendency in themselves and overcome it.

This habit of personalizing and emotionalizing everything is the most serious of the feminine ways which seem so puzzling to us men; for they affect a woman's attitude toward life and toward her fellow beings. Most of the things we "can't understand" are much more superficial.

"I can never get over my amazement," one man said to me, "at the way women will sit at the telephone, for fifteen or

Cool, crisp leaves of lettuce, or romaine, or endive . . . dressed in mild and mellow vinegar and pure oil. How the tender green leaves sparkle and glisten—freshened and flavored with a French Dressing made with Heinz Imported Olive Oil and Heinz aged – in – the – wood Vinegar.

To get the true *vinegar* flavor, vinegar must be aged. We take only the juice of whole, sound apples—and age it in wood from one to two years. It's the only way you can get that mellowness, that aroma—that *flavor*—that you find in Heinz.

Only a real imported olive oil has the true olive flavor . . . You see, Heinz Olive Oil *is* really imported. In sunny old Spain near Seville is the Heinz olive oil establishment. There, from the choicest of the purple fruit that ripens on the olive trees we press Heinz Olive Oil.

For the reputation of Heinz must be maintained. No distance is too great; no method is too troublesome; no time is too long for Heinz in the search for flavor. *Heinz Salad Booklet sent free on request.*

HEINZ
PURE
Vinegars
aged in the wood

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Money Can Not Buy a Better Writing Pen–

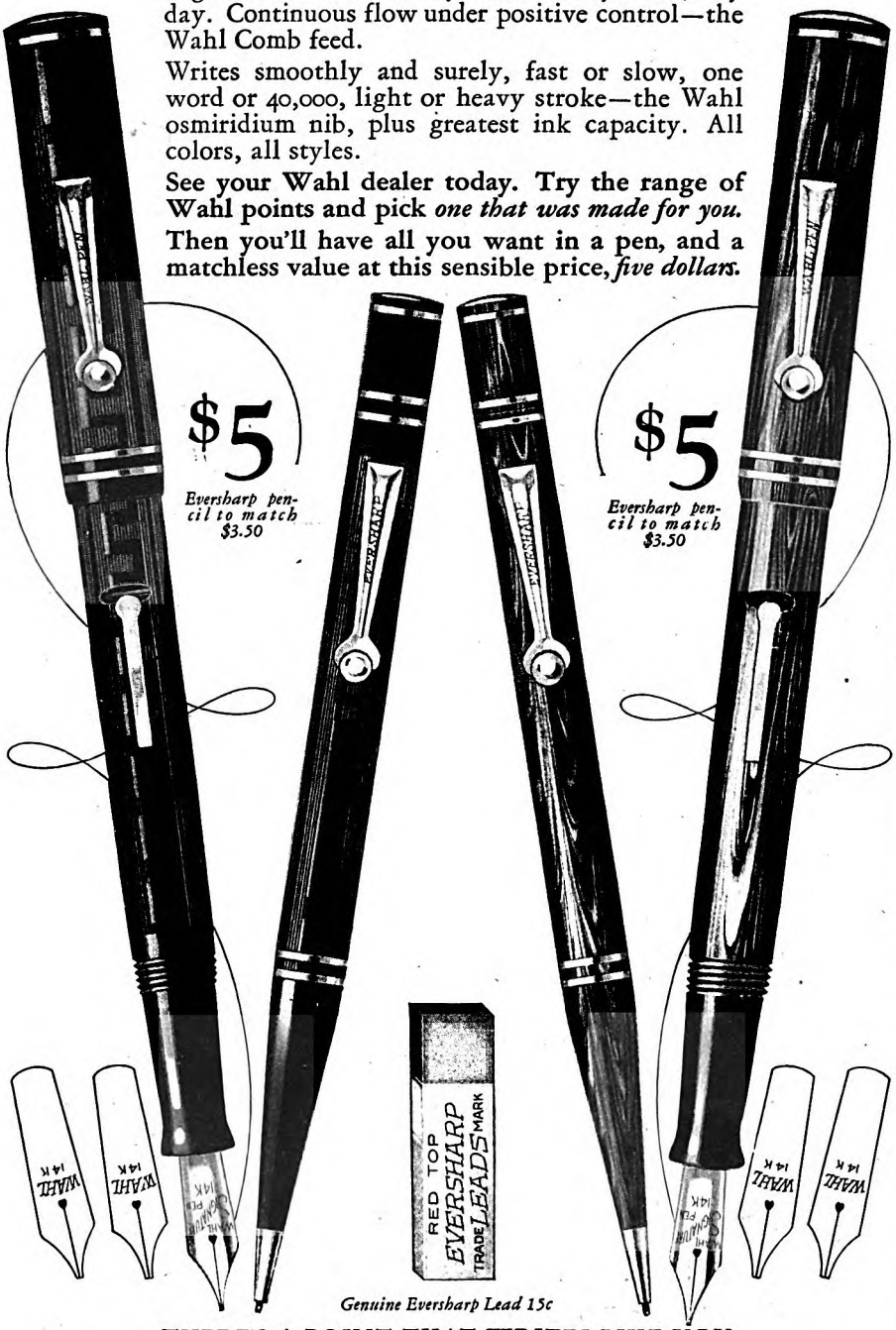
because you can pick the point that fits your writing stroke

14 points to choose from—Wahl makes 'em all —there's one that writes like you

Here is a personalized writing instrument. The Wahl Pen writes freely at any pressure or any angle—a self starter any minute, any hour, any day. Continuous flow under positive control—the Wahl Comb feed.

Writes smoothly and surely, fast or slow, one word or 40,000, light or heavy stroke—the Wahl osmiridium nib, plus greatest ink capacity. All colors, all styles.

See your Wahl dealer today. Try the range of Wahl points and pick *one that was made for you.* Then you'll have all you want in a pen, and a matchless value at this sensible price, *five dollars.*



Genuine Eversharp Lead 15c

THERE'S A POINT THAT WRITES LIKE YOU

WAHL - EVERSHARP

PENS AND PENCILS

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twenty minutes at a stretch, just visiting with some other woman.

"Every man of my acquaintance hates to telephone. To him, it is a necessary convenience, but a pestiferous annoyance just the same.

"But a woman! She will hold the telephone to her ear until you'd think her arm would drop off, talking about things of absolutely no importance at all."

Of course, that is not true of all women. But it is true of a great many of them, whereas it does not apply to men at all. We use the telephone to make appointments and to ask or to answer definite questions. But as a medium of real conversation it is impossible to us. We hate to take the 'phone off the hook. Women hate to put it back.

A GOOD many of the masculine complaints which I have assembled are in regard to social customs. For instance, we men can't understand why every girl wants to have a big wedding—and why all the rest of the women want to go to it! The bridegroom loathes it. The men who attend are dragged there by their wives. And the crowd on the sidewalk outside is as feminine as a ladies' sewing circle.

I said that we men can't understand this difference; yet I think we do understand it. A man may be in love with a girl. He may sincerely want to marry her. But every man, in his secret soul, hates to give up his freedom! So long as he remains unmarried he is his own master. He jokes his married friends about their captivity. He enjoys his own liberty and is proud of it.

Intuitively, he rebels at making a public show of his submission to the undeniable chains of matrimony. He may be a willing captive; but, even so, why make a parade of the act which signs away his liberty? As for the men who attend the ceremony, all they get out of it is a chance to chaff the bridegroom about his lost liberty.

The feminine point of view is, of course, exactly the reverse. The girl doesn't feel that she is giving up a wonderful and precious freedom. She isn't losing; she is gaining. For her sake, a free man is becoming a captive. No wonder she likes to advertise the fact! And no wonder that other women like to witness the triumph of their sex. So, after all, I suppose I can understand this particular difference between men and women.

It isn't easy to understand why women like to go to receptions and tea parties. A man hates it from the bottom of his soul. Of all methods of getting people together, these functions seem to him the most stupid and tiresome. Women themselves admit this. But they keep right on giving these affairs, accepting invitations to them, and dragging their men-folks with them if they possibly can.

Apropos of social functions, one of my friends mentioned a certain feminine trait which I, too, have noticed.

"I can't understand," he said, "why so many women have a special 'company manner.' My wife has it. She puts it on just as she puts on her company clothes. When she is at a party of any kind, she doesn't walk, or stand, or sit the way she does at home. She uses a different tone of voice. She even has a special 'company pronunciation' of words.

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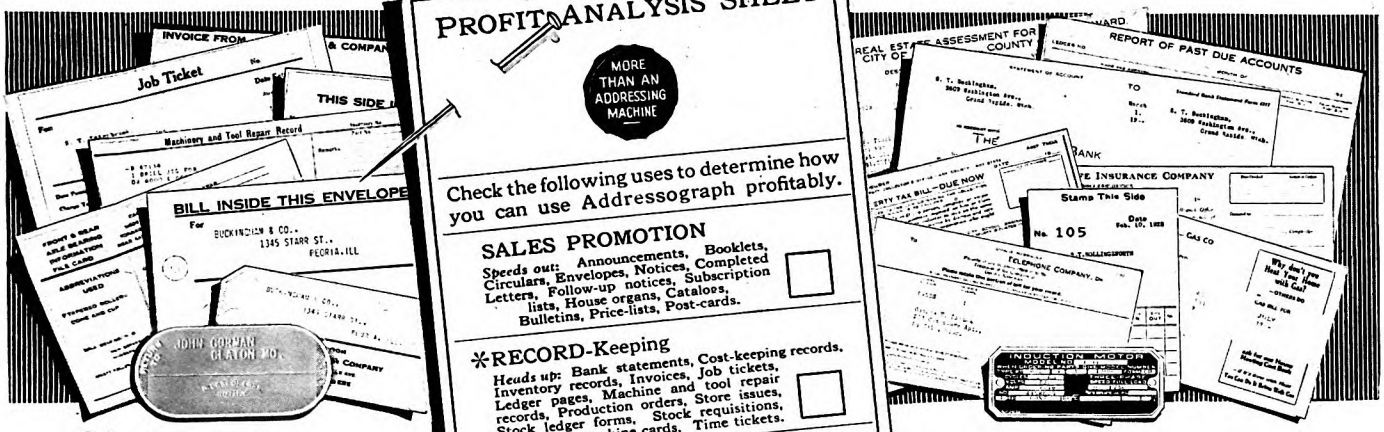

* More than an Addressing Machine!

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the Addressograph was merely an *addressing* machine —addressing envelopes from sundry lists of names.

The constantly increasing demands of business generally for more cost-cutting, profit-producing methods made necessary a broadening development of Addressograph equipment.

Year by year new applications and new equipment have been created.

The Profit Analysis Sheet, at a glance, gives some conception of Addressograph's present broad service to the world's industrial, commercial and social life.

Two minutes spent in checking this list will demonstrate to you, and to other executives and department heads in your organization, that Addressograph methods can be used profitably in every department of your business.

If you have thought of the Addressograph as merely an addressing machine, *your impression has been limited to only a fraction of Addressograph's uses.*

PROFIT ANALYSIS SHEET

MORE THAN AN ADDRESSING MACHINE

Check the following uses to determine how you can use Addressograph profitably.

SALES PROMOTION ☐
Speeds out: Announcements, Booklets, Circulars, Envelopes, Notices, Completed Letters, Follow-up notices, Subscription lists, House organs, Catalogs, Bulletins, Price-lists, Post-cards.

***RECORD-Keeping** ☐
Heads up: Bank statements, Cost-keeping records, Inventory records, Invoices, Job tickets, Ledger pages, Machine and tool repair records, Production orders, Stock requisitions, Stock ledger forms, Time tickets, Tabulating machine cards.

***ROUTING** ☐
Writes: Drivers' call lists, Shop orders, Newspaper bundle destinations, Order schedules, Shipping schedules, Drivers' call tags.

***IMPRINTING** ☐
Imprints: Booklets, Blotters, Mailer strips, Short messages on postals, Wrappers, Folders, Swatches.

***SHIPPING FORMS** ☐
Addresses: Bills of lading, Route sheets, Labels, Shipping envelopes, Way bills, Tags, singly or in gangs.

***COLLECTIONS** ☐
Fills in: Bills, Collection Letters, Follow-up notices, Installment collection forms, Meter-reading forms, Premium notices, Public service bills, Receipts, Statements.

***DISBURSEMENTS** ☐
Imprints: Dividend checks, Pay-checks, Pay-roll sheets, Pay-envelopes, Pay-roll receipts, Stock holders lists, Voucher checks.

***PRODUCTION** ☐
Writes: Machine and tool repair records, Time cards, Time tickets, Shop orders, Production orders, Stock requisitions, Stores issues.

***IDENTIFYING** ☐
Embosses or Indents: Metal Directory Plates, Machine Name Plates, Motor Name Plates, Employes' Badges, Shrubbery Tags, Cream Can Tags, Metal Shipping Tags, Metal Labels.

The Addressograph Profit Analysis Sheet itself does not tell the complete story. The Addressograph Research Bureau can place before you a truly amazing set of facts, gathered from the actual experiences of thousands upon thousands of users in more than 3,000 lines of business and non-commercial activities, who use Addressograph equipment for imprinting, listing and addressing 165 distinct business forms. The work is done by Addressograph methods 10 to 50 times faster than by pen or typewriter — errors impossible.

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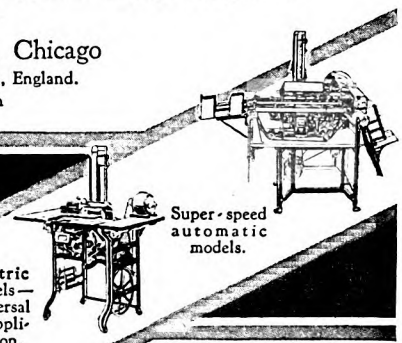

Super-speed automatic models.

Electric models—universal in application.

Hand models for small lists of names and records.

Machines for every size and kind of business—from the small hand operated machines to full automatics. Prices from $20 to $4400.

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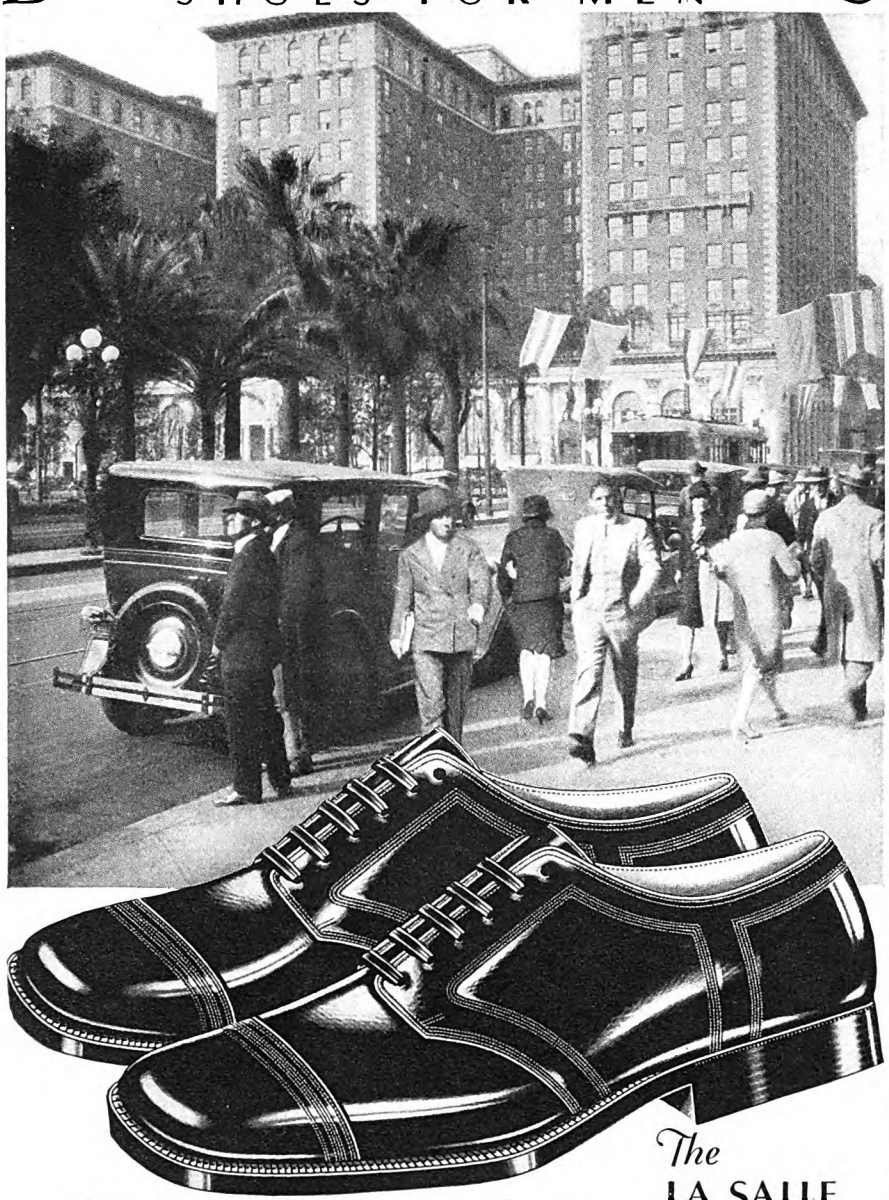
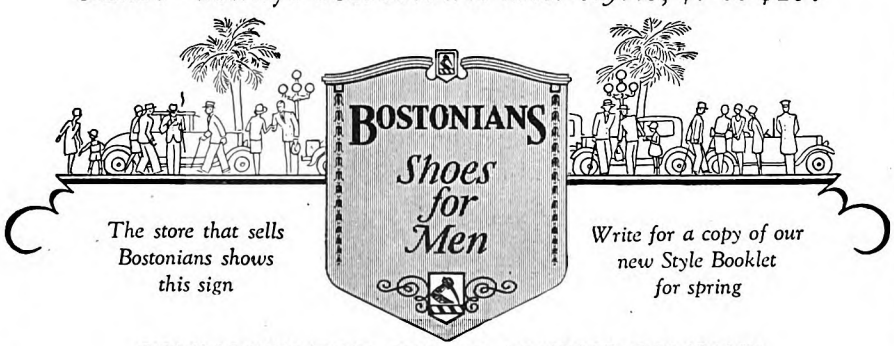
IN LOS ANGELES MEN WEAR
BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN



The
LA SALLE

No group of men is better dressed than the actors of the silver screen—men who set the pace of a nation's style. Among these well-dressed men of Los Angeles, you can see Bostonians distinctive style, always smart—always correct. *For most styles, $7 to $10.*



The store that sells Bostonians shows this sign

Write for a copy of our new Style Booklet for spring

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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"She's not the only one that does it. I've watched lots of women; and very few of them, it seems to me, behave naturally when they are in company. Yet *men* don't change their voices and their manner when they go to a party. If you and I should meet at a reception, for instance, we wouldn't begin to 'put on side' with each other. But our wives would! And I can't for the life of me see why."

For my own part, I can't understand why women are so queer about their "company clothes." I wear the same dinner coat for several years. But after my wife has worn an expensive gown half a dozen times she thinks she needs a new one. She says people will talk about her wearing "that same old dress." She may get another which isn't half as becoming; but I believe she would rather appear in an ugly *new* dress than in a beautiful one which she considers old.

She has one evening gown that I especially like. But if I suggest her wearing it, perhaps on a Friday night, she says: "Why, John! I wore it just last Monday! And the very same crowd will be there tonight. People will think I haven't anything else."

That's another thing I can't understand. Why are women always worrying about what people will think? Why don't they do what they like, what they can afford, and what gives pleasure to themselves and their own families? Why do they submit to the dictatorship of "what people will think"?

ONE of my friends spoke of another peculiar feminine trait. He said he couldn't understand why women lay themselves out to make an impression on some person they don't care for, perhaps someone they positively dislike.

I have often seen women do this; sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. For instance, I have seen my wife "spread herself" to be agreeable to some other woman whom she has later characterized as "a horrid little snob." I have seen her do the same thing with a man who, as she afterward admitted, was an intolerable bore. She will overwork to be what she calls "nice" to people with whom she hasn't a thing in common.

I can't understand what satisfaction she gets out of this. Why doesn't she do as men do? We don't struggle to make an impression on anybody and everybody. I want to be liked by the people I respect and who interest me. So far as the rest of them are concerned, I don't mind being a total loss.

Women have a lot of little habits which seem curious to me. Did you ever notice, for example, the careless way they stuff paper money into their purses and wrist bags? Instead of laying the bills together and folding them neatly, they stick them into the bag in loose wads! Then, when they take out a handkerchief, or something else, the crumpled bills come along with it and there is a more or less profuse shower of greenbacks.

I've tried my darnedest to teach my wife to fold her bills, putting those of the same denomination together, with the green faces and the yellow ones outside and the black ones inside. But do you think she has learned to do it? No! and she never will! She says it is too much trouble. She can't see that her way makes

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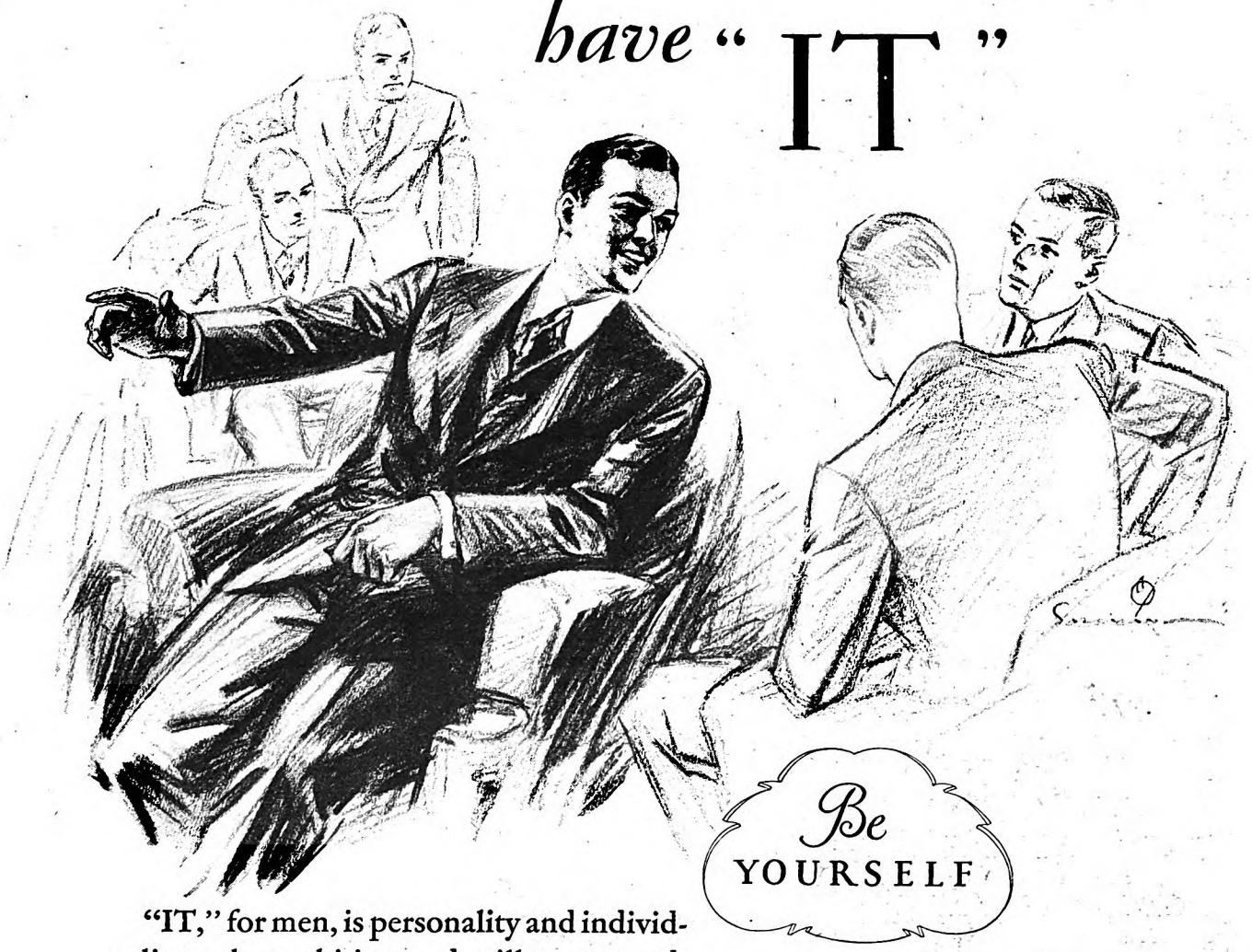
Only 10 men in a hundred *have* "IT"



"IT," for men, is personality and individuality—the ambition and will to succeed. The man with "IT" is a leader, and dresses the part. He avoids "store clothes" because he refuses to submerge his individuality. *Nine out of ten men who have "IT" wear tailored-to-measure clothes.*

Are *you* making the most of *your* personality? Are you appearing at *your* best? Or are you dressed just like thousands of other men?

For as little as $35 per suit, you can have the finest personal tailoring service available.

There's an Ed. V. Price & Co. representative near you. He offers a complete selection of the finest fabrics in the country—the very latest, smartest styles—the most expert tailoring. And within a few days after he takes your measurements he will deliver to you a suit that will give you that satisfying feeling of being *really well dressed.*

Look for the sign of Ye Jolly Little Tailor

Write us for the name of the Ed. V. Price & Co. representative nearest you.

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CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Who's your Tailor?

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Are you suffering from

New Blade Fallacy?

It's a sort of mental paralysis which prevents a man from reasoning while he shaves. Every man who has it, blindly accepts the idea that a new blade is good because it is new, and so misses getting really fine shaves.

If he would reason it out he'd realize that if an old style razor must be stropped before it is used, a safety blade certainly must. Because a safety blade is cheap doesn't mean that it will do what an expensive razor can't. Think it over.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1798 Locust Street, Saint Louis

Twinplex Stropper

far more trouble, for me as well as for her, because she occasionally drops a bill without knowing it—and I have to make good the loss.

Speaking of money, I can't understand why women will pinch pennies with one hand and throw away dollars with the other. They give a porter or a waiter ten cents, where a man would give a quarter. I have known women to put a two-cent stamp on a letter when they *knew* it ought to have four cents! They will write all around the edges of a letter in order to save an extra sheet of paper. They will use a pen until the poor old thing can hardly make a mark. They will try to save a cent a quart on milk, or two cents a pound on meat. If they have to pay for a meal at a restaurant, they look for the cheapest thing on the menu. They will shop for half a day, trying to save a few cents a yard on material.

On the other hand, these very same penurious women will pay one hundred dollars for a dress which they won't wear twenty times. They will have the house "done over" at big expense, when it is already comfortable and attractive, just because they want it to be up to date.

Women skimp on necessities and pay lavishly for show. They economize in little things and are extravagant in the big ones. The average man does just the reverse. He doesn't worry about pennies and nickels. But he won't spend a hundred dollars for a suit unless he needs it; and he doesn't want to spend a month's salary on new wall paper, just because stripes have "gone out" and plain tints have "come in," or something of that sort.

IN CONNECTION with restaurants, I have noticed another feminine peculiarity: If a woman is taken to a high-class hotel or restaurant, she will order the dishes she knows nothing about. She wants to try something new. Half the time she doesn't like it when she gets it; but at the next opportunity she will experiment again.

When a man goes to a restaurant, especially an expensive one, he plays safe by ordering things he *knows* he will like. Women laugh at us for taking roast beef and other good old reliables. But when I see them picking at some mess which they can't eat, I think the laugh is on them.

They can't seem to learn that these fancy dishes are mostly made up of tag ends of food which couldn't be served without being doctored with sauces and trimmings. Ordering them at a restaurant is like buying a pig in a poke. I can't see why women will do it.

It's funny about food, anyway. Men are supposed to care more for it than women do; but in their own peculiar way women are more interested in it than we are.

For example, if my wife goes to a dinner, or luncheon, or any place where food is served, she will remember every single thing that was served and just how it was served. I hear her discussing it later with her women friends. She and her sister exchange letters in which each one describes in detail just what she has had to eat at parties.

Can you imagine a man doing that? We may say we had a good dinner; or "good eats" at a bridge party, or at a church supper. But the chances are we couldn't tell what had been set before us. We eat to be fed! Beyond that, we give the subject no thought. But women, in spite of all notions to the contrary, are intensely *interested* in food.

To switch to a more serious matter, I can't understand why women tell so many lies. The feminine conscience seems to be a very accommodating monitor. If my wife receives an invitation which she doesn't want to accept, she will give some excuse which fairly bristles with fibs.

I would think it all right for her to say she had a previous engagement. She *can* have a previous engagement to stay at home if she wants to. But she isn't satisfied to let it go at that. She adds specific details which she manufactures out of whole cloth.

Over the telephone the other night I heard her say: "Oh, my dear! it's perfectly lovely of you to ask me! I'd be delighted to come, but I've already made positive engagements for that afternoon. I have an appointment with the dentist and—and later I've promised to motor over to the country club at Smithtown for tea. I'm *so* sorry, but I don't see how I can possibly get out of it."

After she had hung up the receiver, she still sat there, looking thoughtful and worried. I knew she had balled things up somehow or other.

"Well," I said finally, "what's the matter? The country club is still open; and I don't suppose the dentist is going to the party."

"No," she replied, frowning; "but perhaps his wife *is* going. And if Mrs. Blank tells her why I couldn't come, and if she mentions it to her husband—"

"Precisely!" I remarked unsympathetically. "Why do you get yourself into these tangles?"

"I have to give *some* excuse," she said.

"I don't see why you didn't simply say that you couldn't come. That's what I do when I refuse an invitation."

But she wasn't listening. She was figuring on how to manage the dilemma into which her fibs had got her. It seems to me that women are always doing this sort of thing. They will tell a lie to get out of an unpleasant situation and then they have to tell more lies to escape the consequences of the first one.

ANOTHER thing that puzzles me is the fact that so many women have the "martyr complex." My own wife, thank goodness! isn't afflicted with it; but I infer, from what I hear and observe, that it is a common feminine trait.

When a man comes home at night, why does his wife begin to pour out her woes? She makes a dead set for sympathy by telling him how troublesome the children have been, how hard she has worked, how the servants have annoyed her, how late the butcher was, how the furnace didn't heat, how the cleaning woman failed to show up, and every other disagreeable thing she can think of.

I suppose she imagines that he has been having a glorious time at his wonderful office, or wherever he spends the day. And she wants to dramatize herself by showing the contrast between his care-free existence and her troubled one.

As if he didn't have troubles and worries and annoyances of his own! I know there are women, like my wife, who don't have

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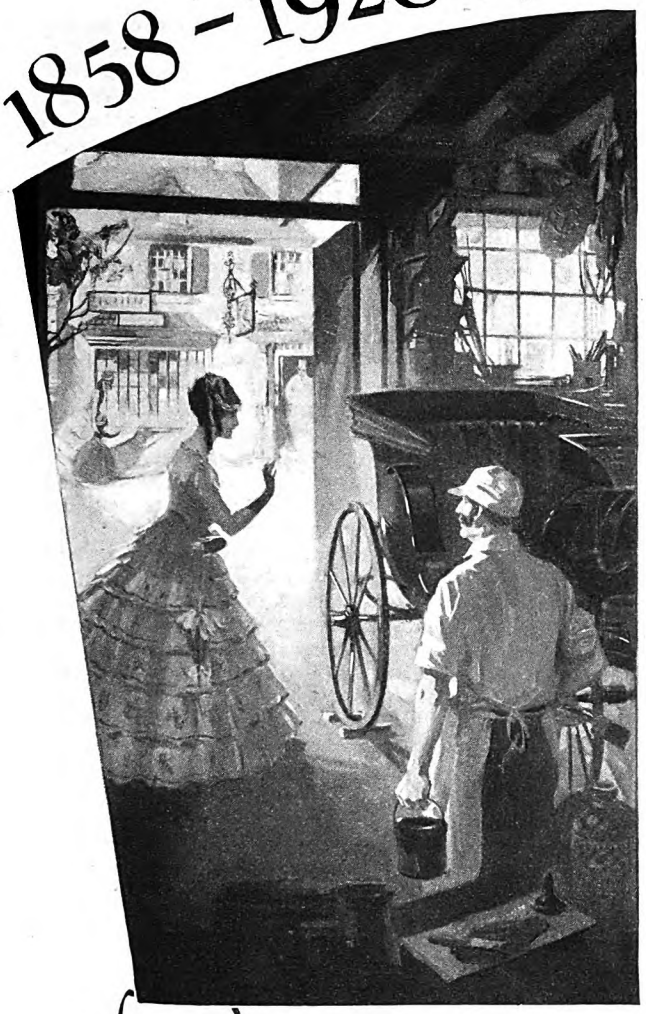
1858 - 1928 - 70th ANNIVERSARY



How things have changed since '58 !

Who so hardy back in 1858 to dream as he stepped into his coach and four that a new day would see time and distance shattered by radio, automobile, airplane and other facilities of this breath-taking age?

In those days no reputable carriage painter would guarantee delivery before six weeks . . . now a first-class Berryloid job can be completed in 48 hours. Long-oil, slow-drying varnishes are being replaced by varnishes that dry in hours, not days, or brushing lacquer finishes ready for use in 30 minutes, while the quickened tempo of modern life has forced the development of new finishes of every kind to meet new demands.

Berry Brothers, Inc., has seen these sweeping changes, has, in fact, played a leading part in their inauguration. Seventy years young . . . this company has set the pace . . . each year a milestone, not a millstone.

But while the modern cry is for speed and more speed, the ideals of craftsmanship fostered by the founders of this business, Joseph and Thomas Berry, still prevail. Each new Berry product is based squarely upon a wealth of experience . . . each must answer the standards of excellence these men established 70 years ago.

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SPEEDEX FILM

There's a clearness and sparkle noticeable in Speedex pictures that explain Speedex quality better than all the words in the world. Because it is suited to the widest possible range of light conditions, it adds an extra margin of certainty to every exposure you make.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

this martyr complex. And there are probably some men who do have it. But taking the two sexes as a whole, women are the ones that resort to this angling for sympathy. Men would rather be helped to forget their troubles.

I can't understand why women seem to be always on the defensive. They act as if they were *expecting* a slight, or an attack, or an injustice. They are always imagining that someone hasn't treated them just right, or that someone's manner wasn't cordial enough.

My wife spends days in wondering why she wasn't invited to some little party. She knows that she herself doesn't *always* invite *all* of her own friends; but when *she* isn't asked she thinks she has been intentionally slighted. Sometimes, when she is invited with one group, she is offended because she wasn't asked with another one. I can't imagine a man finding any grievance in that sort of thing.

Another thing I can't understand is why women are so unpunctual. When a woman makes an appointment for a certain hour, why doesn't she get there on time instead of being fifteen minutes, or half an hour, late? I will add this: I can't understand why we men ever *expect* them to be on time. But that seems to be one hope which springs eternal in the masculine breast.

Here is another puzzle which I give up: Why do women, when they try to work together in clubs and committees, so often get to wrangling about something? I belong to a big club, of which both men and women are members. There are two entertainment committees: one composed of women, the other of men. The women are continually having friction among themselves, whereas the men work together in perfect harmony.

I CAN'T understand a woman's passion for looking in shop windows. And I can't see why, when she goes into a shop to buy a certain article, she wants to look at everything else in the store. If I want a necktie, I go and buy it. I don't spend an hour looking at socks and shirts and hats and a lot of things I have no intention of purchasing.

I can't understand women's mania for antiques. They will buy some ugly and battered piece of furniture just because it is old, when they can get a new article, better and more beautiful, for less money. The really fine old things are all right. What I object to is the junk that is being palmed off on our women-folks as "antiques." I hate having it around the house—especially when I know, to my sorrow, what the darned stuff cost.

Oh, yes! Speaking of furniture, here's another item of complaint. I can't see why women regard appearance, rather than comfort, in selecting furniture. In most of the houses I visit, there is scarcely a comfortable chair to sit in.

And the tables which some women buy! Spidery things which fall over at a touch. Dining-room tables that have as many legs as a centipede. The only way you could sit at them in comfort would be to have detachable legs of your own.

I went with my wife not long ago to buy a high chair for the baby. We inspected the stock and she chose one which, I admit, was very pretty to look at. Apparently the idea of *safety* didn't occur to

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her. But to me, a man, that was the one essential. Taking out my pencil, I pressed lightly on the front edge of the chair—and the thing toppled over!

"It's a lovely chair," I said. "It has only one defect. It would kill the baby! Otherwise it seems to be quite all right."

Wouldn't you think a mother would be looking for just such possibilities? But, being a woman, she never thought of them. To a woman, furniture is primarily something to be *seen*. Comfort and utility are secondary considerations.

IN THE matter of women's ideas about clothes, of course every man is hopelessly at sea. Why do they wear furs in summer and chiffon silk stockings in winter? Why do they put such queer contraptions, miscalled hats, on their heads? Why do they wear any fool thing that is foisted on them in the name of fashion? Why are they so endlessly and vitally interested in what other women wear?

Can you imagine three or four men getting together after a dinner and discussing in detail the clothes which their masculine friends wore on that occasion?

"Dick Jones had on a blue tie with black stripes. Awfully smart, but I don't think he looks as well in blue as in brown, do you? With his eyes he ought to keep to the tan shades."

"Yes; especially as tan is so much newer this season. Did you notice that Jim Brown had two buttons on his sleeves. I thought they were wearing only one. By the way, are you having 'cuffs' on your new trousers?"

Such a conversation between men is inconceivable. Yet women have an insatiable eagerness for these sartorial postmortems. Their afterthoughts concerning a dinner party are about clothes and food. A man remembers some information he received, or an interesting discussion of some subject.

This reminds me of another feminine trait. I believe women pride themselves on being good listeners. It probably will be a severe jolt to their vanity to be told that intelligent men find them very poor ones.

Being a good listener involves something more than merely keeping still and letting someone else talk. A wooden image does that! But you would not class it as a "listener," good or bad. The trouble with most women is that they don't listen with their minds! You can tell this, in the first place, by the expression of their eyes: either dull and inattentive, or else a mere surface pretense of interest.

Except in frivolous small talk, you get no come-back from most women. They are clever enough to know that a man likes to talk about some subject with which he is familiar. They are adroit in getting him started. But having done that they think he is like a talking *machine;* needing nothing except to be cranked occasionally by a perfunctory question or remark. They seem to think that a man wants no response except, "Really! how interesting!" Or, "I never understood that before!" Or, "You certainly are wonderful!"

As a matter of fact, they are *not* interested, they *don't* understand, and they are simply trying to flatter him by saying he is wonderful. They are not paying the

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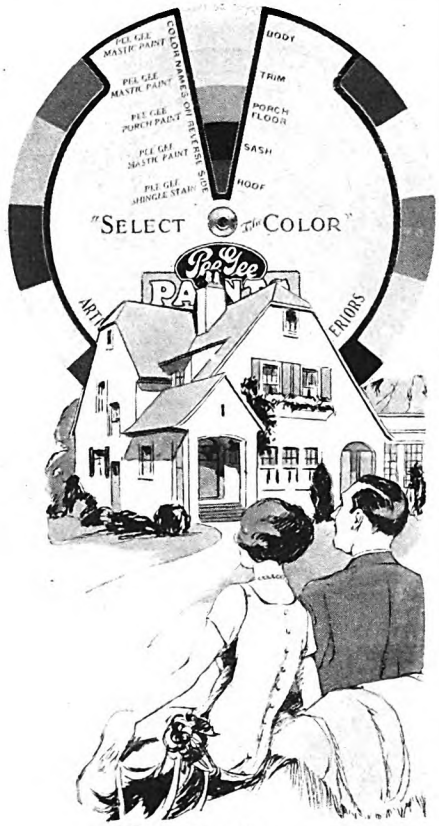

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slightest attention *with their minds!* So far as an intelligent responsiveness is concerned, they might as well be wooden dummies.

Women are always complaining because men like to get off and talk among themselves. I can't understand why they don't see the reason for this. Men discuss things, exchange opinions, ask and give information, compare ideas and experiences. Men listen with intelligent curiosity. They want to *get* something out of what you say to them. Women, as a rule, listen only with their ears—if that!—and reply only in empty phrases.

There is one thing about girls which seems queer to me. A girl will eagerly accept invitations from men who don't interest her, who bore her, or whom she definitely dislikes. But a young man doesn't trail around with girls who bore him to death! He discriminates. He would rather stay at home than go out with some girl he "can't stand." But the girl, apparently, would go out with *any* man, rather than not to go out at all.

I have saved till the last the thing which seems to me the most incredible of these peculiarly feminine traits. For most of those, which I have mentioned, I can find some explanation. But this one, I think, is not only inexplicable but also inexcusable.

I cannot understand why women are so lacking in a decent sense of loyalty toward the men who have paid them the honor of loving them! A man enshrines a woman in his heart; asks her to marry him. No matter who he may be, this is the greatest gift he can offer her. He is putting his most intimate and guarded feelings at her mercy.

Wouldn't you think that she would feel some obligation to protect him, even if she sees fit to refuse him? Wouldn't you think she would have too much delicacy to gloat openly over the gift he has brought her—especially if she refuses to accept it? Wouldn't you think that, after he has so greatly honored her, she would at least respect his sensibilities?

But she does not! She "confides" to her friends that she "might have had him" if she had been so inclined. He is just one more scalp to be displayed for her own aggrandizement. She has won a victory and she wants everybody to know about it. But as for me, I think she is a rotten poor sport in the great and solemn game of human hearts.

The man who boasts of his sentimental conquests is despised not only by women but by other men as well. The woman who does it is, it seems to me, really envied by women. To men, this lack of loyal reserve is—well, it is one of those feminine traits which we can't, for the life of us, understand.

Things I Can't Understand About Men

(*Continued from page 15*)

understand in men. As you know, I am a business woman. I always have my lunch at a restaurant; and when I am in a hurry, which is pretty often, I go to a well-known quick lunch place where we are served by waitresses.

"Hundreds of men eat at the same place; and the thing that seems queer to me is the attitude of so many of these men toward the girls who wait on them. They are always exchanging personal and bantering remarks with them. If it isn't the rush hour, they like to have the waitress stand and talk with them. The conversation between them is often accompanied by challenging smiles and all that sort of thing.

"I have watched men talking to the girls behind a cigar counter, or at a telephone switchboard, and there is this same personal attitude on their part. Not in all cases, of course, but very, very often. It is true, even of educated and well-bred men, who are as much superior to these girls as a cultivated woman is superior to the ordinary waiter.

"Imagine such a woman exchanging personal banter with the waiter who serves her! Imagine any of *us* having even a mild flirtation with the check boy in a cloakroom! Yet our own husbands, as likely as not, have, and show, a personal interest in the cloakroom *girl* who helps them on with their coats.

"In most cases," I suggested, "their attitude doesn't really mean anything. It is perfectly harmless."

"Yes—in a way," she replied. "And yet I think it must lower a man's self-respect. If I did the same sort of thing—but I couldn't! And that is the incredible difference between men and women."

"Well," said another member of the group, "here is one thing that puzzles *me*. My husband, I think, is like most men; he won't make an effort to be agreeable to people unless he likes them. He thinks I am queer because I try to be nice to everybody.

"Women have a different point of view. We realize that the social side of life is necessary and therefore important. We *must* be thrown with other people. We have to get along with them, and they with us. It is part of the game of human existence. Then why not try to put some teamwork into it?

"But men, who pride themselves on being good sports in far less important games, seem to have no sporting instinct at all in this really vital one. If they draw a partner they don't like, they simply sit back and refuse to make any effort. They won't observe the basic rules of every game: to go through it cheerfully and without putting unfair obstacles in the way of the other players. I can't understand men's selfishness in refusing to do this."

WHEN we had finished commenting on this masculine lack of social sportsmanship, I asked if there were any more contributions.

"Yes," said the woman beside me; "I can't understand why men *love* so to give information! Especially to a woman! A man is never so happy as when he is telling what he knows, or thinks he knows. Most women are wise enough to understand this. Ask a man for information, about anything under the sun, and nine out of

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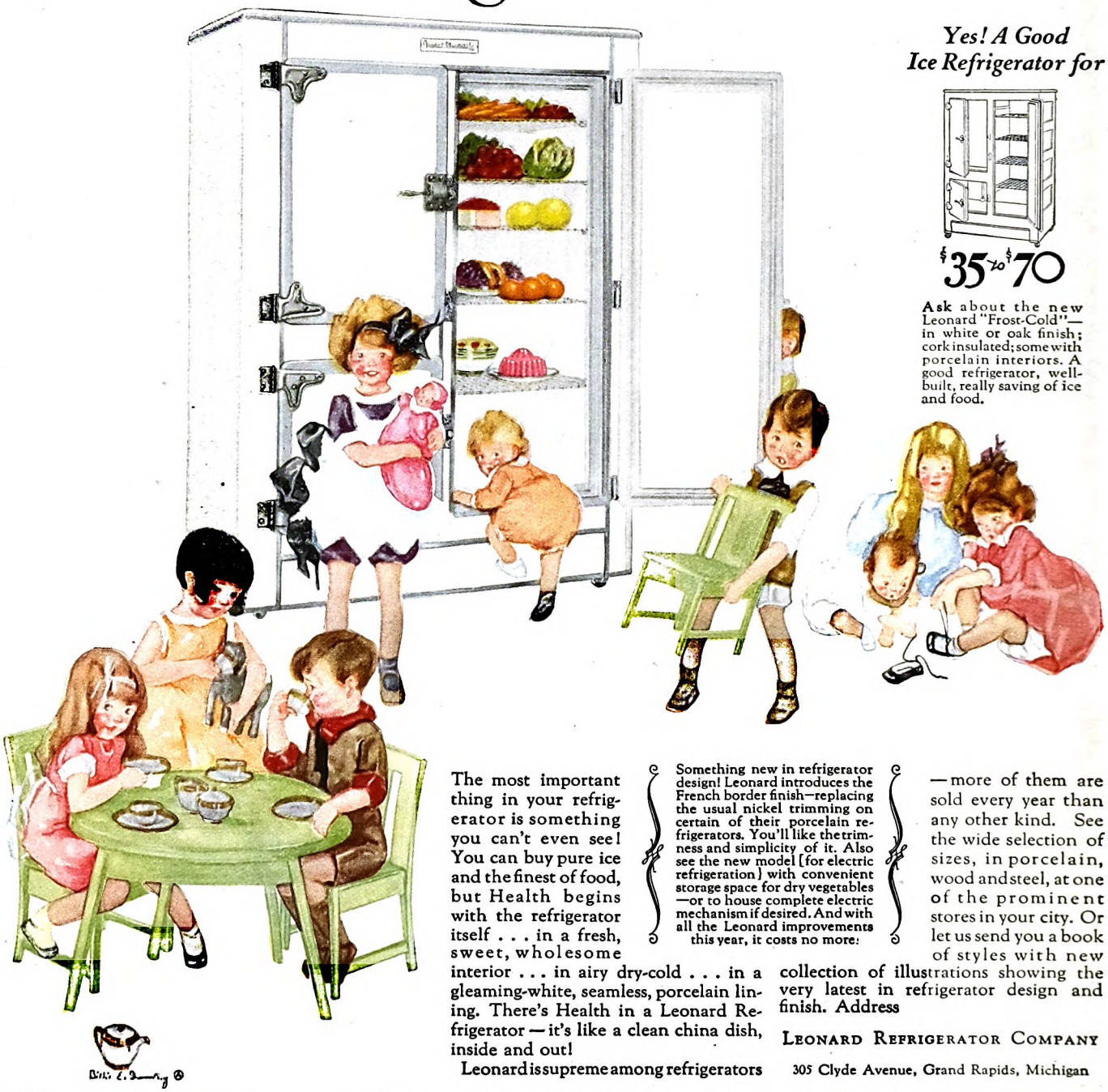

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ten of them will have a beautiful time enlightening you on the subject.

"But how they do hate to have a woman tell *them* anything! The other night, my husband brought an old college friend home to dinner with us. The man is now a wholesale dealer in coffee; and of course I had sense enough to get him started on that subject. The result was that he talked most of the time. When he left, he assured me that he didn't know *when* he had spent so pleasant an evening—and I'm sure he meant it!

"The one break in his enjoyment was when I made the mistake of telling *him* something *he* didn't know. On the steamer last summer, I happened to meet a man who had spent several years in China. By the way, he naturally reveled in imparting information to me about the Orient! Any man would.

"As a great compliment—which I appreciated—he always asked me to share his afternoon tea; a special blend which he imported, himself, from China. He explained very interestingly how it was grown and picked and cured.

"I was reminded of this when our visitor the other evening was talking about the way coffee was grown and treated. I thought he would be interested in what I knew about tea. I ought to have learned, by this time, that he not only wouldn't care to hear it, but also that he would instinctively resent a woman's knowing more than he knew about anything, except a purely feminine matter.

"WHY do men feel that way? Why are they so inconsistent? They complain because women, as they say, are superficial and shallow. They make rather contemptuous jokes about our ignorance. Yet every intelligent woman knows that, if she wants to please a man, she actually has to pretend that she has the mind and the education of a twelve-year-old child.

"Men frankly admit that they don't like a 'brainy woman.' Yet they like brainy men. They can forget themselves long enough to listen to other men's experiences and ideas. Why can't they have the same attitude toward a woman with a good mind?"

"You'll have to wait at least a few hundred years for that millennium," I said. "For centuries men had a monopoly of education and mental training. They knew more than women knew, and they enjoyed this superiority. They want to keep it now. And one way in which they try to keep it is by frowning on any sporadic cases of 'braininess' in women.

"They know we try to please them. That is one of our ways of 'playing the game,' as we said before. All right! They will show that it does *not* please them to have us as clever as they are, or to know as much as they do. And it works pretty well!

"But what I *can't* understand is this: Why does a man hate to ask for information when he actually needs it? For example, every summer my husband and I spend several weeks in motoring. As we go to a different section each time, we are unfamiliar with the roads and other details of the route.

"Half a dozen times a day we are in doubt about something: which turn to take at an intersection, or which of two routes is in better condition, or whether we will have to detour, or how often a certain ferry runs.

"To stop and ask a few questions seems to me the most natural and sensible thing to do. But not to my husband! Not to the chauffeur, either; nor to any man who ever motors with us! I can't account for it, except on the theory that a man has a sort of ingrained vanity which makes him want to prove that he is self-sufficient. They hate to admit that there is anything they don't know."

"NOT always!" laughed another woman. "There is one thing a man *never* knows; and that is, where to find what he wants. At least, in his own home. I've been married only five years; but it seems as if my husband has asked five thousand times: 'Where are my clean handkerchiefs?' They are always in the very same drawer. I invariably put them in a certain corner of that drawer. Yet for some occult reason a grown man, with two perfectly good eyes, never can find them.

"He can't find anything! A hammer, or a wrench, can lie in plain sight, positively staring him in the face; yet it is absolutely invisible to him."

"This is all very interesting," said one of the women, pushing back her chair; "but I must be going. Henry likes me to be at home when he comes from the office. For that matter, I like it too.

"But he has another trait," she went on, "which I sometimes wish he hadn't. He feels terribly abused if I don't get up and have breakfast with him. The funny thing about it is that he reads the morning paper during the entire meal! He doesn't open his mouth, except to put food into it."

The mention of meals gave a new impetus to the discussion.

"I simply cannot understand," one of us exclaimed, "why men are never ready to come to the table when a meal is ready. I've tried having a warning bell five minutes before each meal. I've tried going around, myself, and telling my husband and the boys to be ready in ten minutes. I've tried giving them as much as *twenty* minutes' notice. But nothing can cure them of the habit.

"My husband suddenly remembers that he wants to call someone on the 'phone; or he decides that he must go down and see to the furnace; or he has been so busy reading the evening paper that he hasn't washed his hands since he left the office; or he simply has to finish reading the baseball scores; or he must go and put on a clean collar. If it isn't one thing it's another. And of course the boys do just as their father does.

"But there's one exception," she went on sarcastically. "That's when a man brings an unexpected guest home to dinner and fidgets like a nervous hen because, naturally, the meal is late.

"Men always blandly tell their wives not to go to any 'extra trouble' for these impromptu visitors. Yet husbands would be sure to complain if their wives didn't do them credit by getting up a good meal and having it well served.

"Anyway, since they do know that women don't sympathize with these 'pot-luck' ideas, I can't understand why they won't see the matter from our point of view. Housekeeping is our *business*. We take pride in showing that we can do it well."

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As you see, I gathered quite a harvest of ideas from that afternoon's conversation; and later, from various sources, I gleaned some additional material.

As many as half a dozen of my friends said they could not understand "why a man likes, in other women, things which he would not tolerate in those of his own family."

They gave examples of this peculiar phase of masculine inconsistency. For instance: A serious and middle-aged man will show admiring interest in a girl who is elaborately beautified. Yet he will raise a domestic tempest if his own daughters resort to make-up to enhance *their* attractiveness.

A man may admire a woman who dresses daringly. But the average man, when it comes to his *wife's* manner of dress, is once more inconsistent. In fact, it is a bit hard to satisfy him, because he wants the impossible.

ANOTHER thing which passes feminine understanding is why men are so easily fooled by a woman's flattery.

"I admit," one woman said to me, "that *we* enjoy being flattered by a man. It's an agreeable sensation. We feel as a kitten does when it is rubbed the right way; and, like a kitten, we purr responsively.

"But most women don't take it seriously. They know that it is merely part of the social game. Just a pleasant little duet; not intended for anything except to leave an agreeable echo in the memory.

"But a man seems to swallow feminine flattery, hook, line, and sinker! You can flatter him out of indifference, out of being bored, even out of being positively angry. No cloud on his horizon is proof against the sunshine of a woman's admiration—or her *pretended* admiration.

"Another thing I can't understand is that they think women are the susceptible sex when it comes to love. I should judge that at least several million married men must realize, by this time, that a man is absurdly susceptible.

"It is a fact—to me it is a very pathetic fact—that men's hearts keep 'open door' so far as women are concerned. Open hearts and closed minds! That describes the average young man; and only too many older ones! I know a score of men every one of whom is married to a woman he couldn't possibly have loved if he had kept his wits about him.

"It gives me a real heartache to see the tragic and lifelong consequences of this easy masculine susceptibility. A man, who might have been so happy and contented, finds himself married to a woman who, even if she does not make him actually miserable, prevents his life from being more than a drab shadow of what it might have been.

"If men would analyze themselves, they would discover this absurd susceptibility—and set up some defenses. Compared with women, they are as helpless as babies."

In contrast with this rather serious angle, some of the things I uncovered are decidedly superficial. For instance, one woman said: "I can't understand why men are so upset when the household bills come in at the beginning of every month. They *know* the bills are due! Yet for some inscrutable reason, they always act as if this regular settlement was an unforeseen catastrophe."

"I can't understand," said another woman, "why men are so cantankerous when they are sick! I would almost rather have a really serious illness myself than take care of my husband when he has merely a cold in his head. When he has had to stay in bed a few days, I am a perfect wreck. He keeps everybody in the house, but chiefly me, busy waiting on him. And yet, normally, he is the easiest man in the world to get along with."

One woman said: "It amuses me when men say that women are inveterate talkers. I work in a business office; and I know that the men—those who are at liberty to do it—spend hours over their luncheon! I see them myself, when I go to a restaurant. They talk, talk, talk! Men will talk anywhere, at any time, at any length, provided it is about something they are interested in.

"Of course, they shut up like clams if the talk does *not* interest them. As a rule, when a man and a woman are together, it is the woman that keeps the conversation going. But if she didn't, there wouldn't *be* any conversation! Unless she is shrewd enough to 'draw him out' on some subject that interests him, she has to do all the talking, or else allow the occasion to be a perfect flop."

One of my friends said: "I can't understand why men hate to have a woman beat them at some game. Before my husband and I were married, I learned to play chess because I knew that he enjoyed it. Somehow I managed to play as good a game as he did; rather better, in fact, for I often won.

"At first, he explained this in various ways. I had made a lucky move without really knowing what I was doing; or he had a headache and wasn't up to his usual form; or he had been thinking of business and his mind hadn't been on the game. Any explanation—except the true one, that I had outplayed him.

"As time went on and I continued to win more often than he did, he began to make excuses for not playing. Often I would persuade him to have a game, and would deliberately allow him to win. He didn't even suspect this. He would crow over me and joke about my stupid moves.

"I found that I was getting to have a secret contempt for this trait in him. I knew I mustn't allow anything like that to grow up in my mind. So gradually I professed to lose interest in chess and finally we stopped playing. My husband thought it was because he had become more than my match. Even to this day he occasionally chaffs me because, as he says, I wouldn't play for the 'mental exercise and training' but only for the pleasure of winning! Naturally I don't like to have him think that. But I can stand it and he *couldn't* stand knowing the truth! So there you are."

ONE of the most interesting comments I received was in regard to an opinion which almost all men express about women. They say that a woman "takes everything *personally*"; that she thinks every remark is intended to apply to her; that she can't discuss any subject without bringing herself into it.

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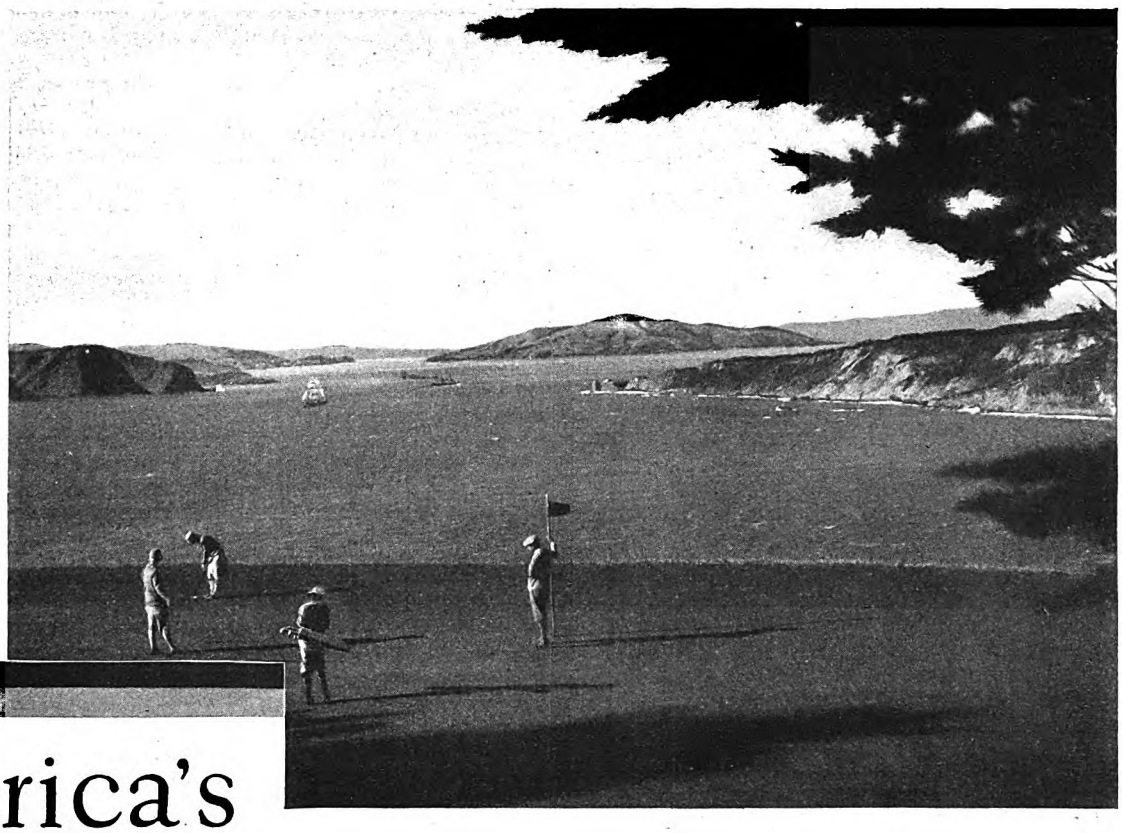

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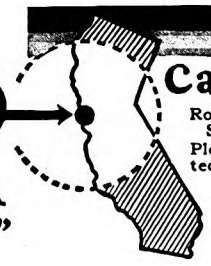

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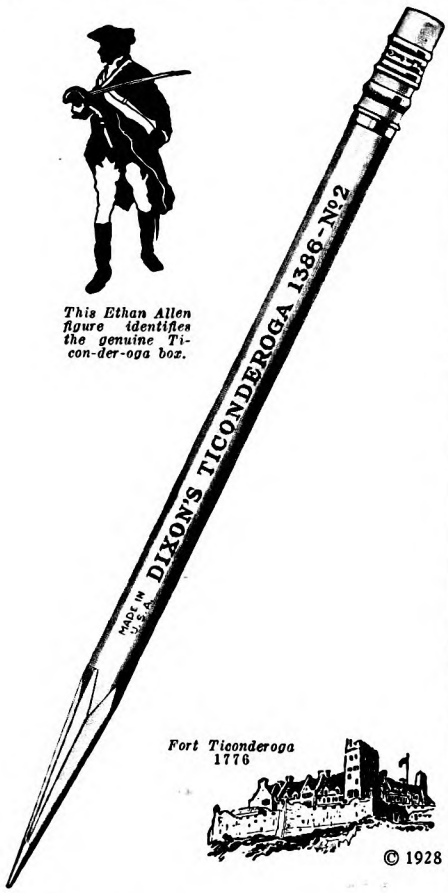

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One woman, in referring to this, said: "Men accuse women of not reasoning about things. They say we discuss everything from a personal angle; that we are not logical.

"I don't understand why they can't see that they argue from theories while we argue from facts. They deal with generalities; and they don't seem to realize that generalities are always vague and often false.

"We women don't like to argue from abstract examples. We seem to feel that a specific case gives us something definite and tangible; a solid footing of some sort. And we naturally take the facts with which we are familiar; those out of our own lives.

"To me, it seems more 'logical' to argue from the standpoint of my own personal experience than from what I *imagine* other people are experiencing. I think women's opinions are interesting and valuable for this very reason. They are based on a group of facts, even though the group may be a restricted one."

Another woman said: "I can't understand men's unreasoning loyalty to one another *merely as men*. It is as if the entire male sex had entered into a secret alliance; expecially against the opposite sex. Very rarely, at least to a woman, will a man openly and flatly criticize another man's actions, even though he doesn't approve of them.

"The finer a man is himself, the more keen seems to be this sense of loyalty to his fellows. He will defend their peccadilloes and even excuse their crimes. They all stand together in a sort of inviolable compact. Women judge other women on their merits. In their own minds, men probably judge other men in the same way. But they don't pronounce the verdict in open court as women do."

I CAN'T end this list of things we women don't understand about men without including a few of an entirely different nature. Most of the responses I received were like those I have set down here: half-impatient, half-amused complaints of masculine traits and ways. But occasionally the impatience and amusement would vanish completely and I would get a spontaneous and sincere flash of wondering admiration.

"If you want to know what I really can't understand about men," said one woman impulsively, "I'll tell you! I can't understand how they have the courage to face their responsibilities in life. To me it is incredible that they are willing to accept the burdens they have to carry.

"Any man could get along easily and comfortably if he had only himself to take care of. He would be free to enjoy himself. He could have every dollar he earned. He could go where he pleased, consulting only his own inclination.

"If I were in his situation, it seems to me I would be too selfish, and too much of a coward, to marry. Even if I were willing to give up my freedom, I should be *afraid* to make myself responsible for the care of a wife and a family. I'd hesitate for fear I couldn't swing the job. That nine men out of ten have the sheer nerve to do this is a marvel to me.

"I CAN'T understand their courage in taking the inevitable hard knocks that come in the course of business, or whatever work they do for a living. I can't understand their fighting spirit. I can't understand how they can be knocked down, figuratively speaking, then come back grimly and go on with the struggle.

"I can't understand the dogged persistence with which so many men go on, year after year, plodding at the treadmill of routine work. Some of them know that if they could cut loose they might be happy and successful in another sort of job. But in taking on the care of a family they have shackled themselves hopelessly. They can't be free to follow their dream.

"I can't understand why some men submit to half a lifetime of nagging. Between you and me, I'm pretty positive that I would break *those* shackles! I can't understand why more men don't do it. I'm terribly afraid I should manage somehow to make my escape.

"Of course, being a woman, I see the other side of the picture; the annoyances, inhibitions, injustices, suppressions, and injuries that make life hard for women. But you didn't ask me about that. You asked me the things I can't understand about *men*. And I'm just mentioning a few of the qualities in them which amaze me; the ones which help me to forget and forgive the peculiarities which otherwise would make me as cross as the traditional wet hen."

What I Can't Understand About a { Woman / Man

Prize Contest Announcement

HAVING finished the companion articles, "Things I Can't Understand About Women," and "Things I Can't Understand About Men," you probably wonder why on earth the authors omitted other very obvious follies, faults, inconsistencies, and quirks from their criticism. All right, go ahead, and put the missing quality or qualities into words. This should be a popular contest, as everybody has something on his or her chest concerning the opposite sex. Here's a splendid opportunity to get it off.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes May 20th. Winning letters will appear in the August issue.

Address "Men and Women" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Joe Kennedy Has Never Liked Any Job He's Tackled

(*Continued from page 33*)

business I knew, unless semi-pro baseball is a business. I turned down several offers to make a little money playing for teams about Boston. Somehow I didn't relish capitalizing what little local fame my playing for Harvard had brought me. I was actually on the point of going back to the candy store, determined to learn that business, save my earnings and enter it on my own account, when another chap and I had a bright idea while taking a ride on a motor-bus rubberneck from Boston to Lexington over the Paul Revere route.

"The bus was almost empty and the lecturer, bored by his job, seemed to welcome the opportunity to talk with two youngsters. Although his conversation led to my first venture into business on my own hook, I'm forced to record that as a lecturer he wasn't much. Neither was the bus driver. If there were any bumps in the road that he missed, it was by oversight.

"WE LEARNED that the lecturer and driver were hired by the owner of the bus, and that the owner was going out of business because his last season had been poor and the prospects for that season were not bright what with rainy weather and a dearth of sight-seers. He confided that, in any event, he was through with his job. Then my friend suggested that this might be something I'd like to do—spieling history through a megaphone. The shabby appearance of the lecturer wasn't inspiring, and when he told us his wages were $18 a week the job wasn't made any more attractive. But I had to make a start. My friend and I went to see the owner of the sight-seeing bus, and to our surprise he offered to sell it to us on part payments. So my friend, who could drive, went in with me. Our joint capital was $600, and before the end of the season we had paid $1,200 for the bus and split a neat profit besides."

That was another thing Joe Kennedy didn't like until he tackled it. For three years in open weather, he lectured on that bus while his partner drove. It was one of a small fleet of sight-seeing buses operating from Faneuil Hall. Not an impressive-looking fleet, not even a reliable fleet—for the early motor-bus days were punctuated with sudden and extended stops. But the two young business men made their bus distinctive. They painted it cream and blue with the name "Mayflower" on it in noble black letters.

The second year they added another bus, and after the third year Joe Kennedy, who can still repeat verbatim the two-hour talk with which he instructed wide-eyed visitors from all parts of the country, had saved $5,000. He sold out his interest because he had another idea. Meanwhile—"I learned a great deal about human nature from that sight-seeing bus," he says. "It was quite as

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much a part of my education as the years spent at Harvard. Passengers didn't take the ride just for fresh air or the thrill of motor driving. They were interested in history, and I let them have it. I made special studies of Paul Revere, dug up every record I could find in the Boston libraries.

"I wrote my lecture and measured the number of words I could deliver slowly and distinctly during the ride so that every passenger could hear me. I studied the faces of these sight-seers, Americans of all origins, but principally from small towns, eager to obtain a first-hand lesson in history by traveling along a famous road.

"That $5,000 capital of mine had been earned by riding and talking ten hours a day, in summer and early fall much longer than that. During the winter months I had made a small venture in real estate; something I could do single-handed without having to adapt myself to the routine of a job. Real-estating was not very profitable to me in money, but it gave me an insight into business that guided me to the right road for a career.

"I saw, even in my limited dealings, that, sooner or later, the source of business was traced to the banks. Mortgages, liens, and credits negotiations on real estate were a fascinating mystery."

KENNEDY planned, with his $5,000, to take a banking course in a reputable business school. Harvard had started one at that time, and it was inviting to an alumnus. Before taking this vital step, young Mr. Kennedy took one more vital. He got married—to Rose Fitzgerald.

"That," says Joe Kennedy, "although it sounds like old stuff, was the best thing that could have happened to me. It gave me a sense of responsibility that made me abandon, for the time being, my ambition to be my own boss in my own business. To support a family I saw that I would have to get a foothold in some established business where livelihood was secure and progress probable. If education held any advantages for a man, I reasoned, it was in professional life, more than in operating sight-seeing buses, worthy as that work may be.

"Banking ranked as high as any commercial profession. It was the basic business profession."

So, much as he disliked giving up what he considered an independent form of money-making, Joe Kennedy decided to become a banker, by bowing to routine and beginning at the bottom.

"I was careful to choose a ladder with more than one rung," he says, "because I knew that banking could lead a man anywhere, as it played an important part in every business."

He might have started with a clerkship in any of the larger Boston banks.

"But I had friends," he says, "who had started as bank clerks and remained clerks not because they were dull but because they made their jobs routine, instead of making routine a part of their education for better jobs."

Joe Kennedy told himself that the best way to learn all the routine of banking was to be a student of all banks, and not a minor functionary in some particular bank. Therefore he took and passed the civil service examination for bank inspector, and entered the banking department of the State of Massachusetts at $1,500 a year.

"I held that job for three years," he says. "It wasn't easy to be limiting my income to $125 a month when I knew I could make more elsewhere. My wife was game. She had been accustomed to luxury in a fine home; but she came with me to a modest apartment in Roxbury, where our first two children were born.

"Inspection work took me to all parts of the state and gave me an opportunity for a field course in banking of many kinds; in mill towns, fishing towns, and the bigger multiple-industry cities. I learned that the country banker serves his community as intimately as the country doctor; indeed, that the banker everywhere is consulted when financial illness sets in, even more quickly than the doctor when physical sickness occurs.

"We make a mistake when we call money hard cash. It's lively and fluid—the blood of business. When a business has sufficient money, that's healthy blood pressure: too much money can become high blood pressure, and too little money, anemia, when transfusions may save, although not always. And the banker is the business doctor.

"I found the work fascinating—too fascinating. In the three years devoted to it I passed up several chances of good jobs with sizable banks, which would have given me an earlier start in my life work. I preferred, then, the daily adventure of contact with all manner of business problems."

Like many youngsters who think that energy and industry are sometimes unnoticed, Joe Kennedy awoke one morning to receive a pleasant surprise. The board of directors of the Columbian Trust of Boston sent for him. "They told me," he says, "that they were looking for a young and energetic president. The prospect of this grave responsibility scared me. Yet it was better to start as president of a bank than as a clerk. So I took the job, although it was with considerable trepidation."

HE HAD not been installed as the youngest American bank president for very long, and had just grown into the habit of refusing interviews, when something happened that gave his reputation a tinge of the sensational:

Appointed by the city to be a director of the Collateral Loan Company, he rather surprised watchers of appointments deemed political by taking the job seriously. So seriously that before long he found enough grounds to conduct an investigation into the affairs of that semi-public savings institution. As he reports it:

"Two of the bank accountants were detailed to assist me, and became alarmed when they saw the thorough nature of the probe. Higher officials asked me what difficulties I was encountering. I told them that I would not proceed with employees surrounding me, and demanded that they let me into the bank at night and leave me with nobody but the night watchman. For three nights in succession I went over the books, and on the fourth day had gathered evidence which created a stir when it was made public."

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This was a cleanser for Boston savings banks.

"With increased income, my wife and I bought a home," Kennedy continued. "There were four young Kennedys by that time. We lived moderately. Although president of a prosperous bank I was still learning things fast at the age of twenty-eight, and one of the things I learned was that an officer of a bank doesn't get rich unless he happens to be rich before he becomes an officer. I learned that private banking is far more profitable than public banking.

"Yet, when three years later, the next step came, and the Hayden-Stone Company, one of the largest private banks in New England, invited me to join them as general manager, I was again afraid at the size of a job. But I took it, little as I liked the sacrifice of a bank presidency that I had come to love.

"Nobody could help liking to work with Galen Stone, the head of that concern. He was one of the noblest figures in American business."

But we are a little ahead of our—and Joe Kennedy's—story: Guy Currier, New England attorney for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, had been frequently asked who and where was striking executive ability in Boston and environs. The war had loaded them with contracts, and they needed brains even more than brawn. Guy Currier told Charles M. Schwab, whose name in those days meant ships in English, whatever it may have meant in German, that Joe Kennedy was the man needed. Mr. Schwab hired him.

"The Bethlehem Steel Corporation had contracted with the American and Allied Governments for the building of destroyers and repair of minor warships at the Fore River yards. Fifty thousand men were employed there."

WHEN Joe Kennedy went into that job it was as commander in chief of a sizable army. He had his habitual diffidence in the face of a great task; but he pulled through by sheer industry and energy.

A sample of the speed at which the Fore River plant worked under his direction was supplied when a British submarine, H boat, commanded by Captain Carson, limped into the yards.

"In Halifax," Captain Carson told Kennedy, "they said our repairs would take a month."

"We'll beat that," said Kennedy.

Within two weeks the submarine nosed out of Fore River to sea. But she hadn't gone far when she began to sink. Her seacocks had been opened. Captain Carson accepted the misadventure sportily. Kennedy took it grimly. Leaving spy hunting to more excitable persons his men within two days had the craft seaworthy again—beating the Halifax time limit by several days.

Pressure of war work exacted its penalty. Days merged into weeks and weeks into months. The war went on. The Fore River yards steadily turned out ships and repairs—always on time. The red-headed young man directing the vast organization spent night and day in his office and among his men. Then, with the suddenness of a simoom, the 1918 influenza epidemic swept the yards. Joe Kennedy flung himself into the task of caring for mounting casualties. He hired halls, built and equipped dormi-

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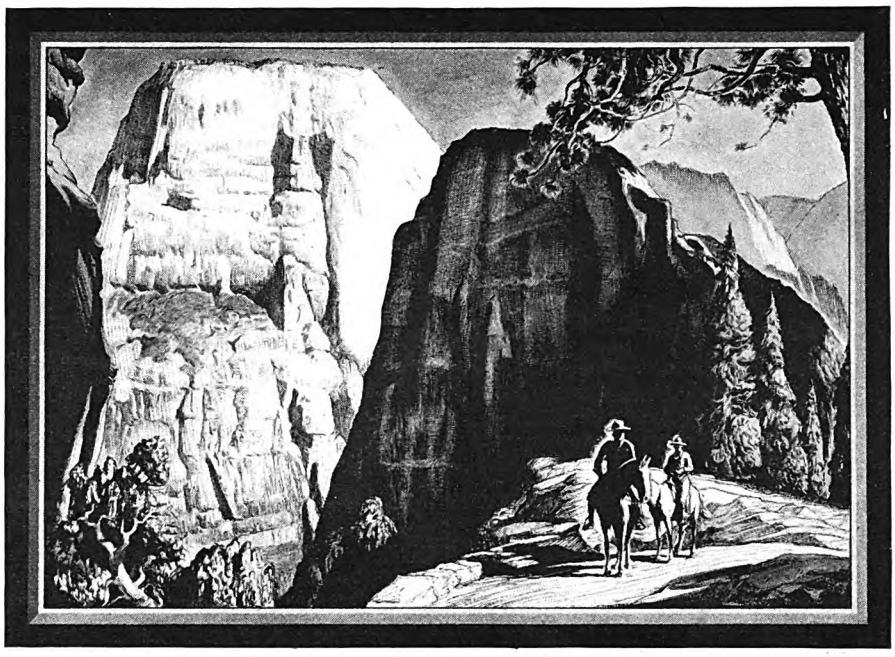

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tories. In his city of fifty thousand workers five thousand were stricken. When the plague reached its crisis, Charles M. Schwab personally visited Fore River to study the methods Kennedy had employed to meet it. He stood at Joe Kennedy's desk and beheld a drawn young man nervously smoking more than was good for him.

Under Schwab's firm insistence he took a rest—went to a health farm for three months of baseball playing. The war ended, and Charles Schwab tried to get him to transfer to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. But Joe Kennedy liked Mr. Schwab, not his job. He went back to Hayden-Stone, and there remained until Mr. Stone retired, three years ago.

"THEN," he narrates, "with that variety of experience to serve me, I knew the time had arrived for me to do at thirty-four what I had been determined to do at twenty-four—be my own master in my own business.

"So I took a bold step and announced that I had launched my own private banking business. The day he received the notice, the managing editor of a Boston newspaper came to see me. He had a friend, an important figure in industry, whose business was threatened by a combination of brokers. They were depressing his concern's stock, and to offset this aggression a delicate and far-reaching campaign, involving vast resources, was needed.

"I was told that five million dollars in cash would be at my disposal to finance operations. If ever I was scared, it was then. After two days' discussion with my wife I took the assignment. For four solid months I lived in a New York office, watching every tick of the stock tape, buying stock at strategic moments, scouring the country for blocks of it, until, finally, enough was bought to defeat the onslaught on my client.

"Several of us emerged wealthy men. At thirty-five I found myself with a competence, six children, something of a reputation; but no real job. Canvassing the field I discerned one promising opening, which to me was not attractive—motion pictures.

"As a banker, several motion picture men had approached me for loans, never with success. I held the business suspect. Yet I knew one concern that had a tempting market which had been practically lost through bad management. I investigated, and found that this business was controlled by English capital. English pounds sterling to a value of seven million dollars had been sunk in it, with no prospect of ever rising to the surface.

"Again Mrs. Kennedy and I discussed the matter.

"I feel sure I can take this thing and make a go of it," I told her.

"Why not?" she said.

"I don't like the business. Motion pictures are not my idea of a sound and progressive career."

"All the more reason," said she, "that you should get into them."

"That settled it. Three days later I was on my way to England, after an exchange of cables. There I met the board of directors of the Film Booking Offices and made them a flat offer of $1,000,000 for the business. After an extensive palaver they declined, and I returned to the United States relieved, if anything, that somebody had decided for me that I should not enter the motion picture business.

"There I was mistaken, for within a month Lord Inverforth walked into my Boston office, where I was busy doing nothing, and announced, in that quiet but decisive way English business men have, that his company had decided to reconsider my offer. Before he left Boston I had control of one of the largest and most unprofitable motion picture concerns in the world."

The morning he stepped into the New York office Kennedy confesses that he felt like running away from the job.

"But I soon found that the picture business, attuned to an extravagant note, was amenable to ordinary business arithmetic. The trouble with many concerns, like my own, was that employees occupying positions parallel to positions in other lines were vastly overpaid. It was no uncommon thing for accountants to receive $20,000 a year, when in other business they graded from $5,000 to $10,000.

"My first problem was to change that, which was easy. My second was to find an exclusive field in a rush of high-powered competition, which was not so easy. But I remembered the passengers on our sightseeing buses from Faneuil Hall to Lexington. Producers were fighting to get their pictures on Broadway, New York, and State Street Chicago. I concentrated on getting and keeping Film Booking Offices' pictures on Main Street."

WITH the result that after two years a moribund concern that sold out for less than one seventh of its capitalization is one of half a dozen flourishing big motion picture companies in America, numbering among Kennedy's acquisitions the high-salaried motion picture star Fred Thomson, who received $350,000 a year.

"It took a long time for my distaste for this job to wear off," said Kennedy. "But what helped most was the fact that I could make my family partners. From the beginning I determined that Film Booking Offices would produce only clean pictures. One director, a high-priced man, put in what is known as the sex punch. One of his pictures went before my first board of review—Mrs. Kennedy and the seven Kennedys. They didn't like it. The director objected to veto; but he was given the alternative of changing the picture or his job. He accepted revision.

"Another time, when Red Grange's services were offered to me, I had doubts. I went home and asked my sons whether or not they'd like to see Red Grange in a picture. Their vote was unanimously yes. We engaged Grange."

He works that way. For example: There had been almost interminable discussion as to whether or not the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America should make some motion picture alliance. Vocal pictures had arrived: these companies were more than platonically interested in them. And television was sufficiently practical to puzzle the shrewdest prophets as to its prospects. A movie tie-up was desirable, and there were candidates.

Two men stood eating oysters at an oyster-bar on Park Avenue, New York. They were David Sarnoff of the Radio

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Corporation and Joseph P. Kennedy. Before the first shell was cracked, their business had not begun. Before the last oyster was swallowed, F. B. O. pictures and the Radio Corporation were partners.

And the feverishly gossiping world of motion pictures had hardly time to digest this revolutionary item of news before it became known likewise that F. B. O., supposedly theatre-poor, had tied up with Keith-Albee, the great vaudeville chain. To top this, came a call from Pathé, possibly Kennedy's one effective rival in his particular field of pictures, that he act as their advisory executive. And the headlines that bore this news dwarfed another but—to Joe Kennedy—much more important item: That little Jean Kennedy had put in an appearance to be the fifth girl and eighth child of the Kennedy clan.

Joseph P. Kennedy, still red-headed, blue of eye, and still waiting for his fortieth milestone to come on the road he has chosen, makes a portrait of a man happy in his job.

"I like it," he says. "It's part of the life of the people and gives a man some high mark to aim at every day of his life."

Likewise, it provides him with what he has never had before, to the degree he wanted it—family life with the nine Kennedys: Mrs. Kennedy; Joseph, 12; Jack, 10; Rosemary, 9; Kathleen, 7; Eunice, 5½; Patricia, 4; Bob, 2, and baby Jean.

I WAS privileged to spend a day with all the Kennedys at their summer home on Cape Cod. (In Riverdale, New York, there is a mansion that manages to contain them during the winter months.) Young Joseph and his brother Jack, expert boatmen for their years, had dragged their dory to the beach and were reading on a porch, when suddenly they dropped their books and their two red heads bobbed back to the boat. They put out to sea with an off-shore wind blowing. And we soon saw why. A sailboat was upset three miles out, with a black speck on its white bottom. The black speck was a lad in his late teens, who would surely have been drowned but for the alertness of the Kennedy youngsters.

They resumed their books on the porch. But the day's incidents were not ended. An ambulance bell clanged along the beach road. From it stepped Joseph P. Kennedy, his red head bandaged. Riding from New York his car had collided with another; but he had preferred home to hospital. His children surrounded him, while Mrs. Kennedy answered the insistent ring of the telephone. Boston newspapers had heard of the two accidents and demanded details.

"Oh, forget it," Kennedy bade his spouse. "I've come home for the week-end."

And during the evening, watching this young man at his hearth with a robust and somewhat vociferous band of youngsters around him, clamoring for his personal opposition at checkers and dominoes and other games, he nutshelled the moral he draws from his business career:

"A rolling stone may gather no moss; but it gets polished and molded until it rolls into the right place, when, if it's wise, it sticks and stays."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Truly, this is your dream land—right here in America! And, to it all, Los Angeles is the gateway. Every road leads to romance, adventure, mystery—to uncommon, luring entertainment. You will always be going somewhere—beaches, mountains, orange groves, mountain lakes like Arrowhead and Big Bear, palm-lined canyons, Old Spanish Missions, "Symphonies under the Stars," movie-land! Every interest point is quickly accessible.

No rain will mar a single moment of your visit. Day temperatures are moderate, *with low humidity*. You will sleep under blankets at night. Bring light wraps—sure.

Los Angeles is the Pacific Coast metropolis. It is delightfully metropolitan. Luxurious hotels—and more moderate priced ones—great theaters, restaurants, amusements of every description meet with every wish. Los Angeles County is rich in natural resources. Last year its agricultural products approximated $95,000,000.

Right here is the Outdoor Sports Capital every day in the year. Close by are 65 *ever* green golf courses, Country Clubs, tennis courts everywhere, mountain bridle paths, ocean-lake-upland fishing, nearby mile-high mountains for climbing.

And the beaches! A short ride from Los Angeles and you are in the midst of the "Riviera," with delightful oceanside cities giving you the keenest aquatic sport you've ever known! Sea-sledding, surf boards, canoeing; yachting, motor-boating—right off the shore in the placid surf of the gleaming Pacific.

Memories of your trip to Southern California will last a lifetime. Consult your nearest railway ticket agent immediately about special low rate fares, May 15 until October 31, and about reservations. While here you may see the entire Pacific Coast at small extra expense.

Fill in and mail the coupon at once for an authentic 52-page vacation book. Start making plans now.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. M-5, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

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Name.....

Street.....City.....State.....

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DOG BOOK SENT FREE

If you own a dog you should own this book . . . "Your Dog." It tells interesting facts about dog life that every owner should know. Explains dog diseases, their symptoms and treatments. Contains chapters on feeding and general care. Mailed free on request.

Man's Greatest Friend

. . . deserves only the best in medicines

MORE than a half century ago H. Clay Glover was a pioneer in the study and treatment of dog ailments. Since that time this company has ever kept pace with the great forward steps in veterinary science and thus has kept faith with all true lovers of dogs. Today finds Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines setting the world's highest standard in preventative and curative animal medicines. We are sharing with the U. S. Government Drug Laws the responsibility of protecting the public against fraudulent medicines. In this standard lies your only assurance that you are treating your dog as he deserves—with the best medicines that science can devise and technical skill compound.

At This Time Of Year . . .

your dog's health will be improved by Glover's Condition Pills. Their tonic and digestive properties will stimulate his appetite and build up his strength.

There is a Glover's Dog Medicine for the prevention and treatment of the common ailments of dogs. Below are listed a few which every dog owner should have.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. A, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Sold by best Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Kennels

Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Expectorant Mixture for Coughs	65c
Glover's Round Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Round Worm Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Tape Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Tonic	65c
Glover's Sarcoptic Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap	25c

Free Advice By A Famous Veterinarian About Any Matter Concerning Dog Health

Our Veterinarian will personally advise you concerning the health, care or feeding of your dog and kennel sanitation. There is no charge for this service. In writing be sure to give full particulars concerning the dog's age, breed, sex, symptoms, etc.

The Most Interesting Family I Know

FIRST PRIZE

When Trouble Came These Children All Pitched In

MY MOST interesting family consists of Jim, James, Jack, and Jasper, and Ruth, Helen, Eleanor, and Maude. They have the unusual name of Smith. Their home is of low-spreading architecture, boasting an old piano, fireplaces, haircloth furniture, and cupboards full of old blue willow-pattern china. The housekeeping is immaculate; but the rugs are threadbare and the lace curtains darned. This house is glowing with sunshine, the kind which shows in the eyes and smiles and voices.

The father graduated from a medical college and brought his young wife to a college town in the Middle West. Practice came, and the children enjoyed a happy home. Then came disaster. The father was paralyzed by a falling tree. Long invalidism depleted the bank account. But there was a beehive of busy children ready to help. Their invalid father was their mentor and guide. Their mother was their joy-bringer. Several of the children had almost finished college when the disaster came, and they helped to educate the younger ones. Eleanor, by teaching, put Jasper through medical college, and Jim helped Ruth to become a nurse. Helen had a wonderful voice, and everyone helped her. The youngest baked pastries and sent money to her.

Loyalty! Why, the Smith children would die for each other. And love! It blossomed in kindly deeds. And hope! It never died in their hearts.

It was a coöperative family—all loved to serve one another. One son is already a famous physician, and Helen is an opera star.

On holidays they "fly" to the old nest and, in the firelight, tell stories of when they sold horseradish by the glass, made pastries, and milked the neighbor's cow.

C. B. K.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If C. B. K. will forward her address a check will be mailed her immediately.

SECOND PRIZE

A Family That Lived Up to Its Name

WE BECAME acquainted with the Welcomes when my husband and I spent our vacation in an abandoned house in the country. One night I was frightened at some unaccountable noise, so the next evening we traversed the half-mile to our nearest neighbors to see if we could engage a room in which to spend the remaining nights of our sojourn.

The house was commonplace-looking enough; but the three people residing beneath its weathered shingles were not; and they taught us a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in true hospitality and unselfishness. They made us feel that we were not only welcome but that we were conferring a favor upon them; and not one cent would they take for the pleasant room with its high post bed and plump goose-feather pillows. They showered us with garden stuff and flowers, and gave us cranberries, maple syrup, pork from their pork barrel, and cake and doughnuts from their Saturday baking.

It was plain to be seen that Mrs. Welcome's mother was the ruling spirit of the hill. Clad in a bright blue percale wrapper which set off her equally bright blue eyes, and with a gingham apron tied about her spare waist, she literally trod the high places, and though she had her share of infirmities, not once did we hear her complain about anything. She would listen in over the party telephone with a frank disregard for onlookers, because she loved, and was genuinely interested in, the eight families on the line.

Two huge dogs also belonged to this family, and thirteen cats, a most vociferous flock of geese and ducks, and fat pullets and horses and cows and pigs, and a pet hen named "Archie."

L. K.

THIRD PRIZE

We Love to Spend an Evening With the People Next Door

WE WERE slow in showing even friendly tolerance to the family that moved in next door, for the members of it seemed almost too care free and spontaneous, and altogether a new species. They numbered five: four brothers and a sister, all grown up.

One was a big, strong young man who spent half his time tramping the woods or playing furious tennis, and who played the violin or banged the punching bag with equal ease and skill. An older brother was the exact opposite, being tall and studious, and a younger brother had just returned from the Canadian Ambulance service. The fourth brother, Hugh, was not the oldest, but the family plainly centered about him. A chauffeur carried him to and from the car, for he had been a victim of infantile paralysis. His snapping black eyes and hearty manner belied any weakness, however. He was a judge, and had been dean of a law college.

What a delight and inspiration they were when we really got to know them! To spend an evening around their fire with music and jolly comradeship was a privilege indeed.

They actually put into practice the ideal of personal freedom n their family life. Any member could change his mind at a moment's notice. Money was seldom mentioned, but was often used to express appreciation, as when fifteen one-dollar bills were hidden about the house by Tom, and his sister was finding them for weeks.

Once Hugh showed us a book of poems written by his father when a missionary in China, and gave us a clearer picture of that unselfish, delightful comrade of their childhood. It explained somewhat their gift of the merry heart.

H. C. T.

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"Tell Us About the Game!"

(*Continued from page 27*)

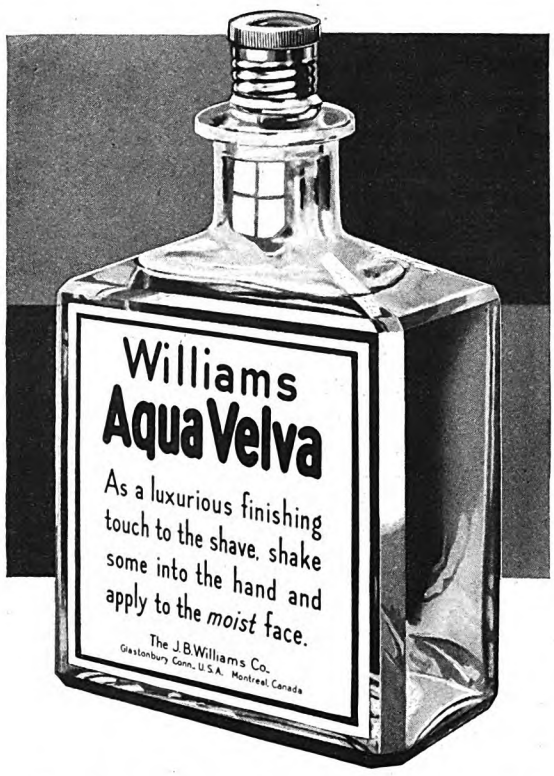
artfully contrived. A Spanish interpreter stood at my side with head set strapped to his ear. Through this he got the Spanish version coming directly from Havana. So he listened to President Machado with one ear and to me with the other ear. With his hands, which I carefully watched, he controlled the tempo at which I read, and thus kept me even with the orator in Havana. That is why we finished together.

With this over, Lady Luck had her opportunity to do us a good turn when President Coolidge spoke. I say Luck, though it was partly luck and partly the foresight of one person—a woman—Miss Bertha Brainard, the remarkably efficient program manager of WEAF. On the morning of this conference, as she awoke, a sudden alarm took hold of her. What if something should go wrong while Mr. Coolidge was speaking?

By the time she got to the office, she was so troubled by this foreboding that she spent the morning getting from the press associations an advance copy of the President's speech. That copy was in our studio when Mr. Coolidge was introduced down in Havana. There was a burst of applause, the President delivered the usual salutation and then—a burst of static, and Havana left us flat. But Miss Brainard's precautions had been well taken. And so, after a hurried explanation to the radio audience, I began reading the speech. I had got about half way through it, when suddenly there came a sputter, and then the well-known voice of Mr. Coolidge streamed into our studio and out over the air. But this is where our luck saved us. Of course he had been talking all the time in Havana while I had been reading his speech in our New York studio. And when his voice came to us he was at precisely the same sentence as I was, and all I had to do was to step out of the picture and let the President resume his own broadcasting without the audience of the air losing a single syllable.

EVERYONE who listens in to radio performances must be struck by the constant appeal of announcers and artists for letters. Of course that is a form of applause. It is the only kind of applause which the radio artist can get, and it helps him to know whether he is being really listened to or is being "tuned out" when his contribution starts to filter in through the loud speaker in the sitting-room. Of course at our station we get hundreds of thousands of letters, and you may be sure that these letters are carefully watched.

One of the things these letters have taught me is the extraordinary way in which radio is broadening the interest of our people. When the Democratic Convention of 1924 was over and I got back to my work at the studio, immediately a tremendous avalanche of letters began to descend upon us. When I had examined a good supply of them, it was perfectly plain to me that thousands of people were all excited over the Presidential campaign who had never before given any attention



A Splash! A Tingle!

Then all day face comfort from the

AQUA VELVA

After-Shave!

The *after-shave!* Important as the shave itself!

Aqua Velva was made expressly for this purpose. A splash of it on the newly shaven skin gives a sparkling tingle. Wakes the skin and livens it. Makes you feel and look smartly alert.

Aqua Velva helps to heal tiny nicks (often there, —often unseen). Protects the skin. Keeps it flexible, youthful, by conserving its *natural* moisture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, with 88 years of study of what is best for beard and skin behind it, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as perfectly conditioned as the Williams lather *leaves* it.

Well groomed, exacting men find Aqua Velva now-a-days indispensable for face comfort, *Face Fitness!*

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or Free Trial Size if you will ask for it.
Address, Dept. A 28, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

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MUSCLES inactive during the winter are easily tired. Stiffness, lameness and soreness follow even moderate exercise. A thorough rubbing with Absorbine, Jr. will arouse the circulation, break congestion, and bring the muscles into proper condition. Let Absorbine, Jr. give you mid-season form for the first rounds of golf or opening sets of tennis.

Absorbine, Jr. acts promptly. Though a powerful and effective liniment, it does not burn or stain the skin. There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions" in each carton.

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50
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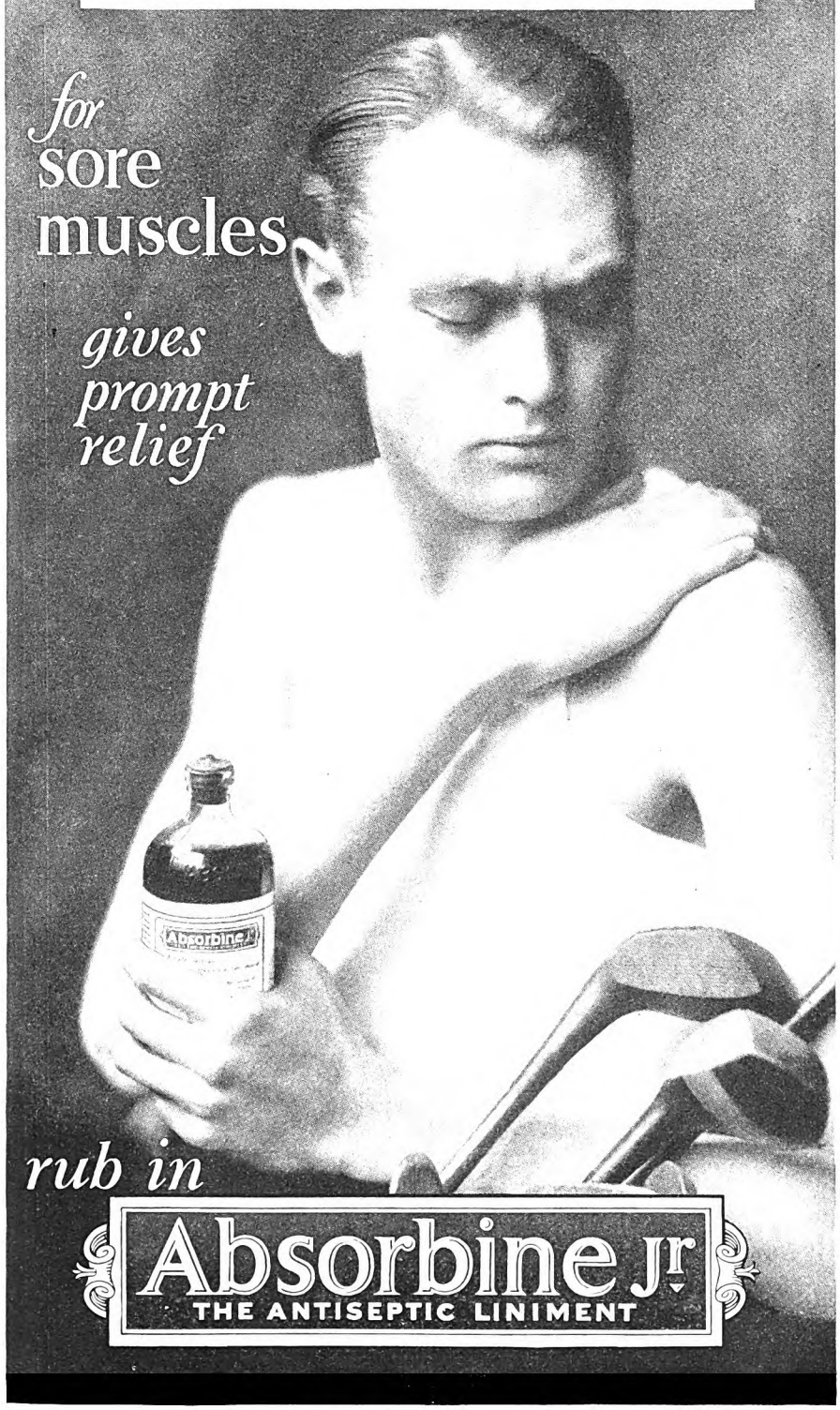

whatever to politics. So I remarked to a friend that I felt sure the vote in the election would be a record-breaking one.

Now, everyone remembers that that campaign was not a tremendously exciting one. There was very little doubt in advance about what the result would be. It could not compare in intensity with the Harding-Cox battle four years earlier. The bitterness engendered by the war; the deep feeling about the League of Nations, both for and against; the strong loyalties and equally strong enmities aroused by the strong character of President Wilson, which brooded over that fight—all served to stimulate a natural interest in the outcome. And yet, in spite of all that, the vote in the Coolidge-Davis contest was two million four hundred thousand greater than in the Harding-Cox campaign. Practically thirty million votes were cast, the greatest in our history. And I think this was largely attributable to the immense interest stirred by the radio, beginning with the remarkable show staged by the Democrats in the McAdoo-Smith fight. And I think that the effect of the radio this time, on the interest, the number of votes cast, and the result, will be even more obvious.

THIS is evident not only in politics. When I began as an announcer, I imagined, when I was describing a baseball game, that I was talking to a crowd of men and boys—a duplicate in character of the crowd you see in the bleachers at a ball park. But I soon began to learn this was not so. After the world's series games between the Yankees and the Cardinals I got the following letter:

> Just a wee word to thank you for the broadcast of the Yankee-Cardinal game. We all enjoyed it very much. . . . Be assured of the poor prayers of ONE NUN for the speedy recovery of the tired overworked voice.

Thus I found, to my surprise, that I had a group of nuns in my radio baseball audience. And this was not the only such group. One Mother Superior has written in to me several times to tell me about my account of baseball games. I got many letters from ministers—one in particular saying that, while he had never attended a baseball game on Sunday, he hoped his congregation would forgive him for listening in on one, and expressing his thanks that the game was played in the afternoon and not in the morning.

Another letter read:

> Through your speech I have seen every play in the world's series and have kept pace with your enthusiasm throughout.

This was not from a young lad or a business man who couldn't get out to the game, but from a lady of sixty who had never gone to a ball game in her life. And one lady wrote me that her mother, eighty years old, never missed a play during the whole series. An old gentleman, blind for many years, and then past eighty-two, sent word that he had enjoyed the game immensely, and that the last game of the series was the best he had "ever seen." And I cannot tell how many letters we had from people who said that they had never had any interest in baseball before.

So we have people listening in on baseball and prize-fights and football who knew nothing of the joys of these sports

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Teach Yourself!

A Liberal Education now available | **50 VOLUMES A Leather Cover** | **All for $2.98**

DO YOU ever feel the lack of knowledge you really ought to have at your command? Perhaps you missed going to high school. Then again, perhaps you did not get the most out of it when you were in school. It is true that many young people never realize the value of an education until they have been for a time out in the world, as the phrase goes, shifting for themselves. Then they regret either that they did not finish school or that they did not make the most of their opportunity while they had it.

Classroom atmosphere has also often been a handicap. Many cannot learn as well in the strict way of formal education, but often such people—and you may be one of them—can get an astonishing amount of good from books after they have left school far in the past. It is to meet the demand of people everywhere who want to improve themselves—who want, in short, to broaden and extend their education along general lines that this series of 50 educational volumes has been gathered together.

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AN important feature of these books is their simplicity of style. They have been specially written so that everything is fully and understandably explained—in fact, so that no instructor except yourself is necessary. You will have to study the books and contribute your endeavor if they are to do you any good. But if you are sincere in your desire for self-improvement, if you really want to learn, honest application and alertness will make these books a mine of mental wealth to you. Look over the list of books in this series at the right and see how they can benefit YOU!

These books are all self-teaching—that is the plan that underlies them all, to make no instructor necessary. But the books are of no value unless you read them with the determination to learn from them. There is no royal road to learning just by sitting idly and letting your eyes wander over the page! But if you have genuine ambition, then these are the books to help you get ahead—these are the books which may perhaps be of more benefit to you than you will ever realize unless you try them and see.

Astonishing Low Cost

IT is quite true that these 50 books, pocket-sized making them convenient to carry with you wherever you go to fill in spare moments, substantially bound in stiff card covers, cost only $2.98—full and final payment.

Remember that $2.98 is absolutely all you pay—with this first payment you get the books and they are paid for in full.

This extraordinary low price is possible because these books are produced in tremendous quantities. If they were bound in the usual expensive library form, however, they would cost something like $25 or $30. By issuing them in this attractive style, each book containing about 15,000 words of text, we are able to offer all 50 volumes for $2.98 prepaid, **payment in full.** There are no strings attached to this offer—$2.98 is positively all you pay.

Think of how expensive many educational books are. Here you can get 50 books for no more than one average textbook costs. And you become your own teacher, and you get the thrill and satisfaction of learning through your own efforts. This satisfaction is truly its own reward. Try it and see!

Try This QUIZ!

Do You Know—

1. Who said "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
2. What is meant by 'squaring the circle"?
3. What have the following names in common: Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce?
4. What are the four forms of English composition?
5. What is psychology?
6. Who were Donatello, Cellini, Bologna, Rodin?
7. What is the Milky Way?
8. Who was Delilah?
9. What famous speech begins: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?
10. What do the following mean: (a) "Sprechen Sie Deutsch"; (b) "Parlez-vous francais"; (c) "Hablan Usted espanol"?
11. How far does a falling body drop in the first second after starting from rest?
12. What does "ibid." mean?
13. Who was the Roman god of war?
14. What are the three orders of Greek architecture?
15. What chiefly caused the Civil war?

All of these questions, and scores of others, are understandably answered in this 50-volume, educational course totaling more than 750,000 words—and the price is only $2.98, payment in full.

Comprehensive Educational Course

JUST think of the scope of these 50 books—a total of 750,000 words. They include all sorts of subjects from history and economics and literature to mathematics and foreign languages and the arts. Even commercial subjects, such as geography and type-writing, are included. And then there are the handy reference volumes, the alphabetical dictionaries which give you concise information just when you need it and exactly as you want it. Everything you need is here—this series is really complete in itself, and you can carry the volumes about in your pocket because of their convenient size.

For those who so desire, indeed, other books on special lines can be secured later, in uniform format. Such things as farming, woodworking, story writing, etc., are available at similar low prices—full particulars of which are included with all orders for this 50-volume Educational Course.

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INCLUDED in each set of 50 books is a genuine sheepskin leather slip cover, holding one book at a time and protecting it while in use. A book may be slipped in or out in a few moments. Thus you can enjoy the luxurious "feel" of real leather while reading or studying these books.

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7. Vocabulary. (Guide to enlargement of vocabulary.)
8. Letter Writing. (How to write letters for all occasions, with samples.)

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23. French Self Taught. (Rules, syntax, etc., complete.)
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Send me at once the 50-volume Educational Course and one genuine sheepskin leather slip cover. Unless my check is enclosed herewith I agree to pay the postman $2.98 on delivery—which is positively all I pay, and I am to be under no further obligation whatever.

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They Went Out to Find a NEW Way to Sell Motor Cars

—and sold 24 new cars and $27,000 worth of used cars in six weeks—in a small city

STILES & MULHOLLAND sell cars to the people who live *in*—and to the farmers who live *around*—Alma, Michigan.

They secured their franchise to sell a well-known make of car only a little more than a year ago.

At first they couldn't find a suitable building at reasonable rent. So they set up their business in a vacant lot—in a town of about 8000 population *in which they didn't know a soul.*

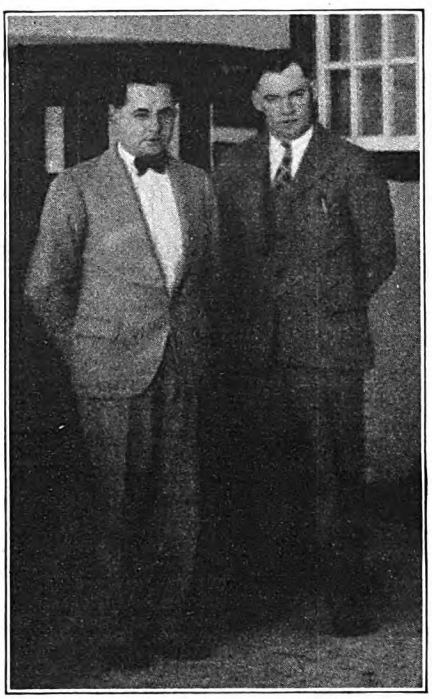
Today the whole town is talking about them and about the big success they have made. One of the town's leading financial men has built them a fine new building, with a plate glass enclosed showroom that would be the envy of many a big city car dealer. And people are now coming in to them from 15 to 20 miles away to buy new cars.

Good news sometimes travels fast. And it wasn't long before FARM & FIRESIDE was told that Stiles & Mulholland had discovered a new way to sell motor cars. So a representative was sent out to interview Henry Stiles and Hugh Mulholland—to find out the secret of their rapid rise as car dealers of the first rank. And it is this interview—now published in a special folder by FARM & FIRESIDE — which you can get free by mailing in the attached coupon.

Send the Coupon

If you are a dealer in a small city—no matter what you sell, you're going to be interested to know how these two young fellows started on the road to a big merchandising success—in a town in which they were unknown, and on a slender capital of only $1500.

One of them had been a farmer, then a cook in a lumber camp, dishing up grub three times a day to hungry lumberjacks. And then one day a car dealer up in Northern



HUGH MULHOLLAND HENRY STILES

Michigan asked him to try his hand at selling cars in his spare time. He agreed. And at the end of *that* month he finished with $295 extra, in addition to his $135-a-month salary as cook.

The other had spent much of his time in the factory and in the office. He knew mechanics. And he knew how to keep books and manage on the inside.

Then the two got together—*and success!*

Information You Want

Get FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with them. Read of the hard sledding they ran up against when the car-buying season slacked off last year. Then the brilliant coup that enabled them to sell 12 cars in one week when other car dealers were waiting for the buying season to roll around again. And how, in the six weeks after they moved into their new quarters, they sold 24 new cars and $27,000 worth of used cars.

Read what they have to say about the pitfalls the car salesman is apt to fall into. And how a dealer's service department should earn a profit instead of running along as "sales overhead."

Here's a real story—a story of merchandising success that every small-city dealer, no matter what he sells, can read with interest and profit. Send the coupon for your copy today—the folder is free.

Farm & Fireside's Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual*—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with Stiles & Mulholland, successful car dealers of Alma, Michigan.

Name _____

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Farm & Fireside

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before their radio set arrived, and others enjoying good music who never knew good music could be so good, and others following with the keenest interest public and political affairs who never gave them a thought before.

And oh! the letters from the shut-ins! They are our best friends. They listen to us longest, bear with us most patiently, defend us mightily, and applaud us most heartily. Perhaps we are closer to many of them than their own families. One of the finest compensations of the announcer and radio entertainer is the knowledge that all over this broad land poor stricken hearts, imprisoned by sickness or age or misfortune, listen eagerly for these voices from the air.

I have had thousands and thousands of letters from these radio fans, and I can truthfully say that if I had got nothing else out of radio these letters, straight from thousands of grateful human hearts, would repay me many-fold for every sore throat I have ever got. Perhaps I am especially sensitive to this phase of broadcasting because of an experience I once had before I had ever heard of a microphone. I think I may say it was my first piece of broadcasting, though it happened before the radio had come into use.

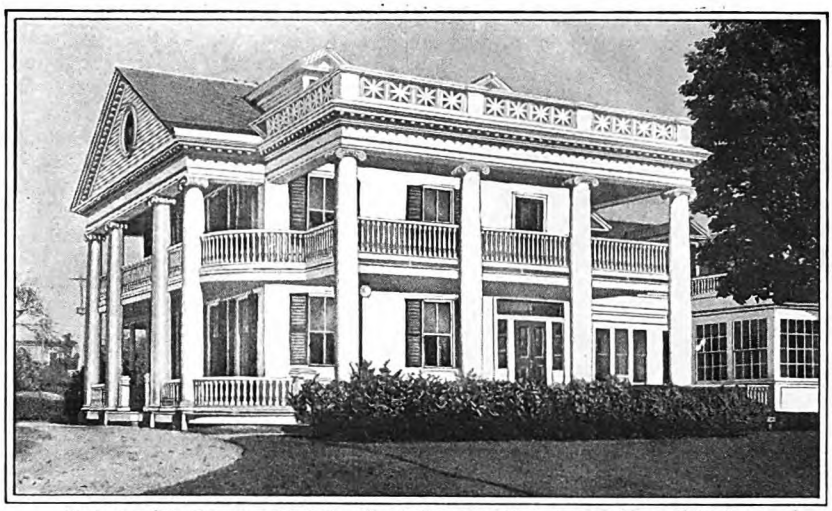
It was some years before my mother passed away. I had come to New York to study music and have my voice trained. And, like most young aspirants, I was struggling through this period under great difficulties. It had cost my mother many sacrifices; but we managed it somehow, and we had a little inexpensive apartment in a good neighborhood. I had a piano in the room, and every day practiced for long hours the difficult and fatiguing exercises required of the student. I was often aware how trying these performances must be to tired persons in some neighboring house who were not interested in my voice culture. But occasionally I would sing some songs, and I hoped these might not be so hard on the neighbors. One late afternoon I sat at the piano singing one after another of the old songs—just sweet little melodies, mostly those plaintive tunes which people loved so much in the long ago. My mother leaned back in her chair—an unfailingly appreciative audience—listening, with her eyes closed. It was growing late. The dusk of a warm summer evening came in and left the room in a kind of half glow. And then I stopped singing. In a moment the telephone rang.

"I AM speaking to you from across the court," said the voice of a lady, quite broken by sobs. "You have been singing, and my mother is dying—"

"Oh!" I broke in, "I am so sorry. I didn't know—"

"Oh! No! No!" came the voice. "You needn't say that. I called to ask you if you wouldn't sing again. She has been listening, and she likes those old songs. And she would like to hear more of them."

Of course I said I would go on singing. And I did. My mother was deeply moved by the circumstance. And then, as the gloom of our old room deepened, I went on singing every gentle, tender song I knew. After a long time, I thought I had better stop. A few minutes later the telephone rang and the same woman's voice, very much shaken by grief, told me her mother was dead. I wonder how many hearts,



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L.R317

tired out by life, have slipped quietly and peacefully away, soothed by the soft strains of some radio singer who little knew what a farewell song he was sending out over the air.

I must not leave this subject of letters from the radio audience without telling of one type of letter which comes in great abundance before every important national broadcast event. They are the appeals of those who are in search of missing persons, and want us to help find them. I have never handled a big baseball game, prize-fight, football game or important public event of any sort without being bombarded just before the event with letters and telegrams asking me to send out over the air a plea to some missing son or father or husband or daughter to come home and be forgiven.

"Please, Mr. McNamee," such a letter will read, "take a moment today during the game to call upon my son, who has been missing for nearly a year, to come back to his mother. He was always a great baseball fan, and if he is alive today I know he is listening in to this game. And if you will put a mother's appeal on the air I know it will reach his heart and bring him back."

Unfortunately, it is not a case of just one mother's appeal. There are so many of them. It is always a very moving request, and I wish it were possible to grant it. But it must be remembered that when I am broadcasting the time on the air does not belong to me. It is costing someone a very great deal of money. And there are so many such appeals that, while one or two might take but little time, all of them would leave little room for anything else. And so the National Broadcasting Company, as well as most others, have a rule forbidding the announcer to comply with these requests.

How many such appeals would have to be broadcast if we made a practice of doing it will be apparent from the fact that last year the New York Bureau of Missing Persons alone had 21,800 missing person cases reported to it. That means an average of sixty a day.

Moreover, the radio, so potent in other respects, has been singularly ineffective in bringing missing persons back home. The New York Police Bureau sends out at frequent intervals from station WNYC names and full descriptions of missing persons. And yet the captain in charge of that work tells me that since the bureau has been doing this it has resulted in not a single prodigal returning.

"People don't listen to our story," moans the captain, "they want to hear something interesting or entertaining over the radio. And so, as soon as we come on the air with our list of missing persons, a swift turn of the dial sweeps us out of the room, and some jazz band or opera singer into it."

BUT the radio, if ineffective to bring the prodigals home, has been quite successful in bringing together long separated friends and sweethearts, but wholly without design. One of the most interesting cases that ever crossed my notice was this one:

Many, many years ago, two young people were very much in love with each other. But for some reason, one of those inexplicable misunderstandings which roughen the course of true love came between them. They drifted apart. Years later the young lady married. But the young man clung to his bachelorhood, and jogged along through life alone. After a good many more years the lady became a widow. Meantime, she had become quite an authority on cooking. When radio came along she was engaged by some concern to broadcast a talk on cooking and give a weekly collection of recipes. She made her talks at one of the stations along the Atlantic coast. She was now a woman of sixty.

ONE day an old gentleman in his bachelor quarters in the Middle West, turning the dials of his radio set in search of something interesting, came quite accidentally upon this station. Wholly uninterested in cooking recipes he, nevertheless, paused a moment. Perhaps something in the voice caught him. Perhaps it was just Fate playing one of her tricks. At all events, he continued to listen. Then he felt there was something familiar about that voice. After all those years, there was something in its tones that stirred old memories and carried him back to that first romance of his youth. When the speaker had finished, the announcer, as usual, gave her name. And then the man knew that, after more than thirty years, the voice of his old sweetheart had mysteriously floated back to him through the air. He wrote her, learned she was a widow, called upon her, resumed the old courtship, married her, and put some of these cooking recipes of hers to the test.

We had another such case. A young lady singer broadcast a concert for us. Then she left on a brief tour. When she returned she was in amazingly buoyant spirits. Something had happened. It was the old story. On tour she had met a young man. It was love at first sight, or near it. They were engaged and a violently ardent correspondence was in progress.

We saw no more of her for some months. When she appeared again her bubbling spirits had gone. She was depressed and saddened, and of course we could easily guess the cause. What had happened was this: Some of her letters had gone astray. The young man, being a sensitive soul, thought she had dropped him or at least slighted him. He chose to be one of love's martyrs, and wrote no more. The romance was ended or, at least in a state of suspended animation. One night he was sitting in his room in Chicago before the radio set. He fiddled around with the dials, exploring the air for music, when suddenly a well-known and well-loved sound burst into his room. It was the voice of his sweetheart singing a little love song in our studio in New York. Was she flinging it out into the air in search of her proud lover's heart? If she was it found its mark.

That voice and that song were too much for him. When the song was ended, as Irving Berlin would say, the melody lingered on, long enough, at least, to make him smother his pride and write the singer. The next time she came to the studio she was again in a state of joyous animation. The young man was in New York and the romance was rushing forward to its logical conclusion—thanks to the radio.

But of course it is not only those in search of lost relatives and lovers who come to us. A good many people find

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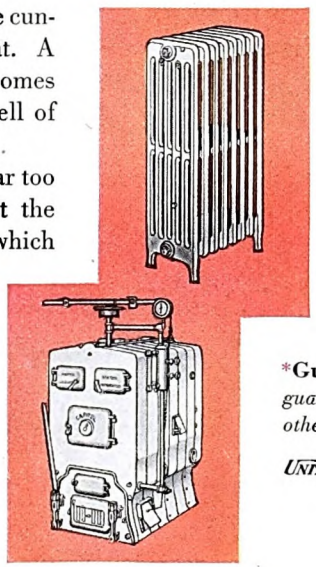
Choosin'-up sides

SLOWLY at first, then rapidly and with more cunning, black-knuckled hands mount the bat. A shrill triumphant cry of "Full hand or nothin'" comes a fraction of a second before the opposition yell of "Chicken claws." Thus is decision made.

To similar chance is left the settlement of far too many human affairs, affairs that vitally affect the health, comfort, and purse of the family, affairs which once decided cannot readily be changed.



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varied uses for the radio. One night, before I left my home, the telephone rang. When I answered I heard the voice of a lady, very much troubled:

"Please, Mr. McNamee," she begged, "when you are broadcasting tonight will you not kindly ask if some listener knows a remedy for the hiccoughs. My husband has been hiccoughing for several days without let-up, and we can give him no relief. Surely someone will know some way of stopping this."

Of course I could not do that. If I could broadcast for a hiccough cure I could broadcast for all sorts of cures, and then when would there be time for anything else over the radio. We are always hearing from people who have discovered wonderful remedies. Some of them are just kindly souls who would like to give the benefit of their discoveries to their fellows. More of them are practical persons who are looking for free publicity.

Before a baseball or football game or prize fight I am sure to get letters and telegrams and packages sending me marvelous razors and healing soaps and miraculous shaving creams and soothing cigarettes and trick fountain pens, and suggesting that I acknowledge receipt "over the air." And I always get lozenges and tablets and syrups and powders for worn and sore throats. How these manufacturers of patent medicines worry about my throat! All they ask is that I will just use the wonderful remedy they send me, and then "say over the air how it helped me."

The Police Captain of the Missing Persons Bureau says the folks tune out on him when he starts reading his lists of runaway husbands and sons. What would they do to me if I started advertising cough mixtures by talking about my throat at a baseball game. One time, at a football game, someone handed me a hot-dog. I thanked the donor, ate the hot dog, and then said how good it was. After the game I got a letter. "Who cares," wrote my elegant correspondent, "whether you like hot dogs or not, you big bum. Tell us about the game." This does not come under the head of polite letter writing, but it had in it the germ of good advice.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article in the "Behind the Mike" series prepared by Mr. McNamee for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. There will be others in subsequent issues. Mr. McNamee is the most famous of radio broadcasters, and in his articles he will tell you his personal adventures while broadcasting, and give you an intimate look behind the scenes in the broadcasting studio.

ADVICE IS ALL RIGHT, if You Don't Take Too Much of It," says Ross Santee, cowboy artist and writer, who came East some years ago, "and was durned near ruined" by trying to do what people told him he should do. Then back West he went, out to Arizona, where he wrangled horses, brooded, finally got himself in hand, and came East again. But he was healed this time against the efforts of others to change him; he stuck to what he wanted to do, did it his own way, and "arrived."

Riding the Rivers Down to the Sea

(*Continued from page 51*)

and a quick run through the broad river of the open valleys brought them to the Needles. There the party disbanded, having spent eighty days on the Colorado, and having completed the survey of the last of the great rivers of the United States to be precisely mapped. The "Grand" was shipped to Washington and is now a permanent exhibit in the National Museum, as a memento of this historic expedition.

But it was the Yellowstone that initiated Freeman into river roving. "I was spending a winter vacation in the Yellowstone Park region," he said. "The Park was under from ten to forty feet of snow, and visitors were not expected. But I managed to borrow a pair of skis from the army officer in command at the Fort, and spent a glorious three weeks mushing through the valleys and climbing the mountains. Perhaps the most valuable experience that I got out of this trek was the companionship of two old seasoned river-hands, a Yellowstone Scout and a Sergeant of the Game Patrol. They were full of boating lore, and put me wise to many points. One day we climbed to the crest of the Continental Divide. We were out of breath and thirsty, and on the summit the Sergeant let down a tin can on a string and brought up water from an air hole.

"The Sergeant had a dramatic way about him, and said oracularly: 'Now, we're right on the ridgepole of North America. If I dip to the left,' and he dipped in that direction, 'it's the little old Pacific Ocean I'm robbing of a pint of Rocky Mountain dew. While, if I dip over here to the right, it's the Atlantic that'll have to settle back a notch.' He straightened up, nodded toward the southeast, and went on, 'And if I had a long-enough reach to cast my can over there beyond Jackson's Hole, I could dip in the font of the Green River and keep it from feeding the Colorado and the Gulf of California by so much.'

"This suggested an idea that had occurred to me before. Wouldn't it be possible, I asked, to launch a boat up here on the Great Divide and ride the river down to the sea?"

"'Sure,' answered the Scout, 'you could go either way you're a mind to, depending on whether your destination is Europe or Asia. Launch into the Yellowstone yonder, and it would ride you to the Missouri, the Missouri would carry you to the Mississippi, and the Father of Waters would swing you down to the Gulf of Mexico. After that, it ought to be easy to ride the Gulf Stream across to Europe.

"'Or, if your hankering is in the other direction,' he went on, 'just start your boat over here on the Salmon, she'll bear you to the Snake, the Snake'll deliver you to the Columbia, and the old war-horse of a

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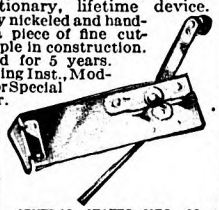

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That was the germinating idea—to track rivers to their sources and then ride them down to salt water. Ever since that sunlit day on the snowy crest of the Great Divide, in the year 1901, this has been the guiding principle with Freeman. By river routes he has criss-crossed two continents, and traveled from mountains to the Pacific, Atlantic and Arctic Oceans.

"The old Sergeant urged that I tackle the Columbia," continued the explorer. "He had trapped and hunted on its creeks and canyons, and that evening, when we were snug in a mountain cabin, his old Columbia memories thawed out, and far into the night he yarned of the 'mighty river.'

"But the Columbia seemed, from his description, a bit *too* mighty for a starter. I wanted a river I could 'learn on' with a fair assurance of survival. At the same time, I wanted a rugged river, swift water, and the other varieties of excitement. I found them all on the Yellowstone. Before I got through with it I had been shipwrecked and my boat had been battered and rolled to loose planks. I had been flooded by high water, pelted by hail, and brushed by a cyclone.

"Perhaps most people think of the Yellowstone as a picturesque little mountain stream. It rises in Yellowstone Park, pours out of a beautiful blue lake, roars down a canyon with a drop of three thousand feet in thirty miles, and thereafter descends another three thousand feet in the five hundred miles that it travels to take possession of the meek Missouri. And it is navigable by a small boat all the way from the northern limits of the Park to its mouth. There are a few rivers in the world with a steep descent, but none of these can be boated without frequent linings and portages.

"A FEW weeks after my talk with the Scout and the Sergeant, I embarked upon the Yellowstone. The boat was a ponderous scow, twenty-five feet long by eight feet wide. A homesick miner had built it of bridge timber and railroad ties, intending to ride it down-stream to his home in Hickman, Kentucky. On its stern he painted the name 'Kentucky Mule,' but after a scant trial abandoned her and bought a railroad ticket as safer and surer. The 'Mule' seemed strong enough to bump her way through any obstructions. She was mine for the taking—so in this curious vessel I started alone one May morning, en route to the Gulf of Mexico.

"The voyage was exciting, while it lasted. Within the first hour I was pitched into the water, while my clumsy bark, caught on a rocky reef, teetered desperately almost on her beam end. Finally, she broke loose, righted, wallowed downstream to where I was treading water, and I clambered aboard. The 'Mule' hit the next chute head-on and galloped down it with considerable smartness. Through the third, she reeled beam-on without capsizing. After that, I gave up trying to wield the useless steering oar, and sat down to enjoy the scenery.

"The current was carrying us all of fifteen miles an hour as we swept into a sharp bend marked by a projecting cliff. In another instant we had banged into that solid piece of scenery. The 'Mule'

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simply cracked and splintered under the blow, telescoped, and backed drunkenly off from the cliff. The current gripped her, and off we sped down-stream. At almost every riffle the hashed mass of loosened timbers and spikes rolled, and lost timbers at every roll. But I had counted on getting at least to the next town—Livingston, Montana—by night, and so I hung on until dusk, when the growing darkness and the cold made even that slight hope fail. Besides, by this time my command had reduced to only three planks and could hardly be called even a raft.

"That was my first bout with a boisterous river. Nobody but a greenhorn would have trusted himself alone in the canyon with that unwieldy elephant of a boat. Pushing the remnants of the 'Mule' into the current—and hoping that perhaps a plank might float to Kentucky—I climbed through the darkness to the light of a neighboring ranch, spent the night there, and in the morning walked the twenty miles to Livingston."

A BOAT-BUILDER in Livingston was engaged to make a new and more suitable vessel. But before the boat was launched the young explorer had attached himself to the local baseball team, and the voyage was postponed. The interruption lengthened into months; then an opportunity came to Freeman to go abroad and it lengthened into years. He was destined to travel many of the famous streams of the Old World, to endure such exotic adventures as an East Indian typhoon, Chinese smallpox, jungle fever, and to go through the World War as a correspondent on many fronts, before he finally got back to Livingston. But he did it, and finished his voyage down the Yellowstone, Missouri, and Mississippi to the Gulf.

"The most serious hazard on the Mississippi is the caving of banks," said Mr. Freeman. "In a violent squall on the lower river in 1921 I saw a houseboat disappear under the splash of a hundred-foot cave-in. A launch which was towing the houseboat picked up two men, but was itself near foundering and unable to start its motor, when I reached it. Only a corner of the houseboat protruded from the swirling mud. I towed the launch to the first stretch of sandy beach, and when we returned to the wreck in the morning it had disappeared completely. Several additional cave-ins had occurred during the night, and the bank was altered beyond all recognition.

"Before I landed in New Orleans I had seen five other houseboats sunk by storms. Every year scores of these clumsy underpowered crafts—which are the homes of a numerous clan of fishermen and river gypsies—are lost, frequently with all hands. Yet, so voracious is the river, that I can recall seeing only a dozen wrecks above water. Even a big steamer wreck remains in sight only a few weeks. Gradually it settles as the under sands are cut away by the current, and then it is covered over by deposits of silt, as the muddy water, meeting an obstruction, drops its sediment. There are scores of tree-covered islands in the Mississippi which mark the graves of wrecks—many bear the names of the vessels which they entomb."

In nearly thirty years of voyaging Freeman has boated fifty rivers, large and small, and has looked upon as many more.

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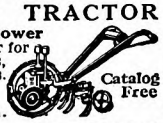

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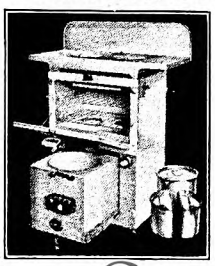

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I asked him which, of all the streams he knows, is the one most worth seeing.

"The Columbia," he answered. "Taking it all the way, from its source in the Canadian icefields down through Oregon to the Pacific Ocean, it is the greatest river sight in the world.

"It is only twelve hundred miles long, but it is swift and magnificent all the way, and is an important part of the famous scenic attraction of Oregon, the Columbia River Highway. After leaving the confines of British Columbia it flows almost due north, then south, through one of the most fertile sections of the state of Washington. There are no ugly wastes, no desert patches, no miasmatic swamps. When you reach the mouth as it empties into the Pacific Ocean on the border line between Oregon and Washington, you do not find the flat, monotonous delta that seems characteristic of most big rivers—it meets the ocean strength for strength, and finishes in a superb mountain setting worthy of the high Rockies in British Columbia in which it takes its rise.

"The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is in a class by itself—and one thinks of it as gorges and chasms and painted cliffs rather than as a river. The Amazon is the world's largest river—it carries many times the volume of water normally carried by the Mississippi. But the Amazon is monotonous—thousands of miles of unrelieved jungle on either side. The longest river is the Mississippi—from the farthest head waters of the Missouri its course is more than 4,200 miles. This compares with 3,800 for the Amazon, 3,766 for the Nile, and 3,400 for the Yangtse. The longest river in Europe is the Volga, 2,400 miles.

"It was the old Sergeant up there on the Great Divide who first fired my imagination with the Columbia. His stories were so vivid that his very phrases struck in my memory, to bob up later at the most unexpected times. I remember a day when I was floundering in the Euphrates in a pitch-smeared gufa, and the thought began to ring in my brain: 'But you haven't seen the Columbia yet!' Again and again pictures conjured up by the old Sergeant flashed before me: 'The big eddy at the bend of Surprise Rapids, where you go to look for busted boats and dead bodies' . . . 'The twenty-one miles of white water rolling all the way from Kinbasket Lake to Canoe River'. . . 'The double googly intake at the head of Gordon Rapid' . . . 'The black-mouthed whirlpool waiting like a wildcat at the foot of Death Rapids.'

"What was the sense of nosing all over the world in search of mighty rivers, when this great, romping, rip-roaring stream was waiting back home?"

IN 1920 the chance came to see the Columbia, and Freeman saw it from beginning to end. "I climbed the glacial fields of British Columbia, to the crest of the divide there, and found the trickle of clear water which is the source. With one sweep of my cupped hand I scooped the Columbia River dry.

"I thought of that stunt a few weeks later when I stood at the Little Dalles, in northern Washington, and watched the Columbia whoofing through a channel one hundred and forty feet wide between lofty cliffs which go down deeper into the water than they rise above it. Here, as in two other places, the Columbia has to 'turn on

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its side to wriggle through,' as the river men say. We watched logs, railroad ties, fence posts, shingle bolts—all the refuse of sawmills, farms, and towns—disappear in those gulping rapids, to reappear a mile down-stream smashed and pulped, or with all their corners rounded smooth. That was one of the many places where we had to portage or line."

For its first one hundred and fifty miles, the Columbia River flows in a northerly direction between two parallel mountain ranges. Then it breaks through the chain on the left, makes a hairpin bend, and flows southward. This is the Big Bend, and here is some of the most striking scenery—also some of the most ferocious water. The voyage around the Big Bend was made in a thirty-foot boat piloted by its owner. Another veteran river-hand was oarsman; Freeman plied the second oar; the fourth member of the party was a photographer from Los Angeles.

"Everywhere we were warned against attempting the trip, and were told of others who had come to grief. There was the recent story of a bootlegger taking a boat-load of liquor down the river, who capsized in Surprise Rapids. He was sucked into the big whirlpool, and it was days before his body came up, many miles below. There is Priest Rapids, with a current of twenty miles an hour, where two French-Canadian priests drowned; and Gordon Rapid and Boyd Rapid, each named, like so many spots on the Columbia, for its first known victim. At Little Dalles a big batteau with six Swede lumbermen was sucked out of sight, never to be seen again. Another story told of a Hudson Bay batteau capsized in Whirlpool Rapids, and of its crew—eight men perished on the rocks.

"BUT of all stretches of the river none can equal the grisly record of Death Rapids, the terrible Dalles des Morts. We found many graves of victims, and even more numerous are the inscriptions on the cliffs in memory of those whose bodies were never recovered. In 1817, six trappers, already sick and wasted by many weeks of struggle with the river, were lining their canoes over these rapids when the line snapped and the boat disappeared in a whirlpool. It carried all their provisions. Unable to find game, the men were soon destitute. One by one they died, until a single survivor was left. He was in an emaciated condition when rescued by two Indians. This gruesome tragedy gave its name to the Dalles des Morts, and for more than one hundred years the rapids have lived up to their sinister title.

"We lined our boat through Death Rapids without accident. In fact, with less trouble than we had at Surprise Rapids farther up the river. I think the reason why Death Rapids has taken such a toll of lives is that it does not look as bad as it is. Many a novice or daredevil, who does not think of attempting to boat through Surprise Rapids, sizes up Death Rapids as 'not so bad,' and figures that he can run it—and one more name is added to the roll of victims."

After making the circuit around the Big Bend, Freeman changed to a sixteen-foot skiff, and completed his voyage in it. Part of the way he had company, but the last two hundred miles along the Oregon-Washington state line he boated alone.

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

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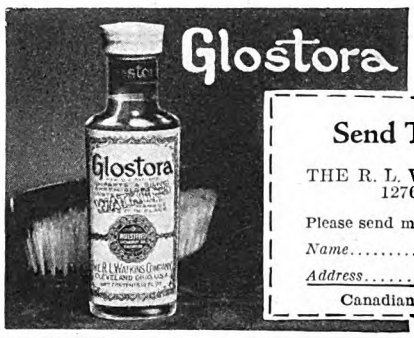

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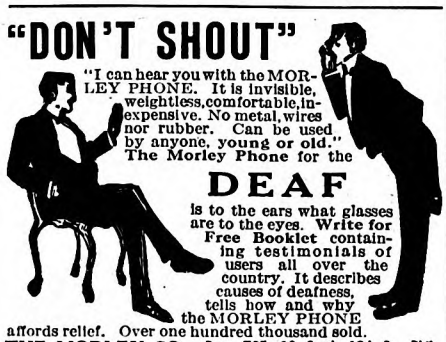

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"Here railroads parallel the river on both sides, and almost every hour I was in sight of a train. In a day or two the trainmen knew the bright green skiff, and generally gave me a wave in passing.

"ONE day I was shooting down Indian Rapids when a train breezed along on the south bank and the engineer waved to me, I waved back, and saw other members of the crew waving too. It was a freight train, and the engineer slowed down, apparently to see how a rapid was run.

"The current was racing down its steep chute close to twenty miles an hour and I was pulling an additional two or three miles. My craft was steadily gaining on the train when a sudden 'toot' of the whistle caused me to pause and look up. I saw the engineer wildly gesticulating, and pointing down-stream.

"Then I saw it too—a great black cone of water whirling like the Devil's own merry-go-round. It was right ahead of us—too late now to recover the way I had lost by my momentary pause—and in an instant the rim of the whirlpool touched. The boat spun. Her stern slipped down the bevel of the funnel, the bow was lifted out of the water and pointed up at an angle of about thirty degrees. At the same time I frantically dug over the side with my oars, but could get my grip into nothing more substantial than air.

"The whirlpool was perhaps fifteen feet across and about three feet deep in its center. It was spinning us around from right to left, and it was clear that we might keep that up all afternoon—or until the suck drew us down into the center—unless something were done. From my position in the up-reared boat I couldn't seem to reach into the water to paddle. If I moved to the stern I was afraid I would weight it lower into the grasp of the 'sucker,' but by moving forward my weight might have the opposite effect.

"And so it turned out. I wriggled forward in a sitting position, the prow came down and the stern lifted a bit. A quick stroke with my left oar against the whirl shot us clear of the twister. A hundred yards of hard pulling through mean swirls brought us into smooth water—and in the meantime my gallery of trainmen who were curious to see how a rapid is run had already disappeared around the bend."

THE Columbia, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, the Saskatchewan, the McKenzie—these were roads for the early explorers, the pathfinders, the pioneers. Indeed, in many regions, they were the only roads, and it was the exploration of rivers that led to opening up the lands bordering on them.

"One of the chief lures of river voyaging, in my opinion," concluded Mr. Freeman, "is the opportunity it gives to follow the routes of the historic explorations. I always make it a point to study the history of a river before embarking upon it—both for the practical knowledge of currents and formations, and for the zest of tracking the old voyagers."

This interest in the historical has been strong throughout Freeman's entire career which has hardly been the complete vagabondage that I have pictured. For, between trips, he has taken time to record his own adventures and has published eight books of travel (most of them devoted to river expeditions), one novel, a history, and four books of impressions of the World War. He was attached to the British Navy during the last year of the war, and was a member of the Allied Armistice Commission.

How Much Do You Know About the House You Live In?

(*Continued from page 59*)

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 1—General

1. Brick (6000 B. C. in Babylon).
2. Wood.
3. The side post or side of a doorway or window.
4. Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826); designed Monticello (1765), Virginia State House (1785).
5. Paint, oil, varnish, and enamel.
6. (1) Living-room, (2) dining-room, (3) kitchen, and (4) bedroom.
7. Herbert Hoover, Secretary, Department of Commerce.
8. One to whom the builder has sub-let part of the construction work.
9. (a) Has upper and lower sash, (b) forms a gable rising from roof, (c) operates on hinges, (d) reaches to the floor.
10. (1) Roofing, (2) flooring, (3) walks, (4) terraces.
11. Semicircular window.
12. Robert E. Lee (1807-1870), commanding general of the American Confederate army.
13. A mortgage lien on the house for unpaid labor wages due.
14. (1) Tile roof, (2) wrought-iron details, (3) balconies, (4) patio, (5) brightly colored stucco exterior walls.
15. Cement.
16. With a file.
17. Aboriginal American cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico.
18. To saw a true and even miter joint.
19. Thickness of covering of paint, plaster, or other material applied at one time.
20. Bureau of Standards.
21. Dormer windows.
22. Square or oblong.
23. List of materials, sizes, and quantities necessary for any given construction job.
24. Wisconsin.
25. Made personal and home property protection possible outside of walled cities.
26. Fireplace.
27. Alloy of copper and tin.
28. Refined gypsum plaster, originally brought from a suburb of Paris.
29. Israel Putnam (1718-1790), in 1775.
30. A bungalow is only one story high, while a house is more than one story.
31. Two-story porch ceilings supported by columns, large windows and doorways, exterior shutters, broad eaves, combination of gable and hip roofs.
32. The Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States.
33. Homes owned by Presidents of the United States, respectively: Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, James Monroe, George Washington, James Madison.
34. Architect designer of the Pennsylvania State House, on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia (1729), commonly called Inde-

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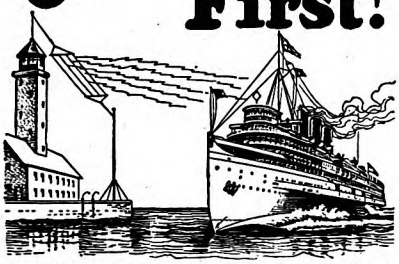

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pendence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4th, 1776, (1676-1741).

35. Brick and window glass.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 2—Structural

1. Steel angle used with brick or masonry walls to carry and reinforce the wall over a window or door opening.
2. (a) Face brick is artificially treated for surface texture and color, (b) while common brick is ordinary burned clay brick used for facing and backing.
3. (a) Wood siding, (b) shingle siding, (c) common brick, (d) face brick, (e) hollow building tile, (f) concrete block, (g) portland cement stucco, (h) magnesite stucco.
4. Lumber unit of measure: 1 sq. ft., 1 in. thick, the quantity unit being M=1,000 board feet.
5. (a) Double-hung, (b) casement, (c) dormer, (d) French.
6. Boards set up at corner of cellar excavation to mark exterior dimensions of walls.
7. Unit of measure for roofing material, 100 square feet of coverage.
8. (a) Wood pulp, (b) gypsum plaster, (c) asbestos cement, (d) sugar cane fiber, (e) paper pulp.
9. Length 8 in., thickness 2¼ in., width 3¾ in., for common and rough face brick, as approved June 21, 1923 (Simplified Practice Recommendation No. 7, U. S. Bureau of Standards).
10. Rustproof.
11. (a) 13/16 in. for new floors, (b) ⅜ in. for laying over old floors.
12. True Colonial siding consisted of narrow clapboards overlapping horizontally, although in present-day usage wide clapboards are often termed "wide Colonial siding."
13. (a) Kitchen dresser, (b) bookcase, (c) china closet, (d) window seat, (e) buffet, (f) breakfast nook, (g) ironing board, (h) cupboard, (i) bed.
14. (a) Studs are vertical structural members of walls and partitions. (b) Joists are horizontal structural members supporting floors.
15. (a) Concrete block, (b) poured concrete, (c) clay brick, (d) rubble stone, (e) hollow tile, (f) cement brick.
16. 3′ x 7′.
17. Fitting a window or door frame with glass.
18. (a) White oak and (b) Southern long leaf or Georgia yellow pine.
19. Material used on the exterior stud framing to enclose or "sheath" the house prior to "overcoating."
20. (a) Pebble or rock dash, (b) sand-floated, (c) floated rough cast, (d) colored aggregates, (e) sponge, (f) stipple, (g) roughtroweled.
21. Wood mosaic floor finish made of wood strips and blocks glued together at edges to form pattern or design.
22. Structural parts of stair construction.
23. (a) Use waterproofing compound in concrete mix, or (b) apply penetrative, void-filling semi-liquid to walls, preferably the exterior, after erection.
24. (a) Scratch coat, (b) brown coat, and (c) white or finish coat.
25. (a) White pine, (b) red cedar, (c) fir, (d) cypress, (e) redwood, (f) spruce.
26. (a) Southern pine, (b) oak, (c) white pine, (d) chestnut, (e) cypress, (f) birch, (g) basswood, (h) gumwood.
27. Metal lath.
28. A vertical window projecting from a slant roof.
29. Manner of joining boards by interlocking wedge-shaped tenons and spaces.
30. 2″ x 10″.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 3—Roof

1. (a) Drainage purposes; and (b) beauty of line.
2. Flat, or nearly flat, section of a roof over a

Are you ever embarrassed by mistakes in pronunciation?

Nothing reveals your culture—or lack of it—so surely

How many of these words *dare* you use in conversation?

hors d'oeuvre	pianist
exquisite	incongruent
impious	cuisine
Buenos Aires	rodeo
psychiatrist	Calles
irrevocable	faux pas
Fascisti	naive
courtesan	bona fide
Aphrodite	piquant
incognito	imprecatory
dishabille	fiduciary
cognoscenti	gibbet
intricate	indices
chic	salutary
Aida	jejune
demise	acclimate
canape	explicable
gauche	fiacre
supple	sinecure
verbosity	

Your speech identifies you. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Most of us are guilty, at least occasionally, of painful mispronunciation.

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People judge you largely by the way you talk. Many intelligent men and women are seriously handicapped in social and business contacts by faulty pronunciation. Is *your* speech meagre and barren? Is it hard for you to express your ideas smoothly and forcefully? Must you grope for the right word and avoid any but commonplace words? You are cheating yourself of a tremendously effective business and social asset. *And it is no longer necessary.*

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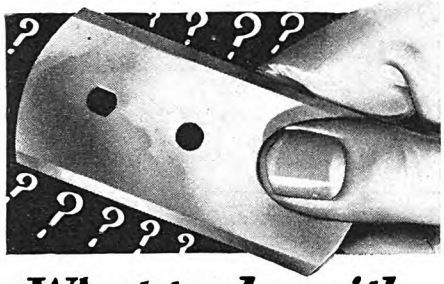

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LOOK!
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Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Write at once for full plans and details.

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sun parlor, bay window, or small porch.
3. (a) Copper, (b) lead, (c) zinc, (d) firwood, (e) galvanized iron, (f) painted tin.
4. (a) One that tapers toward the heavier butt end in thickness, (b) manufactured shingles, usually cut four or five to a strip.
5. Cedar.
6. (a) Pitch distilled from wood, (b) used to preserve shingles by dipping or coating them.
7. Copper.
8. (a) Wood, (b) asbestos cement, (c) slate, (d) zinc, (e) copper, (f) slate-surfaced asphalt and felt, (g) clay tile, (h) cement tile.
9. (a) Slate shingles, (b) lime for cement, (c) asbestos.
10. Permanency.
11. Triangular end of a wall, above the height of the side eaves.
12. (a) Slate, (b) copper, (c) tile, (d) asbestos cement, (e) zinc, (f) lead.
13. Pipe (usually metal) to drain roof eave trough into rain barrel, sewer connection, or other disposal place.
14. (a) Sheet copper, (b) sheet tin, (c) sheet zinc, (d) thatch, (e) roll roofing, (f) canvas.
15. It is almost vertical, the lower section being pierced by windows.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 4—Heating and Insulation

1. (a) Retaining the heat within the house and keeping out the cold in winter and (b) keeping out the heat in summer.
2. A warm-air furnace having but one pipe or duct to convey heated air up-stairs.
3. Automatic device for controlling rate of combustion in heating plant, thus regulating temperature in rooms.
4. (a) Furnace, (b) boiler.
5. (a) Cleanliness, (b) labor-saving, and (c) quick-heating response.
6. Zero outside with 70 Fahrenheit required inside.
7. (a) Sugar-cane fiber, (b) cork, (c) mineral wool, (d) animal hair, (e) eelgrass seaweed, (f) magnesia, (g) asbestos, (h) flax, (i) wood pulp or fiber, (j) vegetable fiber, (k) paper, (l) plaster composition.
8. (a) Warm air rises and greatest heat leakage is through roof in winter, and (b) in hot weather sun's heat penetrates mainly through the uninsulated roof.
9. Irregularly built house because of long, angular pipe runs; most satisfactory in rectangular or square buildings.
10. Warm air, steam, hot water, vapor.
11. (a) 30 feet, (b) 35 feet.
12. Rarely more than two in same chimney, for (a) heating plant and (b) fireplace. If cook-stove requires flue this means a third (c). A (d) chimney-fed garbage incinerator would require a fourth. Four flues would require two chimneys for good draft.
13. Two feet above, otherwise poor draft and wasted fuel.
14. (a) Gypsum plaster board, (b) sugar-cane fiber board, (c) cork board, (d) wood fiber board.
15. To permit air compressed by steam to escape and then close to prevent return, thus creating a partial vacuum retaining heat in system.
16. 30%.
17. Benjamin Franklin: The Franklin stove.
18. (a) Single piping only necessary, double sometimes used. (b) Double piping required.
19. Gas and oil.
20. Large open fireplaces, interior exposed surfaces of chimneys through rooms, and retained oven heat.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 5—Living-room

1. Piano.
2. (a) Plastic finish plasters, (b) lime finish plaster, sanded or rough-textured, (c) paint, (d) wall paper, (e) cloth or oilcloth fabric.
3. Hall is eliminated, thus saving space, and heat travels better up to second floor.
4. Paneled walls are blocked or framed off with use of moldings, or by combining wall finishes and color; wainscoting is paneled or solid trim encircling a room from baseboard part way up the side wall.
5. Sun in morning, cool in afternoon and evening when most used.
6. (a) oak, (b) maple, (c) birch, (d) beech.
7. Concealed bed in closet, or bed davenport as part of furnishing.
8. A balustrade is a stair hand-rail supported by balusters, a set of small vertical pillars.
9. In an unobtrusive color blending into the color scheme of the room.
10. Rough wall finish, in regular plaster or the new plastic finishes.
11. Windows on two or three sides of living-room provide cross-ventilation and best natural light and air.
12. (a) Brick, (b) tile, (c) artificial cast stone, (d) local or field stone, (e) marble, (f) plaster.
13. Oak, maple, or birch.
14. Linoleum.
15. (a) Bookcase, (b) window seat, (c) desk.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 6—Miscellaneous

1. Eight lineal feet of unbroken wall space.
2. S-shaped curve in waste-line pipe, holding water and stopping return flow of sewer gas.
3. For economy of pipe runs.
4. Waste-disposal tank buried out-of-doors, wherein waste undergoes a chemical decomposition and passes off in the form of water or liquids.
5. For access to sleeping porch, open floor porch, balcony, or loggia.
6. (a) Tub, (b) washbowl, and (c) toilet.
7. Instantaneous hot-water heater.
8. Sewerage, water, and other connections made, together with pipe runs and plumber's first and highest overhead covered with cost of first bathroom, lowering cost for installing second bathroom.
9. Enameled ironware, vitreous ware, porcelain.
10. Moisture and steam more likely to warp wood lath and loosen and crack plaster. Metal lath stronger backing for tile.
11. Shower bath.
12. (a) Fiber tile board, (b) asbestos cement wall tile board, (c) sheet steel tiling.
13. (a) Soap dish, (b) tumbler holder, (c) metal mirrored medicine cabinet, (d) tooth-brush holder, (e) built-in wall heater (electric or gas), (f) towel rack.
14. Inner surface smoother than other pipe and will not rust, so water flows faster and more freely.
15. Aromatic red cedar.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 7—Kitchen and Laundry

1. Thirty-six inches from floor to rim.
2. (a) Cylinder, (b) oscillator, (c) vacuum cup, and (d) agitator, or dolly.
3. A single faucet wherein hot and cold water are mixed to desired temperature and flow, at housewife's control.
4. Oven heat regulator.
5. (a) Linoleum, (b) rubber tiling, (c) glazed clay tiling, (d) cork tiling, (e) hardwoods.
6. Steel basement windows.
7. Sink should be located preferably directly under a window, and it should always have a lighting fixture on the adjacent side wall or ceiling above it.
8. Curved long-neck faucet allowing for easier filling of vessels and utensils.
9. Hot, glaring, hard to ventilate.
10. Dining alcove, or breakfast nook.
11. (a) Food center with work table. (b) Heat center and stove. (c) Water center and sink.
12. By providing a built-in self-locking package receiver in service entry.
13. For ease of draining electric washer, tubs, pails, etc., and general sanitation.

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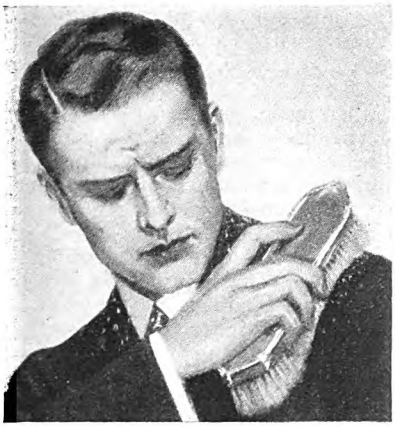

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

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14. Kitchen dresser or cabinet.
15. Dishwasher built into sink.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 8—Electricity, Gas, Oil

1. Thomas Alva Edison.
2. Kilowatt hour, unit of quantity by which electric current is measured.
3. (a) Electricity, (b) gas.
4. (a) Oil burner, (b) gas burner for house heating.
5. Benjamin Franklin.
6. (a) Gas, (b) coal, (c) oil, (d), electricity, (e) wood.
7. (a) Chimney-fed built-in or (b) gas-fired garbage incinerator.
8. Wall receptable supplying current for operating electrical attachments.
9. (a) Gravity feed and (b) motor-driven.
10. Switch permitting control of lighting from either of two different points.
11. Gas (a) log and (b) open grate burner; and electric (a) artificial coal grate, (b) glow grate, and (c) log.
12. Either (a) short circuit or (b) abnormal load or overloading circuit.
13. Light thrown upward to ceiling from which it is reflected in a soft equal glow throughout the room.
14. (a) Instantaneous coil heater and (b) automatic storage tank, using (c) gas, (d) coal, (e) electricity, and (f) kerosene oil.
15. Every 50 square feet.

Answers to Home Building Quiz No. 9—The Site and Finance

1. Twenty per cent or one fifth; better 30%.
2. Refers to a city ordinance or a condition in deed which places the location of a house a certain distance back from street line or from front lot line.
3. (a) Improved property has water, gas, electricity, sewers, sidewalks, and good (usually paved) streets, while (b) restricted property protects the owners against store and factory encroachments and other nuisances, as well as cheap houses not in keeping with the tone of the neighborhood.
4. A legal instrument giving conditions under which money is loaned on property, and legal description of the property.
5. Unit purchase cost of property usually is measured by the lineal footage across the front or street line of a lot, thus a 40-foot lot at $10 per foot front would be valued at $400.
6. 5% to 10%.
7. Process of paying off mortgage principal in stated small amounts at regular short-term periods.
8. (a) Title search is an examination of registrar's records to determine whether previous owners have acquired or sold a property in legal and proper manner. (b) Survey is a proper map of a property showing its "metes and bounds" and the location of all houses and outbuildings thereon. (c) Title guarantee policy is a legal paper given by an incorporated company after title search is made, such company making a business of guaranteeing titles and defending any court action against the property owner if title is attacked.
9. (a) Proximity, (b) scholarship standards, (c) denominational and high schools or trade schools.
10. (a) Municipal taxes, (b) county taxes, (c) special assessments, (d) insurance, (e) water tax or rental, (f) repairs and renewals, (g) improvements and accessories, (h) first and, frequently, second mortgages.
11. Savings (building) and loan associations.
12. (a) All cash, without mortgage. (b) Placing term first mortgage, usually for 50% to 60% of appraised value of land and buildings. (c) First and second mortgage method. (d) Land contract method. (e) Building loan mortgage method.
13. (a) Rock formations provide solid foundation footings and often rubble rock for foundation wall construction at a saving,

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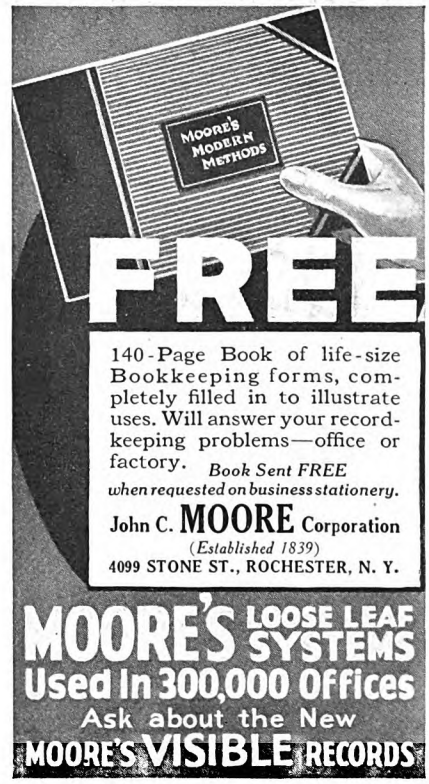

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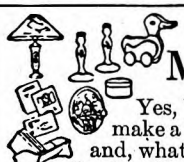

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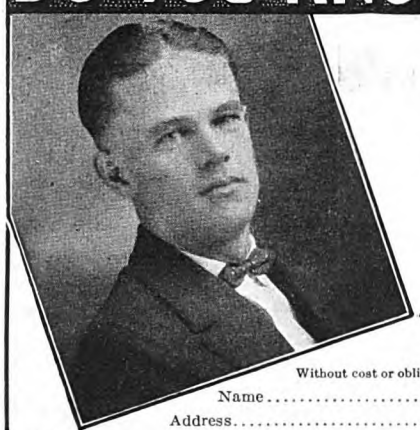

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but rock excavation and blasting may increase costs. (b) Large trees are attractive and provide shade, yet if too close to the house they may cut off sunlight and air, creating dampness, and roots sometimes make trouble with pipes, walks, and foundations. (c) Hillside homes are attractive, making possible planning for interesting varying floor levels and basement garages, but drainage must be carefully studied and if on hilltop or exposed to sweeping winds, fuel bills increase.

14. (a) Contour, (b) drainage, (c) exposure, (d) outlook, (e) height, (f) existing trees.
15. (a) Builder or realtor. (b) Second mortgage institution for bonus varying from 5% to 20%. (c) Personal friend, relative, or attorney with client's funds to place.

The Show Must Go On

(*Continued from page 47*)

going to be with the circus too, and I hope you're going to be a much better clown than your pop ever was. But before you can be a clown, or anything else, there's one thing you must learn, and learn it so well you will never forget it. It's this: No matter what happens, the show must go on!"

Koko stroked the baby hand which lay so happily in his big brown one, and smiled into Eddie's rapt eyes.

"See, Ed, it's like this! Sometimes, maybe, I don't feel like going out and tumbling around in the sawdust. Lots of times, I'd much rather run away and see you; but every day, in every place I go, there are all the people waiting to see me; and, no matter how much I want to run away, I mustn't. No matter what I want, no matter what happens, the show must go on. So I stay, and act just as if I wanted to.

"Then again, perhaps, I feel sick, just like you do—sometimes. Or often, I'm sad because my boy's not with me. Then it's hard to act happy; but I do, because everybody expects me to. In the show business, we call it 'foolin' 'em!' And everybody, every single person in the whole circus, knows just what I've been telling you. That, no matter what happens, the show must go on! That's the tradition. Do you understand what your pop's telling you?"

EDDIE grinned at him. "S-s-sure!" he said, in his baby voice. "When I get to be a man, even if I got a stomach ache or pains in my back I've gotta grin, because all the boys and girls are waitin' to see me act."

"That's right. But you don't have to wait to be a man. This afternoon," Koko looked suddenly away from Eddie's eager eyes, "the circus is coming here. But something much more important is coming for you. It's going to mean that you can't see the circus this time; but it's going to mean that next year, maybe, you'll be with the circus, and with your old pop again."

Eddie's eyes and voice were full of anguished protest. "Miss the circus?" he quavered. "Me?"

"Steady, now. Wait until Pop tells you all about it: That big doctor with the beard that came to see you this morning

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says he thinks he can make you able to walk again; and he's going to try this afternoon, because tomorrow he has to go away, back to France. To do that, he's got to take you out of the ward, and do what they call an operation. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes, I know. Like Mike, that used to be in that bed." He indicated the spot with his tiny finger. "They didn't give him any lunch, and they put a white hat on his head and took him for a ride in a funny long cart with rubber wheels. He never came back, and I guess he must of got well, because Miss Beamish told us he wasn't ever going to have any more pains in his legs or anywhere else. . . . Why, Pop, what's the matter? You're not smiling, Pop! What you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of a promise I want you to make. Will you promise me something?"

Eddie nodded solemnly. "S-s-sure!"

"Will you promise Pop that when they put the funny white hat on you this afternoon, and take you away in the buggy-cart, you'll remember what I told you just now? That, no matter what happens, the show must go on! You can help the whiskery doctor and me and—yourself—if you will. If you feel kind of funny, just remember you've got to grin as hard as I have. If you do, you'll be 'foolin' 'em!' Promise now, you're going to remember that, no matter what happens to you, my old man, the show must go on!"

"I promise!" Eddie said with deliberation, and wondered why his father's eyes were brighter than usual.

"AND now which story shall it be first?" Koko called, and a spell as of sudden enchantment settled on the sunny ward while he talked; for Koko talked as he had never talked before, talked until the whole world of the circus seemed to come alive in the quiet of that place.

But even the best stories must come to an end sometime. At last Koko stood again in the doorway, waving a comic farewell to the ecstatic children.

"See you all this afternoon!" he grinned at them, his eyes resting long on the bed in the corner of the ward where a boy with daffodil-colored hair watched him with mute adoration. Then suddenly Koko crossed the sunny space between them, and lifted the child in his arms, holding him against his heart as though he would never let him go.

"Ed, my son," he said, his lips against the bright hair, "you won't forget what I told you, will you?"

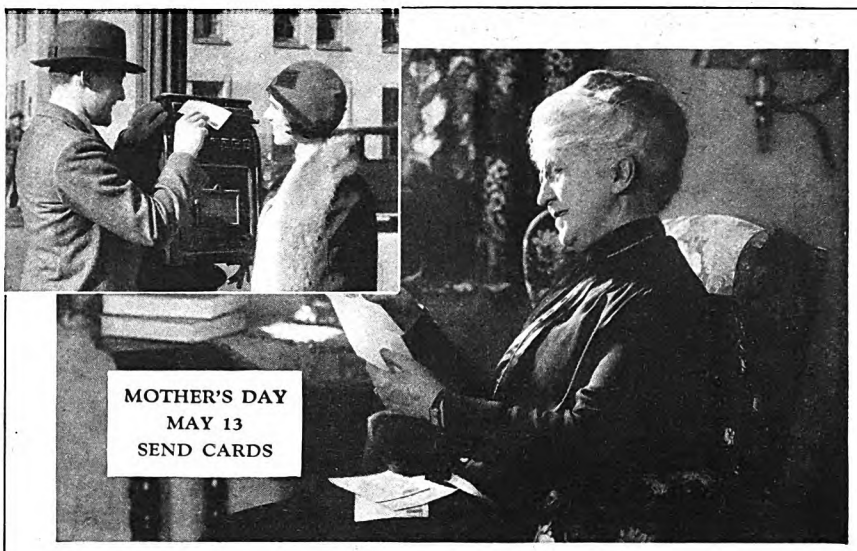
Eddie snuggled his head into the curve of his father's neck. "I remember," he said.

"Let Pop hear you say it!"

Eddie's little voice repeated the words like a familiar lesson well learned: "No matter what happens, the show must go on. That's 'foolin' 'em!'"

They were silent for a brief moment, the man with the wee boy in his arms. Then Koko tucked Eddie into his bed again, turned swiftly and hurried away. This time he did not look back.

The green lawn of the hospital blossomed like a bright garden with children. They were everywhere, their heads nodding and bobbing like beds of flowers. The balconies around the court were full of children—little ones, middle-sized ones,



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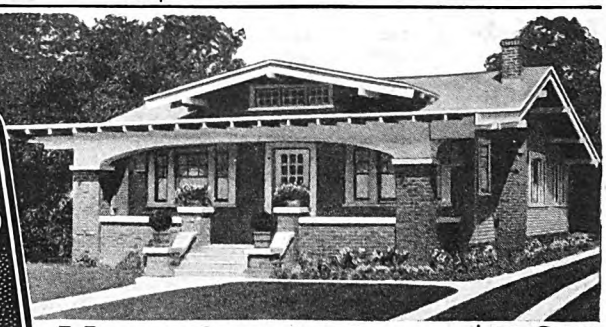

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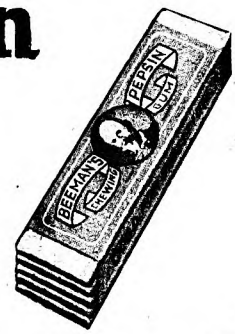

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big ones, clapping excited hands, and voicing their approval in a pelting of happy sounds.

For the great hour had come and partly gone. Oh, what an hour to remember! First of all, there had been the rush of getting into the courtyard, a great adventure after four walls of a ward. Never before had the sunshine been so bright! From a distance had come the wavering melody of the steam piano; the courtyard gates had opened, and there was the circus, all ready and waiting to come in!

The calliope, festooned with gilded mermaids and bunches of grapes; white horses mincing along, guided by beautiful, pink-cheeked ladies with shiny dresses on; little ponies, just the right size for a boy, ridden by funny little men in high silk hats; elephants, lazily rolling, their big trunks swaying, holding each other's tail.

And seated on the first elephant's head laughing and chuckling and waving his hands in their big white cotton gloves—was Koko! Koko, Eddie's father, the man they had seen that very morning, only so different now, so glorious! Oh, to have a father like that!

There never was anything funnier than the chalk-white face with its perpendicular slits of eyes, its pink nose and its grinning mouth. And when Koko in his ruff and red and white spotted domino, slipped like a rag doll from his perch on the biggest elephant, and fell in a laughing heap right in the middle of the courtyard, the shouts of the children proclaimed that the circus had really begun.

Everything was wonderful, glorious and wonderful! The horses pranced and the spangled ladies jumped through paper hoops. The elephants knelt down just like great, big clumsy boys and said their prayers. The funny little men made pyramids and triangles and squares of themselves. Oh, it was grand!

BUT Koko was best of all! No matter what anybody else was doing, he was doing something funnier. He just didn't let you forget him for a minute. He was everywhere and into everything. The children gurgled and laughed and shouted, and called him by name, and loved him. Even the circus people laughed, as though he had never been so funny before.

They wouldn't have believed it if someone had told them that under the wide red grin on the white face Koko's mouth was set in a hard line, and under the painted silly lids his look was one of anguish, of despair. They would have laughed at you if you had told them that the ears which seemed to respond so eagerly to each approving shout were deaf to all the tumult, because one little voice was missing.

They had no way of knowing that in the brain which originated so many laughs for them, one torturing phrase was pounding over and over: "We've got to fool 'em. One chance in ten! Oh, Eddie, Eddie!"

And in a silent, white, shining room within the walls of the hospital two other people were tense with an emotion that gripped them as the joy of the circus gripped all the little spectators outside—the emotion of suspense.

In that white, silent room a big bearded man sat humped up in a chair by the side

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of a little white bed. On the other side of it, a crisp blue and white nurse with shiny hair under a pert white cap gripped tense hands in her aproned lap, and looked with stricken eyes at the little form so quiet under the white counterpane.

Doctor Ronssoy raised weary eyes and looked across Eddie's crib to Miss Beamish, and rose heavily from his chair.

"If he had been a bit stronger, Mademoiselle!" he sighed. "I have made it so that he can walk if he lives; but what can I do against such a frailty?"

Miss Beamish nodded. "I know!" she whispered.

"If I am—needed—I shall be near by. If there is anything I can do—" The shaggy man paused a minute in the doorway. "I fear, Mademoiselle, it is, however, beyond our power—now."

Miss Beamish did not answer, but reached beneath the smooth counterpane, and held Eddie's little hand, which lay in her clasp as quiet as the hand of a doll.

AS THE door closed without sound behind the doctor's big, drooping back, she leaned over the crib, gazing intently at the white flower of a face on the pillow, as though she would breathe into the tiny boy her own warm vitality. Bending close to the little figure, she whispered to him in a breaking voice.

"Oh, Eddie, you must—you must get well! Eddie, it's Beamy talking. Eddie, Eddie dear, don't you hear me? Open your eyes and look at me! Eddie, Eddie."

But the petals of eyelids did not move, and the pulse in the little hand that she held fluttered and wavered as though each uncertain beat would be its last.

Outside the courtyard grew quiet. The sunlight shifted and dimmed in the silent, white room. Miss Beamish still watched the quiet baby, and whispered to him. So intent was she that she did not hear the soft opening of the door; she started when a gentle hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Any change, Miss Beamish?" Doctor Curtis asked. "His father's here."

There was Koko, his silly clown's hat twisted between anguished fingers, the painted-on eyes strangely smudged in his white face. Miss Beamish looked at him, and shook a reluctant head.

The drooping figure in its gala red and white knelt by the bed and buried his head in his arms. Had the children seen him there they might have thought he was still laughing, for his shoulders shook.

"Eddie," he was murmuring, "you didn't fool 'em after all, did you? Oh, Eddie, come back to your pop! Come back, I tell you, Eddie!"

As if in answer to an imperative summons, a shadow of a tremor passed over the tender little face on the pillow, and the tousled gold head moved the faintest fraction of an inch. Then slowly, slowly, the eyelids fluttered open. In a voice smaller than the smallest whisper, Eddie's mouth framed the words of the lesson he had learned that morning.

"I'm foolin' 'em!" he said.

In the dimness of the shadows that had crept gently around the white crib, the Doc reached over and took "Beamy's" hand in his. And she so far forgot her professional dignity that she didn't seem to mind a bit!

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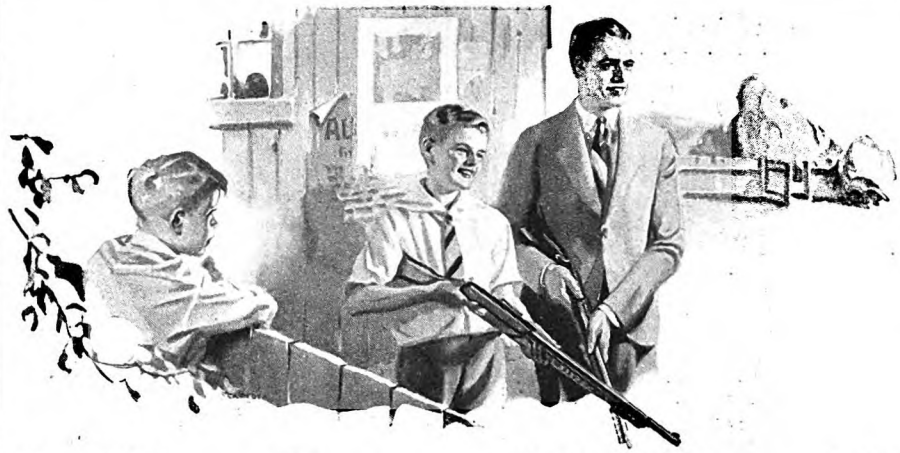

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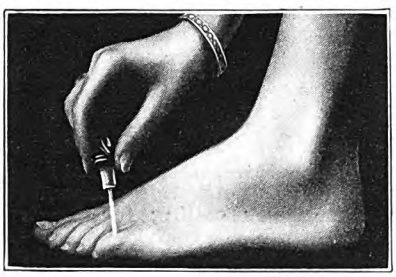

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I Retired at Forty—But I Couldn't Stand It Long!

(*Continued from page 43*)

remember. Secretly, one of the motives for quitting work, which I didn't half acknowledge to myself, was the thought that I would be able to play every fine week-day instead of every fine week-end. I *was* "able" as far as opportunity went. But I ask you: Did you ever see the average golf club on a mid-week morning?

Some days, of course, there would be a prearranged foursome of good fellows, when some member was taking a day off to entertain an out-of-town customer. I got in on one or two of these. But, more often, there wouldn't be a mature and able-bodied male on the six thousand feet of fair green. Boys and girls, wives and sisters, old men and youths—that was the usual week-day roll call at my golf club. The gang I had always gone around with—the crowd that made the club for me—didn't show up until Saturday afternoon. And after a while, I didn't either.

As for the club in the city, it did what it could. It furnished comfortable chairs, all the latest periodicals, and many good books. But the mortuary character of any good club on, say, a Tuesday afternoon is beyond a busy man's imagining. I saw myself sitting there by those windows for the next twenty, perhaps thirty, years, smoking the same brand of cigars; and then, as my eyes failed utterly, easing myself gradually back into the deeper chairs in the darker corners—with no desire but to sleep, and nothing to do but do it!

I GAVE up the club and tried the Public Library. I could read there in an atmosphere that, while not so aristocratic, was certainly less soporific. To be sure, there were a few old men sitting about the long tables asleep over a volume of last year's "Punch;" but the great majority of the visitors walked with determined, purposeful footsteps. They went directly to definite points in the mysterious card catalogue that lined the walls. They wrote busily on little slips, and waited impatiently for big, solemn volumes, from which they made long extracts and copious notes.

I noticed that there was a sign on the table where I was sitting which read something like this: "These seats are for the exclusive use of students doing serious work." Very soon, a shabby little man, who was sitting next to me reading a newspaper, was asked to move away to make room for a bobbed-haired chit who struggled over to the seat under a load of church histories that would have warped a respectable parsonage library. The little shabby man looked rather sheepish; as if he had been caught pulling his ears or sucking his thumb. Just then, I saw a solemn library attendant heading my way. I knew my call had come, so I got up and walked out! I never went back.

I went out to dinner during the second week of my sentence—one of those etiquette-book dinners, where the men do not join the ladies until after an hour or so of he-man conversation. The talk opened with the usual humor, and continued with chronicles of the business day. Each guest had a story to tell of something which had happened to him between nine and five. I had nothing.

Not that I minded the chance to be silent. After-dinner stories always bored me. I had no ambition to bore others. The thing that troubled me was more subtle than that. I felt myself "out of it" on the listening end as well as the talking. My friends looked to each other for confirmation, for responsiveness, for the nod of understanding, for the laugh of appreciation. They seemed to treat me as a vacant chair. No one sat on me. No one put his feet on me. They were too polite for that. But they obviously treated me as a negligible factor in their masculine lives.

I had seen this thing happen before—but for other reasons. I knew one man who had been within a few short years an unknown, a success, and a failure; and I had seen his place in these after-dinner conversations rise and fall with the temperature of his bank account We all laugh a little louder at the boss's joke than we do at the office boy's. We weigh the words of a successful man far out of proportion to the importance he himself attaches to them. But once his business goes into bankruptcy, we assume that his sense of humor and his wisdom go with it.

Of course, my case was not like that. My decision to retire was in itself the best proof of solvency. But somehow I had missed the dignity which should have accompanied such a status. If I had been older, I might have received a comforting veneration. As it was, I received only indifference. I had put myself on the shelf. And my friends seemed determined to leave me there.

I'd meet a casual acquaintance on the street. I'd notice his lips starting to form the old greeting: "How's business?" then, the sudden shift to "How's the old boy?" I should have laughed. But I didn't. Instead, there usually occurred an embarrassed conversation in which he neither told me about his business nor inquired about mine. I suppose neither of us missed much. But you'd be surprised how little there is to talk about with the average casual acquaintance if you drop this topic out of your conversation.

THESE sidewalk meetings with old friends didn't occur very often. The sidewalks were there. So was I. But the old friends were busy—as I had been—behind flat-topped desks in high-up offices. I soon discovered that males who frequented the streets between lunch-time and tea-time, my usual hour of promenade, were a queer lot. Most of them were going nowhere in particular; and looked it. Others were intent, judged by their clothes and their companions, on a quick shift from luncheon dance to tea dance.

I felt old among the young fellows; young among the old ones. I had the misfit feeling that a man usually gets

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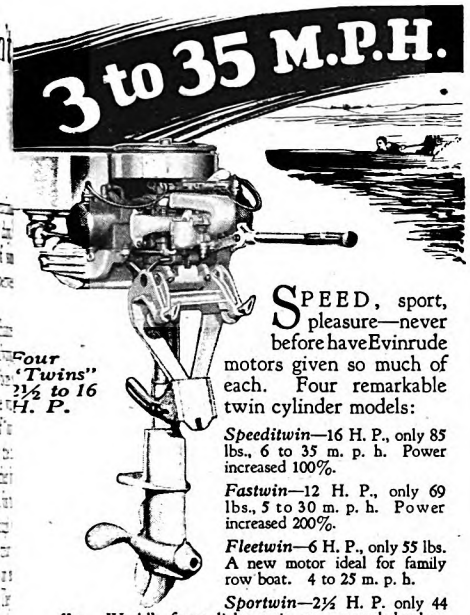
3 to 35 M.P.H.



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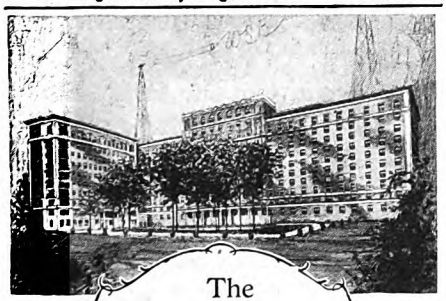

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when he stumbles by mistake into a beauty parlor instead of a barber shop. In fact, I had some such feeling most of the time.

I don't suppose I can hope to explain all the spiritual oozing that took place inside of me during the brief period of my idleness. What I *have* explained may seem simple to some. But little things troubled me more than big. Mentally, I was like those men on the street who weren't going anywhere. My thinking lost directness; my conclusions lost definition; my decisions didn't stick. I had no intellectual pep. I didn't even have leisure or freedom or time. I was so busy doing nothing that I didn't do any of the things I had looked forward to doing. I didn't read any more books than I used to. I read the newspaper longer, but with less zest. I could have gone to the Art Museum every afternoon and to the opera every evening; but, of course, I didn't; I didn't even go to the movies. I just wandered around with a spiritual clubfoot. I wasn't any darn good. And I knew it.

WHAT happened after that can be of little interest to anyone except me. But just to complete the record, I will tell it briefly.

One day, after walking the streets with the tea and dance boys until I couldn't stand it any longer, I stepped into a store on Forty-second Street, and bought a portable typewriter. That night and the next morning, I did nothing but write. For sixteen hours, I worked steadily at my new job. By noon, I had a full-length magazine article neatly typed. Three days later, I had an acceptance from a well-known magazine editor; and the following week, a check.

I cannot tell you how much self-respect I banked along with that check. But it was considerable.

I am in business again. Not the old grind, of course. But a very real one. Before, as a publisher, I was engaged in the making of one magazine. Now, as a writer, I am helping in some degree to make many. I write under four different names for many kinds of periodicals. An editor told me the other day that I write more industriously than any other contributor to the magazines. I don't know about that. But I do know that I have made a business of writing, a nine-to-five business; and that I am very happy.

In fact, the most important thing that has happened to me since I went back to work is something that has happened in my own heart: I have regained in labor the happiness that I lost in leisure—the happiness that is work!

ALL MEN who are in business, or who are affected by business conditions (that means everybody), will find in next month's issue a fascinating, critical analysis of the present relation between business and politics. This is a Presidential election year, and by tradition such years show a falling off in trade. But need this be true? Is there now any reason for business to fear politics? There is not, says the greatest business statistical expert in the country. This article is more than interesting—it is important! And it is important to *you*.

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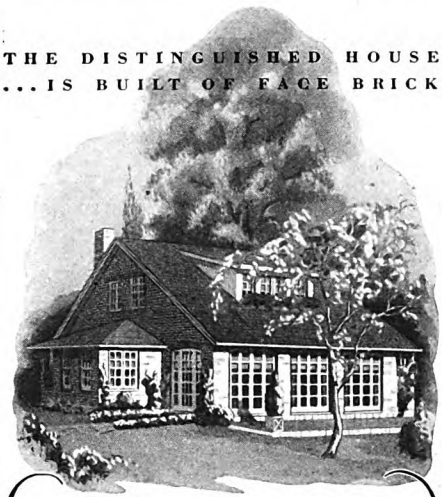

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Not Even the Elephant Knew

(*Continued from page 26*)

into the spirit of the occasion by donning the clothes he reserved only for receiving royalty, and thus attired he bowed all the guests into the salon. It was a big party.

"That night," concludes Houdini, "Mother and I remained awake all night talking over the affair, and if happiness ever entered my life to its fullest, it was in sharing Mother's wonderful enjoyment at playing a queen for a day. The next morning, after having lived two ecstatically happy days, I escorted the Fairy Queen Mother en route to America."

Houdini does not mention that he had to borrow car fare to get out of town.

Thereafter ensued a succession of triumphs for Houdini, throughout Germany and in cities of other continental countries.

At the Colosseum, Essen Ruhr, in May, 1901, his engagement was extended from ten days to an entire month. The front doors had to be removed and a side wall torn down to enlarge the space for standees (who were charged eight marks) and the full stage was sold out at premium prices. The men at the Krupp works devised a new handcuff and challenged Houdini to free himself from it. On the night of the trial the Krupp force bought up the whole house. Houdini got himself free from the Krupp cuffs in a few minutes, and found himself a great hero.

The Circus Corty-Althoff was famed for its horses. Because of a contagious disease, the horses were all condemned and slaughtered by the German Government, and a circus without horses was unheard of. In despair, Herr Direktor Althoff engaged Houdini, to join him at Dortmund. As soon as Houdini arrived he visited police headquarters and escaped from the heavy irons that had been worn by a murderer who had been put to death three days previously with the irons on him. With this sensational start, Houdini proceeded to break all records for the horseless circus.

A series of similar successes followed the circus engagement.

IT WAS during the engagement at Hanover that Houdini was first able to make a profound impression with his straitjacket escape.

After he had escaped from the police manacles, Count Schwerin, who was chief of police, suggested that his warders had a straitjacket for violent prisoners which was probably the only restraint in Germany that could hold Houdini. "Lace me in it," demanded Houdini. The straitjacket was indeed a formidable restraint, of heavy canvas reënforced with thick leather.

It took Houdini one hour and twenty-nine minutes to get free, and by that time he was a mass of bruises and his clothes were in tatters. "The pain, torture, agony, and misery of that struggle will live forever in my mind," he wrote in his diary. But the feat was worth while. It created a real sensation among the German public. By the time Houdini quit Germany for a period in December, and opened in Paris at the Olympia Theatre, he was able to command the highest salary that had ever been paid there to a foreign performer.

Returning to Germany, for an engagement at Cologne, Houdini found himself facing a serious threat to his career. It was part of the duty of the Kaiser's bailiffs to protect the public against fraudulent performers, and some of the hounds of the law exercised their powers without much discrimination. In Cologne, a police officer named Werner Graff published an article in the "Rheinische Zeitung" denouncing Houdini as a charlatan and his handcuff act as a swindle. With American intrepidity, and a shrewd eye to publicity values, Houdini decided to hale Werner Graff into court and fight the thing to a finish. He brought suit for criminal libel.

Houdini had prepared for the case before the libel was brought. He had not entered on his career of jail-breaking and freeing himself from handcuffs in German cities without careful preliminary training. During his first engagement at the Wintergarten, Berlin, he unostentatiously apprenticed himself to a Berlin locksmith. During the two months of his stay in Berlin Houdini spent from six to ten hours a day working in this man's shop, particularly picking locks. In order that Houdini could familiarize himself with the locks used on police chains in Germany, the man ordered assortments, in quantity, of certain patterns, and would later exchange them for others. Before he left Berlin, Houdini felt pretty well assured that there was not a single type of lock used in Germany from the time of Theodoric that he could not pick.

WHEN Houdini's suit came to trial in Cologne, the police officer stated that he could prove Houdini a fraud by chaining him up so that he could not escape. Accordingly, Houdini was very solemnly chained. After a glance at the lock, Houdini stated that he was willing to release himself under the eyes of the judge and jury, but was unwilling to let others see him operate. This was an impressive bit of showmanship, and it flattered even the judge. The court was cleared, and, standing in front of the judge, Houdini whisked his chains off so quickly that none of the spectators was the wiser about his method of operation. The next morning the young American's triumph over the Kaiser's police went through the German press.

However, Werner Graff and his associates appealed for a new trial before a higher court, and five months later they marched into the courtroom with a lock specially prepared for the occasion, a master-work of master mechanics, which, they proudly announced, when once it was locked, could not be opened even with its own key. With this contraption locked upon him, Houdini was allowed to retire to a room selected by the jury, where he could work unhindered. In four minutes he smilingly reëntered the court-room and handed to the judges the lock, opened.

Werner Graff took an appeal to the highest court. There was much legalistic argument. Houdini, the Schutzmann admitted, had indeed opened certain cell doors and handcuffs, but Houdini advertised also that he could open safes, and he had not opened a single safe in Germany. Therefore, Werner Graff contended, the libel should be dismissed.

Finally, the justice wearied of the argument. He declared that he had a safe in his chambers, which offered an easy way of settling the dispute. If Houdini could open it, obviously Werner Graff had lost his case. If Houdini failed to open it, there was merit to the Schutzmann's contention.

HOUDINI was in a dilemma. He had never tackled a German safe, and he suspected that this untested strong-box might have a secret in its combination that would prove beyond his skill. However, there was nothing to do but accept the test. He requested that he be permitted to work at the safe alone, and this plea was granted.

The justice himself led the way to his chamber, and indicated a heavy steel chest of German make against the wall.

Glancing significantly at his watch, he said: "You will summon the court as soon as you are ready." Then he closed the door and Houdini was alone in the room.

For a minute or so Houdini dared not take a step toward that formidable box. Either his continental career was to end ignominiously in that room, or not, and his mind was doubtful about the outcome.

Finally he forced himself to cross the room, and he gave a vicious yank at the safe door. It swung open—it had not been locked!

After a decent interval he called in the court to reveal his task accomplished.

Werner Graff was fined thirty marks, as well as all costs of the three trials, and was compelled to publish a public apology!

Thereafter in Germany Houdini was more than a handcuff king and distinguished "Ausbrecker." He was the young man who had actually whipped the *polizei* in a court of law.

Houdini's career through this period resembled a dream of an inspired press agent. Each engagement was a fresh triumph. His progress was a succession of broken records for crowded houses. Everywhere, in public demonstrations to attract attention to his shows, he whisked himself out of the jails as if the locks were made of putty. In Leicester, England, he broke out of a cell which had been specially built by Oliver Cromwell for military prisoners. In Leeds he got free from a famous murderer's cell. At Sheffield they had a murderer's cell which, the local police boasted, had held a noted jail-breaker and the most dangerous criminal England ever had. They thought they had special knowledge about steel restraints in Sheffield; but Houdini walked out of the steel box a few minutes after they had manacled him and locked him in. At Huddersfield a new jail was the pride of the town. Before locking Houdini behind the bars the chief of police confined

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him in heavy chain-gang manacles. Houdini was out almost as soon as the chief had turned his back. In Holland, on tour with the Corty-Althoff Circus, in the summer of 1902, he had himself manacled and chained to one of the wings of a huge windmill, with the idea of freeing himself. The wing broke and he narrowly escaped being crushed to death, but the publicity attendant on the stunt did not suffer from the mishap.

Of course, with all this sensational advertising Houdini's earnings were jumping. At Leeds, playing on a percentage basis at the close of 1902, Houdini's takings for the week were £200, and for a return engagement, shortly afterward, they reached £250. These were exceptional weeks. But only three years before Houdini had looked upon an engagement at $60 (£12) for one week as a stroke of good fortune.

ON SEVERAL occasions his challengers gave him a lively time, especially when they were not inclined to play fair.

At Blackburn a local Strong Man, who challenged Houdini, manacled his arms behind his back with six pairs of heavy irons furnished with clanking chains and heavy padlocks. In trussing Houdini the man twisted his arms into such an unnatural position that they were soon blue from lack of circulation. When Houdini asked that the bonds be eased, the Strong Man retorted "Get out or give up." After nearly two hours of struggle, Houdini emerged free, with torn clothes and bleeding arms.

By 1903 Houdini was such a success that "Handcuff Kings," many of them claiming to be the original article, were springing up all over Europe. Most of them were poor charlatans who escaped from prepared cuffs that either had no locks whatever or were cleverly made so that the lock would be released by pressing a secret spring. Others were skilled performers who had managed to pick up some of Houdini's secrets.

Some of the "Handcuff Kings," particularly the frauds, made a point of advertising that they had worsted the great Houdini in a public contest and wrested his laurels from him.

While touring Holland with the Circus Corty-Althoff in the summer of 1902, Houdini received from a friend in Dortmund the advertisements of one Kleppini, who described in fat type how he had escaped from all of Houdini's handcuffs while he had left Houdini standing helpless on a public stage, securely fastened in Kleppini's cuffs.

Houdini wangled a leave of absence from Herr Althoff, and, packing a small grip with an assortment of irons, took the first train for Dortmund. Disguised as an old man, he went to the circus where the man was performing, and in the midst of Kleppini's speech telling how he had defeated Houdini, the latter leaped on the stage, tearing off his false beard in the dramatic manner he loved, and cried: "I am Houdini. I dare you to let me lock you up. Here are five thousand marks if you can escape."

Kleppini managed to evade an immediate trial of skill, but the crowd jeered at him, and afterward his manager felt compelled to call upon Houdini at his hotel and discuss terms for a challenge.

Incidentally he insisted upon inspecting Houdini's collection of cuffs. A French letter cuff, opening by a combination of five letters, attracted his attention. After expressing his admiration for the workmanship, the manager, in a tone of feigned indifference, asked what combination of letters opened the cuffs. Houdini, seemingly falling into the trap, first exacted a promise that the manager would not tell Kleppini. Then he said that the combination formed the word "clefs" (keys), and showed the man how the cuffs worked.

The next evening when the American appeared at the circus, with his collection of cuffs for the trial, Kleppini at once pounced upon the French cuffs. He dashed off to his cabinet with them and presently returned with an air of triumph.

"I will open these cuffs," he shouted. "I challenge Houdini to lock them on me!"

Such was the man's eagerness that Houdini had difficulty in getting the cuffs away from him, but he in turn insisted upon inspecting them for a minute, which was enough for his purpose. At nine o'clock the irons were formally snapped on Kleppini and he bounded into his cabinet, shouting that he would be out free in a few seconds.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you may all go home," said Houdini. "I do not lock a cuff on a man merely to let him escape."

By 10:30 the last circus act concluded, but Kleppini was still in his cabinet. An hour later the last jeering burgher had departed and Manager Sidoli instructed his stage hands to pitch the cabinet, with Kleppini in it, off the stage. Kleppini, still manacled, ran into the manager's room, and before another hour was up he sent his wife to Houdini begging to be released.

Houdini refused to go to him until newspaper witnesses had been summoned.

"Didn't you guess that I would change the combination out on the stage when you handed me back the cuffs?" asked Houdini. "Look. The letters now spell a good American word."

Quickly he turned the five-letter combination until the letters "F-R-A-U-D" came together, and the handcuffs fell open.

IN THE spring of 1903 Houdini determined to add Russia to his conquests, and accepted an invitation to open at the Establishment Yard, in Moscow, in May.

Before his engagement began Houdini went to the Moscow headquarters of the secret police with the request that he be allowed to demonstrate his skill on their restraints. First the officers demanded some tricks, so Houdini demonstrated three-card monte and the old American shell game, the stand-by of our county fairs. None of the various officers could pick the queen among Houdini's three cards and none could pick the shell which housed the little pea, even though he performed very slowly. Instead of being complimentary about his skill, they seemed to resent it, and when he suggested a test of jail-breaking, the chief, Lebedeff, replied that he might try to escape from the "carette"—if he could—whereupon the other officers nudged one another and laughed.

A "carette" did not sound very formidable, but it proved to be a sort of steel safe on wheels, with two heavily-barred air vents, used for transporting the Czar's very special prisoners to Siberia. Houdini declared that he would take a chance at it, and there was more Tatar amusement.

First he was stripped and searched, and as soon as they started searching him Houdini realized that he had never really been searched before. He was laid on a table and one man started at his head and worked down to his feet, while another started at his feet and worked up to his head. Then he was turned over and the dual process was repeated. His body was then twisted and turned in every imaginable way.

Stark naked, he was led out into the prison yard, which was very cold. The carette was searched in the same meticulous manner, and finally Houdini was locked in. It was not until the door had been firmly fastened behind him that Chief Lebedeff informed him that the key used for locking the prison van did not unlock it. The nearest unlocking key was in the possession of a prison warder on the Siberian border, about twenty-one days' journey distant from Moscow. "It would be a cold trip," remarked Lebedeff politely.

HOUDINI had stipulated that the carette be backed against the prison wall, so that he might work in secret. On the inside the door was merely a smooth sheet of steel, without any sign of a lock, but with a little high window six inches square, divided by four bars. The lock was on the outside of the door, about thirty inches below the window. Through the awkwardly barred window aperture Houdini had to do his work. For half an hour he struggled with the lock, while the police chuckled outside. Then, after a short rest, he resumed, and forty-five minutes after he had been incarcerated, the door swung open. Houdini was utterly exhausted and streaming with sweat, despite the cold.

As Houdini stepped out, he expected a chorus of applause, but instead he was immediately seized and searched all over again. Lebedeff had promised Houdini a certificate if he escaped, but Houdini was unable to secure this.

No newspaper men had been permitted to witness the test, but the story got about and Houdini became a popular hero, for everyone hated the secret police. Great throngs stormed the doors of Establishment Yard to see him, and the manager doubled his salary. Originally he had come to Russia for one month. His stay was prolonged to four, including a brief engagement at St. Petersburg, and three weeks at the famous Nizhni-Novgorod fair.

When Houdini reached St. Petersburg the Grand Duke Sergius invited him to give a special exhibition at his palace. Houdini performed there before a distinguished company. At the conclusion of his acts the Grand Duke announced that for over a month he had had the best locksmiths of the Empire building a chest for him which could not be unlocked. If Houdini really had power over locks, he could demonstrate it by opening that chest. A curtain thereupon was drawn aside in a corner of the hall, revealing a formidable steel casket.

Houdini said he would make the trial under three conditions: First, he must be allowed to inspect the chest, not necessarily alone. Second, he was to be

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stripped and subjected to a complete examination by surgeons before he attempted to open the chest. Third, the lights must be out for thirty seconds when he tackled the box.

The conditions were accepted. Houdini examined the lock system while a guard of Cossacks looked on. He was taken to an anteroom, where he removed his clothes and physicians searched his person thoroughly, including the orifices of his body. Then, still under guard, he walked up to the chest, the lights snapped out, and when they blazed on again, half a minute later, the big casket lay open.

Years later, recalling the incident to a friend in New York, Houdini was asked to explain the miracle.

"There is one place where ordinary people do not think to look," he said. "I had my lock-pick fastened to the sole of my left foot with surgeon's cement."

"Suppose they had asked you to lift your feet?" said the friend.

"I had several lines of defense. My patter was designed to make them do the thing the way I wanted it done. I gave a few false trails. Then, if worst came to worst, you know that I can do a trick or two with my toes. I was confident that they could never find anything."

Houdini's earnings for the week in which he gave the private exhibition before the grand duke were £350, a high record for a performer in Europe. He was only twenty-eight years old.

RETURNING to England, Houdini continued his triumphal progress. In every town ambitious newspaper reporters, locksmiths, police officials, and rival magicians poured upon him with a succession of handcuff challenges, and Houdini escaped from their restraints with increasing ease.

At the London Hippodrome, in March, 1904, he faced one of his most difficult tests. A representative of the London "Daily Mirror" had discovered a blacksmith of Birmingham, who, after five years of labor, had devised a lock which, he asserted, no human being could pick. The blacksmith had fitted his lock on a pair of handcuffs riveted to a piece of tubular steel like a sawed-off gun barrel. The "Mirror" submitted this restraint to the best locksmiths of London, who unanimously declared that it was a perfect piece of mechanism. With this backing the "Mirror" challenged Houdini.

At a matinée, before a highly excited audience of four thousand, a "Mirror" man snapped his "darbies" over Houdini's wrists, and the performer retired to his "ghost house" to wrestle with the strange lock. After half an hour Houdini emerged, his collar broken and water streaming down his face, and asked for a pillow to kneel on, as his knees hurt. The "Mirror" man, mindful of confederates with hidden tools, went out and procured a pillow himself. Twenty-five minutes later Houdini appeared again, still handcuffed, and apparently greatly exhausted. He requested the challenger to remove the handcuffs for a minute, in order that he might take off his coat.

The representative of the "Mirror" cannily refused. Houdini had seen the cuffs locked, but not unlocked, and the challenger sidestepped giving him that advantage. Houdini then, after some maneuvering, managed to get a penknife from his waistcoat pocket. This he opened with his teeth. Then, turning his coat inside out over his head, he proceeded to cut it to pieces, while the crowd shouted.

Again he vanished into the cabinet, and just as the crowd was settling back for another long wait he bounded out with the gleaming handcuffs dangling open in his hand. The task had taken him seventy minutes. It was a mighty victory. With a roaring crowd behind him he was carried home in triumph to his lodgings, and the next day all the London papers gave fulsome accounts of his achievement, with the "Mirror" yielding a particularly handsome tribute. Within a few days Houdini was signed for a tour of sixteen weeks at a salary of £150 ($750) a week.

At the conclusion of this tour, having conquered Europe and in four years sprung from complete obscurity to a foremost position among European entertainers, Houdini decided to tackle his own country. His diary for May 27th contains, in eloquent emphasis, the single passage, "Arrange to SAIL FOR HOME." His pockets were jingling with money, but he characteristically decided to go back second class, as he had come. Though he went about squandering money as fast as he made it on books, souvenirs and playbills of every sort, and on numerous personal benefactions, he was always most frugal in the matter of lodgings and travel, and almost invariably entered the cost of such items in his diary, not infrequently complaining that the charge was too high. Martin Beck, who happened to be traveling on the same steamship with Houdini this trip, offered to pay the extra expense if Houdini would move into the first cabin, but this offer was rejected.

"I'd rather travel as I am," commented Houdini, noting the offer in his diary.

DURING his first trip to Europe Houdini developed an avocation from which, for the remainder of his life, he got almost as much enjoyment as he did from breaking out of jails or vanishing from sealed chests. For the first time in his life he had more money than he needed, and also, playing only two shows a day at first-class houses, he had more leisure than he ever enjoyed before. From his early years he had the habit of poking into old book shops, picking up second-hand books on magic whenever he could afford them. Now he had ample time to prowl about to his heart's content and money to buy what he wanted.

Thanks to Houdini, the collector, the Library of Congress in Washington can boast a remarkable assemblage of volumes on magic and spiritualism, many of the volumes dating back to the earliest literature on these subjects. Houdini had gathered some 5,200 of these books, some of them of great rarity, and he bequeathed them to the library on the suggestion of his friend Dr. Henry Ridgely Evans of Washington.

More unique, even, was his collection of playbills of magicians of older days, and newspaper clippings describing their performances. Houdini left some 40,000 of these magicana, including mementos of all the principal Occidental practitioners of the art.

In later years the zeal for collecting led Houdini into fields other than magic. Lincoln was one of his heroes, therefore he

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Get the flashlight habit. It's just common sense, Man!

accumulated the largest number of Lincoln letters held by a private collector. He followed this with similar large collections of the letters of Robert G. Ingersoll and Clyde Fitch. He owned the original Martin Luther Bible, with marginal notes in Luther's own hand, and he treasured the portable writing desk used by Edgar Allan Poe.

For several months after Houdini's death, rare books, pamphlets, playbills, and miscellaneous articles, for which he had left standing orders, poured in upon his executor from almost every part of the world. The aggregate charges for these posthumous additions to his collections ran close to twenty thousand dollars.

Once, on a visit to Dresden, where he went to see an old magician, Houdini discovered the neglected grave of Bartolomeo Bosco (1793-1863), one of the most famous of sleight-of-hand artists, whose name is still used by fakirs who eat 'em alive at county fairs throughout Europe and America. Bosco amazed Europe for many years with his feats.

Houdini found that the leasehold of Bosco's grave was about to expire, and Bosco's bones would be removed to the potter's field, and he bought a perpetual deed to the plot so that the famous old performer could lie in peace. The deed is now owned by the Society of American Magicians. This was the first of over half a dozen graves of magicians that Houdini purchased during his life.

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High Hattie

(*Continued from page 31*)

for—and I thank you very much."

Too soon he replaced his hat and went on his graceful way. He gave, it is true, one glance toward the house. Harriette was glad that Sylvia was no longer on the veranda, for she was always poking her nose into things that did not concern her.

What a splendid beginning! An hour ago she and Foster had never heard of each other and yet they had already exchanged little gifts.

Other footsteps now sounded on the walk. This was Father coming home to lunch—her current dad, the title holder.

"Well, well, Hattie, working on the flower bed? Must be quite a surprise to the pansies."

The contrast was painful. Harriette dutifully accompanied this anticlimax into the house, but she felt that he cut a pretty sorry figure. He was all right in

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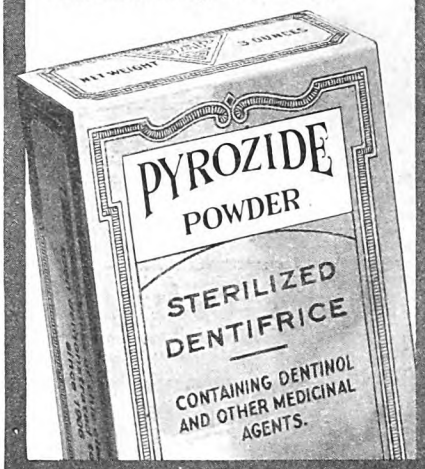

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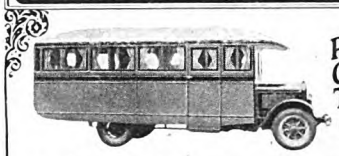

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some ways; but she had hitched her wagon to a star.

When the toplofty young lady went forth to take the air that afternoon she did not travel alone but with a distinguished-looking gentleman. This invisible escort walked on the street side, as the cream of society always does, and she turned up to him a sweet daughtery face. Old Mr. Jennings, passing her thus, mistakenly thought that this uplifted smile was for him, and he was warmed to find her so cordial, after years of indifference.

As Harriette, homeward bound, passed the Jameson gate, her lopsided bearing was observed by one James Jameson, a boy of no importance, known in the vernacular as "Jim-Jams." Though these contemporaries were lifelong neighbors and classmates, nothing of a tender nature had ever existed between them. Mutual unpopularity was the keynote of their relations.

He thought her unbearably uppish and show-offy, and in one of those flashes of genius that come to the dullest of mortals, he had invented the epithet "High Hattie" to describe the *grande dame* next door. Harriette, on the other hand, regarded Jim-Jams as one of the lowest of the vertebrates, and often said as much, whether asked or not.

So absorbed was she today in the pally remarks of her hocus-pocus dad, that she did not observe this scoffer inside the fence consorting with a sinister little dog named Admiral. But now into her dreams came the hateful words:

"Wha's the matter of you, Hat? Have you got a pain in the neck, or what?"

Not by the faintest flicker did she indicate that anybody had spoken to her. She had that great gift.

"I bet it's a airyoplane." The fifth-rate actor ostentatiously looked at the sky.

Still no reply. Harriette was as one walking alone in a vast forest, studying bird life.

Jim-Jams now affected to believe that here was rare entertainment for man and beast.

"Looky there, Admiral. That there is a giraft. See what a long neck it's got."

"Odorous creature!" muttered Harriette to herself.

Inordinately proud of this poor little waggery, Jim-Jams gave an encore.

"Yes, sir, that a giraft. It's a stiff-necked giraft, that's what it is. They come from the jungles of Siberia."

A better epithet came to Harriette as she reached her own porch.

"Hoodlump!" exclaimed Harriette.

BEING an ardent lover of words, she characteristically turned to the dictionary for aid and inspiration. She was delighted to find that "foster," which had hitherto meant little in her life, signified "nourish, support, protect," and that a foster-father was one who did all these things, though not a genuine parent.

"He will be my foster-father," she happily reflected at bedtime. "All down through the flowing years." She intended to stay awake most of the night with this glorious idea. She was in that delicious state of mind in which charming words chased each other around. "Sunshine and moonshine and starshine." Her consciousness took a pleasant little joy-ride out through the cosmos. "Suns and moons and planets"—now a helpful phrase out of the schoolroom—"oblate spheroids." Something could be done with them. "And oblate spheroids gleaming through the gloom." With this remarkable thought the poetess knocked off work and called it a day.

She appeared the next morning in a simple but colorful gardening smock, and after her defective ancestor had gone to his humdrum fire insuring she put on a floppy hat and made known her purpose to take up horticulture in a serious way.

"The pansy bed is in a very neglectful state. I am going to work on it this morning."

"That's fine, dear!" exclaimed Mother, slightly puzzled but ever tactful.

The cynical Sylvia looked inquiringly at her little sister with those eyes which had often been highly spoken of by weak-minded idiots, but which Harriette had always thought overrated. Sylvia had an obnoxious way of seeing through the child's little pretenses; but this was obviously beyond her powers. She only realized that Harriette was gardening for the public eye.

"The hollyhocks by the back fence need attention too," she said tentatively.

This was an easy one for Harriette.

"Perhaps you can be doing the hollyhocks while I do the pansies."

SHE worked long at her self-appointed task, though one is glad to feel that she did not risk her health by over-exertion. Her newly invented foster-father did not seem to be in circulation and Harriette wondered at times whether weeding pansies was such a good idea after all. At last, however, he hove into sight. She bent close over her work, then looked up in glad surprise.

"Oh, it's the pansy girl!" Nature's nobleman bared his noble brow.

"Oh, good morning. It's Mr.—"

"Satterlee." The cream of society bowed slightly. "I have been told that your name is Deale."

"Harriette Stanford Deale."

"Happy to meet you. I hope we shall be great friends."

"Pals," said Harriette.

"Pals is right."

"And comrades."

"Comrades by all means. Likewise, sidekicks." His eyes strayed toward the veranda, as if wondering whether these philanderings had been observed. "Are you a large family, Miss Deale? Have you any brothers?"

"No, Mr. Satterlee. Nothing whatever but a sister."

"Well, sisters are nice, too."

"Some are, prehaps."

The great-hearted gentleman allowed his sidekick to put a pansy into his buttonhole, and went on his way, leaving a happy soul running loose among the oblate spheroids. "A clean-cut, red-blooded American manhood," Harriette decided on perhaps flimsy evidence. "What a noble father he will make for a young girl! . . . Odorous creature!"

The invective referred, of course, not to the vanishing cream of society but to the low vertebrate in the Jameson yard. It was impossible not to see how Jim-Jams had been carrying on. When Harriette was having her tête-à-tête with the glittering stranger, the hoodlump had died in

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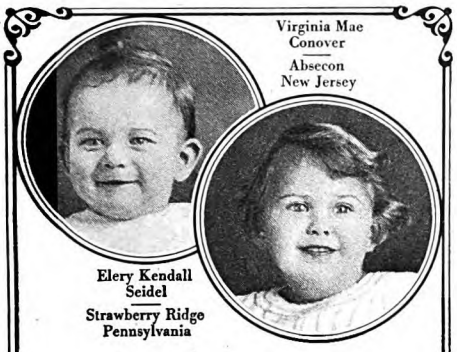

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horrible agony on the front lawn. Not sure that he had been observed, he had moved into a great open space and perished again, to the great delight of Admiral, who was easily pleased. Not for worlds would Harriette have admitted that she saw this burlesque show.

THE next day Jim-Jams was again scandalized by the exchange of amenities between Harriette and the summer resident—a talk during which their friendship ripened splendidly. After Foster Satterlee had departed, Jim-Jams accosted Harriette thus:

"What's the idea of you getting dippy about a fellow that is old enough to be your father? Are you a dumb Dora, or what?"

The poor zany meant no kindness. It was his innocent boyish purpose on this fragrant, sun-drenched June day to add his little mite to the sum of human unhappiness. He had met Harriette in many contests of satire and irony and his percentage of victories was low, but here was a situation to his liking.

"Is that any way to ask?" Thus the misguided Jim-Jams hastened happily to his doom. "You ought to get a stepladder when you talk to that ol' standpipe. When you talk up at him like that you look like his little girl."

Harriette seized his hand and pumped it with vigor:

"Thank you, James, you are very kindly."

The victim issued an astonished noise. Our beautiful language has no adequate word for this sound, yet it was in a way something like "whupff"—a sort of verbal blow-out. His weak little japperies withered and died. Harriette smiled sweetly, elevated her nose and sailed away, leaving him utterly deflated. He had fanned with the bases full. It was the sad, familiar story: Jim-Jams came in like Napoleon Bonaparte and went out like a fishworm.

The next morning found Harriette again at her bitter toil, but her heart was not in horticulture. Yesterday's sweet communion had been observed by the sharp-eyed and nose-poking Sylvia, and this conversation had ensued:

"Who was that sheik you were talking with today?"

"Which sheik?" Sparring for time, Harriette tried to create the illusion that she handled sheiks in wholesale lots.

"That nice-looking blond one with the ritzie clothes."

"Oh, that one. Why, his name, I believe, is Mr. Satterlee."

"What is he doing in Pequot?"

Harriette assumed her loftiest attitude.

"Prehaps he is spending his vacation here. My goodness, I haven't got time to find out what everybody is doing in Pequot, with all my garden work and all."

"Well, I *wondered!*"

"I know what she meant by that," thought Harriette. "She meant pansies."

Her love for those flowers, never ardent, was growing cold. The little talks with Foster were sweet, but the intervals were long and dreary. It was about time for him to lavish her with a few heart's desires; her foster-father ought to begin doing a little fostering.

The morning wore on and grew hotter. The wind blew dust in her eye and before

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"I ain't"
"He don't"
"You was"
"Can't hardly"
"We done it"
"It's me"
"He laid down"
"Those sort of people"
"Didn't you hear yet"

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she got it out her eyes were tearful and, no doubt, red. She was tempted to drop floriculture and retire to some shadowish nook; but a happy thought struck her. If Foster could see her in this distressed state, he would take pity upon her and do something handsome. If he had no yacht or costly motor car, he might at least ask her down to the Red Cross Drug Store for an ice-cream soda.

So she stuck it out for another bitter half-hour; then came her bright reward.

"Well, hello, Pansy!" came the loved voice. "How is every little thing? Why, what's the matter? Don't tell me you're crying!"

The sympathy in his voice turned on the tears. She actually was crying.

"It's nothing much." She smiled bravely. "A little dirt in my eye prehaps."

"We must do something about that," said the red-blooded American manhood. He clasped her little hand in his. "I'll take you in to your mother, or somebody."

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'll be all right."

"Come, Harriette, mind Papa." At any other time she would have been thrilled from head to foot by his whimsical phrase, but not now. There was nothing she wanted less than to expose Foster Satterlee to her home life; but this masterful man would not be denied. Every step up the graveled walk was, to her, two feet toward doom, and she could see with perfect clarity the hideous thing that was about to be.

"Don't you worry, old sidekick. We'll have you fixed up in a minute. Everything will be all—"

THEN it happened! The hall screen door flew open as if pushed by the hand of fate, and one accounted beautiful by addicts came running out, with a look of hypocritical concern in her large and effective eyes. To Harriette she seemed a trapdoor spider pouncing upon her prey.

"Miss Deale—isn't it?" Foster removed the flippant hat. "Your little sister seems to have something in her eye. I thought we'd better—"

"That's very kind of you."

Mother also appeared, and a ruinous division of labor now occurred—Mother took charge of Harriette and Sylvia took charge of nature's grand duke.

"Cast aside like a broken weed," murmured Harriette later in the enforced privacy of her own room, to which she was sentenced for a period of rest. "From the minute she got her tender hooks in him he forgot all about me." It was her hour of bitterest disillusion. "All men are like that," was her deliberate and original conclusion.

Harriette crept to the front window and looked out upon the formerly attractive lawn. The porch roof mercifully hid the occupants of the veranda from her lethal glance, but by listening carefully she could torture her ears with social voices rippling along as if there were no sorrow and suffering in the world.

"Gabble, gabble, gabble!" said Harriette maliciously.

On the afternoon of the tragedy she took her blighted life out Oak Street and showed it to Geraldine McIntyre. A more discerning person might have seen from the stricken face that Harriette was a mere hollow shell; but Gerry asked with ill-timed cheerfulness:

"Well, how are you and Fothter Thatterly getting along?"

Harriette seized her surprised friend by the wrist and said solemnly:

"Do me this favor, Gerry. Prehaps this is the last thing I'll ever ask of you. Never mention the name of Foster Satterlee again."

"Whath the matter with him?"

"He has proved unworthy of my daughtery love."

Harriette explained the matter in grim detail, she stage-managed her emotions skillfully and rattled her dead self with gusto. One not knowing that she was merely a picturesque ruin might have thought that Harriette was having rather a good time.

"Everything is all entirely clear now," she concluded. "He only scraped up an acraintance with me so he could meet Sylvia. He used me for a scrapegoat."

When the last bitter drop had been extracted from this story, Gerry was silent for a decent interval. Then she said:

"Wouldn't it be queer if—" With maidenly delicacy she left the hideous words unspoken.

"That would be more than my heart could bear," said the scrapegoat.

THE great river of time flowed on, and one Pequot day followed another, according to its incurable habit. Harriette's capacity for woe was limited and she gradually reverted to normalcy. Once more the pansies languished.

Jim-Jams lost his hunted look, the comfortable old relations were renewed and hymns of hate were exchanged over the party fence. Sylvia's nightly gathering of weak-minded idiots was enriched and enlivened by a colorful personality. Mrs. Rickhill made a belated call upon Mrs. Deale, and cleared up certain mysteries which had baffled Harriette's competent mother.

"Sam," Mrs. Deale said to her husband that night, "it seems that you have been under examination as a father by your younger daughter. Well, I'm sorry to say you flunked!"

"Hattie turned me down? I've sometimes suspected that I didn't give satisfaction. What's the matter with me, Catherine?"

She stated the main counts of the indictment as relayed—Harriette to Tillie to Mrs. Rickhill to Mrs. Deale. Much precious truth must have been lost in transit, but enough remained to convict Sam Deale of conduct unbecoming a father.

"You can't give up your business and change your name and grow more hair; but if you would try to be more like Foster Satterlee, you might be forgiven."

"Satterlee? Oh, that's the New York one with the dizzy neckwear. Has she a grand passion for him?"

"Well, baby grand I should say. You see, she adopted him as a kind of ideal father. She looked you over, and decided that she ought to carry a spare."

"How about you, Catherine?"

"Oh, I'm not thinking of making any change just at present."

"I mean, do you pass muster all right? I suppose you're a perfect mother."

Mrs. Deale elevated her nose in Harriette's best manner.

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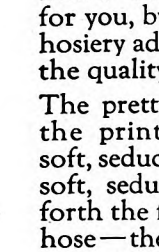

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"Perhaps not perfect. But I must say I've had no complaints from the customers."

"You must help me to lead a better life."

"All right, I'll reform you. I'll get it all out of her in time, and let you know."

"To tell the truth—I've always been a little afraid of Hattie."

"Harriette, Sam."

"I mean Harriette. I never understood her, the way I do Sylvia. I can always tell what Sylvia is thinking about."

"Can you, dear? What's she thinking about these days?"

"That's easy. Boys, clothes, tennis, swimming, motoring—"

"There you go flunking again! No; she's thinking about Foster Satterlee."

"Sylvia too? He seems to be doing well in our fam—" A look on his wife's face stopped him short. "You mean it's—serious?"

Mrs. Deale nodded wordlessly.

"Is he—good enough?"

"I don't know yet—he seems nice."

"How did she meet him?"

"Harriette found him in the street and dragged him in. I must add that he wasn't hard to drag."

Mr. Deale spoke lightly, but there was a serious undertone in his voice.

"If Harriette puts her 'O. K.' on him he must be pretty good. Believe me, that young lady is very, very choosy!"

IN THE following weeks Foster Satterlee became a familiar sight at the Deale home and he seemed to be winning his way with the other members of the family; but his discoverer remained haughty and aloof. Once in a while she tossed him a condescending smile, and that is more than she did for her sister.

Sylvia had committed grand larceny, and Harriette had decided to be bitter and unforgiving right on down through the flowing years. And all the time she could see the upraised hand of fate about to give her a terrible whack.

The blow fell upon a magic moonlit night in late August with the scented breezes stirring the white curtains of Harriette's little bedroom. Everything seemed beautiful in that light—even Sylvia seemed beautiful as she sat on her little sister's bed and told her story.

"I just had to wake you up and thank you," said this strangely sweet Sylvia, "because I owe all my happiness to you. You managed everything so beautifully from the beginning—all that pansy business and that day when you pretended to have something in your eye. You're a perfectly darling faker, and I love you."

With Sylvia's words and kisses all Harriette's bitterness vanished.

"I hope you and Foster will be very, very happy," she whispered. Before the imaginative girl fell asleep she had half convinced herself that she had executed this affair with great shrewdness.

The next morning Foster Satterlee appeared before the Deale mansion in a glittering and (by some standards) costly motor car. Upon seeing him, Harriette retreated to her room with a happy idea of presently coming down the stairway with queenly digilty to welcome Foster into the family.

It now occurred to her that she ought

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A Perfect Marcel Wave

in 15 minutes — cost 2¢

Not a concoction from a bottle—not a sticky, messy lotion—not a "trick" brush—not a "magic" cap—not an antiquated "curling" device—not a "scientific" substitute for the old-fashioned kid curler. This amazing French invention is *positively guaranteed actually to marcel wave any head of hair in 15 minutes at a cost of less than 2c.*

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FROM Paris I have brought to American women the greatest beauty secret of all time. French hairdressers have guarded it jealously for many years. This secret will enhance the beauty of any woman's hair a hundred fold. And there is but one simple, easy thing to do. Now every American woman and girl can know, for the first time, the real and true secret of the French woman's always perfectly marcelled hair, a thing that has caused American women much amazement.

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It is so simple; a small, inexpensive, easy-to-use thing—the invention of a famous French hairdresser—it is called the Marcelwaver. I brought it to America—my friends here perfected it—then sent it to 1,000 American women to try for themselves. It gave such perfect results—proved of such great convenience—saved those who tried it so much money—that every one of these 1,000 women asked to keep it—and their friends sent me orders for thousands of Marcelwavers.

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Marcelwaver is taking American women by storm. Biggest earnings ever being made by agents everywhere. You must get in on ground floor before all territory is taken. Send—today—for complete information—all FREE!

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Do not send me money—just your name and address on the coupon below. I will at once send you this secret—and a FREE copy of my famous book, "How to Marcel Wave Your Own Hair." Send today.

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Are You Going Away This Summer?

WHAT freckled noses—and sun-browned cheeks! A whole flock of happy laughing girls stepped off the train. And it seemed to me that any one of them could have won a beauty contest!

Long swims in the lake had done that—a week or two of living out in the country. Dancing in the moonlight, too, with lanterns strung among the trees.

Vacation time! Aren't you anxious to go this year?

Let us count up what you'll need to take along. Frocks—lovely, summery ones to put in your trunk. A hat or two—walking shoes and a pair of dancing slippers.

Earn the money for them now! There is a way—thousands of girls are doing just that. They have learned our fascinating secret—and in their leisure time, they are earning dollars and dollars of extra money.

We are all girls and women like you. So you can do it. You can be packing your trunks, too, in a few more weeks—and enjoying the happiest time you've ever had, by simply joining the Pin-Money Club, The American Magazine's money-making department.

WALK RIGHT IN OUR DOOR

THERE are no fees—I am eager to hear from you. And from you, too—you wives and mothers—for the work we do can be done right at home in your spare time.

Mrs. Harper of Pennsylvania earned enough last summer in the Club to treat the whole family to a trip into Canada with their car. Wasn't that the jolliest way to go traveling?

And this is a portion of a letter from a busy, fun-loving mother in the West:

> "This summer I've bought with my Club earnings gasoline and oil for trips to the beach—whole days of fun and freedom; many little luxuries like ice-cream treats and shows; and extra money to help meet the running expenses of a family of six."

MARRIED girls, school girls, even those who are tied at home with illness perhaps—are all welcome in our Club. This is the month to begin! Write me today, before you forget it. My address is

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department U
250 Park Avenue New York City

to dress for this ceremony, and with incredible speed she donned a frock which had burst upon a delighted world at Gerry McIntyre's birthday party. Just as she became a lily of the field, Sylvia opened the door and looked in.

"How lovely!" exclaimed that reformed character. "Foster wants to speak to you."

A graceful young lady in white descended the stairway; at that moment she was less the poetess and more the actress. The duchess extended an elegant hand of greeting and said: "Good morning, Foster."

But he would have none of this cold formality.

"Little olc sidekick!" he cried. He gathered her up in his he-manly arms and gave her a loud, brotherly kiss.

"You're going out in the car with me today," he said in his masterly way. "Just you and I—no mother, no sister. We're going to start right now, and goodness knows when we'll be back!"

As the countess went down to the car on the arm of the grand duke, she observed an odorous creature leaning against a nearby tree and trying to advertise his existence by grimace and gesture. There was no sign of recognition in her haughty eyes; to her there was nothing whatever present but a tree. She wrapped the cloak of invisibility about the unlovely form of the hoodlump, Jim-Jams. It was a gift.

The history of that perfect day was told in glowing prose the following afternoon to a large and appreciative audience consisting of two authentic girls and a host of unseen admirers. She and her new brother had lunched lavishly at Chilton, fifty miles from home. At two-thirty they entered a movie palace in remote Fenway. At five they were in Milltown, where Foster threw off all restraint and lavished her with a four-dollar hat.

"I think thath abtholutely grand!" said the dentally deficient Gerry McIntyre.

Six o'clock found the precious pair pledging eternal palship and comradishness in a costly refreshment parlor in Smithville. Banana splits were consumed there, likewise chocolate sodas, éclairs, peanut brittle, and cherry pie.

At this point little Tillie Rickhill rubbed her stomach indelicately and said, "Oo!"

It was dark when they returned to Pequot having, it would seem, violated all the speed and dietary laws in New England.

"We're going to be sidekicks forever," said Harriette. "All down through the flowing years like a great river of time."

"If a perthon could have a father like that!" Gerry sighed.

"My father is doing better lately. He's lost one daughter, and prehaps he is afraid that will happen again. He treats me more respectively now."

"Well," said Tillie, "I thought it was kind of dumb to have that Satterlee for a father."

"I changed my mind about that." Harriette pointed her nose toward the far horizon like a camel. "I chose him to be the father of my future niece."

Sunrise

(*Continued from page 34*)

resentment against nature stirred in me. Why should there be tempests and blizzards?

Toward dawn I slept; and when I woke, golden light was streaming over my bed. Not a breath of wind was stirring. Dressing quickly, I went out into the grove of young white pines near my house. When I saw what I did, I was ashamed of my feeling during the storm of the night before. Here were the trees hanging, as Whittier beautifully says, "like crystal chandeliers," the snow and sleet on their brown branches softly taking fire in the calm sunrise. Here was breathless beauty, an innocence and a loveliness that shone with virtue. On no two kinds of trees did the snow cling the same way: the swarthy heavy-foliaged white pines bent to the ground with their burdens; the silvery branches of the birches were delicately ridged with fairy hills and valleys of snow; the shagbark hickories had caught and were wearing on their windward sides shining garments. The old rail fence that sagged down toward the frozen pasture had arrayed itself in ermine, tinged rosily where the level sunbeams glistened upon it. In the air was a delicious sense of relenting, the thrilling certainty of returning love. Sparkling gladness surrounded me, called into being by the wild storm. However grim the tempest, it passes, and peace ensues, a peace that is impressive because it follows war. After a storm, always a calm; after darkness, light; after the mournful shadows and the berserk wind, sunrise again—not only over the earth but also in the heart.

One night I slept among the sand dunes of a wild Southern sea island. I happened to be the only human being in that solitary beautiful wilderness. Deer roamed those tropical woods by hundreds; long lines of wild ducks sped veeringly into its Lethe-like streams; wild turkeys raked the pine straw under the huge yellow pines and fed ravenously upon the acorns of the live oaks.

The place was as perfectly wild as it had been before the days of Columbus. In such a place a man is likely to be keenly aware of all that is about him; yet I had expected to be impressed chiefly by the wild life. It was not so. A sunrise over the lonely ocean stirred me far more than the sight of huge stags, shockingly tame; monstrous pines literally draped with wild turkeys gone to roost; and incredibly placid ponds swarming with wild fowl.

The deep woods of the island marched down to the rolling dunes; beyond the dunes was a fine stretch of beach, tirelessly trampled by the Atlantic. In a hollow between the dunes I slept, rolled in a blanket. Over me blazed the stars, tremulous with beauty. What woke me was the morning flight of the mallards and the black ducks and the teal; with glad cries they left the lagoons of the island for a sunny day among the sea marshes. I lay looking at them in the pearly morning heavens; like them, what was I but a child of nature rejoicing in the return of day? Then I

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turned to face the sea and the sunrise.

The tide was flooding; and as the shoals before me extended for more than a mile, the playing of the white horses was spectral and spectacular. Tossed and snowy beauty, dimly illumined now, made the sea a visionary loveliness. The deep rose of the eastern sky turned scarlet, while long blushes of crimson stole softly to the heavens' high arch; a misty amethyst tinge came over the waters.

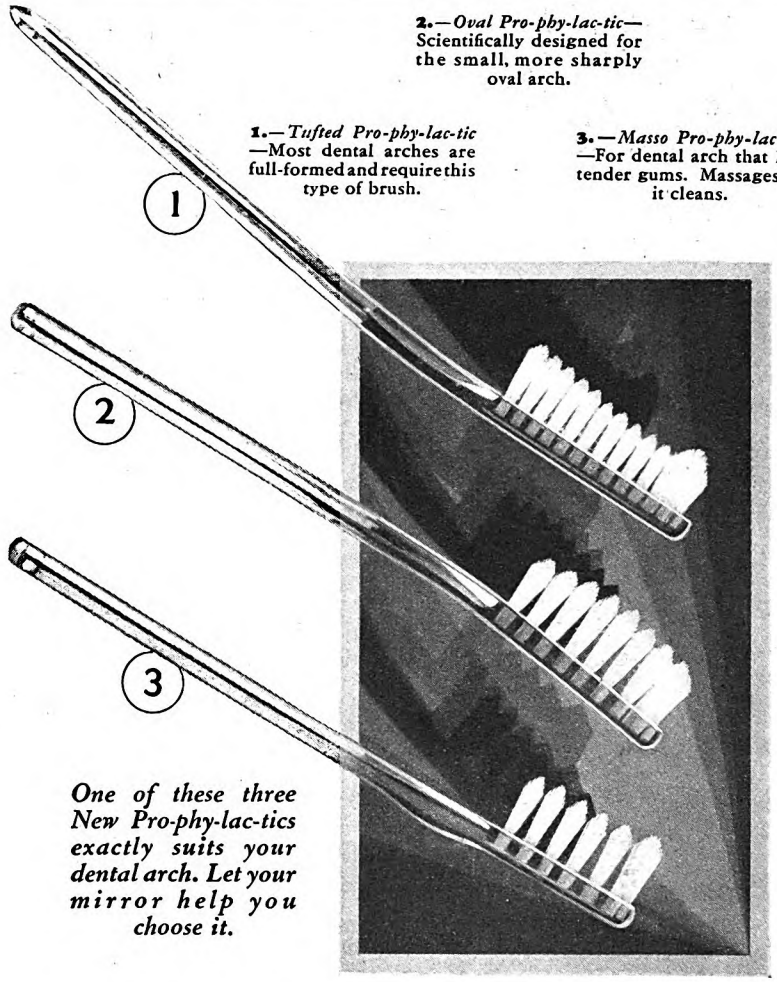
Now came the sun, its gorgeous shafts of fire reddening the rolling foam of ten thousand waves. Was there ever so gorgeous an arrival? The whole ocean was burning unconsumed before me, and upon the glossy shore there was not a shell that did not gleam and blossom with radiance. The sea and the sun! I gazed spellbound at these majestic forces, formed I know not by what amazing process of evolution; now harnessed, obedient—the sea keeping his bounds and the sun his destined course. The sea at sunrise! I searched my heart for words to express my feelings at sight of it. The words of the Shepherd King came to me, and they seemed adequate: "The sea is His, and He made it."

THEN there was that sunrise that I spent with old Asher, a hunter; a man of sinister reputation; something of a feudist; but in appearance a patriarch of his clan. Tall and full-bearded he was, with a craggy face bronzed by the outdoor life of seventy years. Renowned as a hunter, he was also a leader of the people of the woods; and as such he was frequently in personal encounters. He and I had long been friends; and when I met him at dawn on that fateful morning in Hell Hole Swamp, he and I naturally fell to talking. I asked him where he was going.

"I got to see a man," he said; and he said it in such a way as to promise no good to the man to be visited. I could see from his expression that the subject was a delicate one. As we stood on the old bank, with the wild greenwood awakening around us, I heard the joyous sweet call of the Carolina wren ringing with silver tones through the morning mist, and I called Asher's attention to it. Apparently, however, he was not interested. Then over us passed in gorgeous splendor a stately flight of snowy wood ibises, bound for the distant salt marshes. Both Asher and I watched them stream away over the lofty pines; and just as they were disappearing the first rays of the risen sun glinted refreshingly on their plumage. The tall beauty of the pines was soon flooded with light. Rapture was in the air, fragrance, serene joy, peace. We could not escape all this, Asher and I. But I did not realize its true effect upon him until, when we were about to part, I found him going my way. He said something about returning home. When we did part a half-hour later at his gateway he said:

"I'm glad I run into you this morning. If we hadn't stopped to talk, I might not have noticed the sunrise. But for that, I might have kilt a man. Don't it beat all how hard it is to be mean at sunrise, if you once stop to look at it?"

"Hard to be mean at sunrise." To me they are memorable words; and they came spontaneously yet thoughtfully from the depths of a heart deeply moved. But for a sunrise, Asher might have "kilt a man." It is one of those things that goes with me



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2.—*Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Scientifically designed for the small, more sharply oval arch.

3.—*Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic*—For dental arch that has tender gums. Massages as it cleans.

One of these three New Pro-phy-lac-tics exactly suits your dental arch. Let your mirror help you choose it.

All Different All New

for the first time Pro-phy-lac-tic designs tooth brushes to suit different types of dental arches

TEN seconds with your mirror . . . and you know exactly what tooth brush will do the most to help you gain gloriously white teeth, coral-firm gums.

Your mirror quickly reveals that your dental arch (teeth and gums) is one of three types. Yours, like most, may be full-formed as shown by a face and mouth of average size. It may be small, tending toward the oval. Or . . . still a third condition may prevail—that of teeth and gums that call for special brushing care.

Whatever type of arch you have, Pro-phy-lac-tic now makes a brush that exactly suits it . . . Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic for the full-formed mouth and dental arch; Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic for the smaller, more sharply oval dental arch; Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic for teeth and gums that need health-renewing massage as well as cleansing action.

Give your teeth this chance

Look into your mirror. Decide what type of dental arch you have. Then buy the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush that suits you best. Use it for several weeks. Then examine your teeth and gums again—if you want to see how much the right tooth brush can do to give you whiter, sounder teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

All Pro-phy-lac-tics are alike in one respect—their uniformly high quality. All have special bristles, transparent handles in new and beautiful colors, and are packed in individual packages delivered to you perfectly clean and sterile.

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Beyond New Mexico's train horizons explore by motor, in Santa Fe-Harvey comfort, a little known America of primitive Mexican villages, Spanish Missions, Indian Pueblos, prehistoric cliff dwellings and buried cities—all set in the matchless scenery and climate of the Southern Rockies. $50 for three days up to May 15, 1928.

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down the long years, giving reassurance, tinging the commonplace with the mystic bloom of wonder, suggesting to the heart that the pageants of nature always have in them spiritual power for us if we do not drive through life so fast that we are unwilling to give their silent splendor a chance to redeem our souls.

IT IS FUTILE to deny that human nature does not crave the sensational; but are we not shortsighted in imagining that in the brief and busy mortal span that is ours we are dependent solely upon ourselves and upon others like us to supply us with thrills? Besides, human performances can be gauged, can be imitated; many of the most spectacular are mere tricks. They utterly lack the superb aura of mystery that invests myriads of the masterful achievements of nature, which are the achievements of God. If we love thrills are we not missing inimitable chances if we fail to perceive many of those spectacular pageants staged by nature? For poetic beauty what scene presented by man can compare with a sea moon setting beyond white-rolling waves? What form of entertainment can man devise more splendid, more satisfying than a gorgeous sunrise in a mountain land? I especially remember a great pageant that I watched near Mount Mitchell, the loftiest crest in America east of the Rockies.

One of my harmless pastimes is searching for Indian arrowheads; and on this particular morning I had gone down an old mountain trail to investigate a reputed ancient Indian camp site, high on a flat-topped hill overlooking a wild gorge. I found the hill top to be an old pasture, so grown to heavy grass that I knew my search for relics would be vain. But my trip was not, for I met little Ben Lance, a mountain boy who had just driven his cows into that wild mountain pasture. He was shy but friendly; a lad only ten years old, yet he had about him an air of sturdy manliness and independence; a shy friendliness that immediately won my heart. I asked him his name, and he told me not only that but also much about his life in the mountains. He came of ancient English stock, though he did not know it; his manner betrayed a long inheritance; he had an aristocracy of manner that only one who is truly democratic of heart can assume. As we sat together on a gray boulder, facing Mount Mitchell, the awful and sublime rose of sunrise began to bloom for us behind the shoulder of that mighty mountain, momentous and huge and black against the eastern sky.

"Ben," I said to my small companion, "you often see the sunrise from this pasture, don't you?"

"I calculate," he said, with his quaint drawl, "that she will be here just the same time I is. I is late sometimes, but the sunrise she ain't never late. I guess that's because God manages that."

I pondered the child's words as we looked together at the flaming waves of heliotrope that were fringing the mountain crest. Every tree on the skyline of those tremendous slopes stood out vividly; dark lay the valleys beneath.

"What do you know about God, Ben?"

He looked at me with clear, intelligent eyes.

"I know He made everything," he said; "and He watches how we behave. I like to be here when the sun comes up," he went on; "it makes me feel how great God is, and then I ain't skeered of nothing."

Childish ramblings, some would call them; yet to me they brought a heartening message. Here was a lonely little lad who felt God in the sunrise; who knew in his own way the meaning of communion. Ben Lance had learned by himself the most interesting thing that all nature has to teach us: that God is close to us, is all-powerful, is loving. He learned it from the sunrise.

BUT all the beauty and all the wonder of the dawn would mean little if they did not infallibly suggest to the heart a spiritual dawn beyond our mortal night. In all the vast realm of human concern, nothing has any real importance beside the question of personal immortality. If this one immortal hope of man is vain, all other fulfilled hopes are well-nigh futile. Our trust in immortality is our chief bond to God; without immortality, our claim of divinity in our natures is both ludicrous and pathetic. But we feel that we are true children of God. Being primal and native, man's instincts are commonly right; and he has had, in all times and in all lands, the instinct for immortality. He believes that he shall survive the dark passage of the misty river of death. Nor, even to the most practical mind, need this survival seem incredible; for through what varying forms has a man not passed during his few years on earth! Conceived mysteriously, borne about by his mother in palpable darkness; living as an innocent and happy child; then as a youth, then as a man, then as an old man. He has been many persons, yet one person; and always in him, to distinguish him from the brute creation, he has felt the divine fire, the far kinship to the celestial.

Sunrise suggests to me not only the power of God grandly to continue what He has begun but it also conveys the reassurance of the Creator's love returning to us daily, bringing joy and forgiveness; and to any reflective heart it intimates that no night is final; for, since with God all things are possible, His almighty love has, I confidently believe, prepared for us a radiant future beyond the sundown of death. And if we meditate but momentarily upon what He has done and upon what He does do, confidence in immortality is natural, reasonable, and, to my way of believing, to be counted upon as infallibly as the sunrise.

ONCE IN A WHILE a man arises who is so bewilderingly facile that he's a whole host unto himself. Such a man is Chase Salmon Osborn, about whom you will read next month. Born and bred in poverty, he became the governor of Michigan after vicissitudes, exploits, and adventures which put the dime novel in the shade. His "nose" for iron led him to discover great iron deposits; his love of adventure led him into Central Africa, Madagascar, and the Andes; his love for humankind led him to give back the vast wealth he had collected, keeping for himself only enough to live on. An amazing man, who can talk on any subject and is an authority on many.

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Gold is Where You Find It

(*Continued from page 41*)

about . . . about the boys behind the mills."

And he told her, with sparkling humor clothing the stark tragedies of his childhood; and after he had gone that night she stood for long in the middle of her tranquil room, trying to determine why her pulse was quick. That terrible, drab, cruel background! But sympathy for it, alone, would not move her so.

After a time she commenced to wonder if he had been playing a trick on her. He had spoken no word of love, made no familiar gesture.

The first break in his attitude came in September.

"How long," he asked, as he pulled off his overcoat, "does a man know a girl of your sort before he calls her Janet?"

"I haven't the least idea, Marc," she said, and he rubbed his palms boyishly.

Later: "We seem to get along. I don't bore you, or you wouldn't keep asking me back. Sometimes I wish you'd quit your job. A girl like you doesn't like to go to places with her employer, and there are so many things to do—"

"Don't be silly!" she interrupted.

"I know a place," he said, "away out; an old, old inn, where the food is surpassing fine. And now, with the forests beyond town all gaudy. . . . Sunday, for dinner?"

They sat in the beamed room by a lazy open fire, alone, and he made love to her across the table.

"SOMEHOW I knew, from the moment you walked into my office that I was going to love you," he said, so quietly. "But there were complications. I wanted, first, to find out about your sort. Then I wanted to see you outside the job, so I could find out about you. . . . How could I? But you played up. . . . That's part of being your sort, isn't it?"

She sat very still, though she thought her heart would rock her.

"You made yourself easy to know. You made it easy for me to tell you about myself. You have . . . poise, and assurance. All my life I've wanted to be sure of myself, like that. All my life I've been wanting the love, the understanding, the companionship of a woman. I know, now, I've been wanting your kind. I've known for months, that I wanted just you!"

He was so gentle now!

"You don't say anything," he breathed, after the pause, and she saw him fight back misgiving.

"I have nothing to say. I . . . I don't know what *I* want, Marc."

"You have had your chance at all the obvious things—position, devotion, courage. What is it, Janet, besides these?"

She averted her face, because the intensity of his want hurt her, knowing, as she did, that she could not satisfy it.

"I don't know, I tell you!" Her low cry was almost fright. "Don't think I fail to appreciate; don't feel I'm cold and hard! Oh," she threw out a pleading hand. "Stability! It's what we both want,

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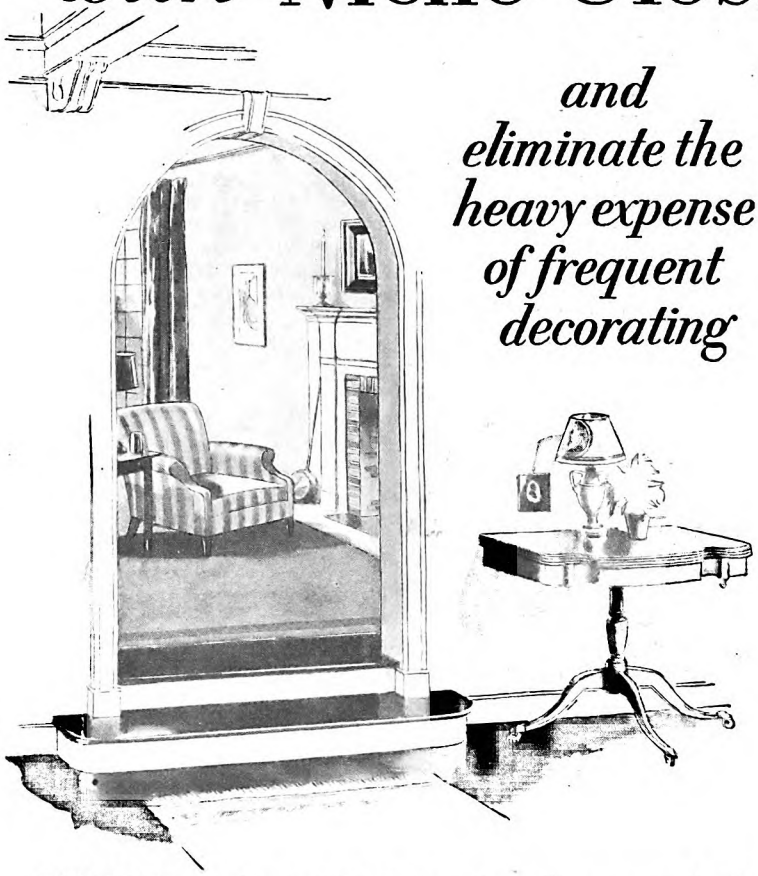
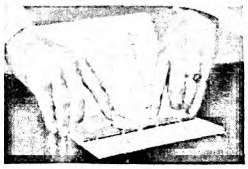


and eliminate the heavy expense of frequent decorating

HERE is a paint that fairly transforms your rooms! Lowe Brothers Mello-Gloss. It makes your walls and ceilings *a part* of your decorative scheme. It makes them more complementary to your drapes and hangings. More effective as a background for your furniture.

And this paint is so remarkably serviceable and lasting. Walls and ceilings that are finished with Mello-Gloss can be *kept* clean merely by using soap and water or Lowe Brothers Cleaner. They can be cleaned five or six times, and each time look like new. This means that by finishing with Mello-Gloss, your first cost constitutes your entire decorating expense for years.

Before you choose your decorating materials, see The Lowe Brothers Dealer. Let him tell you about Mello-Gloss, which has slight luster; or about Mellotone if you prefer a *flat* finish, one without luster.



Be sure to get a copy of "The Art of Color in the Home." This unusual booklet contains valuable information and expert advice on home decoration. It is profusely illustrated in color and can be obtained free from any Lowe Brothers dealer or mailed from Dayton direct to your home for 10c in stamps.

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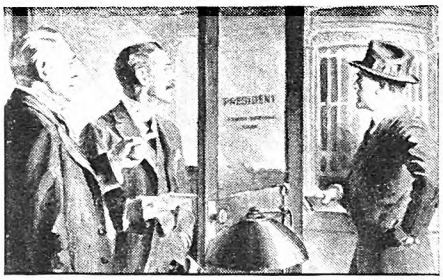

"He saves $100 a month"

"SEE that man at the receiving teller's window? That's 'Billy' King, Sales Manager for The Browning Company. Every month he comes in and adds $100 to his savings account.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $25 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred too. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The schools will do wonders for you, I know. We've got several I. C. S. men right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton, and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department and two months ago they made him Sales Manager. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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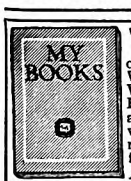

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Marc, so badly. . . . But what in a man gives a girl like me promise of it?"

They drove silently into town through the dusk, and he walked up the one flight to her apartment.

"Don't you know now?" he pleaded.

Her eyes were closed in suffering.

"I'm . . . I'm all confused. Sometimes, it seems as though I'll *never* be sure."

And so until winter they went about, self-conscious, now, in each other's presence. He came to see her again, but a barrier was between them because his desire was so intense, her search for the quality she demanded so futile. She saw him plunge into his work, as though to bury misgivings; saw him fight fearlessly, gloriously, through the paving scandal; saw circulation mount; saw, with the clarity of a moving pencil, the situation screw up and up to the making point, which was so dangerously near the breaking point.

Oh, he wanted so much to have his paper! He grew gaunt with the struggle, and his eyes did not smile.

JANUARY the fifteenth. That was the date he had set for himself. On that day new advertising contracts would go into effect, with volume enough to make the showing his impatient creditors demanded. But a single doubt in the minds of one of these would spell ruin. They must stay with him, all of them, through this final phase of his fight.

"I want to see Mr. Howell."

Janet looked up to see a bland man before her desk.

"Yes? And who, please, is calling?"

"Mr. Baxter, H. H. Baxter."

This was Baxter, then, of Baxter and Rudyard, who had made and lost a fortune in real estate, and were rumored to be on the point of making another.

Wearily Howell received her message. "All right."

"Go right in, Mr. Baxter."

Mr. Baxter went right in. He closed the door behind him, holding the knob to seat the latch securely. But that latch needed attention, like other equipment about the office. It held a moment, but the slight jar of the man's steps as he crossed to a chair loosened it. The door swung open an inch, letting their voices out.

The exchange of preliminaries, with a tinge of dislike in Howell's tone.

"Got a story I thought would interest you." Pause. Howell made no response, forcing this caller to state his errand. Baxter cleared his throat:

"Traction company's going to make an extension through the Fern Run district. That ought to be of interest, Howell."

Another pause. Then: "How can United Traction make such an improvement? Man, they can't even keep up the extensions required by their franchise. I happen to know what shape they're in."

"Well, I'm telling you they will. The other papers will say so."

"I'll have one of the boys see them."

Janet heard Baxter move in his chair.

"Chances are, they'll deny it."

"So? That settles it for us, then."

"The other papers don't feel that way." Then: "Look here, Howell, Mr. Chapman'll appreciate this."

Chapman! Janet knew Chapman, a director and chairman of the discount committee of Security Savings, where a past-due loan was being carried until the fifteenth. Chapman had sent disagreeable messages to the publisher of the "Express." She knew his attitude had been, and still was, a harrying factor.

"I'd be glad to please Chapman . . . some way. But I can't do this."

Then, in a tone she knew he used only when his darkest suspicions were aroused:

"You're interested in Fern Run, Baxter. Got a big subdivision out there, haven't you?"

"To be frank, we have. That's why I'm here."

"Car line means a lot, eh?"

"Naturally."

"Matter of fact, according to gossip, you fellows are out on a limb again. If you could move Fern Run, it'd put you in the clear?"

"No, to the first; yes, with qualifications, to the second."

"And haven't I heard that you've just formed a new corporation to take this tract over, and are peddling the stock upstate?"

"I didn't come in to discuss our affairs."

But Howell interrupted, voice rising:

"What's the racket, Baxter? You want us to be the goat on a fake story, so you can unload on some suckers?"

"You're going pretty far, Howell!"

Both men were on their feet.

"I came here to give you a tip on a story; and, if you must know it, Chapman told me to tell you he wanted it published."

Howell's hand smacked down on the desk.

"You can't play me for a crook!"

The silence was thunderous. Then Baxter cleared his throat and laughed.

"All right, Howell; I'll come clean. This extension will be built . . . sometime. All we need is this one thing to close our deal. They can't lose in the end. They may wait a little but—"

"But you can't save your own skins without a lie, eh?"

"Steady, now!" He was trying to be conciliatory. "Chapman is in to his ears with us. If we don't swing this, we smash. If we go, he loses a hundred thousand, flat! He told me to tell you to print this story, and he added this for me; not for you, just for me: That if you don't print it, he'll see that your connection with the 'Express' is a joke by noon tomorrow, when the Security Savings Board meets. Now"—savagely—"do you believe *that?*"

WHEN Howell spoke—after a long, long interval—his voice was hard and rough as it used to be, probably, after shouting his papers all day long in a raw wind.

"Yes, Baxter, I believe that. Chapman swings the board; he'll have no charity. He's got me down—and he'll strike.

"But I've a message to charge you with for Chapman: Tell him that *until* my connection with this paper is a joke, I'm impelled to use behind-the-mills methods on any man who makes such a proposal to me. There, sir, is the way out!"

Janet could see him, as Baxter stormed through the doorway, with his finger still leveled at the exit of the little office where he had dreamed his dreams and fought his fight. She was in full view, but he did not see her. Slowly he lowered his hand, and then sat down in his chair and picked up a proof that lay on his desk.

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Though she watched for a long time he sat there holding that piece of paper, not reading, scarcely breathing, it seemed; in the attitude of work, but not working. Simply staring into the ruin of his hopes. . . .

She did not speak; one, with a sense of the fitness of things, does not speak to another in a moment like that. She walked home, cold and frightened. She was restless that evening. She wanted to telephone Marc and call him to her, but did not. What could she say? Or do? She did not sleep until late, and when she did it was to dream of a man stricken.

Howell betrayed nothing the next forenoon. At twelve a telephone call came for him.

"Mr. Chapman is calling," she said, standing in the doorway.

"Oh, yes," almost gruffly. "Tell him I am coming down."

He left at once. He was gone until the last rumble of the presses had died. When he returned, he walked briskly. He smiled at Janet as he passed her desk, and she heard him opening and closing drawers in his office.

A half-hour of this. Then: "Oh, Janet?"

THE place was very still as she entered. He had piles of books and papers about, was tying one bundle with cord, and did not look up.

"I'm awfully sorry; but I'm not sure they will want you here after today."

"They?" she echoed.

"Yes, you see, someone from Security Savings will be here in the morning. I've —I couldn't quite make a go of it."

He looked up at her then, and smiled, and there was no pain in his eyes. His face was serene. He was beaten; but he had fought the fight and kept the faith.

"I'm so sorry," he said again. "You've done remarkably well. If you want, I shall tell them—"

Her nails were biting her palms. Her heart was pelting its chamber. She was living again those moments when her father came home, smiling through his ruin.

"Marc!" Her voice was shrill, so shrill that it startled her. "Marc Howell!" He stood erect, sharply. "Marc, it's gone? . . . the 'Express'? But I'm here, Marc! . . . I'm waiting . . . with all the love . . . all the faith . . . the belief and faith—"

He had her by the arms, he was shaking her, and his face frightened her, it was so savage.

"Look here!" he choked. "Is this . . . because I'm busted?"

"No! No! No!"

"If it isn't sympathy— What is it makes you love me, now?"

His look was so intense that she drew back. It seemed as though his whole life hung on her answer.

"I don't know, Marc. I . . . I love you." He trembled so! "I—" She brushed her eyes and looked up into his face with a glorious smile. "It's been so silly. It's such a common word . . . for such a precious thing—nobility!"

"I'm not noble; I'm just a kid from behind the mills, remember!"

"Gold," she said, as she drew him close, "is where you find it!"

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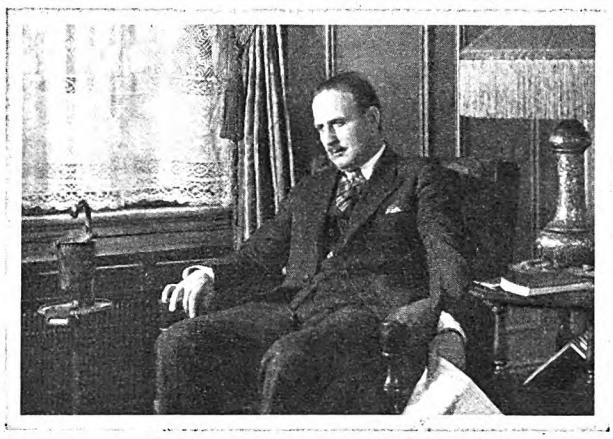
Bad Breath! Tired Digestion! Constipation!

—frequent signs of "intestinal toxicity"



WE ALL know them, those dreadful days. With head throbbing dully—a mouth like . . . (you know the idiom)—and no appetite for even the most tempting food! Hateful days that seem to last forever!

We should take such days seriously. For the things we experience then are usually Nature's danger signals—warnings of intestinal toxicity.

Ordinarily it's simply a case of eating and drinking too much . . . and too much, too often! But it is not a condition to be neglected—nor one to be dismissed by the indiscriminate use of a pill or two. The consequences may be far too serious.

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Other People's Children, Dogs, and Radios

(*Continued from page 57*)

twitching, his ears and nose quivering. I do not tell myself nor my friends that he is dreaming of angels or of heaven. I do not presume to do this. Only he and his Maker know what he thinks. That is one reason I respect him so much—too much to interpret his actions to suit my own whim or my love of exaggeration.

So much for other people's dogs.

When I begin with other people's radios I may as well admit that I am touching on a subject of which, technically, I know absolutely nothing. Yet some of us are able to say most about that of which we know least.

As I have already confessed, I have never owned a radio. I will go further and say that I have never even manipulated one—turned it on, adjusted it, started it, or whatever the term is that one uses with regard to this wonderful invention. Nor have I ever lived in a house with one. But I have visited and made calls in the same house with a radio.

Right here I pause to give vent to a truthful statement. I consider the radio one of the greatest of blessings to many persons. It is a mental—perhaps spiritual—life-saver to millions. If I were living in the country, or were lonely, or had many leisure hours on my hands, I would rejoice at the radio as one that findeth great spoil.

But—that does not mean that I want to listen to the radio upon *all* occasions. Nor does it mean that I do not at times resent my neighbors' radios.

I am not complaining that I have a close neighbor whose radio brings to my ears things that disturb me when I am trying to work. I believe there are radios in the apartment house in which I live for a part of the year. They do not annoy me. In the winter when doors and windows are closed I do not hear them. In summer I go where I am sufficiently isolated to have the delicious peace for which I long. No, the radio that I resent is that which someone insists on turning on at the wrong time.

FOR instance: Some months ago a woman asked me to set a time when I would spend an hour with her grandmother.

"Grandmama gets out very little," she implored, "and she is lonely. She is really hurt that you call on her so seldom."

It so chanced that I was more than usually busy at that time. However, I did not say so, but asked if she would like me to come the following Sunday afternoon. She said she would, and I did not tell her that I was going to break another engagement in order to call on her grandmother, of whom, by the way, I am very fond. Promptly at the hour set I presented myself at her door. The brother of the granddaughter admitted me.

"Good afternoon!" he said. "Won't you come right in? We are just listening to the services at the Y. M. C. A."

I followed him into the living-room, keeping step to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the strains of which were blaring forth from a loud speaker. They were silenced long enough for me to greet my hostesses—the grandmother and granddaughter. Then the younger woman made the statement that her brother had made.

"Yes," the grandmother supplemented, "and Rev. Dr. Blank is speaking at the Y. M. C. A. this afternoon. He is really remarkable. But if you would rather talk, we'll shut the radio off."

What could I say—being an ordinarily courteous and kindly person? Of course I disclaimed any desire to interfere with her listening to Doctor Blank's discourse. She smiled her pleasure, as did her young companions, and again the radio was started. For forty-five minutes the Rev. Dr. Blank held forth in sonorous periods. Then there were some more hymns. By that time my hour was up. I was expecting friends to dinner and had to go home to give a new servant some instructions. I rose to my feet.

"Oh!" my hosts demurred; "are you going already?"

"I must," I said; "I am expecting friends to dinner."

"I am disappointed," the dear old lady remarked reproachfully. "I have been looking forward to a nice talk with you, and here you are going away without my having a chance for even a brief chat."

I did not remind her that that chance had been overlooked. Nor am I claiming that my conversation would have been more interesting than the preacher at the Y. M. C. A. All I claim is that when people want to listen to their radios they should not urge busy mortals to come to *talk* to them.

A FEW weeks ago I was dining with a friend whose husband is a radio fan. At least six times during the after-dinner conversation the husband interrupted us when we were in the midst of most interesting discussions, to ask us to listen in on this or that speaker or entertainer. Once someone in Washington was delivering an interminable speech in a raucous voice. This proved unacceptable to our host, so we guests were allowed to continue our discussions until the speech was over. Then we were urged to "listen to this," which proved to be some dinner music at one of the hotels. Later, a really charming talker was cut off in the middle of a delightful discourse because friend husband wanted to get some particular orchestra. Connected conversation became so difficult that at last we gave up in despair.

When I left, one of the men escorted me to my taxi. He was so grave that I looked at him inquiringly.

"What are you thinking?" I demanded.

"That I would like to teach radio owners a code of ethics!" he exploded.

I laughed with conscious relief. My companion was uttering a sentiment that had smoldered within me for the past two hours.

And, anyway, what hostess would forgive one for saying what one thought of other people's children, dogs, and obtrusive radios?

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Well, Rock, I had hard luck. Two bad years for water and grass. Then Dabb shut down on me. I held the little end of a deal with him. Next, I sold some cattle, put the money in a bank, an' it busted. Then Preston moved into the country—an' here I am."

"How in thunder did you get *here*?" demanded Rock bluntly.

"Right off I made a mistake," returned Slagle, nodding his head. "Preston was keen about my ranch in the Pass. He made me a good offer. I refused. He kept after me. I had some hard words with his son, Ash, an' it all led to a breach. They kept edgin' my stock down out of the Pass, an' I didn't have the riders to drive it back. That way, then, an' in others, I fell more in debt. No banks would give me credit. I had finally to sell for about nothin'."

"To Preston?"

"Sure. No one on the lower range would take it as a gift. It was a poor location, if any other outfit rode the Pass."

"Ahuh! Then, as it stands, Preston about ruined you?"

"No, Rock, I couldn't claim that. My deal with Dabb hurt me most—started me down-hill. Gage Preston never did me any dirt that I actually know. When I went to him an' told him his outfit was drivin' my stock off grass an' water, he raised the very Old Ned with his sons, in particular Ash Preston, who's sure rotten enough to taint the whole other twelve Prestons."

"So this Ash Preston *is* rotten?" queried Rock, deliberately, glad to find one man not afraid to voice his convictions.

"ROCK, I don't talk behind any cattleman's back. I told Gage Preston this, an' I told Ash to his face."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, the old man stalled off a shootin' match, I reckon."

"Have you ever met since?"

"Lots of times. But I've never had the nerve to draw on Ash. I know he'd kill me. He knows it, too."

"What you mean by rotten?"

"Mebbe it's a poor word. But I know what I mean. Did you ever see a slick, cold, shiny rattlesnake, just after sheddin' his skin, come slippin' out, no more afraid of you than hell, sure of himself, an' ready to sting you deep? Well, that's Ash Preston."

"Ahuh! And that's all you mean?"

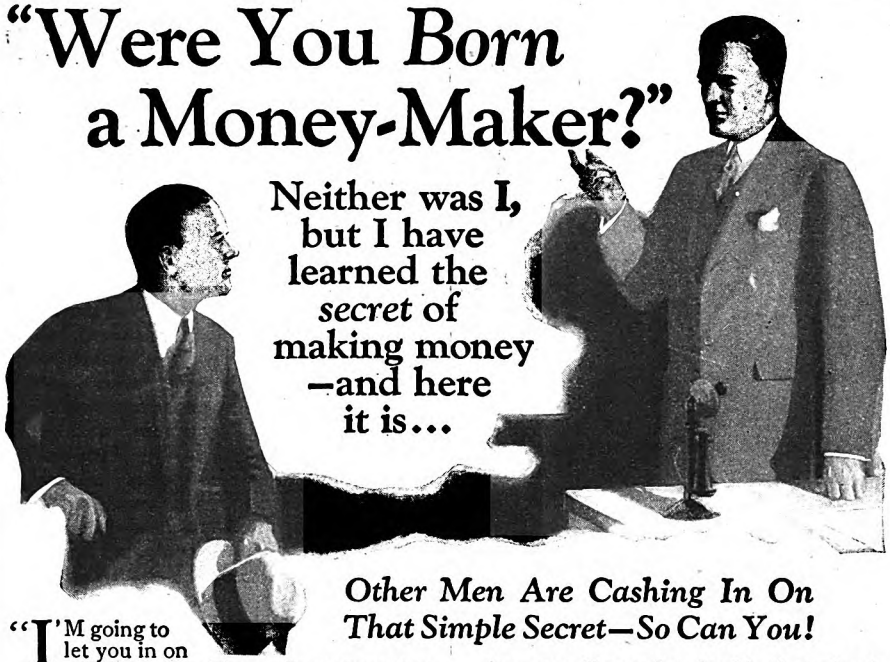
"Reckon it is, Rock. I've lost cattle the last five years, some hundreds in all. But so has Preston, an' other ranchers, all the way from Red Butte to the sand. There's rustlin', more perhaps than when you helped us clean out the Hartwell outfit. But, sore as I am, I never laid any of it to Ash Preston."

"I see," rejoined Rock, studying the other's masklike face. "Glad to get your angle. I'm goin' to ask Preston for a job."

"I had a hunch you were. I'm wishin' you luck."

"Walk out with me and see my horse, Jess," rejoined Rock, turning. . . . "Do you aim to hang on here?"

"Were You *Born* a Money-Maker?"



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"I'M going to let you in on a little secret, Tom. It cost me ten years to discover it, but if you can use it—and you can—you're welcome to it.

"When I was your age, I was always wondering why the boss never seemed to take much interest in me—why, for instance, when he needed a new department head he would always pick the other fellow. Oh, I got a little 'raise' now and then—maybe an extra five a week, every year or two—but the jobs that paid real money always went to someone else.

"Then two things happened—

"First, Bob Harris was promoted to Chief Accountant—salary $6,500. I knew Bob didn't have any more natural ability than I had—yet the fact remained that he got the place. And I had to admit that he was better able to swing it!

"On top of that, Bert Winslow, who hadn't been with our organization half so long as I, was stepped up to General Sales Manager—salary $8,000.

"Well, I took myself aside, and for the first time in my life I looked the situation squarely in the face. That night I clipped and mailed a LaSalle coupon.

"First thing I knew, a vacancy occurred—not the *big* job yet, but a job much bigger than the one I had been filling. I landed it—made good—then got a better job—and a better one yet—

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"Thank heaven, I don't," replied Slagle, with a first show of feeling. "My wife—she's my second wife, by the way—has had a little money an' a farm left her, in Missouri. We're leavin' before winter sets in."

"Glad to hear you've had a windfall, Jess. . . . Now, what do you think of that white horse?"

ROCK had been two hours leisurely climbing the imperceptible slope up to the mouth of Sunset Pass. It was mid-afternoon. The clouds had broken somewhat and already there were tinges of gold and purple against the blue sky.

At last he entered the wide portal of the Pass, and had clear view of its magnificent reach and bold, wild beauty. The winding Sunset Creek came down like a broken ribbon, bright here, and dark there, to crawl at last into a gorge on Rock's left. The sentinel pines seemed to greet him.

They stood as he remembered, first one, isolated and stately, then another, and next two, and again one, and so on that way until at the height of the Pass, they grew in numbers, yet apart, lording it over the few cedars on the level bench, and the log cabins, strange to Rock, that he knew must be the home of the Prestons.

Many and many a time had he camped there, realizing and loving the beauty of that lovely aloof spot, yet never had he imagined it as a site for a ranch. But it was indeed the most perfect situation of any he had ever seen. And it was Thiry Preston's home.

Slowly Rock rode up and entered the beautiful open park. The road cut through the center and went down the other side. Rock had a glimpse of gardens, corrals, fields, and then the purple pass threaded with winding white.

There were no rocks, no brush, no fallen logs or dead timber. The few cedars, and piñons and pines stood far apart, as if distributed by a mighty landscape artist. Some of the cabins were weathered and gray, with moss green on the split shingles. They had wide eaves and sturdy gray chimneys built outside, and glass windows.

Other cabins were new, especially a little one, far over under the overhanging green slope and near a thin line of white water falling from a mossy rock. The largest of the pines marked this little cabin, and towered over it protectingly.

Just then a hound bayed, deep and hollow, no doubt announcing the advent of a stranger in the Pass. Rock, having come abreast of the first cabin, halted his horse.

The door of this cabin opened. A tall belted and booted man stalked out, leisurely, his eaglelike head bare, his yellow hair waving in the wind—Ash Preston.

Rock felt that seldom indeed had he been looked over as he now was by this Ash Preston. No hint of recognition in that live blue gaze!

"Howdy, stranger. Off the trail?"

The omission of the invariable Western "get down and come in," was not lost on Rock.

"Howdy to you," he returned. "Is this Gage Preston's ranch?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm on the right track. I want to see him."

"Who're you, stranger?"

"I'm Trueman Rock, late of Texas."

"Rock. . . . Are you the Rock who used to ride here before we came?"

"Reckon I am."

Ash Preston measured Rock again, a long penetrating look that was neither insolent nor curious.

"You can tell me what you want with Preston. I'm his son Ash."

"Glad to meet you," said Rock pleasantly; and that was true, even if he had to feign the pleasure. "Do you run Preston's business?"

"I'm foreman here."

"Reckon my call's nothin' important," returned Rock easily. "But when I do call on a cattleman I want to see him."

"Are you shore it's my father you want to see most?" asked Ash, without the slightest change in tone or expression.

"Well, I'm callin' on Miss Thiry too, for that matter," rejoined Rock. "But I'd like to see your father first."

"Miss Thiry ain't seein' every rider who comes along," said Preston. "An' Dad ain't home."

"You mean *you* say he isn't home to *me?*" queried Rock, deliberately.

"Wal, I didn't expect you to take it that way; but since you do we'll let it go at that."

"Excuse me, Preston, if I can't let it go at that," Rock returned, coolly. "Would you mind tellin' me if any of the other ten Prestons are home?"

THERE the gauntlet went in the face of Ash Preston. Still he did not show surprise. The intense blue of his eyes, steady on Rock, changed only with a flare. Whatever he might be when drunk, when sober as he was now, he was slow, cold, complex, cunning. He was flint, singularly charged with fire. Rock would have felt easier in mind if Preston had shown less strength and perception. But he gave Rock the same status that Rock gave him. It augured ill for the future.

"Wal, Rock, all the Prestons are home, if you're so set on knowin'. But there's one of the thirteen who's advisin' you to dust down the road."

"Reckon that must be you, Mister Ash?"

"An' that's shore me."

"Well, I'm sorry. I don't know you. And sure you don't know me. I can't ever have offended you. Why are you so uncivil?"

Preston's glance, straying over Rock and the flashy saddle and beautiful horse, betrayed something akin to disfavor, but he did not commit himself further than to make a slight gesture, indicating the road down the Pass.

"Plain as print," went on Rock bluntly. "But I'm not takin' your hunch, Ash Preston. I'll stay long enough, anyhow, to see if the rest of your family are as rude to a stranger as you are."

In one sliding step Rock reached the ground. And at that instant heavy boots crunched the gravel.

"Hey, Ash, who're you palaverin' with?" called a deep voice.

Ash wheeled on his heel, as on an oiled pivot, and without answer strode back into the cabin, to slam the door. Then Rock turned to see who had intervened. He saw a man of massive build, in the plain garb of an everyday cattleman.

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Rock perceived at once that he was father to Thiry and Range Preston; but there seemed no resemblance to Ash. He might have been fifty years old. Handsome in a bold way, he had a smooth, hard face, bulging chin, well-formed large lips, and great deep gray eyes.

"Stranger, I reckon Ash wasn't welcomin' you with open arms," he said.

"Not exactly. . . . You're Gage Preston?"

"Shore am, young man. Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, I asked for you. He said you weren't home."

"Dog-gone Ash anyhow," replied the rancher, with impatient good humor. "Whenever a cowpuncher rides in hyar, Ash tells him we've got smallpox or such like. He's not sociable. But you mustn't judge us other Prestons by him."

"I was tryin' to argue with him on that very chance," said Rock smilingly.

"Hope Ash didn't take you for a hoss thief. 'Course he knowed Leslie's white hoss. We seen him only yesterday."

"Well, your son didn't say. But I reckon he thought so. I bought this horse from Leslie."

"Grand hoss he is, you lucky rider," replied Preston, with a huge hand on the white flank. "Hyar, Tom," he called, turning toward a lanky youth in the background. "Take these hosses. Throw saddle an' pack on the porch of the empty cabin. . . . Wal, stranger, you're down, so come in."

ROCK had not noticed that the next cabin, some distance away under the pines, was a double one of the picturesque kind, long, with wide eaves, a porch all around, and ample space between the two roomy log structures. Evidently, the second cabin was a kitchen. But both had large stone chimneys. Deer and elk antlers, saddles and skins, hung on the walls between the cabins. Table and benches there indicated where the Prestons dined.

"Reckon it'll be pleasanter sittin' outside," said Preston, and invited Rock to a rustic seat under the trees. "What'd you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, yet," laughed Rock. He liked Preston, and could not help but compare the son most disparagingly with the father.

"Thiry didn't tell me, either," went on the rancher. "But I know you're the young fellar who was polite to her, an' did somethin' or other for her thet made Ash huffy."

"Yes, I am. It wasn't much, certainly nothin' to offend Miss Thiry's brother."

"Aw, Ash was drunk. An' he shore ain't no credit to us then. But, young man, I'll say you didn't lose any time trailin' Thiry up," went on Preston quizzically, with a twinkle in his big gray eyes.

"Mr. Preston, you—I—I—" began Rock, somewhat disconcerted.

"You needn't lie about it. Lord knows this hyar has happened a hundred times. An' don't call me 'mister.' Make it plain Preston, an' Gage when you feel acquainted enough. You're not tryin' to tell me you didn't foller Thiry out hyar."

"No—not exactly. But I came to ask you for a job.'

"Good. What'll you work fer?"

"Reckon the same as you pay any

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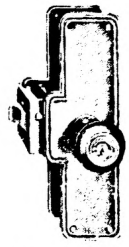
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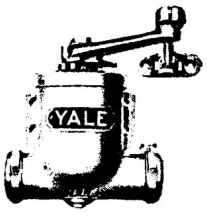

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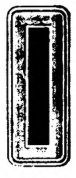
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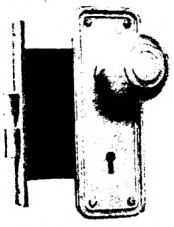
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"Wal, you're hired. I'm shore in need of a man who can handle the boys. I run two outfits. Ash bosses the older riders. If you fit in with the youngsters, it'll shore be a load off my mind."

"That suits me fine. I reckon I can hold up the job."

"Wal, you strike me all right. But I gotta tell you that no young man I ever hired struck Ash right. An' none of them ever lasted."

"PRESTON, if I turn out to be of value to you, will *you* want me to last?" queried Rock, and this was the straight language of one Westerner to another.

"Wal, I like your talk an' I like your looks. An' I'll say if you can handle my boys an' stick it out in the face of Ash, I'll be some in your debt."

"I don't know Ash, of course. But I can take a hunch, if you'll give it."

"Wal, Ash sees red whenever any puncher looks at Thiry. He cares fer nothin' on earth but thet girl. An' she's awful fond of him. She's never had a beau. An' Thiry's near twenty-two."

"Good heavens! Is her brother so jealous he won't let any man look at her?"

"Wal, he wouldn't if he could prevent it—thet's daid shore. An' far as the ranch hyar is concerned he does prevent. But when Thiry goes to town accidents happen, like you meetin' up with her. Thet riles Ash."

"In that case, Preston, I'm afraid Ash will get riled out here. For I reckon the same kind of accident may happen."

"Hum! Hum! You're a cool hand to draw to. What'd you say your name was?"

"I haven't told you yet. It's Trueman Rock, late of Texas. But I used to ride here."

The rancher apparently met with instant check to his mood. "What? . . . Trueman Rock! Are you thet there True Rock who figgered in gun-play hyar years ago?"

"Sorry I can't deny it, Preston."

"You rode fer Slagle—when he had his ranch down hyar below in the Pass? It was you who run down thet Hartwell rustlin' outfit?"

"I can't take all the credit. But I was there when it happened."

"Say, man, I've heerd aboot you all these years. Darn funny, I didn't savvy who you were."

"It's been six years since I left here . . . and perhaps you heard some things not quite fair to me."

"Never heerd a word thet I'd hold against you. Come now, an' meet these hyar eleven other Prestons."

Rock faced the ordeal with mingled emotions, chiefly concerning Thiry, but with nothing of the innibition he had labored under while encountering Ash. Thiry, however, to his keen disappointment, was not one of the half-dozen Prestons who answered the rancher's cheery call.

Mrs. Preston appeared a worthy mate for this virile cattleman. She was buxom and comely, fair like all of them, and some years younger than her husband.

"Ma, this is Trueman Rock, who's come to ride fer me," announced Preston. Then he presented Rock to Alice, a girl of sixteen, not by any means lacking in the good looks that appeared to run in the family. She was shy, but curious and friendly. Rock took instantly to the ragged, barefooted, big-eyed children, Lucy and Burr; and signs were not wholly wanting that they were going to like him.

"Where's Thiry?" asked the rancher.

"She's ironin', Dad," replied Alice.

"Wal, didn't she hyar me call?"

"Reckon she did, Pa, for you'd most woke the daid," replied his wife; and, going to the door of the second cabin she called, "Thiry, we've company, an' Pa wants you."

Whereupon, Thiry appeared in the door in a long blue apron that scarcely hid her graceful symmetry. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows of shapely arms. She came out reluctantly, with troubled eyes and a little frown. She showed no surprise. She had seen him through the window.

"Good afternoon, Miss Preston," greeted Trueman, evincing but little of the pleasure that consumed him.

"Oh, it's Mr. Rock, our new grocery clerk," she responded, with manner and tone that was a little beyond Trueman. "How do you do? And aren't you lost way out here?"

"Hey, Rock, what's thet aboot you bein' a grocery clerk? I reckoned I was hirin' a cowboy."

Whereupon Rock had to explain that he had been keeping store for Sol Winter when Thiry happened in. Thiry did not share in the laughter. Rock thought he saw the gray eyes quicken and darken, as she glanced swiftly from him to her father.

"Thiry, he's goin' to handle the boys," replied Preston, as if in answer to a mute query.

"You are a . . . a cowboy then," she said to Rock, struggling to hide confusion or concern. "You don't know the job you've undertaken. . . . What did my brother Ash say? I saw you talking with him."

"He was tellin' me your Dad would sure give me a job. . . . And that you'd be glad," replied Trueman, with the most disarming assurance.

"Yes, he was," retorted Thiry, blushing at the general laugh.

"YOU'RE right, Miss Preston," returned Rock ruefully. "Your brother was not . . . well, quite taken with my visit. He told me you didn't see every rider who came along. And that your father was not home. And that—"

"We apologize for Ash's rudeness," interposed Thiry hurriedly. She had not been able to meet Rock's gaze.

"Never mind, Rock. It's nothing to be hurt aboot," added Preston. "Ash is a queer, unsociable fellar. But you're shore welcome to the rest of us. . . . Thiry, if you never heard of True Rock, I want to tell you he's been one of the greatest riders of this range. An' I need him bad, in more ways than one."

"Oh, Dad, I—I didn't mean—I—of course I'm glad if you are," she returned, hurriedly. "Please excuse me now. I've so much work."

Somehow, Trueman divined that she was not glad; or, if she were, it was owing to her father's need and then it was not whole-hearted. But the youngsters saved

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him. They sidled over to him and began to ply him with questions about the white horse, which had captivated their eyes.

"What you call him?" asked Burr.

"Well, the fact is I haven't named him yet," replied Rock, surprised at the omission. "Can you think of a good one? What do you say, Lucy?"

"I like what Thiry calls him," she said shyly.

"Your sister has a name for him? Well, that's nice. Tell me. Maybe I'll like it," said Trueman, with a feeling of duplicity.

"Egypt," announced Lucy, impressively. "Isn't that just grand?"

"Egypt? . . . Oh, I see. Because he's like one of the white stallions of the Arabians. I think it's pretty good. . . . We'll call him Egypt."

"That'll tickle Thiry. I'll tell her," cried the child joyously, running into the kitchen.

Rock contrived, while letting Burr drag him 'round to look at the antlers of deer and elk, to catch a glimpse of Thiry at her work. She was alone in there, for Lucy had come running out. Rock thought she looked very sweet and domestic and capable. On the way back around the porch he stopped a moment to have another glimpse. This time she glanced up and caught him. Rock essayed to smile and pass on, to make his action seem casual.

But her gaze held him stock-still, and it was certain he could not find a ready smile. She ceased her ironing and transfixed him with great eyes of wonder and reproach, almost resentment. She accused him, she blamed him for coming. He had brought her more trouble. Rock was so roused that he forgot himself, and returned her look with all the amaze and entreaty he felt. Then the paleness of her face seemed suddenly blotted out; hastily she bent again to her work.

"COME, Rock, let me show you the ranch," called Preston. "We're shore some proud of it."

"You ought to be. I've seen a sight of ranches; but this one is the finest," returned Rock as he left the porch.

"Pa, soon as Thiry's done we'll have supper, so don't go far," spoke up Mrs. Preston.

"All right, Ma. I reckon Rock couldn't be driv very far," replied the rancher, drawing Rock away. "When we first come hyar, aboot five years ago, Slagle, as you know, lived down below. He wouldn't sell, an' he swore this divide was on his land. But it wasn't, because he'd homesteaded a hundred and sixty acres, an' his land didn't come half way up. Wal, we throwed up a big cabin, an' we all lived in it fer a while. The kids were pretty small then. Next, I tore thet cabin down an' built the double one, an' this one hyar, which Ash has to himself. He won't sleep with nobody. Lately, we throwed up four more, an' now we're shore comfortable."

The little cabin over by the creek under the largest of the pines was occupied by Alice and Thiry, and they, according to Preston, had just about put that cabin up themselves. But Rock's quick eye gathered at once that Preston or some one of his sons was something of an architect, and a most efficient carpenter.

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The grassy divide sloped gradually to the west, and down below the level, where cedars grew thicker and the pines thinned out, were the corrals and barns and open sheds, substantial and well built. Rock found his white horse in one of the corrals, surrounded by three lanky youths from sixteen to twenty years old. Preston introduced them as the inseparable three, Tom, Albert, and Harry. They had the Preston fairness, and Tom and Harry were twins.

"Rock, if you can tell which is Tom an' which is Harry, you'll do more'n anyone outside the family."

"Son-of-a-gun if I can tell now, lookin' right at them," ejaculated Rock.

THE barns were stuffed full of hay and fodder, some of it freshly cut. A huge bin showed a reserve of last year's corn. Wagons and harnesses were new; a row of saddles hung opposite a dozen stalls, where the Prestons no doubt kept their best horses. But these were empty now. A long fenced lane ran down to pastures. Horses were whistling down there, cows mooing, calves bawling.

Both money and labor had been lavished on this ranch; and it was something to open the eyes of old-time homesteaders, like Slagle. Even prosperity would not have induced Slagle to such extremes of improvement.

"Preston, if I owned this ranch I'd never leave it a single day," was Rock's eloquent encomium.

"Wal, I'd shore hate to leave it myself," returned the other, tersely.

"How many cattle have you?" queried Rock, because he knew this was a natural question.

"Don't have much idee. Ten thousand haid, Ash says. We run three herds, the small one down on the Flats, another hyar in the Pass, an' the third an' big herd up in the Foothills."

"Naturally, the third means the big job," said Rock.

"Shore will be for you boys. Thar's a lot of cattle over thar thet ain't mine. Ash said eighty thousand haid, all told, in the Foothills. But thet's his exaggerated figurin'."

"Gee! So many! Who's in on that range beside you?"

"Wal, thar's several heavy owners, like Dabb, Lincoln, Hesbitt, an' then a slew of others, from homesteaders like Slagle an' Pringle to two-bit cow-puncher rustlers. It's sort of a bad mess over thar. An' some of the outfits haven't no use fer mine."

"Ha! That's old cowboy breed. You can't ever change it. . . . I know Lincoln. But Hesbitt is a new one on me."

"Yes, he come in soon after me," replied Preston shortly. His speech, to Rock's calculating perceptions, had lost heartiness and spontaneity. But Rock doubted that he would have observed this subtle little difference had he not come to Sunset Pass peculiarly stimulated by curiosity.

"Sol Winter told me you'd worked a new wrinkle on the range," went on Rock, matter-of-factly. "Wholesale butcherin'."

"Yes. Always did go in fer thet. Hyar in this country I first set in killin' an' sellin' to local butchers. Then I got to shippin' beef to other towns, not far along the railroad. An', all told, I've made it pay a little better than sellin' on the hoof."

"Reckon it's a heap harder work."

"We Prestons ain't afraid of work," said the rancher. "But it takes some managin' as well. I made a slaughterhouse out of Slagle's place, an' then we do some butcherin' out on the range."

"What stumps me, Preston, is how you get beef to town in any quantity," responded Rock.

"Easy for Missourians on these hard roads. We got big wagons an' four-hoss teams. In hot summer we drive at night."

"So you're from Missouri," went on Rock, with geniality. "I sort of figured you were. I once worked with an outfit of Missourians. They have a lingo of their own, somethin' like Texans. Better educated, though."

"My girl Thiry went to school till she was seventeen," Preston spoke with pride. "But the rest of them had little schoolin' 'cept what Thiry has taught them out hyar. . . . Wal, you'll want to unpack an' wash up fer supper."

It was just sunset when Rock came out of the cabin assigned him. Sitting down on the stone steps of the porch he found there was an open place between the trees permitting unbroken view of the Pass.

Here, striking him like an invisible force in the air, was the wild scene famous among riders all over the Southwest. Rock had been asked about Sunset Pass more than once while he was in Texas.

A BELL called him to supper. When he reached the cabin, to find the Preston boys straddling the benches, it was to be accosted by the rancher.

"Say, cowboy, when you hyar the supper bell you come a-rarin'. Never wait for a second bell."

"Did you have to ring a second bell for me?"

"I did—or you'd have missed your supper," returned Thiry. She was standing near where Preston sat at the head of the table. Her face seemed to catch the afterglow of sunset, and her eyes, too.

"Thanks . . . I'm sorry to be late. I didn't hear. Guess I was lost in the sunset."

"Wal, it wasn't its best tonight. Too much sun. Rock, you set hyar on my right. Thet'll put you across from Thiry. Are we all hyar? . . . . Whar's Ash?"

"He rode off somewheres," replied one of the boys.

"Wal, Rock, meet Range Preston, an' thet's his real name; an' Scoot, which is short for some handle Ma gave him once, an' Boots, whose proper name is Frank. . . . Boys, this is Trueman Rock."

Preston's humorous introduction, and Rock's friendly response elicited only a "howdy" from each of these older sons.

"Reckon we can eat now," added Preston. "Set down, Rock, an' pitch in."

The long table was bountifully spread, steaming, savory. Mrs. Preston sat at the foot, with Lucy on one side and Burr on the other. Alice's place was next to Rock, and she most solicitously served him.

There was hardly any unnecessary conversation. The male contingent, Rock observed, devoted themselves to the supper, like any other hungry cowboys.

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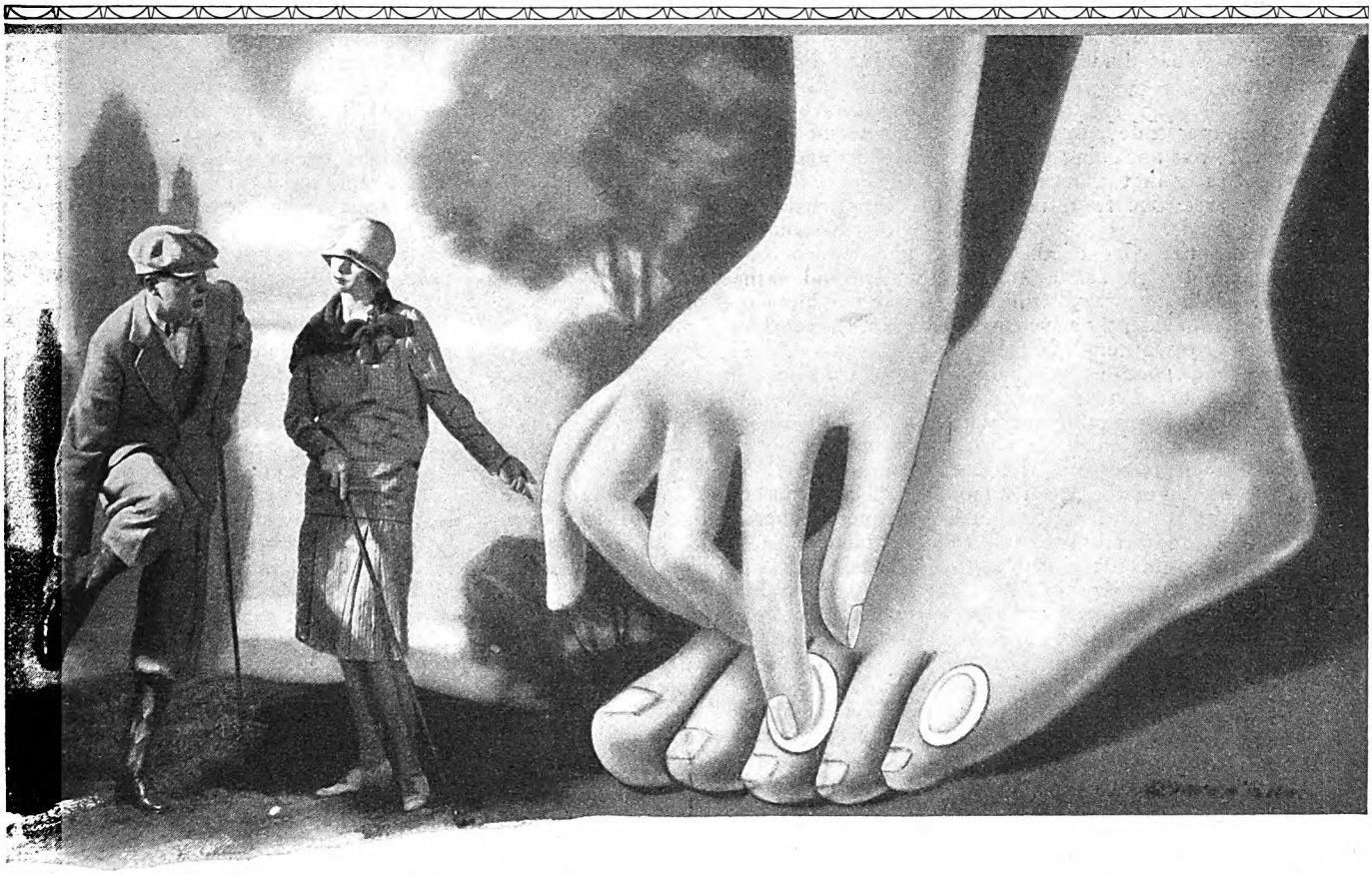
"This way is so gentle safe and sure. It stops Corn pain in one minute!"



IF you suffer from corns, it is only because you go about getting relief the *wrong way.*

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Presently Rock stole a glance at Thiry, to catch her eyes on him. That made him so happy he did not dare risk another. But he could see her plate and that the food on it diminished slowly. She was not hungry. His coming to Sunset Pass had unaccountably troubled her.

It puzzled and annoyed Rock. It was far from flattering. He was not such a cad that he would impose himself upon a girl who disliked him on first sight. But Rock could not believe that could be wholly true. What had he done to deserve that?

WHEN supper ended, dusk had just fallen. It was not going to be very dark, at least early in the evening, for a half moon soared out from under the white, fleecy clouds.

Rock sat on the edge of the porch, attended again by the children. The older ones stalked away, while the younger lingered, evidently accepting the newcomer. The women-folk, except Thiry, who had gone into the other cabin with her father, were in the kitchen.

Presently the rancher came out alone.

"Boys, hyar's some work fer you to break Rock in on tomorrow," he said. "Grease the wheels of the green wagon. Then hitch up an' go down to the slaughter-house. Fold tight an' pack all the hides that are dry. Haul them up to the barn. An', Tom, next mornin', soon as it's light, you hitch up again an' drive down an' meet us at the Flats. Then you come back home. An' thet day, an' till I come back, you-all work on the new pasture fence."

"All right, Pa," drawled Tom.

"Rock, thet doesn't sound much like work to you. But your job is to keep these three harum-scarums from ridin' off into the woods. You'll have your hands full, fer they're shore Indians."

"Boss, if I can't hold them in I'll do the work myself," replied Rock.

Before the hour passed, Mrs. Preston and Alice came out, and Thiry, too, and they all sat around on the porch and grass enjoying the cool breeze coming up the Pass. The moon shone brighter as the clouds grew more open. There were moments of pale gloom, then a long interval of silver light.

The shadow of the pines on the white grass fascinated Rock. And presently he found that being there, except for the silent Thiry so disturbing to him, was no different from being in the company of almost any hospitable Western family. The discordant note—Ash Preston—was absent. Rock made himself as agreeable as he knew how, to the youngsters, especially, and then to the mother, who responded readily.

Presently Preston retired within his cabin, and soon after the boys slouched away. Trueman rose to say good night.

Thiry had been standing some moments in the shadow of the cabin, apparently listening.

"Mr. Rock, would you like to walk with me to my cabin?" she asked.

"Why—pleased, I'm sure," replied Rock, haltingly, scarce able to conceal his amaze and joy. What old-fashioned courtesy! Good nights were exchanged, and Rock found himself walking away under the great dark pines, in the shadowed moonlight, with Thiry beside him.

Thiry walked beside him, slender, light-stepping, with her profile showing clear-cut and cold in the moonlight. As she did not speak, Trueman dismissed the idea that her invitation was simply an old-fashioned courtesy. Therefore he made no attempt at conversation. When they had covered most of the distance to her cabin, without exchanging a single word, he felt anew and provokingly the growing excitement of this situation.

At last she slowed her step, hesitated and halted under the magnificent pine tree that made dark shade around her cabin. Outside the circle there were spaces of silver moonlight, and then streaks and bars of black shadow across the light. The night wind breathed in the huge spreading mass of foliage overhead. How supernaturally beautiful the place and moment!

The girl confronted Trueman, and her face had the sheen of the moonlight, her eyes the darkness and mystery of the shade.

"Mr. Rock, I want to talk to you," she said, very quietly.

"Yes?" rejoined Trueman encouragingly, but he was not in the least encouraged.

"Have you been . . . wholly honest in coming out here to Sunset Pass?"

"Honest! What do you mean?" flashed Rock, his pride cut, and his blissful anticipations fading.

"What did you tell Father?"

"I asked for a job."

"Did you let him believe the job was your sole reason for coming?"

"No. He said I hadn't been long in trailin' you up. He was good-natured and nice. So I didn't deny it. I laughed and agreed with him."

"Oh, you did!" she exclaimed, somehow shaken out of her reserve. "That's different. I apologize."

"Miss Preston, you don't owe me any apology."

"Yes, I do. I thought you'd deceived Dad—the same as so many riders have done."

Rock had averted his face. He was astounded and hurt, suddenly, coldly, checked in his romantic imaginings. What manner of girl was this Thiry Preston? It might be that she was a worthy sister to unsociable Ash Preston. But that resentful thought could not abide with his loyalty.

"MR. ROCK, do you remember the last moment when you were with me at the corral in Wagontongue?" she asked.

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"You looked something at me. You didn't say so, but you meant you'd see me again. Now, didn't you? Honest?"

"Miss Preston, I—I certainly did," answered Rock hastily. "But, indeed, I didn't mean to be rude or—or bold."

"I don't think you were either," she said earnestly. "I . . . we might sit down." She indicated a rustic bench under the pine. "I am tired."

The bench appeared to catch a gleam of shadowed moonlight. Thiry could here be seen more clearly than while she stood in the shade. Rock preferred to stand, and he wished he could not see her so well.

"Mr. Rock, please don't misunderstand," she began, looking up. "I was far from being insulted or even offended, that day in the store and at the corral. At the last, there, you meant you'd see me again. And you've done it. Now we're concerned with that."

"Reckon I might have waited a decent little while," responded Rock, as she paused. "But I never met a girl like you. I wanted to see you again—soon. Where's the harm?"

"Indeed there isn't any harm *in* it, Mr. Rock; but harm can come *from* it."

"How?"

"Through my brother Ash."

"Well, that's not hard to believe," rejoined Rock, with sharpness. "The other day he was a drunken, vulgar lout. He ought to have been kicked out of that corral, and I'd have done it but for you. Today, when he was sober, he was a different proposition to meet. He was cold, mean, vicious. He had no hospitality of the West—no idea what was due a tired and hungry stranger. But at that I'd prefer him drunk. In my day on the range I've met some—"

Trueman bit his tongue. The girl had suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Miss Preston, forgive me" he burst out, "I didn't mean to distress you. I just spoke out quick, without thinkin'—"

SHE drew her hands away and lifted her head. "You're quite right . . . Mr. Rock," she said, unsteadily. "Ash is . . . all that you say. To my shame I confess it. All my life I've made excuses for him. It's no use. I—I cannot do it any more. . . . But that's not the point"

Rock sat down beside her, his anger flown; but there was another kind of heat running along his veins. How this girl must love her brother!

"I know. The point was the harm that might come through Ash. Please be frank. If I've brought this distress upon you, I'm entitled to know why."

"I've always been very, very fond of Ash," she said tremulously, struggling for a composure that would not return. "Partly because he was always so bad—and I seemed the only one who could influence him for good. Ash cares for nothing but me. Not for father, mother, brothers, or his other sisters. He hates men—he hates horses—he hates cattle. But I—I've stuck to him until now. I—I—Mr. Rock, I can't tell you."

"Spare yourself, Miss Preston," returned Rock impulsively. "It's wonderful, beautiful of you. I admire and respect you for it. But I can't understand."

"No one can," she said, sadly. "Alice thinks I'm mad. Oh, how I dread this. But it has to be done, more with you than any other who ever tried to be friends with me. I've known lots of boys and liked them, too. But not lately. As I grow older Ash grows more jealous. He fears I might like some cowboy."

"Oh, I see. Is such a remarkable thing possible?" returned Rock, unable to resist a slight sarcasm

"Of course it is," she retorted. Her eyes flashed at him. "What do you think I am, anyway?"

"Under the present circumstances, I reckon I dare not tell you."

"Mr. Rock, you are going to disappoint me presently."

"Good heavens, what do you think *I* am, anyway," retorted Rock, in turn, growing almost desperate.

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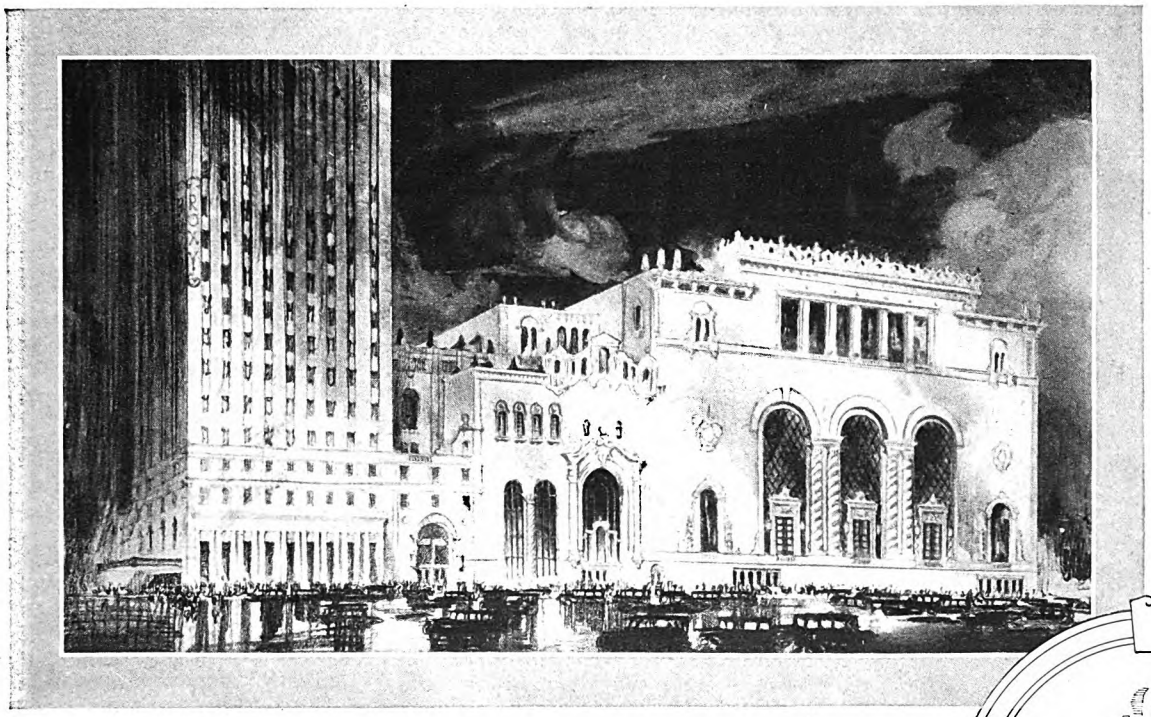

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"I make a good deal of what Mother and Alice and Dad think," she said gently.

"Well, what's that?" he queried, suddenly mollified. She could do anything with him.

"I would dare tell you, but it would only make this unfortunate situation worse. I only hint of it, because it's not fair to let you think we—or I—dislike you."

"Oh, then you don't?"

"No. I—I think I really like you, though it's such short notice for me. And, Mr. Rock, if I had my way, I'd like to be friends with you."

"Thank you, Miss Thiry," he returned gratefully, swayed by her unexpected avowal. "Honest, I didn't hope for so much. All I wanted was a *chance* to prove I could deserve you . . . your friendship."

"I—I dare say you could," she returned, looking away. "Mr. Winter used to tell me about you. Then Dad. I never saw him taken with anyone as he is with you. . . . But the thing is I *can't* be friends with you."

"Because of Ash?"

"Yes. He will not let any boy or man be friends with me—at least out here at Sunset. Cowboys have called on me here, and many have come to ride for Dad. Ash soon got rid of them."

"I WONDER how he did all that. I know cowboys well, where a pretty girl is concerned. And I'm just curious."

"I'll tell you. Ash has chased them away in every conceivable manner. He's lied, as he lied to you about my not seeing riders who came to Sunset. He'd coolly invite them to leave. He'd bluff. He'd threaten. He'd cripple and shoot their horses. Oh, that was the vilest thing! He'd get them drunk while on guard—which Dad couldn't forgive. He'd ridicule any sensitive cowboy before the outfit—so terribly that the poor fellow would leave. He'd concoct schemes to make a cowboy seem negligent or crooked. And, as a last resource, he'd pick fights. Oh, he has beaten several cowboys brutally. Then, worst of all, he has thrown his gun on more than one. Archie Black will be a cripple for life. And Jack Worthington nearly died of a gun-shot."

"How very interestin'!" exclaimed Rock, and for the life of him he could not keep his voice normal. "And has nothin' ever happened to this bully?"

"Oh, Ash didn't always come out scot-free. But nothing to bother him. I don't believe Ash has nerves or heart or feeling."

"Yet you love him!" ejaculated Rock, bitterly.

"I do—more because I seem the only one. But it's not so much that. I've kept him from going to the bad."

"How could he be any worse?" asked Trueman, incredulously.

"Oh, he could be. You don't know—you can't understand. But I do."

"Miss Thiry, have you been so vastly concerned for the good health of all these poor lovesick cowboys as you seem about mine?" asked Rock.

"You are sarcastic again. Oh, you're not—so nice as I thought you'd be. . . . Yes, I was concerned, worried about these boys. But I've never been so—so scared as I am over your coming."

"Scared! For me?"

"Yes, for you, a little. Oh, I can't lie to you. I'm scared because of the—the harm that may come—if you stay."

"A little! How nice of you! All you think of is poor dear Brother. Thanks, Miss Preston. I'm beginnin' to believe I idealized you rather high."

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried passionately. "Yes, indeed, you must have idealized me beyond my merits."

Rock leaned closer to study the lovely face, the deep eyes that flamed at him yet tried to hide true feelings. He could speak bitter words, but was instantly full of remorse. Yet how sweet to hurt her!

"Look me straight in the eyes," he said, suddenly. "You can't—you can't."

"Why—you—certainly I can," she returned, startled. And she did gravely, tragically. What a marvelous abyss Trueman Rock gazed into! He lost himself there.

"You said you couldn't lie?" queried Rock cruelly, overcome by his own catastrophe.

"I never told—a—a—black lie in my life," she faltered, with her head lifting.

"Then—are *you* honest with me? What is the reason you want me to run off like a coward?"

"I've been trying to tell you," she replied, hastily ignoring his first query which he saw had made her start. "But I don't want you to be a coward. I'd think it brave, generous, to help me. I told you and I tell you again, harm, terrible harm, might come of this, if you stay. Ash will not try any of his tricks on you. For you are different. Why, my Dad said to me, not an hour ago, 'There, lass, is a cowboy whose face Ash won't rub in the dirt. An' he won't be throwin' guns around so careless. This True Rock is a different kind of a hombre from all those Ash has stacked up against.' . . . I was thunderstruck. It seemed almost as if Dad was *glad*. I never saw him speak like that. And lightning flashed from his eyes. . . .

"Oh, this spurred me to speak with you. Can't you see? You are different. You're a man—and one with a—a—please forgive—a bloody record. I don't despise you because of that. Since I've lived West I've learned there are bad gunmen and good gunmen. My brother Ash is one kind—you are the other."

"THIRY PRESTON, first you are cruel, then you are kind," replied Rock hoarsely, as she paused to catch her breath, with a hand pressed upon her heart. "If you want to drive me away, I advise you to keep on bein' cruel."

She was in the grip of strong emotion now, beautiful and soul-moving to Rock.

"You wouldn't stay here—with us—and—and leave me alone?" she asked, with a simplicity wholly free of vanity.

"Yes, I might—if you cut me cold or slammed the door in my face," he answered.

"That I couldn't do. If you stay on, living here and eating at our table, I could not help but talk to you, be with you some. I think it would be nice—if Ash wasn't around. I—I'm afraid I might like you. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't. Now, if you stayed—you'd—you'd—"

She broke off as if unable to find adequate expression. But her voice, her look, were more than sufficient to make Rock fight temptation. How easy to lie to this innocent girl! He could do that and stay on here, and deceive Ash Preston too.

"Yes, Miss Thiry, I would," he returned, swiftly, to get by the danger. "I would be a very great deal worse than any cowboy you ever knew."

"So . . . you see," she said, entreatingly. "Then you and Ash would fight over me. First with fists, probably, like a couple of beasts. Then with guns! . . . Oh, that's the horror of it. There would be blood spilled. He might kill you, which would be terrible. But most likely you would kill *him*."

"Suppose I did?" flashed Rock, torn between pity and jealousy.

She leaped up to stand rigid, with clenched hands and swelling bosom, with such blazing eyes of passion that he was stunned.

How wonderful she was! Almost he forgot all in sheer ecstasy. Then remorse laid hold of him again. He was torturing her.

"MISS THIRY, forgive me again," he pleaded. "Please sit down. . . . That was only my temper. I hope I'd never get into *any* kind of a fight with Ash."

"Oh, what are good intentions to me—where a woman is concerned. You couldn't keep out of it. You have a fiery temper. . . . And Ash . . . he would make a saint fight."

"I'll just make up my mind I won't fight. I'll keep out of his way. I'll do anything—stand anything for you!"

"But you've only seen me once!" she exclaimed despairingly.

"I'm not committin' myself yet, because I'd hate to embarrass you more without bein' sure. But I'm afraid, if seein' you the other day wasn't enough, this time *is*."

"Oh, please go way tomorrow, before it's too late," she implored.

"You want me to go as bad as that?" asked Rock, weakening.

"I beg you to. I've begun to be afraid of you, and I wasn't at first. You're so sharp—so keen. You'll—"

Suddenly, in her agitation, she jerked a hand to her lips, as if to silence them. Her eyes dilated. She stared up at Rock like a child who had almost betrayed herself. And Rock, if he did not read her mind, had intuition enough to grasp that part of Thiry's fear, perhaps the greater, was not due to the inevitable clash between him and Ash. She was afraid he would find out something. Rock hastened to thrust the insidious thought from him.

"Afraid of me!" he ejaculated, hurriedly. "Why, Thiry—Miss Thiry—that's absurd. Right this minute I'm the best friend you have in the world."

"Then prove it," she said, bending closer.

"How?"

"Go away tomorrow."

"And never see you again?" he queried, blankly.

"It would be best," she returned, and looked away. "But I didn't say you'd never see me again. Perhaps I—we might meet in town. I'm going in over the Fourth. Mrs. Dabb is to give a dance. I could see you there."

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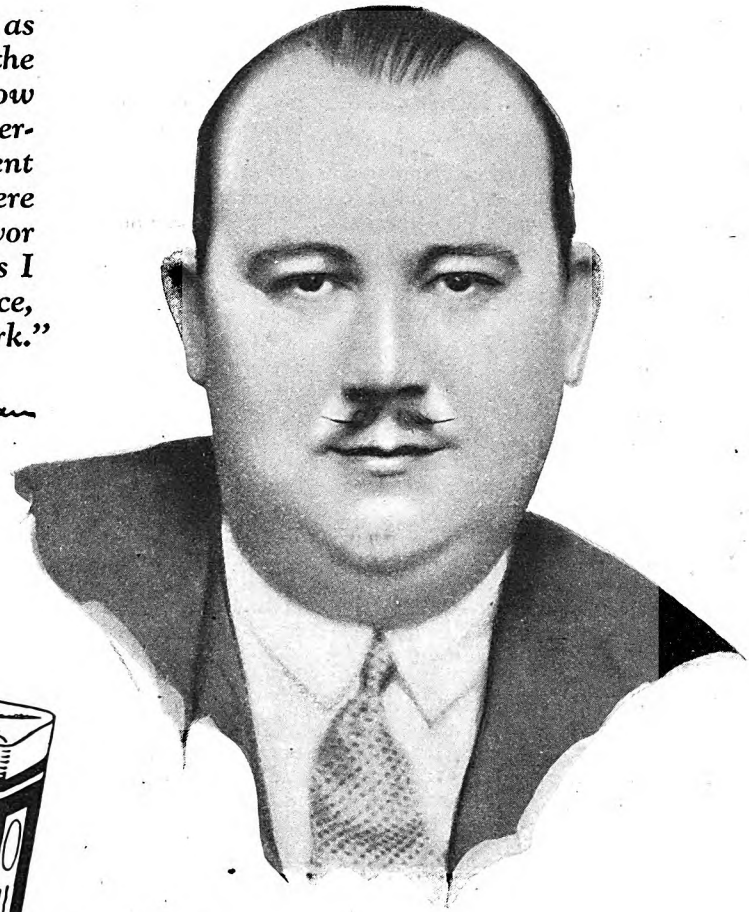

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At that Rock laughed rather wildly. "At Amy Wund's house? Not much!"

"Then at the dance. It won't be at her house. I—I will go with you—if you ask me."

"Don't bribe me to run off from Sunset Pass," he said, ponderingly. "But thank you for sayin' you'd go with me. I'd like to. But I'm not invited, and don't expect to be."

"I'll see you get an invitation, Mr. Rock."

"Don't tempt me. I'd almost give my head to take you to a dance. I'd almost quit my job here and then come back to it again.

"But that would be a lie."

"Well, I might lie too. I don't mean *to* you, but *for* you."

"PLEASE, Mr. Rock, go away tomorrow before trouble comes. I'll never be able to thank you enough. It's the only chance you have to be my—my friend."

"You're a queer, wonderful girl," he replied, puzzled and sad.

"I will come to town oftener—then," she almost whispered.

"You'd meet me in town and hope to deceive Ash?"

"Yes. I—I'll try," she faltered.

"But he'd find it out. You can't fool that hombre. Then he would have a real case against me. He'd hunt me down, force me to meet him."

"Oh!" she cried, poignantly.

"If I give in to you and leave Sunset Pass, I'd never willingly see you again," he went on, with more bitterness.

"Mr. Rock, that wouldn't be such a—a loss to you, as you imagine now," she answered.

"I don't know. All I know is that I hate to refuse you anythin'. But, listen. There's two sides to this deal, and here's mine." He leaned close, so that he could see her better in the pale shadow. "I want you to know about me. I was born in Illinois. My mother and father are livin'. They're quite old now. I was home five years ago. I have a sister. She ought to be nineteen now, a fine, pretty girl. Well, I went to school till we moved out West. Then I went to ridin'. My father lost out in the cattle business and took the family back home. I stayed. That was . . . fourteen . . . sixteen years ago.

"During these sixteen years I've lived the life of a wanderin', ridin', drinkin', fightin' cowboy. I stuck here on this range longest of all. I don't say I was bad, but I wasn't much good. . . . I was always gettin' in trouble for other people. . . . That's how I came to shoot Pickens. It was a good riddance. But the sheriff then, Cass Seward, was a friend of Pickens. I didn't want to kill Seward, so I left Wagontongue. I stayed away six years. Then I had to come back. I got there the day I met you. Found out Seward was gone. Found out a lot of other things. I wanted to know about my old girls.

"I had always been crazy over pretty girls. Sol Winter told me a lot of bad news about the girls, and about his son Nick. So I lost my happy mood. I wanted to go out and get drunk. Sol asked me to keep store for him. And I sat there sinkin' into one of the old black spells that had kept me from makin' someone out of myself. . . . Then you walked in that store. And I didn't want to go out and get drunk. Somethin' happened. I don't know yet what it was. But it was wonderful. Sure you remember how funny I was?

"But, I'm sure not so funny now," he went on, with dark passion. "Somethin' happened to me. It's been such a tearin', changin' somethin' that I don't know myself. I'm findin' out little by little. Seein' you this second time has helped a lot. I'll make a clean breast of all—soon as I know. But, right now, I know—if you don't turn your back on me—I'll never drink again. Or hunt for a fight! Or waste my time and money!"

"Mr. . . . Rock!" she exclaimed, rising, low-voiced and trembling. "Are you telling me you—you love me?"

"No. I'm not tellin' you that," he returned doggedly. "But I'm sure afraid somethin's terrible wrong. . . . Miss Thiry, please—please don't make me go away."

"Could I make you do anything? How silly! But if you're manly enough to save me misery, you'll go."

"That's hittin' hard. But suppose I get it into my mind that by *stayin'* I can save you *more* misery?"

"Mr. Rock!" she cried, shocked.

His sudden query had been a random shot; but it struck home. Rock's heart leaped. He had to stifle wild impulse.

"*Quien sabe?* I might," he returned, almost coldly. "Give me a day to think over whether I'll go or stay. Reckon so far the fight's one-sided, and in your favor. . . I'll meet you tomorrow night and tell you."

"Tomorrow night. Here, at this hour?" she returned, rising from the seat.

"Yes. Good night, Miss Preston."

"I'm very, very sorry I—you— Good night."

Rock gave her one long look, as she stood now, in the moonlight. He would carry that picture in his heart of hearts all his days. Then he strode away, and when he turned, at some distance, she was still standing like a white statue.

HE MADE his bed on the porch, so that he could lie there and watch the moon, and think over this maddening situation.

For hours it seemed he never got anywhere so far as decision was concerned. His mind was chaotic The moon soared white and grand above the pines and the night wind roared. Coyotes murmured eerily. A deep-voiced hound bayed them in answer. A low soft murmur of running water came to him in the lulls of the wind.

At last he admitted that he loved Thiry Preston. Time was nothing. He had always known her, and though the hours were but few since their actual meeting, he was now measuring their incomprehensible length and fullness. But he hated the idea that he only loved her. That was putting her with the others. His love for Amy, Polly, and Kit had merely been growing pangs toward this real and beautiful thing.

It was great, and would suffice Rock for all time. Not one second longer did he hesitate about sacrificing himself for her happiness.

This resolve cleared his mind of vacillation and bewilderment and conflicting tides of emotion. The rest was easy and required only intelligence. If he could best serve Thiry Preston by passing out of her life as quickly as he had come into it, he would do so. But he had a strange, persistent recurrence of a doubt. He recalled her words, her looks, her actions, and relentlessly analyzed them. His love, once acknowledged, incited and stimulated his mind.

BEFORE the moon tipped the pines above the rim of the Pass, which was late in the early morning hours, Rock had solved at least the second of his three problems.

Thiry Preston was honestly afraid her brother Ash would kill him, or that he would kill Ash. So she wanted to send Rock away. But only so far was she wholly honest.

She feared Rock would discover something wrong here at Sunset Pass. Ash Preston was crooked. No doubt of this! Perhaps the father was too, and some of the brothers. But Mrs. Preston was ignorant of it; so were Alice, and the younger brothers. Thiry bore this burden alone. That was the secret of her sad eyes and lips. That was the power Ash Preston had over her—love for him and fear. That was why no cowboys ever got a fair chance to win Thiry Preston's friendship.

To go or to stay, that was the question! If he left her, she might love him, surely would always remember him regretfully, tenderly. If he stayed, she would hate him. But then he might save her.

Rock knew the West. He had become a part of it. The Prestons were new, comparatively, to this wild range. He knew Western men, their slow evolution, their uncanny power to suspect and search out and find among them the cattleman who transgressed the unwritten laws. All cattle raisers stole from one another. But there was a distinction with a difference.

Gage Preston was getting rich—a little bit swiftly for a rancher on an ordinary scale. How? Rock answered the query in many ways; but only one way seemed tenable. Preston sold cattle on the hoof, the same as other ranchers. None but rustlers ever sold cattle that did not belong to them. And certainly Preston could not be a rustler. It was inconceivable that Ash Preston could be a rustler, either, at least without his father knowing.

The Prestons had become butchers of cattle on a considerable scale. Did anyone, outside themselves, know just how many steers they butchered? What a pertinent question here! Rock was certain that he would find out that no outsiders knew how many head of stock they killed. And here was the gist of the matter:

Some of the Prestons, with Ash at the head, and the father either in with them, or unable to prevent it, were killing cattle not their own, burning or hiding the skins, and selling the beef at near and distant points.

"Good lord!" muttered Rock, under his breath. "I've bit it plumb center. The fools, thinkin' they can hide that long! . . . Gage Preston ought to have more sense. But it's that rattlesnake son who's got this outfit buffaloed. No wonder poor Thiry has sad eyes. . . . Well, by heaven, I'll stay at Sunset Pass!"

(*To be continued*)

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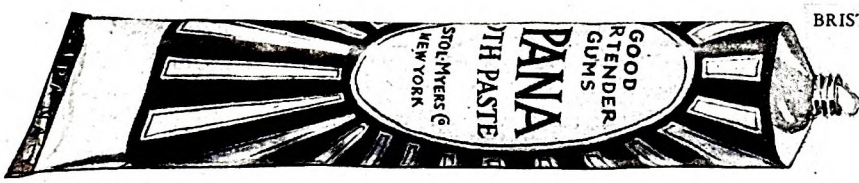

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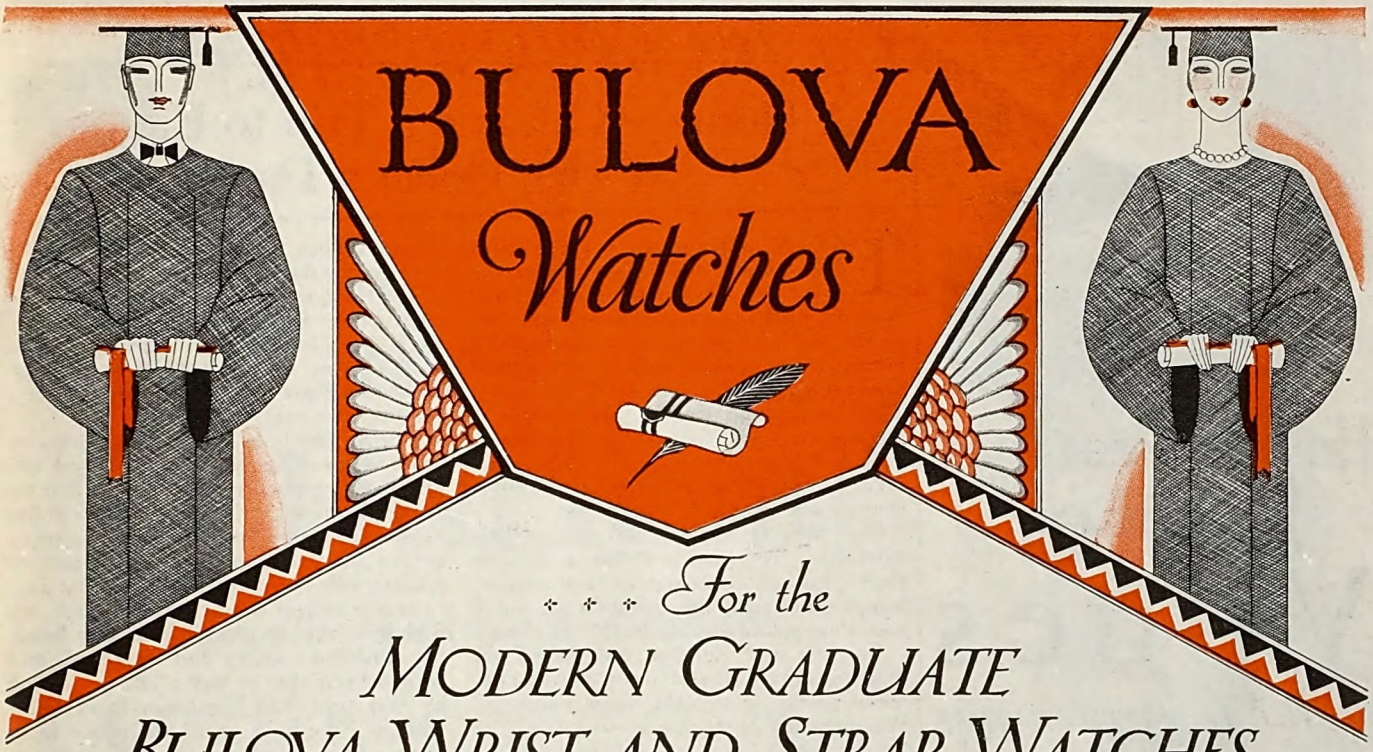

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

A Home, a Car, and a Trip to Europe on One Dollar a Day

TAKEN individually, a shiny silver dollar won't buy very much nowadays, but a dollar saved every day from my husband's salary has brought us, at the end of eight years, a comfortable home, an automobile, and an educational fund of $1,100 for our small daughter. The same system of saving will take us to Europe for a vacation trip in three more years. Eventually, when old age overtakes us, it will provide a fund sufficient to care for our needs.

Our plan is simple, and surprisingly workable. We save a dollar a day for three-year periods at six per cent interest, compounded semi-annually. At the end of each third year we realize exactly $1,180.47.

For the first eighteen months of our marriage, my husband and I drifted aimlessly as far as savings were concerned. We spent my husband's modest salary of $25 a week as fast as it came in. And my "hope chest"—$1,000 I had saved from my salary before our marriage—gradually melted away without our ever knowing where it went or having anything to show for it. So at the end of the first year and a half we had, as total assets, only enough furniture to fill four rooms, though John had received a pay increase of $10 a week.

We were living in a large Mid-Western city where living expenses were very reasonable, and where most of the residents owned their own homes. Yet we had very little we could call our own. We had many hopes for the future, which included a little house, a longed-for trip to Europe, a moderately-priced automobile, an educational fund for the child we wanted, and an old-age fund. The year 1917 found us still clinging desperately to these hopes. We had begun to add qualifying words to our plans, such as "Sometime." "When our ship comes in." "When you get your next raise." And so on. Things we wanted which had once seemed just around the corner were still just around the corner, and we couldn't seem to negotiate the turn.

OTHER people were buying homes and having babies on salary checks no more generous than John's. We talked everything over and decided to get organized. We would have a budget, to check up on our outgo. This sounded very systematic, and we did make a budget. We spent a lot of time over it, and I still think it was a good budget. The trouble was with us. We were always forgetting to make entries, in spite of the neat little spaces we had ruled off to make them in. And our total expenditures had an uncanny way of turning out to be more than our income. So we gave that up, and for the next two years we continued to long for things without really trying to get them.

Then a big event took place that changed everything for us. In 1919 our daughter arrived. This was our first real responsibility and obligation, and we decided we would simply have to insure our future. That was when we decided to save on the dollar-a-day basis.

The thing we wanted most of all was our own home. So we placed seven dollars a week with a building and loan association, with a home as goal. We were through with fooling now. We were going to save a definite sum every single day.

During that first year of our reform, we were tempted many times to spend the money for some current expenses. But we gritted our teeth and hung on to that dollar a day, and pretty soon the weekly journey to the bank became a mere matter of routine, like bathing the baby every day.

At the end of the first three years, we withdrew the $1,180.47 from the bank. My husband's salary had increased, and he had been able to buy a lot, for saving by this time had become a fixed habit with us. We built an $8,000 home for a $1,000 down payment, the remainder to be paid in monthly instalments. This was a great saving for us, because these monthly payments amounted to less than the rent we had been paying, and we were getting a house in the bargain. That left us $180.47 for fixing up the grounds a little and the expenses connected with moving into our new home.

Our saving continued. In 1925 we purchased a car with our "dollar-a-day" money. And besides this we saved enough extra out of John's salary during this last three-year period to buy a radio, a piano, and a phonograph.

THIS year our plan will have realized another $1,180.47, which will remain in the bank on interest until our daughter Marjorie is ready for college. In three more years, with the $1,180.47 we will have saved, we will spend our vacation in Europe. We have also been buying insurance, but those funds come from my husband's salary, and not from the savings account.

We've got the habit now. Even if John's salary hadn't increased, we would have had most of the things we wanted. Because, though a dollar may not seem like much on a single day, there are 365 days in every year.

We hear, from those of our friends who are good enough to repeat such things to us, that our neighbors think we are facing disaster. One of my friends told me that, in spite of the fact that her husband's income is twice as large as John's, they simply can't afford the things that we have.

Possibly it would surprise these friends and neighbors to learn that every one of our so-called extravagances has been deliberately planned for and saved for. There was a chorus of "How does he do it?" from some inquisitive people when John surprised me with a lovely fur coat. It was purchased with expense money, which we allot with as much care and consideration as a conservative banker would use in making a loan. We are determined to get every cent of value out of our hard-saved money.

M. J. T.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
June, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

"They Are Hell Bent!"

By Albert Payson Terhune

PHOTO BY PIRIE MACDONALD
Albert Payson Terhune

WHEN I was seven, I was stopped in the street by a bulbous lady who was a Tower of Strength and a Pillar and several other things in the local temperance movement. This was in puritanic Springfield, Massachusetts, back in 1880; where my father was pastor of the Old First Church. Let's call the lady "Mrs. Dry." (She is dead, this forty years; so my recital cannot hurt or annoy her.) She said:

"My little man, do you drink?"

With my roving eye focused longingly on an array of pop bottles in a nearby grocery window, I murmured something which might reasonably be construed as an acceptance of any possible invitation.

"I hope you *don't* drink," she continued, "because Drink is the curse of this nation of ours. Why, here in Springfield, and right here on Maple Street, where you and I live, there are dozens of children, not yet four years old, who stagger home from grog shops every day, dead drunk."

Delighted with this inside tip as to the merry habits of my young neighbors, I hurried to my father and told him of the deplorable condition of the youth of Maple Street. I remember to this day the utter disgust in his eyes as he made answer:

"My son, temperance is a grand thing. But some of the people working for it are so carried away by their own zeal that they are more idiotically intemperate than any drunkard. Mrs. Dry is a good woman. But—well, I have lived a long time; and I never yet saw or heard of any four-year-old child who was drunk, or who knew what liquor tastes like. Neither did Mrs. Dry. Fanatics do ten times as much harm by those absurd stories as they can counteract by all their good works."

I HAVE told this somewhat insipid anecdote to forestall any like accusation. I am not a fanatic. I am not a second Mrs. Dry. I don't think I have the energy or the nobility of purpose to be a fanatic. Certainly I have not the desire to be one. If the things I am going to say in this article *seem* to savor of intemperance of thought, I can only declare at the start that I have no mission or wish to reform the world. I am not going to repeat any hearsay rumors. What I am going to tell is all first-hand and it is all true. (I am not inventing my anecdotes. They are authentic.) Nor, I think, am I a crotchety old man snarling at everything that is since my time.

With this apology, which is no apology at all, let's go:

Back in those same 1880's, St. Paul's command: "Children, obey your parents, in all things," was tenfold more in vogue than was its corollary: "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger!"

We younglings were expected to obey. When we did not, or when we transgressed any of the countless rigid Rules for Conduct, we were whaled right unmercifully —most of us—or had other severe punishment meted out to us. We were taught to respect and follow the dictates of our elders. Usually, we did so. When we didn't, we were whipped, or sent to bed or otherwise penalized.

Then, some twenty years or more ago, came the inevitable reaction. I remember it well. I read and heard everywhere the New Doctrine for bringing up children. It ran somewhat like this:

Drawings by Frances Rogers

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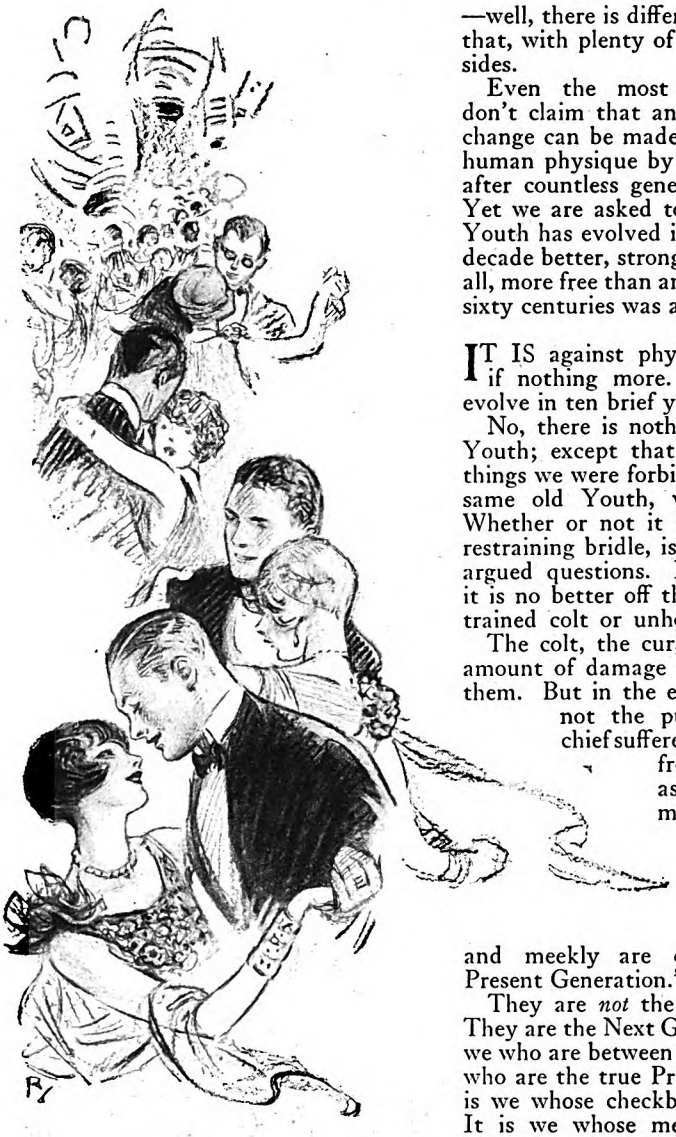

"Encourage; don't drive. Let the tender young mind and the tender young impulses shape themselves as nature intended, without coercion. Don't brutalize your child by punishment. Don't seek to form his character. Let his budding Ego develop along its own heaven-directed lines. Severity may crush dawning genius. Let him find self-expression; unchecked, unpunished, unthwarted. Make him love the Good for the Good's own sake; not through fear of penalty."

All of which is sweet-sounding and beautiful and inspiring. And all of which—to my low-brow way of thinking—is about as sane as to say:

"Here is a splendid young thoroughbred colt. Let him enter a stake race tomorrow without the humiliation of carrying a jockey on his back; and, above all, without the cruelty of whip and spur and rein. His naturally fine impulses will teach him to win."

Perhaps I am wrong. Anyhow, that's how I feel about it.

TODAY'S crop of young people—"the Present Generation," as they miscall themselves—is the outcome of all those high-sounding and inspiring theories about not punishing or coercing children. They were allowed to grow up, untrammeled and unfearing. As for the outcome—well, there is difference of opinion as to that, with plenty of excited talk on both sides.

Even the most rabid evolutionists don't claim that any faintly perceptible change can be made in human nature or human physique by new conditions, until after countless generations have passed. Yet we are asked to believe that a new Youth has evolved in less than one short decade better, stronger, wiser, and, above all, more free than anything the preceding sixty centuries was able to develop.

IT IS against physiology's every rule, if nothing more. New species don't evolve in ten brief years.

No, there is nothing new in the new Youth; except that it is allowed to do things we were forbidden to do. It is the same old Youth, with the bridle off. Whether or not it is better without its restraining bridle, is one of today's most argued questions. Personally, I believe it is no better off than would be an untrained colt or unhousebroken pup.

The colt, the cur, would do a certain amount of damage to the world around them. But in the end, they themselves, not the public, would be the chief sufferers from their so-called freedom and from the asinine License they mistake for Liberty.

In the first place, their self-given name is a misnomer. They call themselves, and meekly are called by us, "the Present Generation."

They are *not* the Present Generation. They are the Next Generation. It is we—we who are between thirty and seventy—who are the true Present Generation. It is we whose checkbooks pay their bills. It is we whose mercantile houses and whose law offices and whose factories and financial marts and whose political assemblies keep the world running.

And, so long as we continue at the helm in those and in all other ways, it is we, and not they, who merit the term, "Present Generation." I have yet to hear of any overwhelming number of boys and girls of from eighteen to twenty-four who sit in Congress or in any legislature or in the Presidential Cabinet or on Supreme Court benches; or who are at the head of great law firms or manufacturing interests or wholesale or retail shops, or who are raising self-respecting families, or ruling the destinies of Wall Street.

It is we older folk who are in such jobs. We produce. They consume. It is we, not they, who are on the Firing Line. The Producer is the true and the only representative of the Present Generation. The Next Generation is merely in training to take our places when we shall fall out in the resistlessly moving procession.

Are the youngsters getting a good training for that duty? From the start they are making, are they likely to carry on our work as we wish it might be carried on? That isn't a rhetorical question. I think I know the answer. But I like to hope I am mistaken.

Everyone is interested in the kind of successor he is going to have, whether in his job or in his home or in his life. So this appraisal of the Next Generation ought to be of more than passing concern to everyone.

WE OLD-TIMERS—we from thirty to seventy—are largely what our parents and our early training made us. Childhood environment, and daily precept and example have more to do with one's later life and character than most of us may realize. We are what we are because of what was ground into us and spanked into us and lectured into us when we were young. This Next Generation, that is waiting—none too courteously—to step into our shoes, will be largely what its own childhood and youth are making it. It will be, to a big extent, what was taught it and what it saw and did and what was tolerated in it when it was at the age of character formation. That is simple logic, isn't it?

Train any animal, human or otherwise, along a certain line, and he is likely to stick more or less to that line all his life. An undisciplined puppy will grow into an undisciplined and worthless dog. An ill-broken colt will not develop into a reliable work-horse. A member of the Next Generation—!

Well, there is where opinions differ. And my own opinion may be worthless. But it is backed by much observation. That is why I venture to give it.

I watched a girl of good family take what looked like a deep draft from the silver flask a lad of her own age offered her. I had known her from the time she was six; yet it did not seem my place to correct or even criticize her; the less so, since her own father was on the same club veranda with us. She chanced to catch my eye. Perhaps she did not read therein a jocund approval of her copious swig. For presently she came over to me.

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"You don't like to see women drink booze from flasks in public, do you?" she asked me, a shade defiantly.

"What grown women do is their own concern, not mine," I answered. "But what a kid, like yourself, does ought to be the concern of your parents. It's none of *my* business. I am a fossil, you know. When I was twenty-one, if I had flashed a hip-flask in a respectable crowd like this and had asked a well-bred girl to have a drink from it, her dad would have made all kinds of trouble for me. I should have been dropped by the fathers and mothers in her set. I shouldn't have been invited again to any house in the neighborhood. If she had taken a pull from my flask, in public—or in private, either—that would have been the end of her socially. You are luckier than we Has-Beens were."

SHE lowered her voice, glancing guiltily about to see if any of her own crowd was in earshot.

"Honestly," she said, "honestly, I can't get to liking the stuff. I've tried to, awfully hard; but it's no use. You saw me tip up that flask, just now, and hold it to my lips till Mac said, 'Hey, that's got to last us all evening!' Well, how much of it do you suppose I swallowed? Not half a teaspoonful. I kept my tongue against the opening of the flask, and made believe to swallow. Honestly!"

"But what's the idea?" I asked, sore puzzled. "If you don't like it, why did you take it? And if you only wanted a sip, why did you pretend to gorge nearly half a pint of it? What's the main idea?"

"I don't want to be guyed and I don't want to be thought a Dead One," she said, "and I don't want to be dropped by the crowd for being slow or a saint. I'm not the only one, either. I know three or four other girls who don't like the stuff any more than I do. But they'd shoot me at sunrise if I told on them. I know it only because the flask is always about as full as it was when it's passed to me after they've been drinking out of it. But I like cigarettes, now," she added optimistically. "So, maybe in a little while I'll like liquor too."

"Yes," I agreed, "there's that crumb of golden hope to cling to! And when you've got to the point where you can drink a pint of green Scotch and six or seven synthetic cocktails in an evening, you'll be safe forever from the stigma of being thought 'slow' or prudish. It's a glorious goal to strive for. How do your parents like all this?"

"They don't," she assured me. "They don't like it a little bit. But what can they do? If they don't let me be a good fellow, I'll be dropped by the crowd, and will hold down a chair in a corner while everyone else is having a good time, or I'll learn from experience that there's no place but home."

"That would be horrible!" I sympathized. "I can't imagine any fate more hideous than having to spend a whole evening home with one's family. I don't wonder you're shying from it. Of course, in my antediluvian days, home was spelled with a capital 'H.' And we dodo-birds used to have some mighty beautiful evenings there, with our own home-folk.

"BUT you've risen above all that, you Next Generationers. Booze, tobacco, petting parties, half-portion skirts—those are part of the price of making a social hit. So your parents let you do all that, for fear you'll be dropped? They've spent a good many thousand dollars launching you into the social game and getting to a place to launch you from. Naturally, they want action for their money. There are plenty of other parents in the same boat. I know lots of them myself. They don't like what their kids do. But they can't interfere without endangering their investment."

Perhaps you think this was an isolated case? Not six weeks ago a man was talking to me about his two daughters, both of them (*Continued on page 108*)

"They Are Not!"

By Harold Bell Wright

Harold Bell Wright

AN OLD sea-captain friend of my boyhood delighted to spin the following yarn:

A ship was in such dire distress that the master of the vessel called all hands to prayers. One tough old tar, instead of obeying the pious order, let three of his shipmates down into the hold, where they broached a cask of wine.

But the vessel escaped being wrecked, and when the danger was past the captain caused the reckless and impious sailor to be brought before him. "Bill," said the captain, "when I called all hands to prayers, you went and broached a cask of wine, how come?" And Tough Old Tar answered: "Well, ye see, sir, it war like this here: When you called all hands to prayers I knowed things was so bad you'd give up all hope. So I figured me and my mates might as well go to hell jolly drunk as any other way."

This story illustrates a human trait quite common to us all.

Certainly, it begins to look as though our good ship Civilization was in a perilous state. From all quarters we hear that we are doomed. Our religious sails are reported torn to tatters and our educational spars badly sprung. They say our government hull is waterlogged, and our business rigging fouled. Marriage is reported swept away, homes are gone, art and literature are overboard, society is badly stove in, and labor smashed to flinders. It would be strange indeed if, with all this, some members of the crew failed to show a spirit of recklessness.

Heaven knows, I am not unmindful of the danger I face when I rise to remark that there is another side to my old sailor friend's story. But even at the risk of being hooted down by the Pollyanna shouters, I must call attention to the fact that not all on board that ship were minded to go to hell, either jolly drunk or cold sober.

Tough Old Tar and his mates were a very small minority. It was the very unusualness and irregularity of their conduct which furnishes the point of the story. The story—quite properly from a story point of view—does not tell how the ship weathered the storm, so that no one went to hell that trip. Nor does the tale call attention to the perfectly obvious fact that the ship and all her crew were saved, not by Tough Old Tar and his drunken minority, but by the decent captain and the decent majority of his crew.

LEST you lose interest at this point, I hasten to say that I believe the worst that is reported about our young people. I doubt if there was ever in the history of our civilization a period when mere children were so experienced in those immoralties which matured men and women are supposed to spend years in learning.

And now, if my belief that our young people of today are the worst ever known qualifies me to discuss this much-discussed subject, permit me to state that I do also most emphatically believe that these "Next Generationers" are the best and most promising generation in our history. In other words, to this story also there is another side:

Without denying the truth of the appalling charges which are made against our young people, I am nevertheless convinced that in the spirit of this rebellious generation—the spirit which my generation so abhors, distrusts, and fears—is the seed of a civilization superior to any

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we have ever dreamed. I say the *seed* is there in the *spirit* of these youthful rebels. Whether or not that seed will be permitted to germinate; whether or not the young growth will receive the care and cultivation necessary to bring it to the harvest, remains to be seen.

There is a sickening amount of inane twaddle these days about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. We grouchy old dodderers stoutly opine—between drinks—that what these here young hip-flask toters and their necking partners need is to be spanked—spanked good and plenty

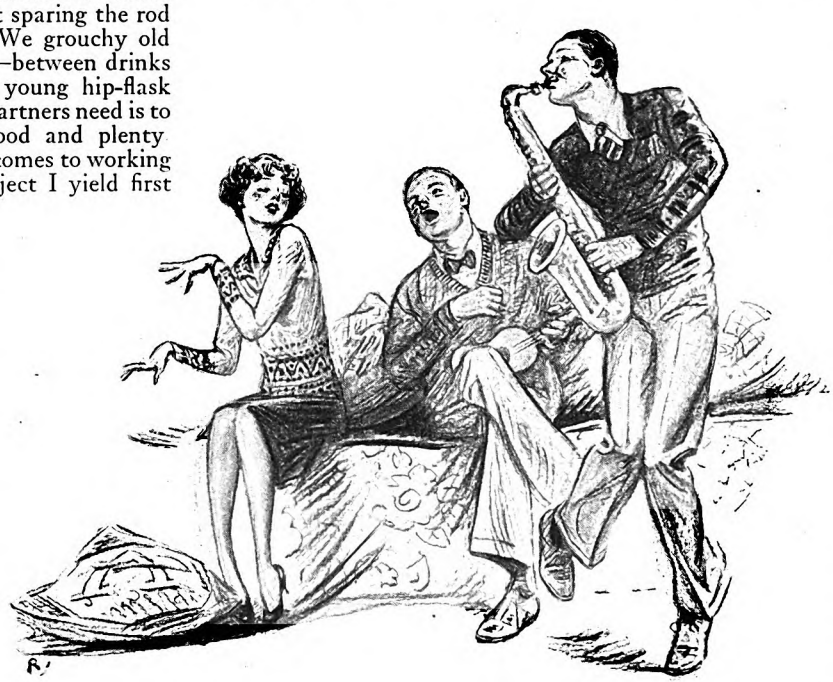
And I agree. When it comes to working up a grouch on this subject I yield first place to no oldster living. Every time I pass a couple in a car parked beside the road, I itch for action. I want to grab those silly young goats one by one, stretch them across my knee and whale the sap out of them. You bet I thrashed my boys. And I am training right now to try a round, or mebbe two, with my grandchildren.

But in my saner moments the question persists: How are we going to set about walloping this rebellious generation? And if we could somehow manage it, who among us is fit to do the job?

"You let Mother's lip-stick and rouge alone, you little painted hussy!"

"Son, if I catch you filling your flask from my jug again, I'll just naturally thrash the tar out of you!"

When the down-to-date mother experiences that old-fashioned yearning to apply the back of a hair brush to that section of her daughter's anatomy where it would do the most good, she would—if she were just—surrender the instrument of correction to the younger flapper and place herself in an accommodating posture. If the average modern dad were honest when he feels himself reaching for the good old hickory stick, he would pass it on to his son, with the admonition: "Lay it on good and hearty, my boy. God knows, I deserve more than *you* can give me."



I can't help wondering, too, if the rod wielded so unsparingly by our parents was so potent for righteousness, how does it happen that we are what we are? As I see it, when we oldsters point to our generation as an example of hickory-stick training, we prove conclusively that there was something wrong with that system. We can't in the same breath maintain the soundness of our generation and the rottenness of these Next Generationers without raising a laugh. If it is true that "we old-timers are largely what our parents and our early training made us" we cannot escape the conclusion that these "New Generationers" are what we, their parents, are making them.

It is said that we of *this* generation—we who are between thirty and seventy—are still running things. All right—I accept the insult.

Liquor? I have not yet heard of boys and girls operating illicit stills! The great multitude of bootleggers belong to the present, ruling generation. These respectable and often pious manufacturers and merchants who make and sell every kind of device and concoction for brewing, distilling, bottling, for carrying and mixing—do they belong to this younger generation?

We—the generation now running things—we who are at the head of affairs—we supply these boys and girls with the liquor which they use to shock our sense of morals.

When this ruling generation—we judges, prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs, police captains, policemen, prohibition officers, generals, admirals, government officials, congressmen, senators, doctors, bankers, editors, church members, authors, artists, educators and everybody else, male and female—drink in homes, clubs, hotels, offices, railway trains, restaurants and everywhere else, why, in heaven's name, should we get so "all het up" every time a fool youngster pulls his little hip-flask? Why not work up a mild shock over the real defenders of personal liberty?

This younger generation has nothing against Volstead. Why should they have? They are not confirmed old topers who must have their drink, though they go down into the shadow of death to get it. This rebellion against prohibition is a rebellion of our generation—the generation of the parents of these young people. We oldsters incited this revolt. We finance it. We manage it. We head the processions. We do the shouting. These youngsters are merely being swept along with our crowd. As children have always done, they are imitating their elders. They are doing in a spirit of play that which their parents do so seriously.

WE SHOCKED and indignant fathers should retire to the privacy of our own secret booze cellars when we engage in prayerful meditation on the hip-flask habits of our sons. Perhaps another two or three shots of hootch will help us to see the light.

Lawlessness? It is the generation now legally in power that is treating law as a joke, and making violations of law the popular and sporty thing. Is anything more natural than that youth should do the popular and the sporty thing? We oldsters are the real promoters of lawlessness. The present ruling generation's disregard for law makes the lawlessness of these youngsters look like beating a penny gum machine, in comparison to the official looting of a bank or the purchase of a seat in the Senate.

The president of a state university driving a state automobile hits up a forty-five-mile gait in a twenty-mile district, and everybody smiles. But a freshman in that same educational institution, cocking his little green hat over one ear,

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follows in prexy's wake as long as he can keep in sight, and the smiles of the populace give way to howls about youth's reckless violation of a traffic ordinance.

Shocking—this lawlessness of these Next Generationers, huh!

The plain unvarnished truth is that we, by our grown-up lawlessness, have made our laws ridiculous. And the lawlessness of this younger generation is not so much in contempt of law as it is in mockery of our maladministration of the law. These youngsters are only making us and our law-abiding pretenses objects of their laughter.

IMMODESTY? I modestly suggest that for a change we pay attention to the underpinning of our own generation. The legs of our flapping wives, mothers, sisters, aunts—yes, and grandmothers—are not so successfully hidden under skirts of modesty. With the majority of fathers and mothers and other kin supporting and applauding nude shows, Lady Godiva parades, and undressed exhibitions of every conceivable sort, why, in the name of consistency, should we be shocked at sight of the dimples in little daughter's knees?

If you really wish to know about short skirts, parked corsets, other free exhibitions of physical charms, and immodest conversation, do not apply to these young amateurs, go straight to headquarters; consult those who originated the idea; ask the generation that is now running things.

Boys and girls are not capable of publishing those magazines which flaunt unspeakable indecencies so boldly on every street corner. Our Next Generationers are too inexperienced to create and print such masterpieces of obscenity. We—the present producing generation—manufacture this filthy stuff. We own and run the book stores and news-stands that display and sell it. We bank the dollars made from the salacious traffic. We deal for a price in printed talk which makes the frank conversation of youth, in comparison, as innocent as a baby's laughter. We sell immodesty which makes the short skirts of youth, in comparison, as pure as a nun's robe.

Mother dear should sit down in a low chair facing a long mirror when she mourns over her charming daughter's immodest exhibitions.

IMMORALITY? Do these boys and girls make our motion pictures which develop and present in revealing detail and disgusting frankness nearly every sex situation possible to human beings? Oh no, we—the moral generation that is now in control of affairs—we finance, produce, and exhibit these sex pictures. We select these sex themes. We write these sex scenarios. We direct and act these sex situations. To promote these sex pictures we devise advertising and publicity deliberately calculated to excite unhealthy sex interest in them. We own the theatres and shows and pictures.

Who writes, publishes, and sells the novels which so minutely dissect and so vividly describe every possible sex thrill? The young folks do not. They have not yet attained this superior artistic immorality of our generation. But if we persist and are patient, we shall succeed in teaching them to appreciate the real thing. In the meantime we must be satisfied if they can do no better than park their cars beside the road and make the most of shady corners.

When our boys and girls can't go into one of *our* theatres to see one of *our* plays without hearing language which stretches the limits of vulgarity and profanity, why should we be shocked when they rip out an occasional decent "damn," or an honest—"go-to-hell"? When vulgar and profane speech on the stage and in our literature wins our heartiest applause, our children certainly have a right to expect not censure but commendation for their cussing. As long as we—the present responsible generation—yield to sex-mad, self-styled intelligentsia the leadership in art and literature—popularize sex-madness in our theatres, motion-picture houses, and libraries—and broadcast through our daily papers the minute details of every reeking sex-mad horror, we should bow in humble admiration before the moral purity of this younger generation.

With my own generation trailing with all sorts of queer "little groups" after every lecturing moron and writing degenerate who preaches that indecency is conclusive proof of genius, I can't work up much steam over the amateur immorality of boys and girls.

Irreligion? And is our generation religious? True, we *call* ourselves a Christian people, but will anyone maintain that we embody in our lives the ideals and teachings of Jesus? Our government, our politics, our courts, our newspapers, our schools, our literature, our financial institutions, our mercantile establishments, our army and navy, our society, our labor—can anyone find the ideals and teachings of Jesus embodied in any of these? The irreligion of this younger generation *is* shocking, isn't it?

I wonder, if these boys and girls should wish to try Christianity as they are trying everything else, where would they find a genuine, unadulterated sample of it? They could find theories, beliefs, professions; but where could they see the thing itself in operation?

These young people are revolting against religious sham and hypocrisy and the substitution of denominational machinery and church self-interest for the Christianity of Jesus.

REVOLTS against religion are never born of *religion*, they are born of priestcraft and ecclesiasticism. By substituting denominational dogmas for the teachings and ideals of Jesus, and supplanting the spirit of Christianity by the self-seeking intolerance of competitive church bodies, the church people themselves have driven the younger generation to revolt. These rebellious young people are simply declining to accept our self-opinionated church dignitaries at their own valuation, and are refusing to acknowledge the authority of a church which is in a state of continuous revolt against itself.

We church people may fool a few savages in far-away heathen lands with our pretentions to Christianity, but we can't fool modern Young America. The poor savage knows only what our missionaries say about us. These boys and girls of ours know us as we are.

Parental authority? Children are not rebelling against parental authority, because there is no such thing! Our generation—we, their parents, arranged *that*.

Home influence?

Our generation offers practically no home influence for our children to revolt against.

This younger generation, in fact, is no wilder than our own generation—and we, in our hearts, know it. But these youngsters are exhibiting their wildness, while we oldsters are concealing ours with the greatest caution. They are discussing boldly and doing openly the same things which we talk about in whispers and do under cover. If only they would do as we do, hide their sins and pretend to virtues which they have not, we would be happier. But they won't hide anything, because we not only removed any necessity for secrecy when we removed their fear of parental (*Continued on page 105*)

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CHASE OSBORN

The Iron Hunter

He loves life, grapples eagerly with it, wrested from it many of the things he wanted and then gave them back

By Webb Waldron

TODAY this man may be sitting in a log cabin in the North Woods discussing the habits of the beaver with an old Ojibway chief. Tomorrow or the next day he may be explaining to the engineering department of a Mid-Western university his astonishing new device for transcontinental traffic by means of vacuum tubes.

A day or so after that he may be in New York, consulting with a group of internationally-known mining engineers regarding an iron mine he has discovered in Madagascar.

That night he will dine perhaps up in Harlem with the family of a Bulgarian waiter, will listen to the Bulgarian's eleven-year-old son Boris play Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and then will astonish and delight the whole family by making antic faces, barking like a dog, yowling like a catamount, and telling stories of chimpanzees and giraffes.

The next day may see him out in the Saugatuck Hills of Connecticut discussing the art of charcoal-burning with a Yankee farmer.

A day or so later he will be back, perhaps, on his island in the North Woods calling down the blessing from the Great Spirit upon a newly wedded Indian and his bride.

Or in Chicago lecturing to a woman's club on American frontier history. Or working on his new book about earthquakes. Or cajoling the bankers of his home town in Michigan to finance the new hotel. Or thrilling a railway president's dinner table with tales of African lion hunting. Or enlightening a college president upon the secrets of woodcraft. Or—

A million and one other things.

If this man, Chase Osborn, were half as interesting as he is, if he had half as many facets of genius, if he had knowledge of half the things which he does expertly know, if he had half of his own magnetism and force of character and energy, he would be easier to depict. As it is, the job is just about impossible.

Above all, he is an individual. He is an unmistakable figure in a crowd. A big man, with a shrewd, kindly face, seamed by exposure, weathered to old walnut, a pugnacious jaw, iron-gray hair, deep-set, piercing, dark brown eyes, a man with a rollicking laugh and biting wit. Once I saw him in a group of his Indians on his island in the St. Mary's River, and I would have sworn, had I not known differently, that he was their authentic chief of the blood.

From childhood, Chase Osborn has been an individual. He has always done things in his own way, sometimes a very astonishing way. As a boy of ten, in Lafayette, Indiana, he was pestered on his paper route by a gang of toughs who tried to steal his papers. So little ten-year-old Chase went to a second-hand dealer, bought an old seven-shot revolver, and when the gang chased him the next night, got him cornered, and a big bully had knocked him down with a shinny stick, Chase pulled the gun, and fired all seven shots slam-bang into the crowd!

"I expected to kill seven boys anyhow, maybe more," he says. "Luckily, I didn't hit any. Just then a cop came along, grabbed me, and took the gun away from me. I thought he was going to take me to jail, but he only took me home. I wouldn't recommend those tactics to any other boy, but you bet I wasn't bothered on my paper route after that!"

When he was twelve, Chase ran away from home, walked two hundred miles up into the woods of Michigan, got a job as cookee in a lumber camp, and walked back home the next spring with over one hundred dollars in his pocket.

Chase's family was poor, and he was avid for education. At fourteen he got admitted somehow into Purdue, a college which had just been started in his home town. "We Osborn children never had many clothes," he says. "Coats and pants were passed on from brother to brother, and mean kids made fun of our clothes. When I started in at Purdue, a big bully named Jim, son of a rich banker, had a habit of pointing me out when there was a crowd around, and saying, 'Look at that fellow Osborn, he hasn't any underclothes or any socks! And what do you think of wearing cowhide boots to college?' I hated him like poison, and I envied him too. I'd have licked him if I could, but he was too big. I didn't dream then that some day I would be instrumental in getting Jim out of jail."

BUT in spite of Chase's lack of clothes, the spirit of fun in him was not quenched, and he gives a vivid picture of the youth of Indiana in those days.

"We played games and kissed like the dickens," his memory runs, in a letter to Mark Sullivan. "Modern

(*Continued on page 150*)

My Philosophy of Life

MY GREATEST inheritance was poverty. With poverty came gibes and slurs from children who had more. It made me bitter for years. But it stimulated me to do things, for poverty is ambition's stepladder. With the acquisition of some money and enough food and respectable clothing came reflection. I saw the earth as a vast banqueting table. Sort of a buffet or what the Scandinavians call a *smorgos* board. This table is laden with the nourishments and the spices and flavors of life. Some persons, I noted, were rudely pushing weaker ones away and hogging the good things, even the actual food in instances. There is enough to go 'round if all would take only a fair share. But with some taking more even than they could eat and hoarding it, others had to go hungry.

I made up my mind to give back whatever I had that I did not need to live upon. People who take more than they need from the table of the earth do not always know that they are pigs, but they are. Socialism will not cure the pig habit. The way out is for those who take more to consider themselves as trustees for the surplus. Maybe some day they will help others up to the table, where they can help themselves. That day of things is coming rapidly. It must not be called charity. The name for it is JUSTICE. Add to it human love, and the world is made safe and happy for all mankind. CHASE SALMON OSBORN.

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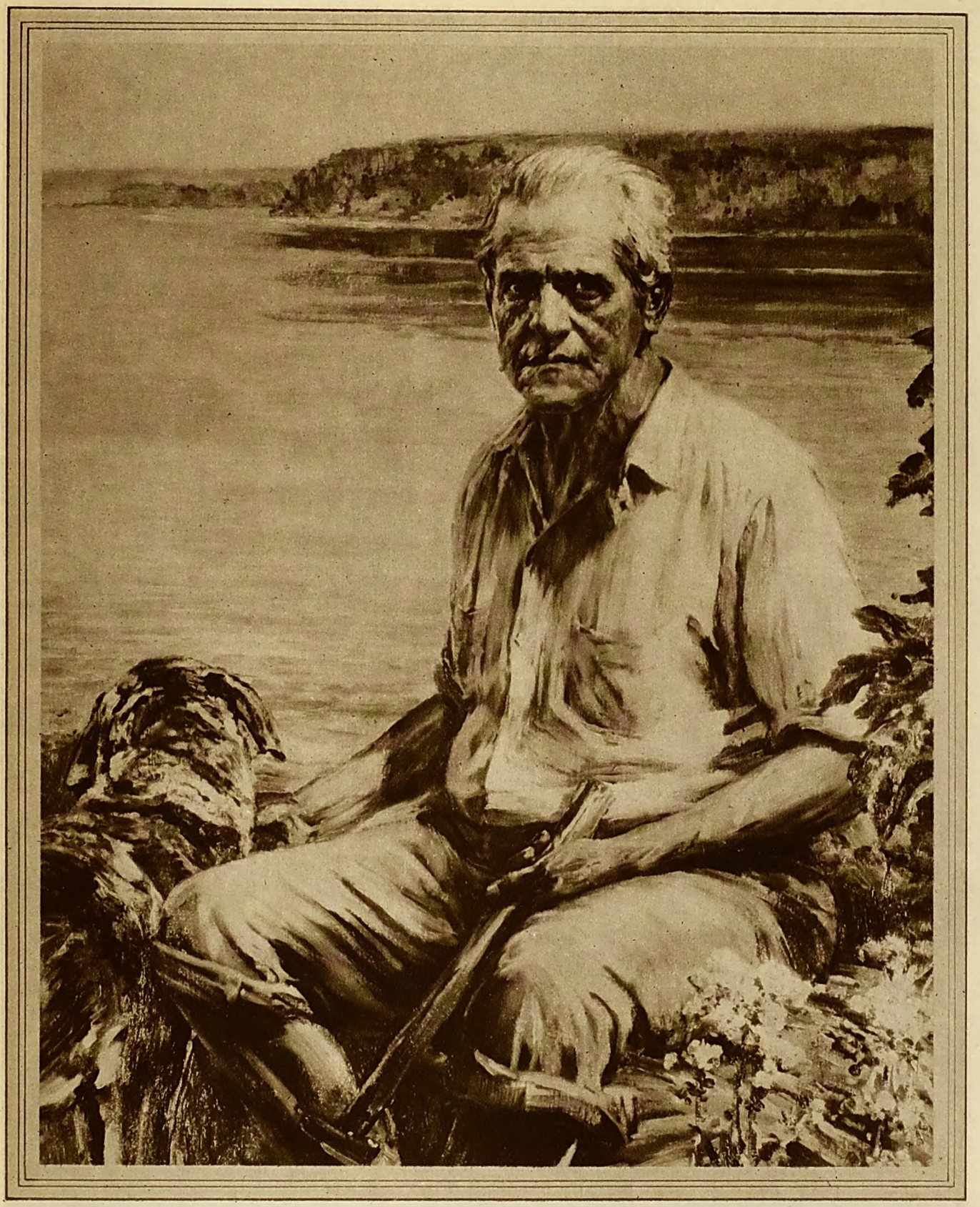

From a Painting by Robert W. Grafton

CHASE SALMON OSBORN, former governor of Michigan, has hunted for iron—and found it—all over the world; he has owned and edited several newspapers, and by his personal courage he cleaned up some of the toughest mining camps; he is a writer on birds, earthquakes, the source of the firefly's light; and is the author of a wide variety of books, among them, "The Andean Land," "The Iron Hunter," "The Law of Divine Concord," "The Earth Upsets," and "Madagascar—the Land of the Man-Eating Tree." . . . There is practically no limit to the strength of this amazing man, and there is no limit to the range of his interests! . . . Governor Osborn was born in Indiana in 1860. His official home is in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, his summer home on an island in St. Mary's River, and his winter home, "Possum Poke," is in Georgia.

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She knew suddenly that she was seeing the farm as Mark saw it. She had never seen it that way before—not even at first.

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WHITE BIRCHES

A story

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THIS story is only of one day, and yet there must have been a myriad of happenings that were *of* the day before the day itself came. No one can say of anything, "It happened on such and such an afternoon or morning."

Nan had been bred in that sterile poverty which has not even laughter to mitigate its raggedness. Their house, on River Street, had no grass in its littered yard. No geraniums to ease the gray blank of its curtainless windows. No great friendly maple to hide the rusty three-wheeled wagon left to rot by the muddy driveway. No wire to keep scrawny chickens from running across the sagging porch.

Oh, yes, they had a phonograph, and a hammock, and a rack full of guns, and a rafter that balanced a half-dozen fish poles! She came from that sort of home, on River Street. There was always a good deal of noise there—a kind of shrill cackling and fishwife nagging and meaningless scolding.

I won't say that Nan was any better than the rest, that she had any mighty suppressed longings for higher things. She had a cheap prettiness that was made cheaper yet by the exaggerated crimp in her mop of fair hair. She went with her sisters to the dances at the town hall on Saturday nights, and sometimes one boy would bring her home, sometimes another. She was "one of those Ramer girls."

But, three different times, she had tried to patch up the chicken yard fence. And one day, when her father had let his job go because he wanted a day off to go hunting, she watched him cross the bridge, gun on shoulder, with a hot scorn in her too-wise gray eyes. There were moments when she saw her silly clothes for what they were, and could have torn them from her. After such moments she would go off with Ed Bullock to the "Green Mill"—a road-house down Burns way—and dance, and laugh her shrill laughter till near morning. But probably her sisters had moments like that, too.

And then one night, the Grangers had a dance in the hall, and she went. Mark Wainwright was there. Perhaps her high laughter, to him who worked long days alone, was young laughter. Or perhaps, one moment when she stood a little apart staring about the room with strange and wistful groping, he saw her eyes. At any rate he took her home, and Nan's sisters referred to him as "Nan's hick friend."

Toward spring she married Mark. Partly because he thought her beautiful, partly because she was so sick of the noise that filled their poor house, partly because he took her buggy-riding one night, and had been afraid to kiss her.

But, of course, one of the Ramer girls—born in that River Street house, working in the ice-cream store—had no conception of what it would mean to be the wife of Mark Wainwright. He had a small farm up Ellis Run, an out-of-the-way road, and lonely. His folks had both died the year before and he had kept things going the best he could since. The house was not bad. A little gray and shabby, but comfortable, and he had the barn in good shape. They had a chance there.

The first year went pretty well. He loved her so, you see. And that was bound to soften her, whether she would or no. And something that had long smoldered before the unkemptness of her own house, grew comforted and still at the tidiness of Mark's house. There was a cupboard up-stairs that had in it fourteen sheets and thirteen pairs of pillow cases and two shelves full of "extra" comforters. There were plenty of flannel sheets for winter, and there was a crocheted spread for the spare-room bed. One day, in an old bureau drawer, she found a pile of dresser scarfs embroidered in wild roses, with butterfly filet insets, and great "W's" worked painstakingly.

And there was old Mrs. Wainwright's "best set" of dishes. They were blue, and had been her mother's. It gave Nan a strange, unexplored satisfaction to see that shelf full of dishes every time she opened the cupboard door in the pantry. There was a little rosebud pitcher, too, and even the kitchen had curtains. Mark was as handy about washing dishes as a woman, and Nan used to laugh at him as he made his tidy stack in the dishpan and worked up such a hot sudsy foam. She both scorned and liked him when he did the dishes for her. She was not much on cooking, but he helped her and they made out—at first.

BUT you can see that Mark's folks would not think much of Nan—a careless, loud girl like Nan. They made her an intruder. It took a little more than a year for them to do it. Then her sisters came up and ate the good food that now seemed to Nan to have been always hers, and talked of parties and "the fellas." They made fun in cruel ways, of Nan's new estate, of the old-fashioned house, of Mark. They made it all, by their high laughter, a dull, dreary place and Nan a fool for having given up her job at the ice-cream parlor for it. Nan had set out some plants that day, and she felt silly, after her sisters went, for having done it.

After the year, she began to have differences with Mark. They weren't the differences you would, perhaps, have supposed. They never quarreled over the hard work or the patronage of the "in-laws." You would have expected that. They did not even quarrel about the loneliness which was to eat into Nan more and more bitterly through the years. This was their first quarrel.

Mark came in from milking one day—it was his birthday—and found Nan more really gay than usual. She had a clean apron on; she seldom had. There was a cake; her cakes weren't much to boast of, but it was a cake. And beside Mark's plate was a package. In the package was a tie. Mark was pleased. He brought his long, awkward figure around the table and ruffled her hair, as he did when most moved.

"Bet you don't know where I got the money for it," she triumphed. "Mr. Bundy give me pay for two dozen eggs extra by mistake! You can bet I didn't say anything—I'd been wanting to get you something!"

Mark was back in his place now, and his eyes came up quickly, lifting his bushy brows in a startled fashion.

"Huh?" he said.

AND Nan felt as she had used to when she realized the awful cheapness of her clothes. Only, now, she knew the cheapness to be within herself. Hot words came crowding, but he only looked at her in that strange, unbelieving way. That was their first quarrel, if you could call it that.

"I meant it all right; I meant it all right!" she would say to herself as she looked away from the dishes to the little clump of birches down by the knoll.

Nan did not make that mistake again, not just that. But it became known that an old aunt of Mark's had willed her little savings to Mark and a cousin. The cousin came one day when Mark was out, and made a suggestion as to how he and Mark might get hold of the money before Aunt Tilda died.

Mark had been wanting a new reaper, and Nan said to him, nothing in her rebelling at its utterance, "I know how you can get the reaper, Mark!"

Again that look that left her unprotected, left naked her impoverished soul.

"What do you think I am?" he asked shortly.

So it grew. Grew till Nan knew, in a terrified way, that she was alone in the house. And so was Mark alone. The trouble was, Nan had no way of telling him she was ashamed, and he had no way of divination. Once, when Fred Overhiser gave her a nickel too much for some spring

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chickens, she walked up to his house with the nickel—three miles. But Mark did not know that.

After a while, the thing grew bigger, fed by such little things as Nan's burning up an old shirt she didn't want to mend again; by Mark's silent scorn when she wanted to pretend she was not home one day when they saw an unloved relative driving in; by Nan's lying about a trip to town she had taken. The difficulty was, after a bit, that Mark couldn't see that she recognized each episode as important.

That trip to town—he had gone away and had told her not to drive the horse he had left behind. Her mother had been ill, and she had just gone. In the first year she would have told him; but now she couldn't. She felt that she had done him an injury by taking the horse, and she did not see how she was adding to it immeasurably by the deception. The pity was, he would have understood that, if she had told him.

In their case it was this big difference that separated finally into smaller differences. Brought up in noise and to the clatter of dishes in the ice-cream parlor, she began to see the farm as a lonely place. In the first days, Mark had wanted her to come down to the hay field and ride in with him on the load. Or, when he went after the cows, he would want to find her by the bars at the end of the lane when he got back. And it had been sweet to Nan.

But he stopped it after he began to know her. It did not occur to him that, after each offense, Nan never offended in just that way again. He did not realize that she had had no standards, and was groping bravely after one, finding it only in himself. He only knew that he, son of farmers and Methodist parsons, felt sick inside to know that she would stoop to things he, lax enough, scorned.

So she knew loneliness. And Ellis Run is a very lonely place if you are hankering for people. Not a house in sight from Wainwright's—only an old watering trough, rarely used now, and the mail box. Down the road a piece was a knoll covered with birch trees. Mark had never cut the birches, not because, perhaps, he saw each tree slim, white, drawn apart shyly from the rest in its virginity, but because he thought them "kind of pretty."

And Nan, with this thing between them, no longer felt interest in Mark's interests. She hated the farm. She hated his cousins, interfering and peering into chests to see if she'd put moth balls in. She hated the stony pastures, and the days with never a human face in them. She even hated the neatness that generations of women before her had put upon her as a duty. She began to want people, her own sort of people. She did not know—probably would not have admitted, anyway—that it was her own growth which was stirring her into miserable, lonely feeling.

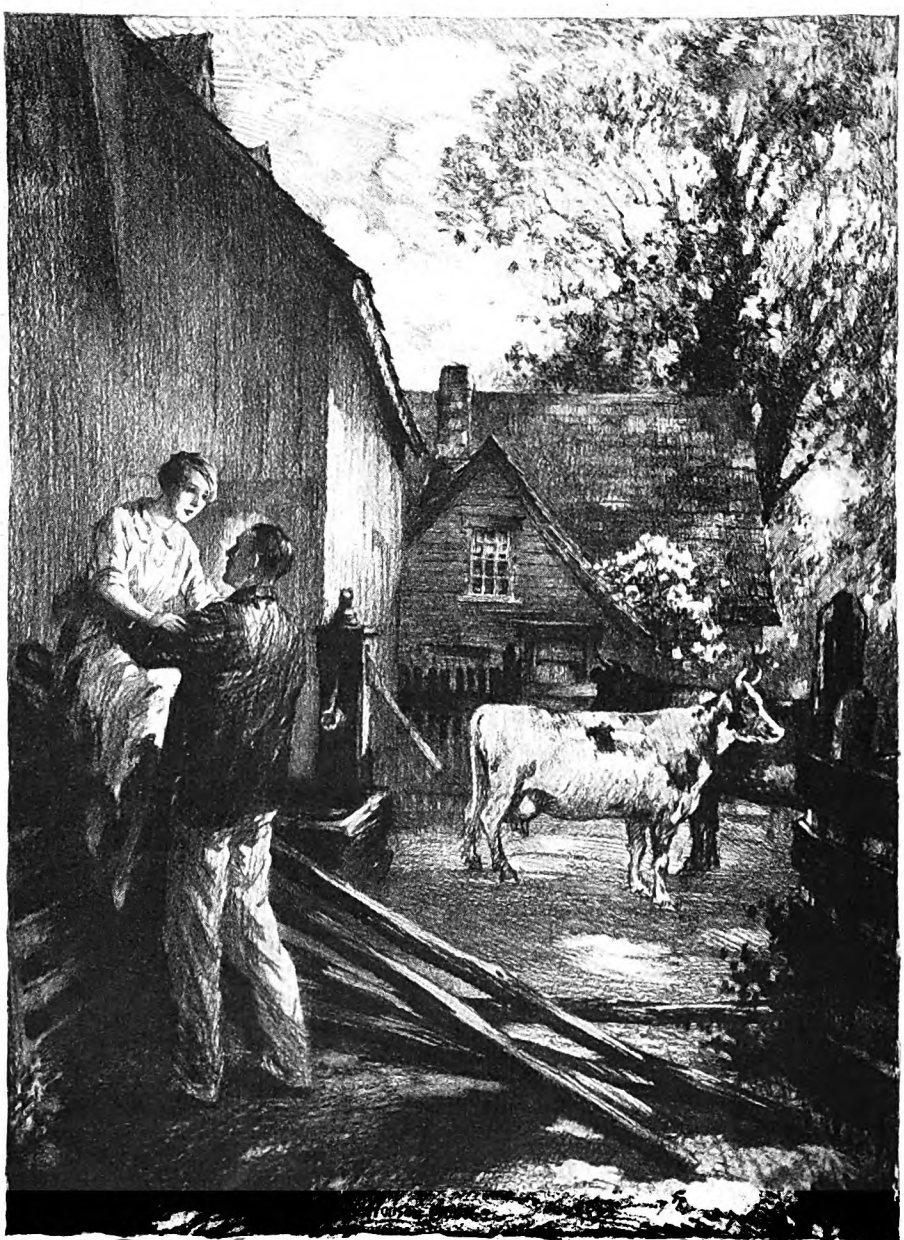
ONE day Mark had a chance to sell a horse that had been ailing.

"I suppose you'd say go ahead!" he said a little sharply to Nan.

She did not answer him, but after he went out again she went in by the stove in the sitting-room and cried bitterly. She said things about his Aunt Julia that night—biting, true, unlovely things—and he could not see that they were only a child's defiance (she, back to the wall, fighting injustice!). So he said things about her shiftless father and her loud sisters: "Talk of the town, they are—and ought to be!"

Winter days grew hideously long. Mark, grown tight-mouthed and old—a stranger to her—the heavy snows, and the absence of contact with life; you can think what they would be to one of the Ramer girls. Mark thought the snow was pretty. He would walk to town to go past a certain woods, and he liked to be snowed-in, to spend days by the kitchen stove with papers and books.

But Nan, who had known home always as a place to get away from when possible, had not developed yet to where she could find peace in just sitting by the fire. Especially not alone. Sometimes, when she would walk across the kitchen, the creak of the boards would be so loud in the stillness of Ellis Run that she would want to scream aloud. The stillness and snow were like weights on her.



When he went after the cows, he would want to find her by the bars at the end of the lane when he got back

Her cheap gayety, that had, in the crucible of love, been coming through as real, was now pushed back into her, leaving her only queerly out of place there on the farm. More than once she thought, "If only I hadn't done that about the tie!" Not knowing that that thought alone made her more than the girl who had married Mark.

There were no babies, and that troubled Mark too. One day Nan realized, settling her shoulders as if to a new burden, that Mark thought she did not want any. She was too far away from him now to tell him the difference. Nothing so fosters a reserve as silence after quarrels.

There was a little kitten that strayed there, and Nan fussed over it in an awkward way, fattened it up with cream, and held it in her lap whenever she sat down.

When the little kitten was killed by a passing car she shook all over, and she did not eat much for a week or two after; but Mark could not

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Aunt Julia was a fault-finding woman. She snooped everywhere—cupboards, cellar, bureau drawers, thoughts

be expected to read that, of course.

Then, early one spring, Lute Lory drove in in his yellow wagon and stopped at the kitchen door. Lute drove what was known as "the tea wagon," but he sold a hundred different commodities. He had not been in the habit of coming up Ellis Run, but Nan had used to know him in town. His surprise promptly bound them together in friendliness.

"Why, Nancy Ramer! Where in time'd you hail from? Prettier'n ever, too!"

He was used to saying whatever came into his head to the folks along the route. If a girl blushed, so much the better; but, if she didn't, 'twas all in the day's work. He could not know that the easy boldness of his voice was like a rope thrown out across the years from her old life to this. But he did see the feeling come flooding into her face, and he repeated the statement in his own mind.

"Prettier is right!"

"I saw your sister 'Relia, down to a dance Saturday night," he told her.

"Did you? Who was she with?"

"Ed Bullock—guess she ain't ready to settle down yet. They got a good orchestra now."

"Gee!" The longing and regret in her voice got through to Lute even.

"'S'matter, Nancy? Don't Wainwright take you to dances any more?"

Nan hesitated. Loyalty had not been fostered in the River Street house, but Nan was not Nan Ramer now.

"We been awful busy getting the farm to paying," she defended Mark.

But he had seen the longing that flew up into her eyes and made her a girl again.

LUTE never went over a route more than once a month, but two weeks later there he was at the kitchen door again.

"'Lo, Nancy!" he grinned at her, as if they had some secret between them. Nan found herself flushing, as if he were right.

"How about tea or coffee today? Got plenty? I saw 'Relia Saturday night; told her I saw you. She says you ain't much time for the family nowadays!"

Nan did not answer directly.

"She oughtn't to run around with Ed Bullock," she said. "He's no good."

"Oh, 'Relia can look after herself!" he said easily. "How about some vanilla, Nancy? I got some new cup-cake tins on today, too."

"I'm not much on cake baking," Nan's voice was both resentful and wistful.

"Well, you're long on looks, anyhow; guess Mark won't mind a fallen cake now 'n' then!" He laughed loudly.

His laugh was somehow distasteful to Nan, though it was the identical laugh which had made her glow in the days of the ice-cream parlor. But it linked her up with her old life, and to be linked to anything, anyone, was a blessed, comforting feeling. (*Continued on page 167*)

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"Doc" Kinkade—*The Man Who Put Us Across*

By Commander Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

"Doc" Kinkade, motor wizard of the Wright Aëronautical Corporation, is the man who tuned the engines that carried Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and Ruth Elder on their historical flights across the sea. His flyers keep him busy chasing around after them to see that their motors are in perfect order. R. Harold Kinkade is the official name of this mechanical genius, but to the flyers he is "Doc"

ON THE morning of May 8th, 1925, a man asked me a question that for a moment made me think hard. We were standing on the long white snow slope that led from the berg-filled waters of King's Bay, Spitzbergen, up to the ice-capped mountains of that country's wild and inaccessible interior. We were waiting for a chance to hop off by plane for the North Pole.

The man who asked me the question was Floyd Bennett. He was to be my companion on the flight. He knew, as well as I, that we were taking a big chance. But he faced the danger simply, and with assurance that we were going to do the best we could. Like the sensible fellow he is, he wanted to feel that every detail in our preparation was complete.

The momentous question Floyd Bennett put to me was: "Do you think we're fixed for getting back in case we crash?"

Sounded simple enough on the face of it. But it stood for one of the most complex problems I have ever tackled. By it Bennett referred to the possibility that we might be forced to land on the chaotic surface of the great polar pack. We knew that there wasn't a chance in a thousand that we could do this without smashing our landing skis, if not our plane as well.

If we did this we should have to walk back over the ice. Without dogs or sledges or proper field equipment, we should have to attempt the journey that Peary succeeded in making only after twenty-five years of learning how to travel on sea ice. We should starve and freeze, and fall from exhaustion before we were through. And we'd probably be "through" long before we got back to land.

I CONFESS I didn't like to have to answer Bennett's question, although for many months I had been planning just how to meet that very situation. Then chance answered it for me.

In front of us was the huge tri-motored monoplane that was going to take us North. From her belly suddenly emerged the stocky figure of a man clad in oil-soaked work clothes and with an old bedraggled teamster's cap pulled down over his ears and eyes. He had broad shoulders, a square chin, a hard, straight line of a mouth, quick eyes, and a sort of *leaning-forward* look about his body, as if he were always poised to spring. He was the personification of hard work, energy, earnestness, and grit.

"There's the answer to your question, Floyd!" I exclaimed.

Bennett looked up. "Who, Doc Kinkade?"

"Sure. He's the one who is going to keep us from walking back." But as I said this, I did not for a moment forget that Bennett's own mechanical ability is still unsurpassed, so far as I know.

Kinkade, airplane motor wizard, came over to where we stood. Nodding in the direction of the three big engines, upon the performance of which Bennett and I must in a few hours stake our lives, he said: "They'll do."

It was characteristic of the man that he went into no ingenious details that might have become potential alibis for him in case his engines failed us. Oh, no. Doc Kinkade, motor wizard, is not like that. If one of his engines is wrong, he shuts his teeth tightly and growls through his nose. If they are in shape to run sweetly hour after hour through fog and gale and blizzard, sleet and heat and darkness, he just says: "*They'll do.*"

When Doc Kinkade says this you go right out without another thought and bet your life that he's right. Lindbergh

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did last summer. Chamberlin did. Ruth Elder did. I did.

How preposterous it is that this man, who has been one of those largely responsible for the spectacular spread and improvement in flying machines all over the civilized world in the year 1926, is one of the obscure figures in aviation.

Indeed, it is a sad commentary on modern society that this man of all flying men, who is known to his friends as modest, retiring, reliable, intelligent, tireless, tenacious, and talented yet should receive none of the flood of adulation poured upon other successful flyers.

Two comforting facts about him are plain to the discerning eye: In the first place, I believe that Kinkade has a recompense for his work that few have, certainly to the degree he has it: a feeling of satisfaction that, had he not been absolutely right about his engines when he said "They'll do," Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and myself might now be dead.

Secondly, he has daily reminders, both from his employers and from his many friends among flyers, that he is looked upon as one of the great practical masters of airplane motors alive to-day.

IF a man knows his work is good, and those who understand his work agree that it is good, I believe that he has two of the greatest mainsprings of happiness in life.

I had for so long thought of R. Harold Kinkade in terms of fuel efficiency, revolutions-per-minute, and miles-per-hour, that when I decided the world ought to know him more and appreciate him better, I actually had to go and ask where he was born and when.

"Abroad," he replied. "But not an actual 'furriner.' My father, an American citizen, was in Richmond, Canada, on business for an American oil company when I came along. Not long afterward we returned to the States and settled in Bayonne, New Jersey. I might say I grew up in an atmosphere of lubricating oil.

"I went to grammar school and was graduated from the Lincoln Public School, in Bayonne. I didn't do anything out of the ordinary to indicate whether I was to be doctor, lawyer, merchant, or thief when I grew up. Guess I had the usual number of fist fights and lost my tops down the sewer just about like any other public-school boy."

"Are you sure there wasn't something happened in those days that proved you were going to be a great motor mechanic when you grew up?"

An editorial friend who is used to doing interviews had told me that it was very important to dig out of one's victim some little revealing incident in childhood that was prophetic of the man's future greatness.

Doc's reply was revealing enough: It was, "Hey, quit your kidding!"

But I kept after him, because this was a point I had to get. Finally, he told me the following perfect sample of what I wanted:

"Yes; I guess there was one time I showed an interest in mechanical things. I went to Sunday-school for some years. Not that I had exactly a religious turn of mind, but I liked the atmosphere of the place, and I soon found that I had there an even better chance to exercise my wits than I did in school. I guess few of us realize the kick a boy gets out of mental competition with other boys.

"Well, one day the teacher offered a prize of one dollar for learning the names of all the books of the Bible by memory. I was twelve years old at the time. I spent the whole following week memorizing the hardest set of words I have ever wrapped my tongue around. When Sunday came I got my dollar.

"I could hardly wait for Monday morning to spend it. I knew exactly what I wanted. For years I had been seeing clocks and watches around the house and hearing the mysterious ticking inside their cases. *I had a burning desire to know what made the wheels go around.*

"With my dollar I bought a watch and hurried home with it. Using scissors, screw driver, hammer, nail file, penknife, and a safety pin, I promptly took the watch to pieces. I doubt if I ever had another thrill like the one I had when I saw all the little wheels and cogs lying around on the handkerchief I had spread on the table to keep them from getting dirty.

"NOW comes what I think is the wonderful part of the story. At any rate, I am pretty proud to think of it. I put that whole blooming watch back together again. *And it worked!*

"I was so excited at my achievement that next day I took the watch apart again and put it together again. Again it worked. I know most boys sooner or later take a watch apart, but mighty few of them ever make it tick again.

"This time my father learned what I was doing with my new timepiece. He was so disgusted at what to him seemed my vandalism that he took the watch away from me."

I doubt if Kinkade ever showed the enthusiasm over an airplane engine that he did in reciting his adventure with that dollar watch. Certainly, nothing could have been more revealing of his early bent toward mechanical ability.

"I graduated from the watch to the family alarm clock," he went on. "The trouble here was that when I got all the alarm clock's works out on the table I couldn't quite face the same old experience of simply putting them back, and making them tick again. So, this time I built a little motor-boat, put the clock works in it and ran it in the family tub.

"Nor is this the end of the yarn. The other boys in the neighborhood came in to see if what I told them about my wonderful motor-boat was true. When one of them saw how it worked, he couldn't resist making me an offer for it. I sold it to him for enough to buy two more alarm clocks.

"This piece of business saved my hide for having destroyed the alarm clock. But it also revealed to my parents that I might be of some real use at home. My mother put me to work doing odd plumbing jobs about the house. I did them, and managed to save a few plumbing bills. But I never put into that work the same enthusiasm I had in unscrambling clock works; first, because even then my taste ran to small and delicate mechanical parts; and, second, because no boy will ever work so hard at a job he *has* to do as at one he devises himself."

I PESTERED Doc with questions about his schooling, and about what he did in those years outside of school, for a very definite reason. I am convinced that the youth of this country is our most important public charge. The way we educate and bring up our boys and girls of to-day determines almost wholly what kind of country we are going to have fifteen or twenty years from to-day.

Nothing is more fascinating than to find out what influences helped men like Kinkade in their youth, and make for their future success.

"I found a valuable friend in my last school-teacher," he said. "Her name was Miss Allen, and she did a lot for me when I went to her frankly one day and said that I didn't think my folks could afford to send me all the way through high school, and that I'd have to go to work and make my own living pretty soon.

"'All right,' she said encouragingly. 'You go right to work in some automobile factory, Harold. That's an industry which has a great future in this country.'

"If she'd badgered me to keep on, and told me what a failure I'd be without more education just then, I wouldn't have listened to her. But she saw that I was in a fix I couldn't help, and gave me advice that is pretty much responsible for where I am to-day. As a matter of fact, I was later able to (*Continued on page 86*)

It Is a Pleasure To Grant a Favor Such as This

WHEN Commander Byrd sent in the accompanying article he asked what he termed a "favor." Here it is: "Would THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE," he said, "be willing to run an editorial box in the middle of the story, pointing out that, despite the great progress in aviation and the fine records of many flyers, the real men behind all this success—the men who put the engines in commission—have never received their full due?" We are glad to carry out this generous and justified suggestion. THE EDITOR.

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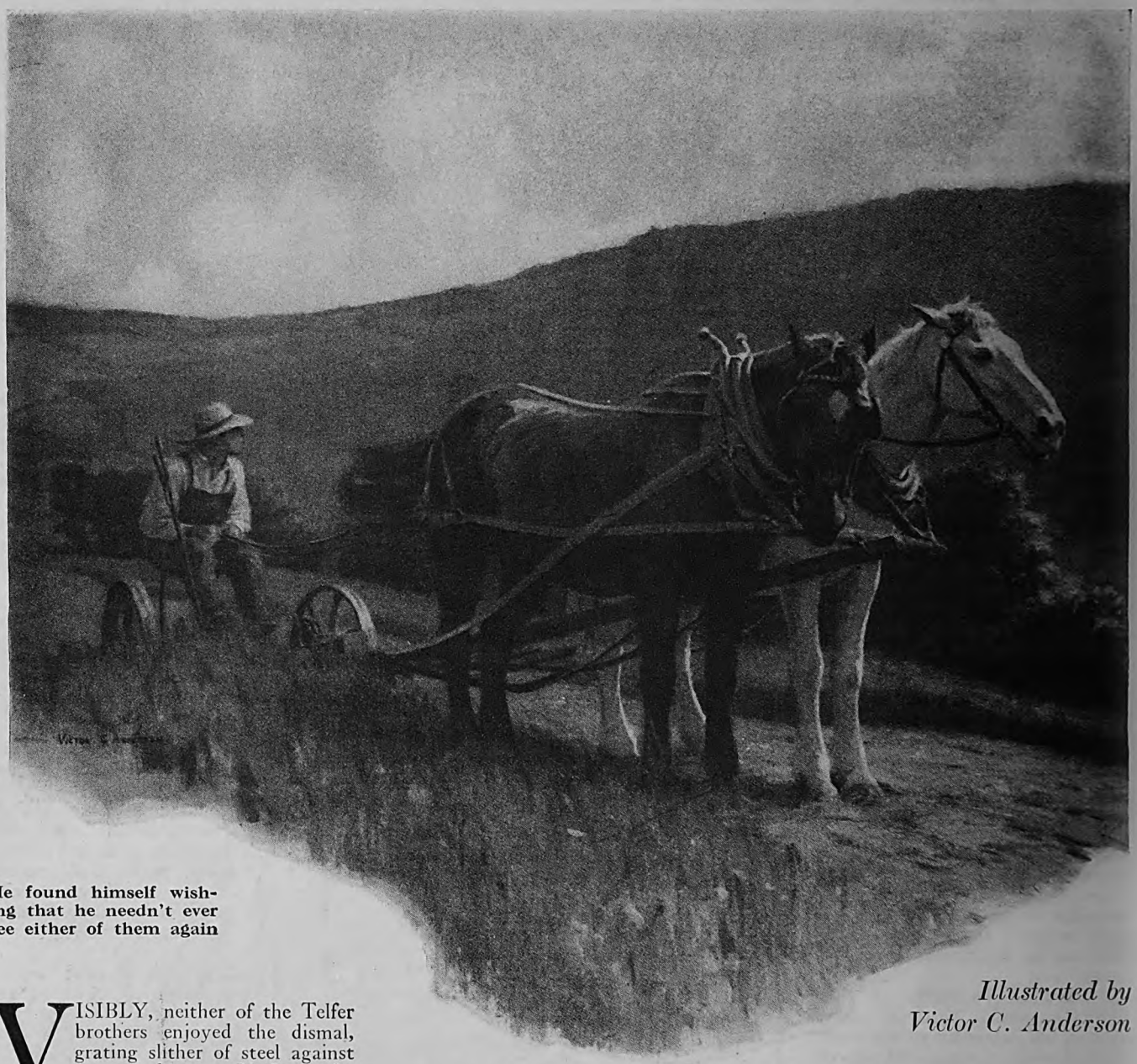

He found himself wishing that he needn't ever see either of them again

Illustrated by Victor C. Anderson

VISIBLY, neither of the Telfer brothers enjoyed the dismal, grating slither of steel against wet sandstone. Nathan, the elder, who held the mower knives down upon the grindstone, had drawn his lips flatly back from his strong, uneven teeth, white as a dog's in the sun-brown of his sweating countenance; his eyes, even in the tempered dimness of the tool shed, where motes danced deliberately in the vertical slices of light that slipped between the wall boards, were held half shut in their habitual squint, so that he seemed to find a dull, secret amusement in the task, pausing now and then to test the edge of the flat, triangular knife teeth with a huge thumb, glistening, and discolored by the gritty water that dripped from the paint pail swung above the stone.

In these pauses his narrowed glance would shift to Jamie, perched gingerly on the one-legged stool, swaying forward and back in time to the slow revolutions of the handle. The boy's face was fortified against the sound by an intense, unhappy pucker which gathered his lips like a drawn purse string, and seemed even to lengthen and sharpen his nose.

In spite of this defense, however, the wet, jarring scrape of the blades sent a recurrent, involuntary shudder through his tightened neck and shoulders, and his eyes clung jealously to his brother's experimenting thumb, marking the slow progress from knife to knife.

Nathan Telfer chuckled, not unkindly, at the look on the boy's curdled face.

"Sets all your teeth right up on edge, don't it? Mine too. Been doing it ever since I can remember; but it tickles me up just the same as the first time I turned the stone for Pa." He chuckled again. "Remember Pa always used to say it was a sight better'n having your nose against it."

THE boy's head and shoulder shivered at the thought, and Nathan Telfer's grin softened to penitence.

"Kind of mean to put the notion in your head," he said. "Always used to give me a kind of shiver when Pa'd say it." His face darkened. "Ain't much to laugh at, either. Nothing so dog-gone funny about having your nose against a grindstone. Guess Pa never got his off it all his life. You can't, if you aim to stay alive on a one-horse farm."

Dourly, now, he resumed his task; the hint of humor was gone from his tight-lipped grin, and the steel bore down harder on the dripping stone; the narrowed glance studied the square of sky framed by the doorway with an effect of wary calculation.

"Guess the shower's going 'round through the Notch, after all. Get that last piece cut before sundown, if we hustle and the old machine don't break down on us."

"Aren't you going up to town, then?"

The boy's speech had a different quality, the syllables a little more defined, a neater diction than his brother's; there was a dimly plaintive note in the tone.

"Ought to know I can't." Nathan Telfer spoke bruskly, but without rebuke. "Got to finish haying while the weather'll leave me. Never heard of such a fool time to have the Chautauqua—right bang in the middle of haying!"

"Have to take it when you can get it," said Jamie. He swayed at the crank for a few turns. "It's a lecture this afternoon: 'Hitch your wagon to a star.'" He drew in a wistful breath. "They say it's 'most as good as Bryan's speeches."

Nathan Telfer's eye appraised the retreating thunderhead. A dogged look soured his mouth.

"You'd ought to hear it, f'r a fact," he

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GRINDSTONED

The story of a man who hitched his brother's wagon to a star, and of the girl they both loved

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

said. "Sight sooner have you hanker f'r something sensible, like that, 'stead of wasting your time on bell-ringers and such stuff. Promised your ma, too—" He meditated, thumbing the edge of the last blade. "You could cut across lots and catch a ride up to town with the Haddens. Guess I can make out to get along single-handed."

HE CHECKED the boy's eager movement toward the door. "Got plenty of time to clean up," he said. "Might wear that there new neck-tie I bought over to Union—one with the white spots. Hold on a minute, Jamie—ain't finished talking yet. Want"—he hesitated—"want you to listen real close. Might learn something 't'll help—" Again, fumbling for words, he paused, his glance shifting, as if for inspiration, about the clutter of the tool shed. Suddenly it brightened:

"Don't need to grow up to be like me, Jamie. You're smart. Guess you heired your ma's brains. Had my nose rammed down on the grindstone ever since I c'n remember; but you c'n keep yours off it, if you're a-mind to."

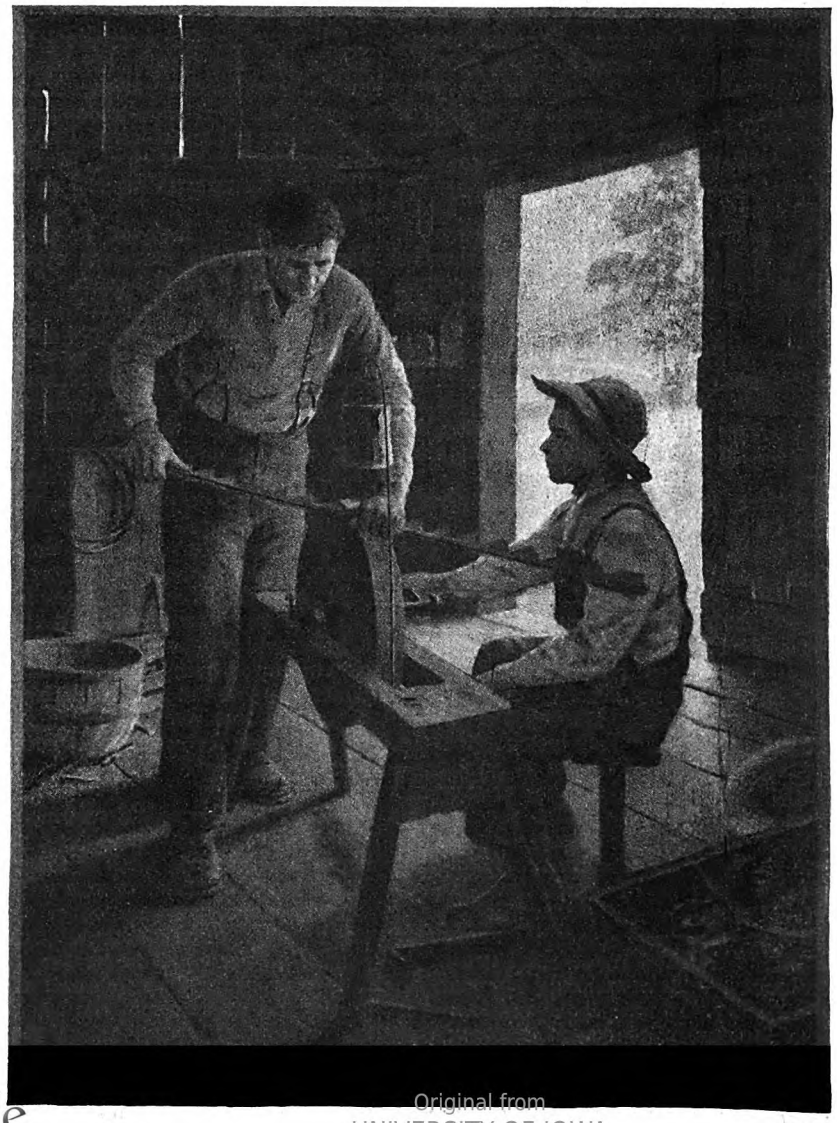
The boy's lips puckered, and again a reminiscent shiver moved his head and shoulders. Without words, however, he turned and ran toward the house. By the time Nathan Telfer had carried the sharpened knife up the hill meadow and hitched his team to the machine that stood in the curing grass of the last morning swath, Jamie was in view again, almost across the pasture lot beside the Hadden farmstead.

Nathan saw him climb the snake fence; presently, stopping the machine to clear the knives of the trailing pea-vines which, wanting Jamie's collaboration with a pitchfork, clogged the mower's teeth every few rods, he saw the Hadden democrat-wagon pull up the slope and vanish over the crest of the hill. It was a long way off, but Nathan Telfer's eyes were schooled to distance and he grinned contentedly at what they saw: Jamie was on the back seat with Milly Hadden.

It was slow work; he kept doggedly at it till well after sundown, finishing the last swath with knives so dull that they sawed instead of cutting.

When he had finished with it, and with his routine of chores, he was too tired to bother with cooking, and supped on bread and milk, nodding over the cracked blue bowl. Jamie, returning from the evening session of the Chautauqua, found him asleep in the hammock-chair on the porch, and he yawned now and then during the boy's eager rehearsal of the afternoon's oratory, although, even at seventeen, Jamie had a platform sonority that was almost professional.

"Hitch your wagon to a star." Nathan repeated the resounding climax under his breath. "That's what you'll be doing, Jamie, if you keep it up. Sight better 'n hitching up to them two old mares, the way I got to, first thing in the morning." He slowly flexed his lean arms. "Noticed you was on the back seat with Milly."



The wet, jarring scrape of the blades sent a recurrent, involuntary shudder through the boy's tightened neck and shoulders

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"Uh-huh." Jamie's fluency forsook him abruptly. He moved toward the door.

In the darkness Nathan Telfer grinned contentedly. The boy's reserve on this topic was more expressive and reassuring than words. Of course they were nothing but kids, and a lot of things might happen before they grew up; but it didn't hurt anything, if you were going to ride behind yoked stars, to be good friends with a girl like Milly Hadden.

"Been studying things out to-night," he said. "Guess, if we don't run into bad luck, we can make out f'r you to go to college, come fall."

Jamie said nothing, but Nathan heard him catch in his breath, and again, under cover of the darkness, he grinned sleepily at the future.

STANDING on the battered planks of the station platform, Jamie Telfer submitted himself, smiling a little, to his brother's deliberate, appraising gaze. Nathan wore his working clothes, and his team—still ponderously disturbed by the sound of the departing train—was hitched to the heavy lumber wagon; Nathan explained this a little apologetically, while his eyes were still intent upon their inventory.

"Got to haul a load of feed down from the mill," he said. "Figured you'd just as soon ride home in the wagon."

Jamie spread his hands. "Why not?" he said easily. "Didn't need to drive clear up here to meet me, for that matter. Haven't forgotten how to walk, Nat."

"Figured it'd save time to get your trunk now. Have to make a trip after it sometime." Nathan's eye shifted along the platform to the four-wheeled truck on which Charlie Greider was pulling the day's express toward the station. "Don't seem to 've got here, though," he added.

"I didn't bring it," said Jamie shortly. "It didn't seem worth while for a couple of days; and that's all I can stay, this trip."

His voice, carefully casual, held an undertone of suppressed excitement. The eagerness of his face, that always made Nathan Telfer think of Hattie, his mother, became now more manifest than ever.

"That so?" Nathan spoke slowly. "Got to go back, have you?"

"Really ought to have stayed. Just came home to explain things to you." Jamie's voice warmed. "Please you better than it pleased me, or I miss my guess; but I wanted to be sure you realized. Heard me talk about Professor Scheib, haven't you?"

Nathan nodded. He stooped to lift Jamie's suit case. "Talk just 's well in the wagon," he said. "Ought to be getting back." Jamie waited till they were on the way down the long slant toward the village. Nat hadn't changed much; he had the same old single-track mind that could do only one thing at a time. No use to talk to him when he was busy.

"You was saying something about this p'fessor," Nathan prompted him.

"Scheib—the only really big man on the faculty." Jamie spoke quickly. "A whole lot too big for a one-horse college like Centerville, of course. Been seeing a lot of him this last year. You see, I specialized in sociology and pol. econ, and they're both in his line."

"Uh-huh. Means how to get along with folks, I take it, and how to run things—businesses and gov'ments and so on. Guess you couldn't 've picked out nothing better to study up." Nathan nodded over the reins. "No wonder you done so well at it—ought to come natural f'r you. Take after your ma, and she was a great hand to run things, Hattie was. Smart's they make 'em." He hesitated. "Milly Hadden's kind of like her, some ways."

Jamie slipped past the diversion. "Well, Scheib's quitting his job this year. He's just wasting his time at Centerville. He's going to edit a new review—a lot of the biggest men in the country are backing it—and"—he sprang his climax with a pardonable touch of pride—"and he wants me to go in with him! Assistant editor, I'll be—the second-best job on the sheet!"

Nathan was silent even longer than usual.

"I thought you'd be pleased," said Jamie, a hint of complaint in his tone. "You always wanted—"

"Pleased ain't just how to put it," Nathan told him slowly. "Can't seem to take it in, not all at once. Editor! Ink ain't hardly dried on your diploma and you step spang into a job 't most men don't get till they're gray-headed!" He inhaled audibly. "Wish 't your ma could 've made out to live to see it happen."

Relief and satisfaction were in Jamie's look and voice.

"I thought, for a minute, that you didn't like the idea." He laughed. "I might have known better. It's all your doing, Nat. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have got my chance. I want you to know that I realize that. Maybe, some day, I'll be able to square things with you."

"No call to look at it that way." Nathan kept his narrowed eyes on the nodding heads of the team. "I'm paid back already. Feel 's if it was me, some way, 't was doing what you do—sort of second-hand. Kind of like being a partner, I mean. I'm real pleased, Jamie—it sort of proves I been right, trying to fix things so you wouldn't be tied down, with nothing ahead of you only farming."

He shook his head. "Getting harder and harder, every year, to wrastle a living off the land."

"*You* won't have to keep on doing it either," said Jamie. "Of course money isn't the main object of a paper like ours; but it'll pay pretty well, all the same. Scheib's got all the figures; we'll both be sure of a good living, and as soon as we're under way you can sell the place and come down and live with me—I've got it all planned out. You've done your share; it's my turn now!"

"DON'T know as it'd suit me, but it's right nice of you to look at it like that," said Nathan. They had reached the single business street of the village and were abreast, as he spoke, of the little brick bank. "How're you fixed f'r money, Jamie? Guess you'll be needing some to keep you going till you get started, won't you?" He pulled in to the hitching rail and wound the reins about the whipstock. Jamie stopped him as he moved to clamber down over the wheel.

"Wait a minute. I wanted to talk to you about that. Didn't expect to get to it quite so soon, but we might as well tend to it now and get it over with. I own half the place, don't I?"

Nathan's eyes opened. "Thought you always knew that. Left it to the both of us, Pa did, share and share alike."

"Just wanted to be sure." Jamie nodded. "Didn't want to ask you for charity. But as long as it's my own money I can take it with a clear conscience. How about buying me out?"

Nathan seemed to reflect. "Don't know how I'd manage it, right now," he said, after a pause. "Kind of scarce, ready money is, this time 'f year." He meditated again. "Leave you have some to live on, all right; but—"

Jamie shook his head. "I don't need it for that. I'll have my pay as soon as I start working. It's to invest. I—I always took it for granted that I had a half-interest, you see, and when Scheib and I talked things over I agreed to go into the business with some money; I told him I thought I could raise a couple of thousand. My share's worth that much, isn't it?"

"Is if you c'd get it, I guess." Nathan's eyebrows drew together. "Only thing is how to get it. Can't sell half the place, sep'rate—have to sell the whole of it 'r none, and it ain't easy, selling farm land. Might take a year to find a buyer."

"No need to. I talked it all over with Scheib. He put his finger on the right idea in a jiffy—trust him for that! He says the thing to do is to put a mortgage on the whole place, and then I'll deed my half over to you, and you can take your time paying off the loan. We can do that, can't we?"

Nathan frowned. "Always sort of hated the notion of a mortgage on any land I'm working. Kind of sours the soil, sort of, a mortgage 'pears to. But—"

"That's just sentiment—superstition!" Jamie laughed. "All the world's business is done on borrowed money. If that's all your objection—"

"SORT of hate to see you sell your share, anyhow," said Nathan. "Feel easier in my mind knowing you got the place to fall back on, case anything goes wrong."

"As if I wouldn't anyway, with you living on it!" Jamie clapped him gayly on the shoulder. "You're real likely to let me starve, aren't you? That's just the kind of brother you've been to me, all this time!"

"Might not have it myself," said Nathan. "Sight of folks lost their places 'count of mortgages. S'pose I don't make out to keep the int'rest paid up—"

"Then you'd probably lose it anyway, wouldn't you? Look here: The interest on two thousand is a hundred and twenty a year. You've been sending me five or six hundred every year I've been in college, haven't you? I guess you won't have much trouble raising that interest, now I'm off your hands for keeps!"

"Didn't get that money off the place," Nathan persisted; "not as fast as it got spent, I mean. Been saving it up ever since Hattie and me talked things over. Don't guess I ever got five hundred clear off the farm any one year. Ain't much more'n broke even lately."

"Well"—a hint of impatience came into Jamie's tone—"what do you want me to do? Come back here and settle down and help you farm for a bare living?

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"It was mostly my own notion, sending him to college and all. Wanted him to get his nose off the grindstone, Milly"

I can do that, of course; or, else, I can—"

"You know that's the last thing I want. But I hadn't figured on raising extry money right now. If I'd had time, or if I'd known beforehand, I could've done something. The's a sight of stove wood up in the wood lot—only it takes time to get it out and sell it."

"There you are, then!" Jamie slapped his shoulder again. "Borrow what I need now, take your time getting out the stove wood and pay off the loan with the money. Easy as A B C! And while you're doing that, the money'll be earning big dividends in the paper, a whole lot more than it'd ever pay if it was tied up in farm land. I'll fix up the papers so's you can sign 'em now."

and I'll be drawing down my pay besides. If anything goes wrong with you, I'll be in shape to help you out, and—"

"All right." Nathan climbed down over the wheel. "We'll go see Squire Fentress. Gen'ly has money to loan, and he'll

(*Continued on page 160*)

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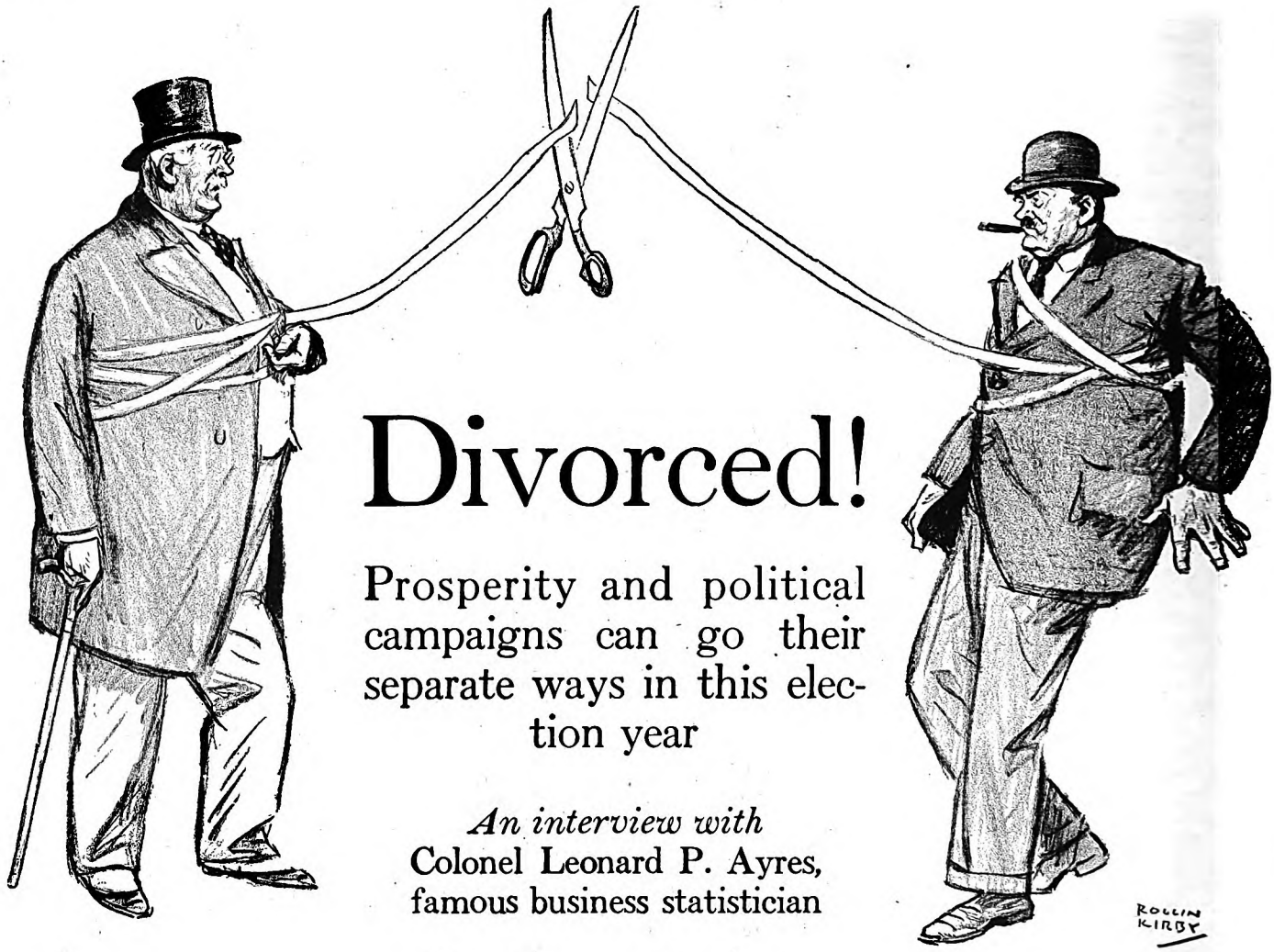

Divorced!

Prosperity and political campaigns can go their separate ways in this election year

An interview with
Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, famous business statistician

By Keene Sumner

DRAWING BY ROLLIN KIRBY

THIS summer, National Conventions will meet. Presidential candidates will be nominated. Beforemid-summer their campaigns will have started, and in November one of these candidates will be elected.

We are facing a five-months period which every business man dreads. Presidential election campaigns always have been a national business bugaboo. According to tradition they should be approached with caution; even with fear.

Is there any real basis for this feeling? Is it true that a presidential election year is always a bad year for business?

Let's be more specific: What about business during *this* campaign? Is there any reason why it should suffer *because of the coming election?*

Every business man has been asking himself all these questions; but I went to Cleveland in order to ask them of Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, who—among other things—is the statistical expert for the Cleveland Trust Company.

He comes pretty near to being statistical expert for the country at large. Probably no summaries and forecasts of general business conditions are more widely consulted than those coming from his office.

As the two queries in regard to this year's campaign are the ones with which we are most concerned, I shall first give Colonel Ayres's reply to them:

Next I shall tell what he said about election years in general. That is extremely interesting in itself. But it is also vitally important in judging what effect, if any, the impending campaign should have on business conditions.

"I do not at present see any valid reason for expecting a serious business depression this year," said Colonel Ayres. "Certainly there is no reason why a depression should come merely because we shall be electing a new President.

"We have had many campaigns, *in the past*, when business had good reason to be apprehensive. Times when our prosperity was definitely in peril. Times when the result of the election was uncertain; and when that uncertainty held positive dangers to business conditions.

"The present situation is entirely different. There is no vital relation now between business and the probable political issues. So far as I can see, it will make practically no difference, to business, what candidate is elected in November.

"Naturally, I have my own party affiliations. Naturally, also, I should like to see my side win. But so far as business prosperity is concerned, I think the result of the election will be of little consequence, one way or the other.

"We may have a slight business recession, or even a moderate one, during the election campaign this summer. But unless some unforeseen condition develops *in business itself*, the recession will not be justifiable from the *business point* of view.

"If it should come otherwise, it will be, in one of two ways, merely psychological.

"In the first place, there is a tradition that a presidential election year is bad for business. This tradition is a hangover from the period when, as I said before, there often was a close relation between politics and prosperity.

"The vital features of that relation have disappeared, but the tradition more or less survives.

"According to this tradition, the proper business attitude in election years is one of hesitation and caution; of watchful waiting.

"But when the business situation is as clearly defined as it is now, this attitude is unnecessary and foolish. If it is adopted by any large number of business men, with the result of a business recession, then such a recession will be purely artificial.

"THERE is one other way in which the element of psychology may conceivably, but without any real justification, affect business during the campaign.

"If it were not for what happened in 1924, I should say that we needn't even consider such a possibility in the present case. The 1924 campaign should have taught business men a lesson. I hope it did—but I am not yet certain.

"At the beginning of 1924, business was above normal and rising. Then it abruptly

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dropped far below normal! But the recovery soon began; and before the end of the year, business was again above normal and still climbing.

"That violent reaction was unjustifiable on any *business* grounds. It was largely the result of political propaganda to which no attention should have been paid.

"This propaganda was an appeal to the fear of radicalism. Specifically, the fear that La Follette would be elected President. Yet every sensible business man should have known that La Follette didn't have the ghost of a chance.

"There was no excuse for that 1924 reaction. The country was prosperous; credit was in good supply; business conditions were sound. The trumped-up 'menace of radicalism' should have been ignored.

"But it was not ignored! The political hue and cry 'threw a scare' into the minds of business men; and the result was a sharp recession, which was mainly psychological.

"You cannot predict that sort of thing. After it is over, everybody sees how senseless it was. Let us hope that business men have learned from that experience and will see this senselessness *in advance*. In that case they won't lose their heads just because some politician shouts 'Wolf! Wolf!'"

KNOWING that I was coming to see him, and the purpose of my visit, Colonel Ayres had prepared a record of the average of general business conditions since 1880. During this period there have been twelve presidential election years, not including the present one.

In the average of these twelve election years, beginning with January, there was a steady drop until August was reached. The level remained unchanged in September. Then, although the election did not come until November, business began to improve.

This is very interesting—but not exactly reassuring! If that told the whole story it wouldn't make us feel very cheerful about the immediate future.

However, this record of average conditions does not tell the whole story. An "average picture" seldom does; for we do not see the extremes which were leveled down in making the average.

It is true that, in each of the past twelve presidential election years, there has been a downward fluctuation in business. But similar downward fluctuations have occurred in non-election years as well! And they have been almost as frequent, and almost as serious, in the "off years" as in the campaign periods.

"But," you may say, "what I want to know is this: Will business slump in a presidential election year, *without any other factor to cause the depression?*"

That is precisely what we all want to know. I put that question to Colonel Ayres; and again I added two that were even more specific:

"Is there anything in the political outlook *now* which is a menace to business? And, if the underlying conditions are at present sound, can business be seriously affected simply by the fact that we have to go through a presidential campaign this summer?"

Here is his reply:

"Taking the entire period from 1880, there has not been an election year—unless it was 1924—when there was less reason than there is now for business to be affected by the political campaign.

"The feeling that the mere election of a President must necessarily upset business is simply a tradition. The political issues which used to threaten our economic stability and prosperity are dead and buried.

"We have had election years marked by serious business reactions, amounting in some instances to actual panic. In a few of these cases, the panic was definitely related to the political issues. In others there was no connection whatever. The panic, or depression, merely *happened* to come in an election year.

"Up to 1904, every presidential campaign was approached in fear and trembling; and for a good reason. Until that time, our fiscal system had not been definitely established on a 'sound money' basis.

"Our financial world was forced to 'view with alarm' a possible change in the Washington administration. Every campaign held the threat of danger to business credit. And in every campaign, therefore, there was a frightened preparation for the storm which might come.

"Sails were trimmed, decks were cleared, unnecessary loads thrown overboard. In other words, money became tight, credit was hard to get, and business enterprise contracted. Although these precautions seemed wise, they had a drastic effect.

"But after 1904, the old familiar money scare was eliminated. This was chiefly the result of the famous telegram sent by Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate in that election, Roosevelt being the candidate of the Republican Party.

"The situation at that time was an extremely interesting one. During 1901, 1902, and part of 1903, we had moderate prosperity. Crops were good. Yet in the latter part of 1903 we had a violent reaction.

"It was, in fact, a panic. But it was a rich man's panic! The poorer people were scarcely affected by it. And the causes belonged to that period in our business development. They are not present now; and under the conditions which exist today these causes of panic cannot arise.

"For the periodical panics of the past were due, either directly or indirectly, to the money system we then had.

"AFTER the Civil War, government securities, held by National Banks, were the basis of our money supply. But, as time went on, two things happened: The volume of these securities shrank, because the national debt was gradually being reduced. At the same time, however, business was entering a period of post-war recovery and expansion. This brought prosperity; and prosperity meant that we needed more money, and a more flexible credit supply.

"But, with more and more need for money, and with a smaller and smaller volume of government securities, the natural result was that the money supply became restricted and inflexible.

"If money cannot be secured in large enough amounts to meet the needs of active business, and such seasonal demands as those of harvesting and crop moving, credit stringencies will develop and interest rates will soar.

"Our chief source of wealth, at that time, was agriculture. Yet, because of this money situation, about all we needed to produce a panic was two consecutive good crops! The needs for money, which resulted from these good crops, could not be met, and trouble followed when business men tried to secure from the banks the loans which those institutions could not let them have.

"These conditions brought successive panics. They were essentially money panics, due to the lack of a flexible supply of money and credit.

"MOREOVER, there were constantly recurring money scares of another sort. Unsound theorists were loudly preaching their various gospels: the Greenback movement; the Free Silver campaign; all kinds of fiat-money schemes.

"In 1896, the Free Silver enthusiasts were beaten in the memorable McKinley-Bryan campaign. But we still were hampered by our inelastic money system. And in 1903, we had the Rich Man's panic I spoke of a moment ago.

"Mr. J. P. Morgan described it as 'an attack of undigested securities.' We had been enjoying moderate prosperity. But our heads of industry had begun an immoderate expansion.

"They issued what was, for that period, a great volume of stocks and bonds. The small businesses suddenly attempted to transform themselves into big businesses. The big businesses attempted to become very much bigger.

"But we had been through a period of only moderate prosperity. There was no flood of money seeking investment. Money, in fact, was tight.

"The result was that business was left 'holding the bag;' a huge bag stuffed with securities which nobody wanted to buy. And the result of *that* was a panic.

"Recovery from it was under way when, in the early summer of 1904, we approached the presidential campaign. Immediately came the old fear that a change of the political party in power might result in Free Silver or some drastic interference with a sound money basis.

"The Republican Party was for 'sound money,' but no one knew what the Democrats might do if they came into power. At their National Convention in Kansas City, they adopted a platform which was silent on the money issue.

"Then Judge Parker, having been nominated at Kansas City, exploded a bomb in the convention by sending the following telegram:

> "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established and shall act accordingly, if the action of the convention today shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be known to the convention; and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

"By that courageous message, Judge Parker settled the old Free Silver menace. His ultimatum was accepted by his party; and with this acceptance, the divorce between business and politics began to be established.

"With the (*Continued on page 165*)

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Back Up Now And Then— You May Get A Better Start

By Helen Christine Bennett

"OYEZ, Oyez, Oyez!" There was a sudden rustling of many garments as the occupants of the court-room arose. The crier cried on. The court stenographer shifted his papers and reached for his pencil. Through the open windows came the warm wind of South Carolina, bearing the heavy scent of opening roses. The judge seated himself, and everybody settled down for the morning session. The first case was called. The court stenographer's pencil flew over the page before him. But his mind throbbed incessantly with a single question:

"*Why are you here? Why are you here?*"

For months that question had haunted him, insistent, wearying. For months the days had closed without an answer. After the session, the judge and the prosecuting attorney and several other lawyers, together with a select few of the chief residents of the county where court was being held, gathered in the judge's hotel room to talk a while. Not of the cases of the day; honor forbade any discussion of those save in the court-room. The judge and his friends talked of the South they loved, coming back slowly in the long aftermath of the Civil War to some semblance of her former happiness and prosperity. There were many plans laid in those earnest conferences—plans that envisioned a glorious future for the wasted states of the Confederacy.

The long, lanky young stenographer sat among his elders, silent, listening. So had he listened day after day for years past. Coming to the court as a youth self-taught in stenography, he had passed the competitive examination so well that he had received an immediate appointment. For a time he had been entirely happy. To be in the company of these brilliant and able men, to sit with them, and hear day after day their wise administration of court affairs, it seemed that no greater luck could have befallen him. But lately he had not been so satisfied. That question plagued him. Even as he sat in this back room and listened, it was buzzing in his head. . . . What was that the judge was telling?

Judge Joseph B. Kershaw leaned back in his chair. His abundant but close-cropped white hair topped a ruddy countenance with a nose like a beak and the piercing eye of an eagle. Broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, lean and hardy, he had come through four years of fighting without a scratch. Charmed, they called him, for always he rode a gray horse, a conspicuous target in many battles.

"He looks like a game cock," thought the young stenographer; "and he is a fighting cock too."

"That reminds me," the judge was saying, "of my starting to practice here after the war. When I came home, my wife met me and took me into the pantry and storeroom, and showed me there wasn't enough in the house for a meal. When I left that storeroom, why, it would have kept us a year! And here was I, no money, no practice, no prospects.

"But to practice I had to have an office. I went to a man in Camden who had an empty store, and told him I had no money but I'd pay the rent when I did have some, and could I have the store for an office. He agreed. I swept out the store and put in two kitchen chairs and a table and laid a newspaper over the table. On this I put my few law books.

"And I give you my word, I'd hardly got them in position when a man came in.

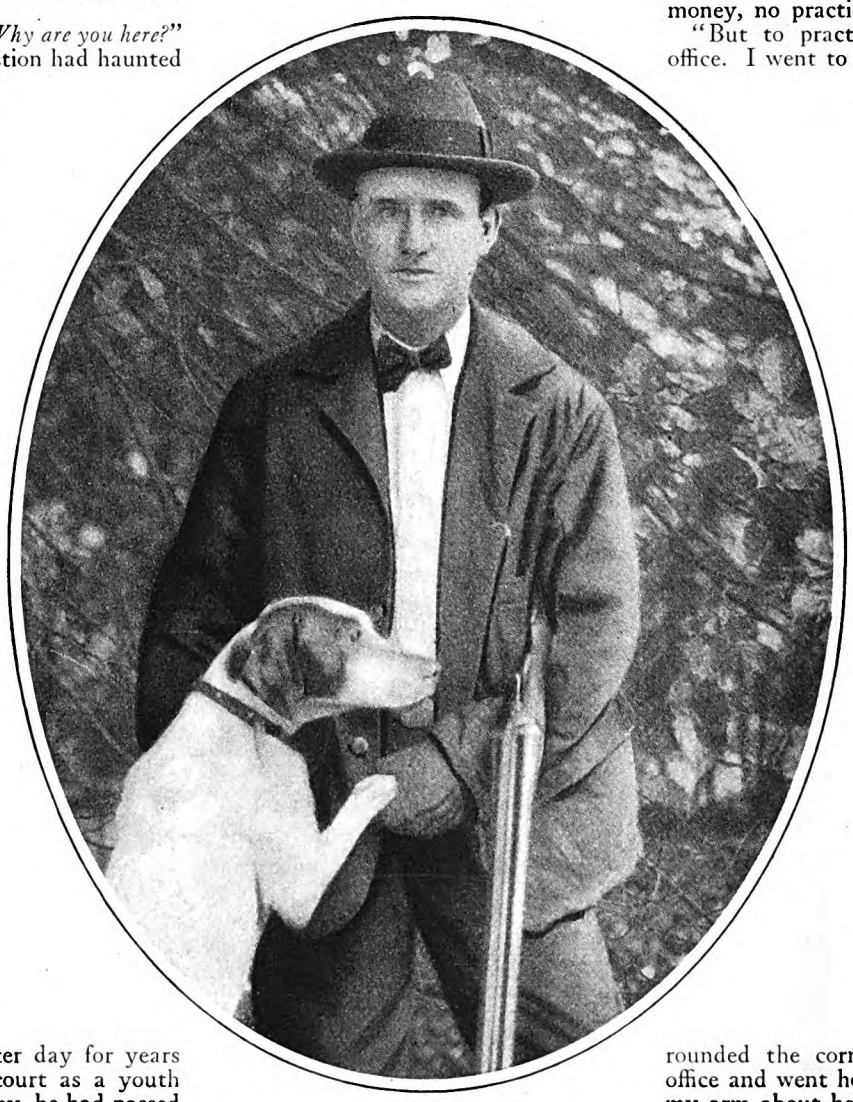
"'IS THIS General Kershaw?' he asked. I said it was.

"'Well, I'm from New York,' he said. 'I represent the owner of a plantation near here, and as soon as I can get the essential papers, I want you to get the place in shape. May I give you a retainer now?'

"I found voice to say he could, and he counted out one hundred dollars in ten-dollar gold pieces right into my hand. I signed a receipt, waited until he rounded the corner, then shut up my office and went home to my wife. I put my arm about her and counted into her hand those ten wonderful gold eagles.

"'I told you we'd be all right,' I said. But I was through with business for *that* day."

There was a roar of laughter, and the young stenographer joined. Then he



William Adger Law is president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia. Mr. Law, a native of South Carolina, began his career as a court stenographer, went from that to banking, and then into insurance

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stopped. In the back of his head the question throbbed in a new form:

"*Who are you? Who are you?*"

This time there came an answer.

"A recorder of men's deeds," he replied to himself with bitterness, "not a doer of them."

IN THAT instant he knew that he was through with the court, through with the safe position that kept him and his young wife in comfort, through with security. From now on, like the men he admired, he would be a doer. If outside that safe position all that life offered was a gamble, he would take the gamble, content that at least he had stepped out into the game.

"In his years at court the young stenographer had read law. If he stepped from safety into the world of chance, the logical place for him would be that of a lawyer. But the disputes he had seen settled in the court-room had almost entirely concerned money. The manipulation of capital, insuring its flexibility, placing it where it was needed, this, he felt, would be the most important factor in the upbuilding of the South. He decided to become a banker.

To pursue an ambition to be a banker usually means years of routine service. But the stenographer had no time for this. He was through with routine. He had wasted enough years already. He was going to run a bank. To run a bank, he must be its president, and to become president of a bank without years of service meant that he must organize a bank. He set to work. He knew his countryside thoroughly. Had he not rotated with the judge for years? Of all places near, his home town of Spartanburg offered the best opportunity.

Spartanburg had banks. Just two years before a new one had been started, of which he, to his great surprise, had been made a director. But there was no savings bank. He determined to organize one.

He planned every step carefully, with the precision of analysis he had learned through years of court sessions. He knew his assets. He listed them:

One honest family (his) known to all the townspeople
One fine brother, who worked in a bank
One friend, a young lawyer, who would join them
Between five and six thousand dollars of his own savings
Several thousand dollars of his brother's and friend's savings
One brief experience as director of a small new bank
One powerful determination to succeed.

If any modern banker smiles over this list it will be a smile of honest admiration. With these assets behind them, the three young men canvassed the town of Spartanburg, asking for stock subscriptions to their savings bank. The stenographer had calculated that they could begin with fifty thousand dollars. No one person was to be permitted to subscribe more than one thousand dollars. With dogged persistence, the three young men talked themselves into and out of the houses of their home town. If they met rebuffs, they took them cheerfully, for, despite the wiseacres who were shaking doubtful heads, there were here and there men who welcomed the would-be bankers with open hands. It took them months to sell that stock; but they sold it to one hundred and forty-two citizens. They resigned their jobs, bought a store, and after several months they opened "The Savings Bank of Spartanburg." On the opening day, after everyone else had gone, the court stenographer sat in his office at the rear and looked fixedly at a modest sign that appeared on the door:

William A. Law
President

He was celebrating an anniversary. It was exactly one year since the day when he had arrived at an answer to the question which so long had throbbed in his mind:

"Who are you? Who are you?"

To William Adger Law every one of the years since has been filled with adventure. His new bank grew and flourished. Law passed from it to a great bank in the city of Philadelphia, working his way up from assistant cashier to the presidency. From this post, he came to his present position, that of president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, which is the tenth largest life insurance company in the country.

"When I left the court-room," he said to me, "I began playing the biggest and most romantic game on earth, the game of business."

I TALKED with Law several times, at his office and at his home, before I sensed this inner belief in romance. Outwardly Law is the judicial type. As I shook hands with him at our first meeting, I looked up at his six feet some inches of dignity, and thought that I had never seen a man who stood straighter. He is lean and bronzed and hardy, as a man who has spent much time in the open. But his manner is reserved. He is pleasant without smiles, affable (*Continued on page 143*)

If You Ask Me:

Most of us waste precious time chasing will-o'-the-wisps

THERE is a fortune—a large one—waiting for the man who can make plain horse sense palatable and popular.

Tell the average run of folks to eat less, walk five miles a day, and breathe more deeply. Many of them will yawn in your face. Tell them that some savant has discovered a magic "cure-all," and they'll all prick up their ears promptly.

Inform 'most any human being that he will be happy here and hereafter if he follows the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. He'll register complete boredom. Mention some new Cult that promises the latest thing in passages to the Pearly Gates. He'll travel twenty miles to hear all about it.

Try to convince the fellow who works alongside you that honesty, energy, and common sense will take him inevitably from where he is to where he may reasonably expect to be in the future. He will bat your Copybook Maxim right back at you. Suggest that he might make his fortune by investing in some wonderful new "device." Before you are through, he's off down the street, hocking his Liberty Bonds or putting a second mortgage on his home.

The busiest Exchange Bureau in the world is the one at which millions of us are forever trying to swap Old Lamps for New. We need new cults, new devices, new discoveries, new wisdom far less than we need sense enough to profit from those practical precepts which time has tested and tamped down. How few of us heed them! We go about with our eyes and ears half shut, trying out short cuts to health, wealth, and happiness, pursuing stupid panaceas prettily fixed up, and falling for new-fangled flubdubberies which offer to our gullible minds ease and salvation, without a struggle. So far as we are concerned, all the sages of all the ages might as well never have lived and suffered and learned and passed on to us their precious legacies of wisdom.

And it is all because the real rules of life are so obvious that we find no glamour in them.

Merle Crowell

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These Swift Couriers Are Always Homeward Bound

By Appleton Street

A THRILLING incident of the World War is the story of how a carrier pigeon helped to save the remnants of the Lost Battalion. His name was "Cher Ami" (Dear Friend), and surely it was a friendly providence which sent this gray-feathered soldier with the Battalion on the night of its memorable advance.

Their objective attained, a runner was dispatched to headquarters with the news, and six hundred and seventy-nine tired soldiers hoped for a little rest. Cher Ami and four other pigeons sat in their baskets and slept.

Early next morning the Americans were surprised to hear commands spoken in German issuing from the forest behind. A patrol investigated, and found the woods alive with the enemy. In the night the American line of communication had been broken, and the Battalion was entirely cut off from its support.

Then followed five torturing days of almost continuous gunfire. The Battalion famished, and the wounded grew delirious for want of water. One by one, pigeons were released with messages, but no relief arrived. And then, one day, as the men were gnawing leaves and sucking mud for drink, a new barrage began to fall. It came from beyond the encircling enemy, and as it continued its rain of splintering steel, the awful truth dawned upon the little group: Their position was being shelled by Allied artillery!

One pigeon remained in the basket. An officer hastily wrote, "For heaven's sake, stop it!" rolled the message into a capsule, and tied it to Cher Ami's right leg. The pigeon lingered a moment in the friendly hand of his comrade—then, with a sweep of outstretched wings, rose into the smoky air.

But there was more than smoke in the air, and a second later he dropped back, wildly fluttering in the surprise of sudden pain. Dully the men watched the frantic flapping of the wounded bird. The last pigeon!

But Cher Ami was not done for. Out of the welter of choking fumes and shrieking shells, there came a mysterious, insistent call. "Come home!" it whispered. His spirit heard. His wings caught the air again, strong, powerful strokes carried him up, above the battle smoke, and quickly he was lost to the wondering gaze of the officer in the shell hole.

HALF an hour later a sergeant at the pigeon loft at Rampont, twenty-four miles away, saw a gray speck drop from a cloud. It circled and presently Cher Ami fluttered down on the landing board. He dripped blood as he reeled, hopping on one leg toward the loft entrance. The sergeant picked up the crippled bird. A machine-gun bullet had pierced his breast and torn away his right leg, but the message capsule hung by a clotted ligament. And that is how headquarters received word from the Lost Battalion.

The barrage was stopped at once, and, later, the 304th Infantry of the A. E. F. smashed through the Argonne woods and brought the remnant of the Lost Battalion

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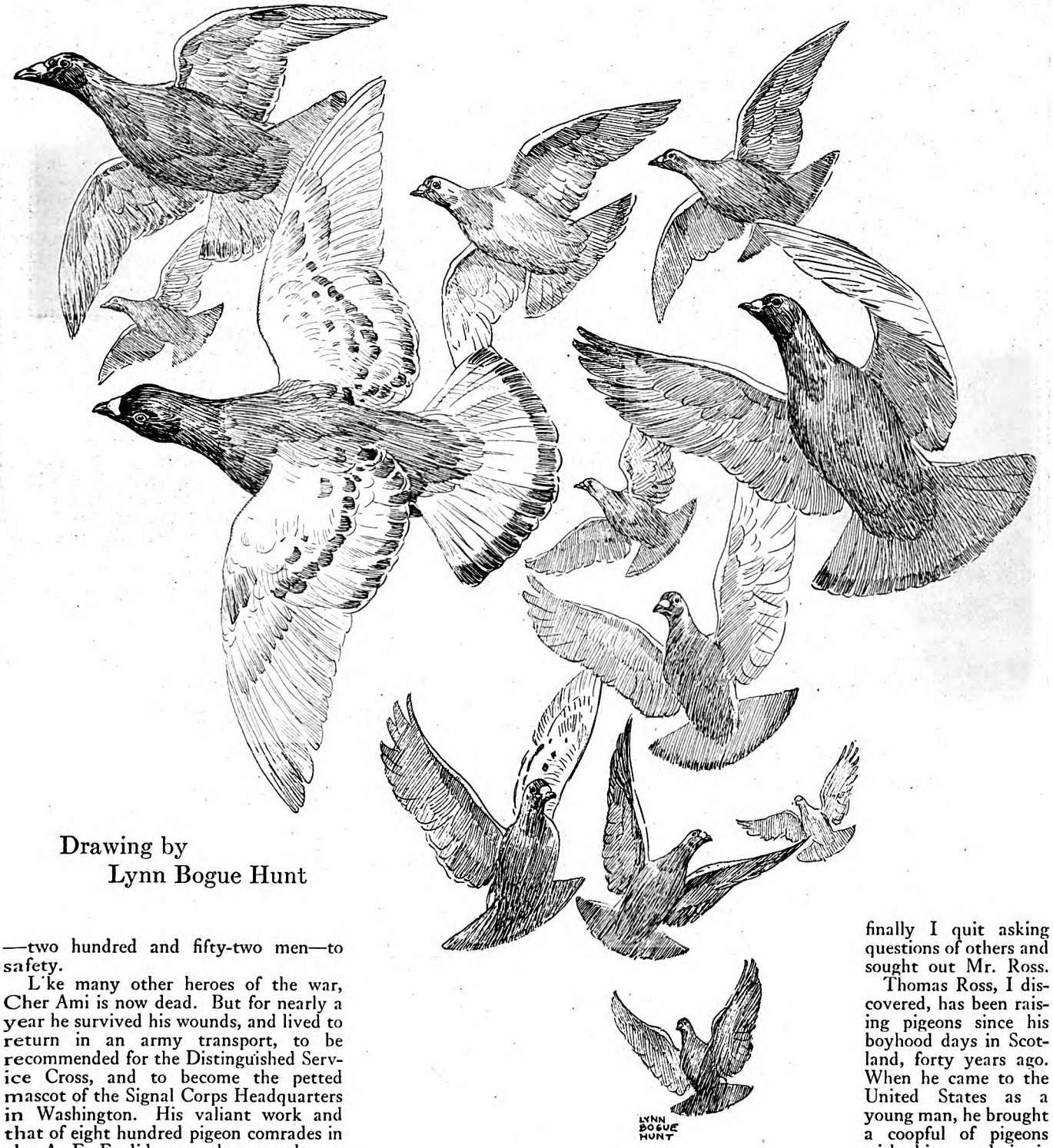

Drawing by
Lynn Bogue Hunt

—two hundred and fifty-two men—to safety.

Like many other heroes of the war, Cher Ami is now dead. But for nearly a year he survived his wounds, and lived to return in an army transport, to be recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross, and to become the petted mascot of the Signal Corps Headquarters in Washington. His valiant work and that of eight hundred pigeon comrades in the A. E. F. did more than merely get important messages delivered through the war zone. It demonstrated the superior value of birds as couriers, with the result that both the army and the navy have established permanent lofts for the breeding and training of pigeons.

Moreover, civilian interest has increased amazingly since the war, and the birds are now to be found in every state. Last year more than four hundred thousand pedigreed homing pigeons were registered in this country, in addition to those registered in previous years. Recently six thousand were released in Tennessee in a single interstate race. Five important races are run in the United States annually, and thousands of dollars in prizes are offered. One pair of homing pigeons recently brought $1,280, and sales at $500 and $750 are not uncommon. There is a monthly periodical in this country devoted to homing pigeons exclusively, and the owners of pedigreed stock have formed a national association. Devotees of golf or trap-shooting are not more absorbed in their sport than are the owners, trainers, and admirers of carrier pigeons.

"BUT if you want to know *all* about pigeons, you must see Mr. Thomas Ross."

I was told this so repeatedly—especially when I began to ask the "why" and the "how" of pigeon instinct—and I was told it by so many different persons that finally I quit asking questions of others and sought out Mr. Ross.

Thomas Ross, I discovered, has been raising pigeons since his boyhood days in Scotland, forty years ago. When he came to the United States as a young man, he brought a coopful of pigeons with him, and it is said that the Ross stock has contributed more to the improvement of the homing strain in American birds than any other one factor. For many years Mr. Ross was superintendent of a textile mill in Philadelphia; pigeons were a hobby. But so preëminent was he in this hobby, that three years ago the army authorities persuaded him to devote his talents to the army lofts at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, where all birds for the army are produced. So, in 1925, Mr. Ross divided his choice stock of pigeons into two halves. One half (twenty-five pairs) he sold to the army for one dollar, the other twenty-five he sold to individual fanciers for $12,500. He moved to Fort Monmouth, and is spending (*Continued on page 74*)

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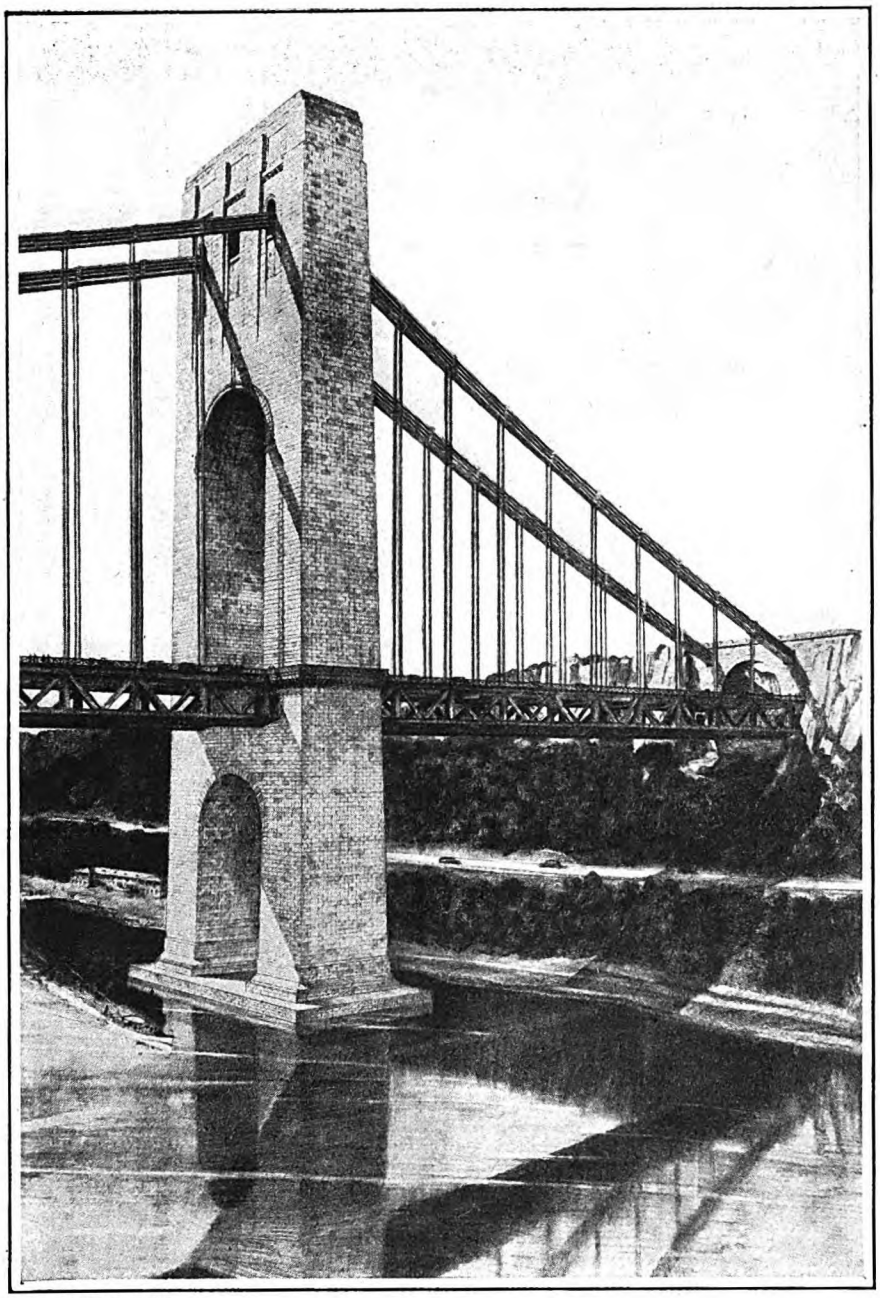

COURTESY CASS GILBERT, INC.

The Greatest Bridge In The World And The *Man* Who *Is Building It*

By M. K. WISEHART

RECENTLY, from a vantage point atop the Palisades, a mile or two north of Edgewater, New Jersey, and directly opposite One Hundred and Seventy-ninth Street, New York, I stood watching what was going on more than three hundred feet below. A hundred men were at work down there. Moving to and fro, some of them trudging behind wheelbarrows, they seemed no bigger than insects. It was all a miniature world.

Among other things, I saw great river scows, seemingly no bigger than elongated water beetles, brought in by tiny tugs to a wharf alongside a cofferdam. This cofferdam, diminished in my perspective to the size of a child's plaything, is actually immense in size. Within it (out of sand and cement brought by the scows) is being built a concrete foundation, which goes down to solid rock, eighty-five feet below the surface of the Hudson River.

"That foundation," said a voice at my side, "will consist of scores of thousands of cubic yards of concrete. When completed it will be the greatest mass that man has ever created on any area so limited in size. And on that foundation will be built a tower that will rise six hundred feet above the water. Yes! That tower will be a hundred feet higher than the monument built in Washington, D. C., to honor the Father of Our Country; it will soar three hundred feet and more above the point where we are now standing.

"On the New York side of the river there will be another tower of equal height; and between these towers will be suspended the central span of a bridge—the Hudson River bridge. From pierhead to pierhead that span will be thirty-five hundred feet in length, twice as long as the next greatest span in the world. Can you visualize it?

"Imagine yourself standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York, and looking up as far as Fifty-seventh Street, a distance of fifteen blocks or three fifths of a mile through the busiest part of New York's shopping district. That will give you an idea of what this fabulous center span will be in *length*. In addition, you must imagine these fifteen city blocks lifted and suspended two hundred and ten feet in air above the river, widened to *twice* the width of Fifth Avenue, and thronged with motor cars and buses from curb to curb."

At this moment we turned to survey what was going on in our immediate vicinity: There, atop the Palisades, the pneumatic drills are singing, biting deep into the igneous rock, boring holes for dynamite. At moments, like a great wave thrown up from the breast of the ocean, tons upon tons of rock are burst asunder, torn out, hewn and ripped from their age-old resting place. For an enormous cut is being made in the Palisades, a cut big enough to accommodate the western approach to the bridge. This approach itself will be nearly a half-mile in length.

"Yes," went on the voice of the engineer who was showing me the progress of the work, "with the aid of powerful searchlights we are working nights as well as days. Even so, it will be nearly five years before the bridge is open to traffic, probably in 1932. (*Continued on page 183*)

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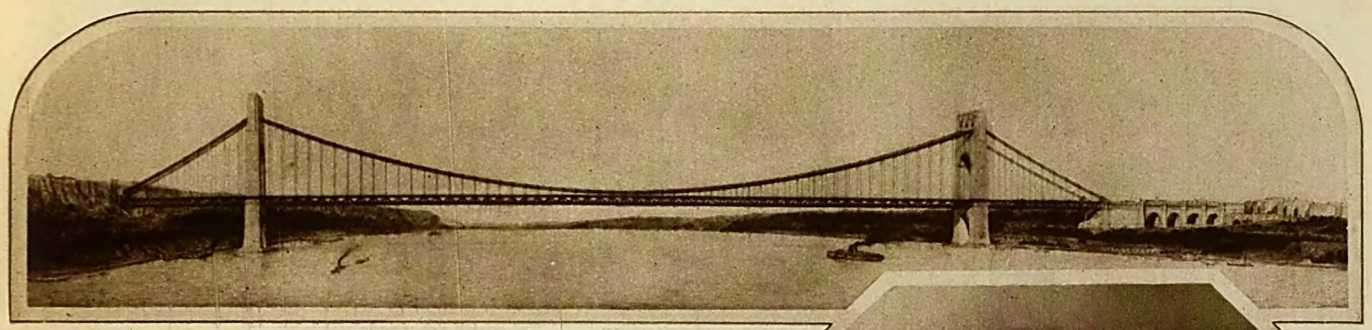
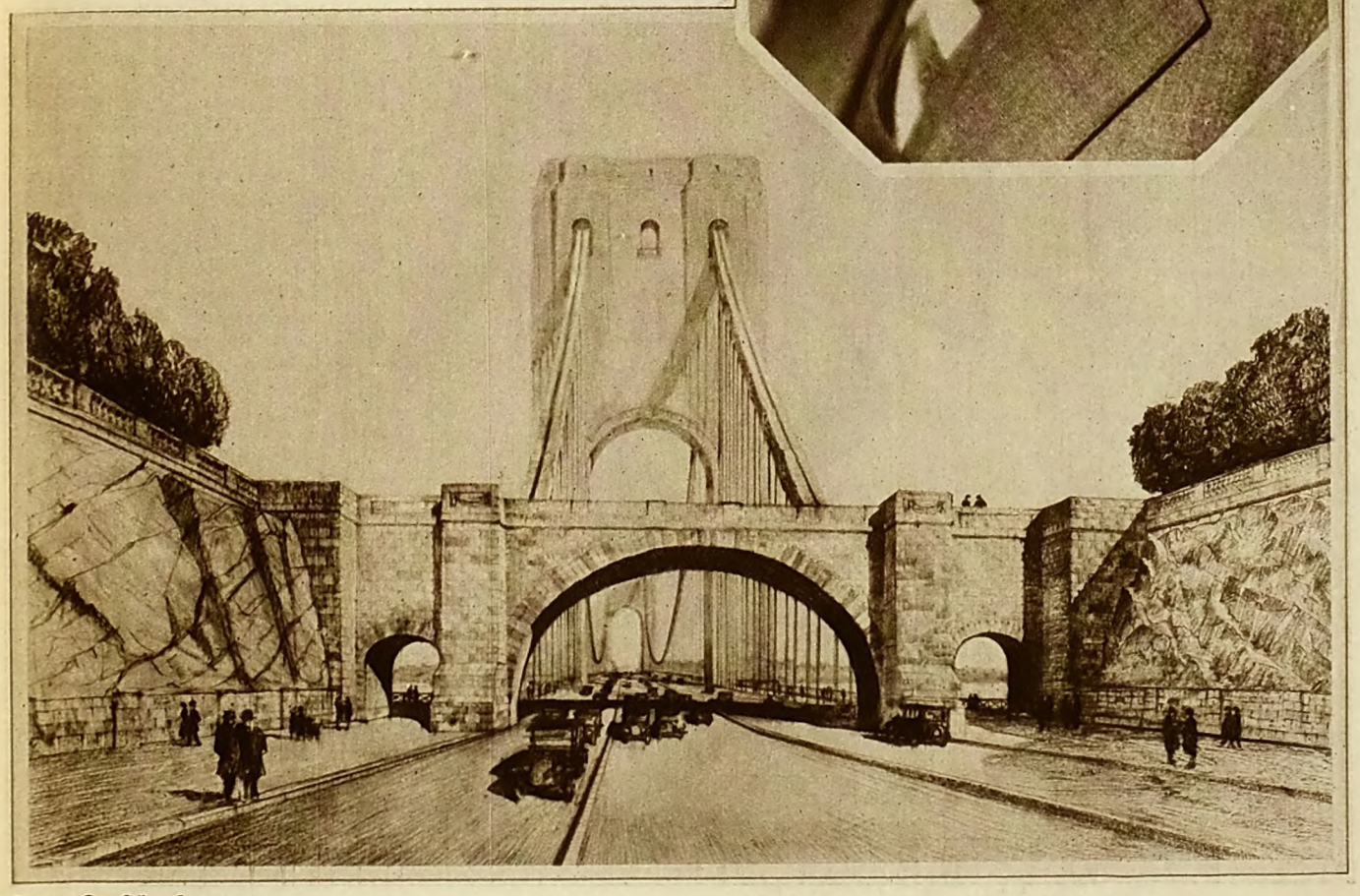


Courtesy Cass Gilbert, Inc.

THE HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE, which will connect New York City directly with New Jersey, will be one of the greatest construction feats of mankind, and Othmar H. Ammann is the engineering genius behind the project. When he was a youngster in Switzerland he was fired with zeal to bridge the mighty Hudson, and finally he came to America with that project in the back of his mind. Patiently, skillfully he worked toward the great goal. The central span of this tremendous bridge will be three thousand five hundred feet long, and will be held up by two vast towers, six hundred and fifty feet in height. This span will be twice the length of the next greatest span in the world. The total length of the bridge, including the approaches, will be nine thousand feet; and the total cost about $75,000,000. The picture at the top of the page shows the bridge as it will look when completed, about five years from now; the one below is of an approach to the central span; while on the opposite page you see one of the great towers.

Photograph by Dudley Hoyt, N. Y.



Courtesy Cass Gilbert, Inc.

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THIS IS ROSS SANTEE, of Arizona. He's a horse-wrangler, artist, and writer. Samples of his pictures are printed on the three pages following, and in the accompanying article he tells what a rough time he had in launching his artistic career. He came East, was "durned near ruined by advice," went West again and tried to forget art. But he couldn't forget, for he is an artist at heart. His home is still in the cow country, but he spends a little time (as little as possible!) in the East, where the demand for his remarkable drawings and etchings is growing rapidly. This portrait of Santee was painted by his friend, Rolf Armstrong.

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Advice *Is All Right* If You Don't Take Too Much Of It

By Ross Santee

YOU can't be someone else an' get away with it, no matter how hard you try—at least I couldn't. For years I tried to draw pictures someone else's way, listening to everyone's advice, an' I got nowhere. But as soon as I began to draw my own way, an' cut out listening too well, things started to break for me.

I like to draw pictures. As far back as I can remember it's always been that way. As a kid I drew pictures of the things that interested me—anything that struck my fancy. They were no better nor no worse than those the average kid makes. But I drew the things I wanted to, an' I drew them my own way. I was never able to copy, an' what few attempts I made were no fun, an' flat failures. One in particular I remember:

The "What Cheer District Fair" was a big event in the part of Iowa where I was raised. An' along with the prizes for fat stock they gave prizes for needle an' art work in Floral Hall, all hand done. Butch Watson an' I usually went to the fair together, an' I have no idea how we came to be in Floral Hall. For all our time was spent either at the stables or hanging over the rail in the quarter stretch, watching the horses score. But, anyway, the drawing that had won first prize that year was the head of a Percheron stallion drawn in black crayon an' copied from the "Breeders' Gazette." On looking it over Butch reckoned I could do as well. Better, I thought.

It was too late to enter anything that year. But wasn't the "What Cheer District Fair" an annual event? I dug out a bunch of old "Breeders' Gazettes" an' finally picked out the head of a Hereford bull that looked easy to draw. It would have been easier for me to draw a horse, but as long as a horse's head had won first prize this year I figured I'd be different. An' to add a realistic touch that wasn't in the photograph, I put a ring in the bull's nose. As soon as the drawing was finished I struck a hi-lope after Butch. "Looks like he's been fightin'," said Butch, as he bent a critical eye on my masterpiece. "You've done too much erasin', too." I had to admit the head was kinda out of shape an' the drawing was rather mussy, but Butch liked the ring in the bull's nose. "Better do it over," says Butch, "an' don't do so much erasin'."

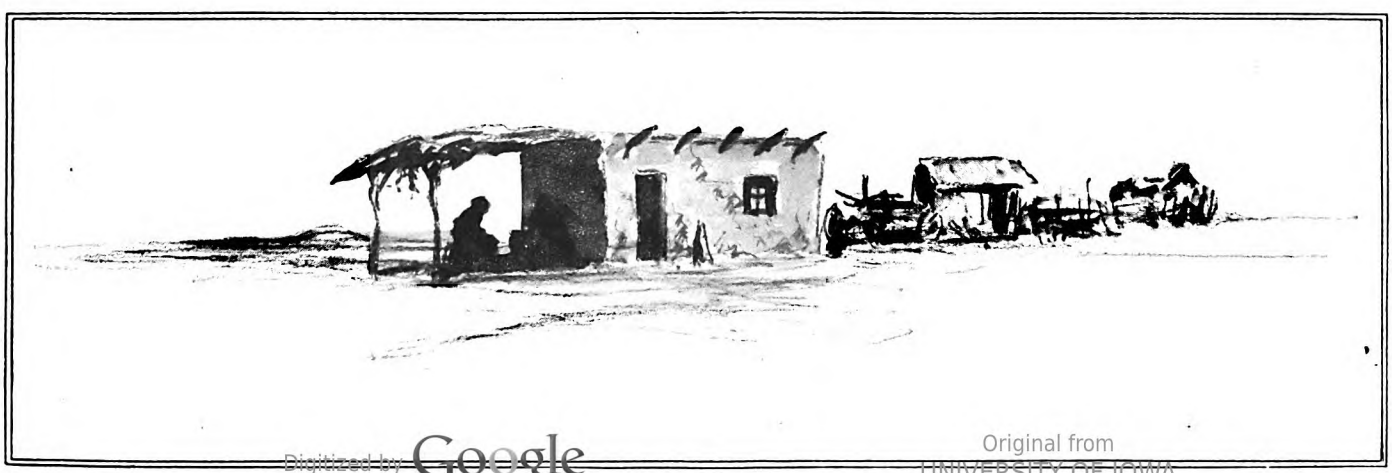
But by that time I had lost all interest in my copy of the bull. Butch would have made a good art editor.

MAGAZINES were scarce in those days. At least they were in our house. An' about the only drawings I saw were John T. McCutcheon's cartoons in the old Chicago "Record." That was when McCutcheon was drawing his "Boy in Springtime" series an' his "Bird Center" cartoons. His drawings interested me so much that when McCutcheon went over to the "Tribune" we switched along with him. When the drawings appeared in book form my oldest sister got both books for me.

It was about this time that the sign painter came to town. He stopped off between trains an' did some lettering on the window of the local bank. "The Thornburg Savings Bank," that was all. For there was no surplus in that bank.

We saw him as we were coming home from school one noon. The other kids all watched a while, then beat it home. But I stayed an' watched him until the first bell rang for school before I hi-tailed it home to water the horse an' cow an' grab a bite to eat. For here was an artist in the flesh. The first one I'd ever seen.

I waited till the other kids had gone before I spoke to him. My awe of the great was such I couldn't feel real free to talk.



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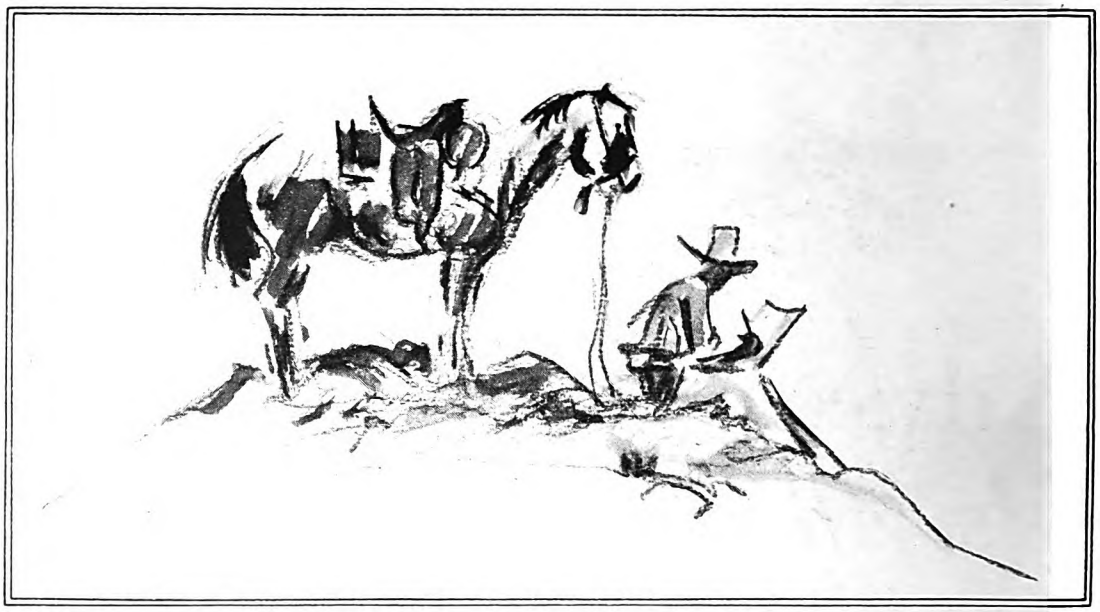

"Where did you learn to be an artist, mister?" I finally asked.

"Just picked it up," says he. The conversation sort of petered out at that, for he didn't seem interested to talk, so I finally took another tack: "I got two books of McCutcheon's cartoons at home," I says. An' then I came near passin' out, for he said McCutcheon was a friend of his.

"He makes a lot of money too," he says.

That settled it for me. I'd be a cartoonist now, for sure. For drawing pictures wasn't work. An' hard labor in any form had never appealed to me. That was all the sign painter ever said. At least, I don't remember any more. But that evening when the passenger came in an' headed East, I followed the painter to the train.

It never occurred to me that pictures other than cartoons were drawn. An' the only other picture I recall was a color print we had at home called "Fleeing From the Flames." A bunch of horses running from a fire at night with one horse hung on the fence. The print was in the kitchen above the kitchen table, where I always ate when I was late for meals. I don't remember where I picked it up, but it belonged to me. An' it never occurred to me that anyone had drawn or painted it, for those horses were alive to me.

The last two years in high school were spent in Moline, Illinois. An' among the other things I flunked was drawing. For I wasn't interested in making copies of plants an' flowers. There were too many interesting things outside. I could see the Mississippi from the room. An' just at that particular time I was more concerned than anything else in learning to shoot a good game of pool.

THE last year I was there they sent the football team to Chicago to watch the Carlisle Indians play the U. of C. An' after taking in all the dime museums in South State, three of us dropped into the Art Institute. We wandered through all the galleries, an' by just a happen-so we got into the school downstairs. The corridors were lined with drawings students made. An' when I found an original McCutcheon cartoon, I knew I was going there to school.

Three months, I figured, would do the trick. Mebbe six months, at best. An' I'd be able to draw cartoons an' get real money for them too—at least, that's what I thought.

The cartoon class met once a week at four o'clock. We pinned our drawings on a line across the room an' the instructor criticized.

OUR ideas never varied much. The cartoons consisted of drawings of Bryan, Roosevelt, an' Taft. Occasionally some brilliant mind flashed one about the weather or some local happening. But most of the ideas we brought in had moss upon their backs.

Everyone tried to draw like someone else an' imitate their style. Fitzpatrick worked like Zim an' Opper at that time. An' Wood Cowan tried to draw like "Ding," or J. N. Darling, of the "Iowa State Register." I've often wondered since why the instructor didn't encourage us to draw things our own way. For, strange as it may seem, he even encouraged us to imitate the men whose work was popular.

At first I tried to draw things my own way. But my drawings were so crude I took to imitating too. That was where I made my big mistake, although I didn't know it then—not realizing that one drawing of my own, no matter how crude an' badly drawn, was worth all the imitations in the world.

Donahey of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" was the first man I tried to imitate. E. W. Kemble was the next man to strike my eye. I even went so far as to carry upon my hip an enlarging glass, which I bent on every Kemble drawing I could find, looking for hidden tricks. I'd follow one man's work a while, then switch to someone else, an' by the time the first year ended I had no point of view. For three months soon slipped away, an', first thing I knew, the year was gone with no editors knocking on my door. That summer I played ball with a Rock Island brewery team that traveled over Iowa an' Illinois. We played a few games in Wisconsin, an' aside from the fact that we made no money the trip was a huge success.

I came back broke that fall, but I had plenty of company there at school. For most of the students I knew worked. Ralph Holmes was the registrar. The best friend any student

Drawings by Ross Santee

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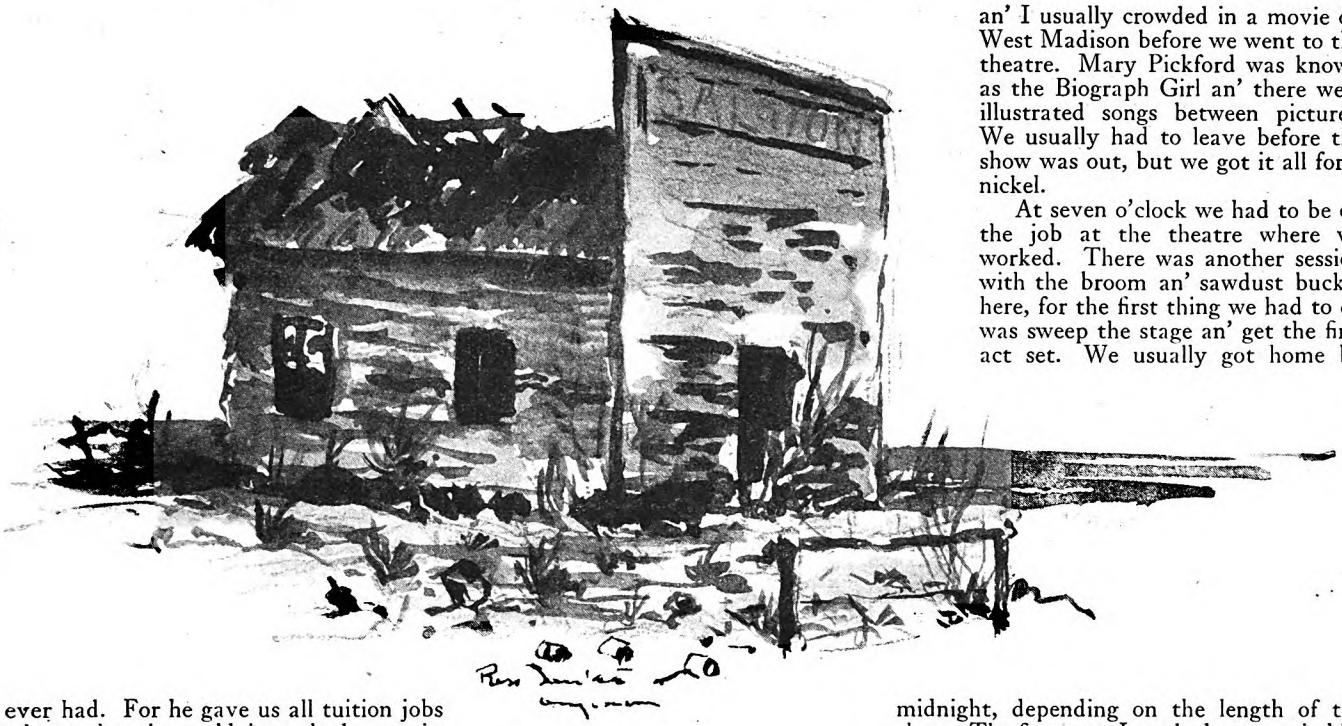

ever had. For he gave us all tuition jobs when otherwise we'd have had to quit.

We worked at the lunch clubs for our meals, "carrying off the dead." Some ushered at the theatres. While a few of us worked back-stage. Some students smashed baggage at the Am. Express. Others were guards on the L. One friend of mine earned his board an' keep by sleeping in a morgue, while another was a carriage man at one of the local theatres. He bawled the numbers through a megaphone. An' the brass-buttoned coat he wore dragged on the ground, for it had originally been made for a colored gentleman who was six-feet-four in height.

An art student's day was full, to say the least. The life class began at nine o'clock an' lasted until noon. But at eleven-thirty there were only a few plutocrats left, for the rest of us rushed for our jobs. For an hour an' a quarter we either carried off dirty dishes or did "fancy diving after pearls." An' when we returned to the classroom we were wrapped in the odors of food. The girls usually opened the windows when the herd came thundering in. An' McCool, a friend of mine who never broke a dish in all the time that I "slung hash" with him, finally quit because the dogs all followed him.

THERE were classes in the afternoons that lasted until four o'clock. Two afternoons from four to six I swept nine acres of corridors an' classrooms. An' for wielding a broom an' the sawdust bucket I was given my tuition. From six to seven I had free. That was when I ate my second meal. An' McCool an' I usually crowded in a movie on West Madison before we went to the theatre. Mary Pickford was known as the Biograph Girl an' there were illustrated songs between pictures. We usually had to leave before the show was out, but we got it all for a nickel.

At seven o'clock we had to be on the job at the theatre where we worked. There was another session with the broom an' sawdust bucket here, for the first thing we had to do was sweep the stage an' get the first act set. We usually got home by midnight, depending on the length of the show. The first year I worked we got six bits a show. But after they took us into the stage hands' union, they raised it to a dollar. Occasionally we worked a show where we made extra money, by carrying a spear or howling with the rabble in a mob scene at four bits a performance.

AT THE house where I roomed on Ontario Street there was no one but art students. Occasionally, some hardy roomer other than a student tried it for a while, but he soon moved to quieter quarters.

Most of us came from the West an' Middle West, bitten by the bug called art. There were various reasons why we came. Some hazy an' some plain. But nine out of ten who told the truth had either copied cartoons when they were kids or copied Gibson girls. Some wanted to be illustrators, others were slinging paint. Fitzpatrick an' I were the only ones in the house who wanted to do cartoons. Some had come to be cartoonists, but as their appreciation of pictures grew they raised their sights and started to sling paint an' called cartoons the bunk.

At first I wouldn't admit to myself that I wanted to draw pictures other than cartoons. But pictures I'd liked when I first came to school had ceased to interest me, while pictures I never noticed when I came had got hold of me.

Deep down inside I knew I wanted to draw things that lived an' moved. For cartoons no longer (*Continued on page 156*)

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Paine's Career Is A Triumph Of Early American Virtues

By Frederick L. Collins

THE richest man in Boston is seventy-three years old. But you would never guess it in a thousand years. He is gray, of course. But his is "a green grayness."

When I first met him, he was sitting "bolt-upright" in the big warm library of his Commonwealth Avenue home, wholly surrounded by used books. On the flat, shiny desk in front of him, open to page 146, lay the second volume of Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln." "Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American" was next in line. And in a rack at my end of the big desk, stood out several familiar titles, some not so familiar:

Thomason's "Red Pants"
The Holy Bible
"A History of Woodstock"
"The Life of Pasteur"
"South American Observations and Impressions"
"Two Years Before the Mast"
"A Library of Poetry and Song"
Lindbergh's "We"
"A Short Cut to Spanish"
A book of philosophical essays by
Spinoza, Swedenborg, Comte, Voltaire,
Spencer, Schopenhauer, and Kant.

"I suppose I should apologize," he said with a quick smile, as his keen eyes followed mine to the bookrack, "for being so old-fashioned. But when I was a boy, there were no movies to go to. I just *had* to learn to read."

"Spinoza?" I asked.

"No," he laughed; "I began on Smiles's 'Self-Help.' But the underlying philosophy is much the same."

William A. Paine threw himself back in his chair and looked out at me over his thick glasses, humorously, inquiringly, as if he were trying to find out if I was still "with him" in his quick jumps from "Self-Help" to "Tractatus Politicus." Then, apparently satisfied, he jumped up and dragged me with a friendly expansive gesture to a seat in the lowest and fattest of the great leather chairs.

When I told him that I was more interested in *his* philosophy than I was in either Smiles's or Spinoza's, he laughed again, a big booming laugh that died away into a chuckle.

"My philosophy," he said, "is simple: The great thing in business is to know what you want to do. Then, do it."

"The great thing in business is to know what you want to do. Then, do it." It was a simple phrase, but as I looked at the young-old, bright-eyed, and gray-haired millionaire who sat in the middle of this book-filled room, I imagined that it had been, in his case, profoundly true.

"Necessity taught me that lesson," he continued. "I wasn't so husky as either of my brothers, and in order to keep up with them I had to use every ounce of my strength where it counted most. I couldn't afford to dissipate my energy in a dozen different directions. I had to find out what I wanted to do; then do it."

Did I say that William A. Paine is young? He is—richly, warmly, robustly young. Yet, somehow, he is terribly experienced and—for lack of a better word—authentic. He looks as if he had known what he wanted to do, and had known it for a long time. And as if he had done it—in his quick, nervous, purposeful way—supremely well.

It is no shock to the probabilities to find that he owns a banking business which has spread over seventeen cities, that he controls a mining corporation which is the second largest of its kind in the world, that he possesses a personal fortune which is said to be the greatest in the New England States. He's that sort of man, is W. A.

He comes—perhaps you've guessed it from the kind of books he reads—of good old New England stock. W. A.'s father was by profession a man of peace. A minister of the gospel, Congregational, I think, who became a chaplain in the Civil War. Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, sir, and very proud indeed of it!

Chaplain Paine came home from the war with a ministerial sore throat which made further preaching almost impossible. For a while, he edited a newspaper out Wisconsin way. Then he moved to Rockford, Illinois, and acquired an interest in a local store. But he had no gift for business, and the family moved back East to Massachusetts.

Under the pressure of family necessity, relieved now and then by a tiny income from intermittent "supplying," the two elder boys went to work: Ed in a paper company; Charlie in a wholesale grocery concern. But Willie, at his mother's insistence, was to be educated into a scholar.

"Was that something you had made up your mind you wanted to do?" I asked.

"I didn't have a chance," he laughed. "You never knew my mother!"

I did know from others that W. A.'s purposefulness—his outstanding characteristic—was a direct inheritance from this strong-hearted, strong-minded New England woman, who was, he gratefully acknowledged, the motivating influence in his early life.

But, whoever made the decision, Willie attended to the execution. He hadn't had any of the Latin which the classical course in the Charlestown high school required, but "he knew what he wanted to do," and by hard study at night he did it, reciting his Latin lessons by special arrangement to seniors assigned to the job.

And although Willie caught up with the rest of the class, and finally led it in Latin as well as in all other subjects, he succumbed in the process, and had to leave school.

There may have been other reasons. It's no fun wearing an older brother's worn-out clothes. And it's less fun wearing *two* older brothers'. When Ed Paine went through the coat to his suit and Charlie the pants to his, Willie had to step out in Charlie's old coat and Ed's old pants. Shoes were even more trying; for the boys' mother, desiring to distinguish Ed's brogans from Charlie's, purchased those with red metal "tips" for the one and those with blue metal "tips" for the other. As a result, Willie often appeared at school with one red toe and one blue. That's the kind of thing that makes a boy think longingly of the advantages of a money-earning career.

Anyhow, Willie went to work and became Will!

"I'LL never forget my first morning," he told me. "Of course I arrived before the boss. Boys always do the *first* morning. But a little after eight, the old man appeared around the corner. He was tall and thin and sported a long red beard, of which he was very proud. In his hand, he held a new broom, which he handed me with a few appropriate words about how a new broom should sweep.

"My broom swept clean all right, but it didn't sweep long. Somebody dropped a match in a back hallway, and the resulting fire swept out the place more thoroughly than any new broom or new boy could possibly have done. Incidentally, it swept me into the Blackstone Bank, where I stayed for eight years."

In his new job, Will Paine didn't get much money. Five dollars a week at first. But he did get experience. Plenty, I should say, from the stories that have come down from his associates of those busy days. He was a gay, laughing youth, with a thirst for knowledge and a hunger for work. Any kind, any time. When the paying teller had a date for lunch, he got to depending on Will Paine to stand behind his window. The receiving teller acquired the same idea. And, in time, the former messenger found himself established as a sort of general assistant to everybody, from the oldest director to the newest office boy.

The interesting thing about all this is that it was done "on purpose."

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Paine had no intention of becoming a Jack-of-all-trades. He had made up his mind to become an all-round Jack at one trade—banking. For by that time, his ideas of what he wanted to do had solidified. He wanted to make money, of course. "I guess all boys want to do that," he told me. And he wanted to be the head of his own business. That, too, is a driving force with certain types of young men. It was with Will Paine. But now, for reasons that will appear, he wanted to make money in the banking business. He wanted to be the head of a banking business of his own.

With these objectives cleanly cut and silhouetted on the white sheet of his future, the next thing was to learn how to pin the tail on the donkey.

"I could have made more money at the time," he explained, "by sticking in one place. The tellers got as high as two thousand, and twenty-five hundred, whereas I never got more than a thousand. But I learned the banking business, and they learned nothing but their job.

"One of the first things a banker learns," he told me, "is preparedness. I saw the bank profit by it. So I made up my mind to profit by it too. I didn't earn much; but I didn't spend much. Those were the days of small things. And even the small margin between what I earned and what I spent helped roll up my preparedness snowball. I've seen the old ball melt nearly away a couple of times, but I've never stopped pushing, and the ball has never stopped rolling. From that day to this, I've never been without *some* money in the bank."

That sounds a bit New Englandy, doesn't it? Well, it is. And William A. Paine's whole career is a triumph of New England principles, a survival of the early American stock.

Bostonians like young men who always have something in the bank. W. A. likes that kind now. He picks them out of his great organization, trains them, makes them his friends, shows them how to make more money. He's done that for lots of them. Most of them are with him now. Some are his partners. Others will be. W. A. always has known the kind of man he likes—and sticks to him. That's why he is rich in friendships as well as bank accounts; why he always has something in the bank of good will. He is the rock-bound kind himself. That's why he has made good on "the stern and rock-bound coast."

But he isn't stern—and he wasn't even in those first grim days of youthful determination. He wanted to make money. And, unlike a good many young men who want it, he was willing to work for it. But he didn't kill everything else to do it. He tramped and rode horseback, and courted, and taught a Sunday-school class, and went to Niagara Falls, just like any other well-behaved, healthy young man of his period.

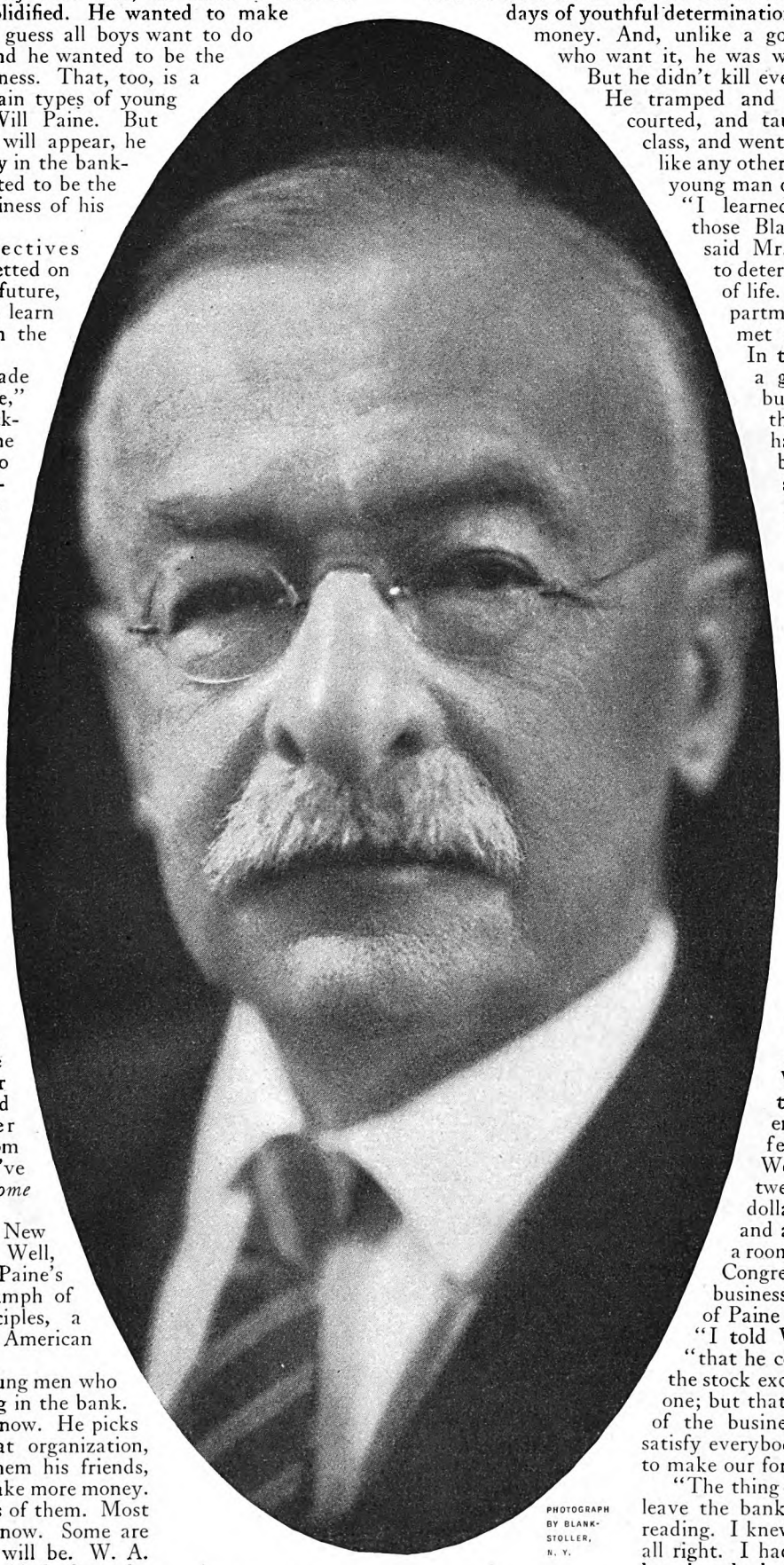
"I learned something else in those Blackstone Bank days," said Mr. Paine, "that helped to determine my whole course of life. I worked in every department of the bank, and met all of the customers. In time, I came to know a good deal about their business—the kind of things they needed and had to buy. And, since banking hours were shorter than business hours, I spent my spare time calling on my 'customers' and taking orders for office supplies. These orders I turned over to people who dealt in that sort of thing, and made a fair profit on each transaction.

"The money was helpful. So was the experience. It taught me the value of knowing the right kind of people, and being where the right kind of people are. I made up my mind that I was going to stick close to those people and make friends with them, that that was the best way for me to get like them."

Will Paine's apprenticeship in the bank ended in 1880. He and a fellow clerk, Wallace Webber, had saved between them three thousand dollars. With this capital, and a lot of hope, they hired a room on the third floor of 48 Congress Street, and started business under the firm name of Paine and Webber.

"I told Wallace," said W. A., "that he could have the seat on the stock exchange when we bought one; but that I was going to be head of the business. That seemed to satisfy everybody, and we started out to make our fortunes.

"The thing that determined me to leave the bank was my old habit of reading. I knew what I wanted to do, all right. I had spent all those years learning the banking business, so that I could some day have a banking business of my own. But it had seemed presumptuous that I, a thousand-dollar-a-year clerk, should actually set up as an adviser (*Continued on page 139*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK-STOLLER, N. Y.

William Alfred Paine is one of the outstanding business leaders of New England. He organized, and is president of, Paine, Webber and Company, of Boston; he is also one of the big men in the American copper industry. Mr. Paine is seventy-three years old

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"Won't these flatfeet ever let a man alone? Won't they ever believe that he intends to run straight?"

The Frame-Up

Jim Hanvey, defender of crooks who "want to go straight," fights fire with fire

By Octavus Roy Cohen

JIM HANVEY did not look like a detective and, by the same token, his visitor did not in the slightest degree resemble a crook.

Harry Whalen was of average height and average figure, which means that his hundred and fifty pounds of weight were symmetrically distributed about a frame five feet seven inches in height. He had a square jaw, a pleasant face, and big, friendly brown eyes. But just at the moment those eyes were filled with the vague light of trouble, and his attitude was one of mingled pleading and anger.

"I'm in a rotten hole, Jim," he declared. "Unless you help me I'm in for a stretch . . . and you know what that would mean to me."

The man mountain in the easy chair toyed idly with the gleaming gold toothpick which hung from the hawser spanning his prodigious tummy. His eyes—small, lusterless, and fish-like—were curtained by the deliberate drooping of the lids. They opened with equal slowness and turned blankly upon Whalen.

Hanvey was the personification of inertia. He was an immense person, whose gargantuan frame was topped by a bulbous head which rested upon triple chins. Despite his tremendous size, the clothes which he wore hung loosely upon him, giving the impression of a bloated scarecrow.

Considering his visitor through expressionless opaque eyes, Jim reached for a box which stood near at hand and extracted therefrom a long black cigar. He bit the end from this with

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meticulous care, lighted it, and blew a cloud of the acrid smoke into the room. Whalen blinked, but—politely—made no comment. Jim grinned.

"My cigars kinder strong for you, Harry?"

"They're pretty powerful, Jim."

"Have one?"

"No, thanks. But I'd be obliged for a bottle of smelling salts."

The ponderous detective chuckled good-humoredly. "Shuh! Harry, these things don't smell no worse to you than those cigarettes of yours do to me." His eyes roved toward the window and dwelt there ruminatively for a few moments. It seemed as though he had forgotten his visitor, and just when Whalen was beginning to fidget, Hanvey's slow, drawling voice came to him:

"HOW long since you pulled your last job, Harry?"

"Four years," answered Whalen promptly. "That's a pretty long time, Jim. Seems to me it proves that I really am trying to run straight."

"Sure does, son. You wouldn't noways fool me now—would you?"

Whalen's face flushed. "You know I wouldn't, Jim. No decent crook would lie to you. And besides, I've come to you for help."

"So you have. . . . Uh-huh! You sure have. What you been doin' all this four years?"

"A half-dozen things, Jim. It's pretty hard, you know, keeping a job and just barely getting along when a chap has been used to big money and high living. But I stuck it out, Jim; and just about a year ago I got a little stake together and bought out the haberdashery shop I'm running."

"Haberdashery store, eh?" Hanvey blinked slowly. "Got any red neckties?"

"Beauties."

"Maybe I'll come down and buy a couple. I don't usually go in for swank, Harry; but I do love red neckties."

"I'll be glad to see you, Jim,"—the man's voice was charged with bitterness—"provided they haven't sent me to the pen." With sudden fury he smashed one fist into the palm of the other hand: "Damn it, Jim! Won't these flatfeet ever let a man alone? Won't they ever believe that he intends to run straight? Won't they ever forget that they got crossed up once. . . . Listen, Jim, I'm not bleating; I'm not welshing. But I'm married! I'm happy. My wife—" He paused.

"Does she know?"

"About me having been a crook? Sure. I told her before we ever got married. If it hadn't been for her, I couldn't have stood the gaff. But I've been through the fire—and I've come clean, Jim. I don't want to talk too much about it. It sounds mushy."

"I like mush, son."

"You come down and see my shop, Jim. Then come home to supper with me and the wife. You'll understand."

"I'll do that very thing, Harry. Meanwhile, suppose you start at the beginning and tell me the whole mess."

Whalen stared bitterly at a spot on the carpet. Then he started to speak, marshaling his facts carefully and struggling to avoid any untoward display of emotion:

"I'll make it as brief as I can, Jim; there's no need elaborating details."

"None at all, son."

"It started eight years ago. I was pretty wild then. Forgery was my line."

"Sure, I know, Harry. And you were slick. I was after you once—and missed."

"So did Mike Lannigan. He was after me three or four times. I made him look kind of foolish down at headquarters. I understand they gave him the laugh and he swore he'd get me, no matter how long it took. When I married and went straight, I think he was the most disappointed man in America. He came to see me a few times—sneering at me, saying he knew I was covering something, announcing that he was watching me every minute. I laughed at him, Jim, because I knew I was through. All I wanted was to be let alone. I think any man is entitled to his chance to be honest. . . ."

He lighted a cigarette and hesitated a few moments before continuing: "There's no use my dwelling on everything I did, or all I went through. There were times when it was pretty hard sledding, Jim. There were times when— Well, that dirty dog came around to see Lilla when we were down and out. Told her all about me. Told her I'd slip some day, and when I did he'd see that I did a long stretch. I guess that was what kept me straight—Lilla's terror and the determination to show that guy that I was better than him.

"LAST year I got a chance to buy out this little haberdashery business. It isn't much, Jim, just a hole in the wall; but it's a good location and there's a nice living in it for a man who isn't scared to work hard over long hours. . . . Lilla keeps books for me and is my only clerk. At first I didn't even have a boy; I'd get down early and sweep the store out myself. I got an awful kick out of being a business man. For the first time in my life I was really happy. For the first time, I wasn't thinking that a man needed all the money in the world to be contented." He looked up. "I ain't boring you, am I, Jim?"

"Gosh! no, son. It's like a movie."

"Well—I guess I had a lot to learn about business. For one thing, I laid in more stock than I should. I got caught short. My creditors were beginning to yell, and I paid them every dime I had. I was still around two thousand dollars short."

Hanvey's eyes opened with maddening slowness and turned toward his visitor. But for all

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

Hanvey opened the letter and held it out to the other's gaze

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the change of expression on his heavy face, he might not have seen Whalen.

"Yes?" he prompted. "And then?"

"There's a man in this town, Jim, maybe you've heard of him? Quincy Ackerman."

"Yeh." Jim's lips twisted in distaste. "Nice, high-class, thoroughly respectable thief!"

"AND not always so respectable. That's how I happened to know him." Harry Whalen drew a deep breath. "I met him years ago, Jim, when things weren't breaking very well for me. There was some crooked promotion . . . and he needed my help. I did what he wanted, and the thing went wrong. Looked like both of us were going up. They sort of had the goods on me, and I had Ackerman dead to rights, because of a letter he had written me. But I thought he was a poor sap, and I fixed to leave him in the clear and take my own chances. No need of both of us doing time. The man was so grateful he almost made me sick. Wanted to do everything in the world for me. Cringed around like a whipped cur. Well, . . . I got clear, and of course they didn't have anything on him, the way I fixed things. You'd have thought I was the greatest man in the world . . . then."

He paused, and Hanvey prompted, "Then?"

"Sure. But since— Did you ever do a big favor for a man, Jim, when you had the goods on him—and then when he'd come clear, have him hate you because you had been in a deal together?"

"I know pretty well what you mean. And this Ackerman—"

"There were times when that dirty dog came around to see Lilla. . . . Told her all about me. Told her I'd slip some day, and when I did he'd see that I did a long stretch"

"He got respectable. Not honest, mind you, but respectable. He made money in ways that didn't put him in danger of the penitentiary. And I guess the more he thought of me, the more he hated me, because I was the one man in the world who had the goods on him. It has gotten so that he's the worst enemy I've got—the dirty, crawling crook! He'd like to see me out of the way for about ten years, just to get me off his mind."

"I see. You sort of make him remember an unpleasant past. Before he was successfully dishonest."

"Exactly. I knew you'd understand. But, to go back to my story, I needed this two thousand. I knew how Ackerman stood with the banks here, and I talked to an assistant cashier of a bank which had refused to loan me money. I asked him if Ackerman's endorsement on my six-months note would be acceptable and he said, 'Sure.'

"Then I went to Ackerman. He greeted me as cordially as though I had been a rattler. Well, at that, he doesn't love me any more than I do him. But I told him I wanted his endorsement on that note, and would almost certainly need a renewal. He kicked like a steer . . . and would have refused if he had dared. Anyway, I got it, took it to the bank, and they loaned me the money. It tided me over."

"And you're all right now?"

"No. It's this way, Jim: I've got to renew that note for another six months. And I can't without Ackerman's endorsement."

"Won't he renew?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he'd rather send me to jail."

The big, pursy face of the detective was alive with interest.

"For what, Harry?"

"Forgery."

"H-m! I'm afraid I don't understand all I know about this. You ain't been pulling anything, have you?"

"No. But he's got me dead to rights, just the same."

"S'pose you explain, son. I'm kinder hazy."

"WELL, Jim, suppose this were to happen: Suppose, when this note comes due—which is Tuesday—they make demand on me, and I can't take it up. They immediately notify Quincy Ackerman, as endorser, that he'll have to pay. And just suppose, Jim, that Ackerman pretends to be terribly surprised, and says that he never endorsed that note in the first place!"

Whalen ceased speaking. His face was white, and mirrored clearly the strain under which he labored.

Hanvey was thinking—although his heavy countenance gave no indication of that fact. He nodded slowly, with vast approval:

"A very, very slick scheme, Harry. I didn't know Ackerman had that much real brain."

"He hasn't!"

"But you said—"

"The whole plan was Mike Lannigan's."

"So-o. Mike's, eh?" Hanvey fumbled with his golden toothpick. "How come?"

"Mike's been after me hot and heavy, ever since I made a goat of him years ago. He thought for a while that I wouldn't stay straight. Now that he knows I will, he's out to frame me. And this is his chance. Of course he knows all about Ackerman, and the fact that I was in on a crooked deal with the man. He knew that we were together, and I guess he found out that Ackerman hates me. So he went to the man and told him how to get me. It was his idea."

"You sure?"

"Certain. Lannigan has been down at the shop taunting me about what was going to happen."

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"Sweet little playmate, ain't he?"

Whalen's eyes became hard as chilled steel. "It's right lucky, Jim, that they're not after me for murder. I almost killed him!"

"I wouldn't hardly blame you, son, except that murders are terrible messy. Now, let's see: You came to me—?"

"Because you're the only dick I know who's got a heart, Jim Hanvey. You play square with us crooks, and you've got the rep for preferring to keep a man straight. I want you to help me. I'm not going to get sentimental, but—there's the wife. . . . It's a rotten unfair thing. I've laid all the cards on the table. Will you help me, Jim?"

Hanvey smiled a slow, warm smile. "Sure, Harry, sure I will. If I can only think how."

Whalen drew a deep breath of relief. "You'll do it some way, Jim. I know you will—"

"Shuh! I ain't no good, Harry. Just lucky—and fat. Let's see now. . . ." He placed the ends of his spatulate fingers together and puffed reflectively on the black projectile which was held between his thick lips. "You said that you once had the goods on Ackerman?"

"Yes. There was a letter he wrote me. . . ."

HANVEY did not look like a detective. Mike Lannigan certainly did.

Lannigan was more than six feet in height; broad and muscular, and he walked with a firm, positive stride. He wore great square-toed shoes and a derby hat, and his eyes had all the mellow warmth of icicles.

He stood in the corner now, regarding his visitor with bleak discourtesy.

"You can darn well keep out of this, Jim Hanvey," he ordered. "I don't like fat men butting into my affairs."

"No-o? But it ain't me, Mike; it's my friend, Whalen."

"When did he get to be your friend?"

"From the minute he turned straight. I downright approve of crooks who quit the rose path."

"Well, I don't. They're no good, and ought to be in jail—and that's right where Mr. Harry Whalen is headed."

"But, Mike, you know good and well that this is a frame-up. You know Ackerman really did endorse that note."

"Let Whalen prove it then," snapped Lannigan. "Ackerman says he didn't."

"And you'd frame a nice young fellow like Harry?"

"I didn't say I would. But suppose I did? Suppose he didn't commit this particular offense? Hasn't he done a lot of other things he ought to be in jail for?"

"Like making folks understand what a fool you are, Mike?"

Lannigan towered over Hanvey's bulky form with his fists clenched: "For one nickel, Hanvey, I'd—"

Hanvey looked up and blinked deliberately. "Gosh, Mike, you ain't got a lick of diplomacy. I didn't come here to mix up with you. I came to see wouldn't you call off this campaign against Harry Whalen."

"Not a chance. He's going to get a nice long vacation, with all expenses paid by the State."

"How thoughtful you are. It's downright touching. Well—" Hanvey emitted a deep sigh, and heaved his vast bulk out of the chair. "Guess I better go tell him to get fitted for a suit of stripes. Because, when a clever guy like you sets out to frame a man, Mike, I reckon he ain't got a chance."

Lannigan's face was purple. "You ain't trying to kid me, are you?"

"Kid you? Golly! Mike, a feller couldn't really do that, could he?"

HANVEY reached the street and stared up and down the busy thoroughfare. His fat face was wrinkled with tiny lines of worry and, unconsciously, his fingers sought the gold toothpick which was his companion in times of mental stress. Then he waddled slowly toward the center of town, tremendous figure swaying slightly and overlarge clothes flapping grotesquely.

Ten minutes later found him in the presence of a thin, hawk-like man who stared at him in unfriendly fashion from under black, bushy eyebrows.

"My name is Hanvey, Mr. Ackerman, Jim Hanvey."

"Well," rasped the man, "what of it?" (*Continued on page 80*)

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The Strange And True Story Of *One Modern Girl*

Rosamond Pinchot was born, as the old saying goes, "with a silver spoon in her mouth." Yet for the past four years, ever since she was eighteen, she has worked as hard as if she hadn't a penny—Part of her story reads like a fairy tale; but the rest is very different

By MARY B. MULLETT

ON a November afternoon in 1923, the steamship "Aquitania," en route to New York, made its customary stop at Cherbourg for passengers from Paris. Those who had embarked at Southampton were already on board; and as the tender came alongside, they crowded to the rail to watch the transfer of the later arrivals. A high wind was blowing; and the task of getting the tender safely up to the lee side of the towering "Aquitania" was a slow and difficult one.

While this was being done the passengers on the little tossing vessel below stood waiting, looking up at the long row of faces above them.

It was a situation which is repeated scores of times every year; but *this* time it was to change the whole course of at least one person's life.

Among the passengers on the "Aquitania" was a man, then fifty years old, who was famous throughout Europe and America. With a friend, he leaned over the rail and watched the scene below them.

Watched, at first, with mere idle interest. Then, as he caught sight of a girl standing on the deck of the tender, his casual glance became alert and intent.

Youth was written in every line of her tall, straight body. And in her face, as she looked up, he saw the luminous quality which also should belong to youth.

At his first sight of her, the man gave a quick start, as of recognition. This was strange, because he never before had seen her. Yet the recognition was there! For he instantly placed her, not as someone he had seen but as someone he had been seeking.

After a few moments of intent scrutiny, he turned to his companion.

"THERE'S the girl we have been looking for!" he said, pointing to the deck below them. "I want that girl as the Nun in 'The Miracle'."

The man was Max Reinhardt, the most famous theatrical producer in Europe. His greatest achievement, "The Miracle," was to be presented in America by Morris Gest; and Reinhardt was on his way to this country to direct its production.

Most of the members of the cast had been selected in Europe, but no final choice had been made for the rôle of the Nun. The part was an extremely important one. Every foreign actress who might possibly take it had been considered—and rejected. The problem was still unsolved until Reinhardt looked down into the face of an unknown American girl, and said: "There she is!"

The girl was Rosamond Pinchot. Her uncle, Gifford Pinchot, was nationally known, even before he became governor of Pennsylvania. The name of her father, Amos Pinchot, was familiar to all New Yorkers.

While the Pinchots did not count their wealth by millions, they were what most of us would call rich. In New York they had a delightful home just off Fifth Avenue, and they had also a country place in Pennsylvania. Their daughter had been educated in private schools and by travel abroad. On her return from this trip to Europe, she was to make her formal début in New York society.

Of all these circumstances Reinhardt was ignorant. He knew only one thing: he wanted this girl for the Nun.

After leaving Cherbourg, the "Aquitania" quickly ran into the storm of which the gale had been a forewarning. For two days most of the passengers kept to their cabins, and Reinhardt hadn't even a glimpse of the unknown girl from the tender. Then the weather moderated; and on the third evening there was a dance in the ballroom.

It was Miss Pinchot herself who told me what happened that evening, and of the amazing change it has made in her life. It is a story, not simply of one human being but of modern Youth itself—that riddle over which, in these days, there is such endless discussion.

"I was having a very nice time that night," said Miss Pinchot, "and when someone asked permission to introduce a stranger who had said he wanted to meet me, I thought he would be simply another dancing partner.

"However, instead of asking me to dance, the man surprised me by saying that he had been asked by Max Reinhardt to arrange an appointment for the following afternoon. Would I come to the lounge, one of the ship's salons, at two-thirty?

"I MAY as well confess that Reinhardt's name, at that time, had a rather vague significance to me. I couldn't imagine why he had asked for an introduction. And when my mother and I met him the next afternoon, I was still wondering what it was all about.

"At that time, he spoke no English; and my knowledge of German was decidedly sketchy. Still, I could understand a good deal of what he said.

"It was easier, for instance, to *understand* than to *believe* that he was actually offering me, an unknown and inexperienced girl, a leading part in a great play!

"I never had thought seriously of a stage career. At school, when I tried out for 'dramatics,' I failed; and the memory of this failure was so discouraging that I was bewildered now. But even in my bewilderment I was thrilled.

"Too intensely thrilled to give any outward sign of what I was feeling! I listened, apparently without emotion, while Reinhardt told us the story of 'The Miracle.' My mother wept over it. So, for that matter, did Reinhardt himself. And he was vexed and disappointed that I seemed absolutely unmoved.

"He was afraid, as he afterward told me, that I was incapable of deep emotion. But he is a man who does not easily change his first impressions. So instead of deciding that he had been mistaken in me, he asked me to recite something for him, hoping that this would show whether I really had any power to express feeling; or, for that matter, any feeling to express.

"But I had to tell him that I couldn't do this. I never had been the 'reciting' kind. I was too shy and self-conscious.

"I couldn't even explain that my coldness was all on the surface. Nothing in all my life had kindled my imagination as had this unbelievable chance; and I was terrified by the thought of losing it.

"That evening I walked the deck alone, trying to think how I could prove myself at least worth a trial. I lay awake most of the night. And the next morning I determined to attempt the only plan I had been able to invent.

"As Reinhardt could not understand English, I would pretend to be *reciting* something to him. But instead of that, I

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PHOTOGRAPH BY
TRUDE GEIRINGER
DORA HOROVITZ

Rosamond Pinchot

would try to tell what this opportunity meant to me! How I would work and study and make any sacrifice to satisfy him!

"I reached this decision about ten o'clock that morning; and without waiting to let my courage ebb I went straight to Reinhardt's cabin. He was asleep, but I insisted on having him wakened!

"Later, I realized the extent of my temerity. In Europe, Reinhardt is almost a god. To disturb him when he was resting was like committing *lèse majesté*.

"I don't know that I should have hesitated, even if I had understood this, for I felt that my whole future was hanging in the balance, and I *must* win this chance.

"Pretending that I was merely reciting something, I tried to put my feelings into words; and because Reinhardt didn't know what I was saying, I could do it without self-consciousness.

"Before I had finished, I was crying. And he, although he couldn't understand a word of it all, was listening with tears in his eyes.

"Well, that settled the matter so far as Reinhardt was concerned. But we still had to convince Morris Gest; also, Otto Kahn, the chief financial backer of 'The Miracle' in America. When they learned that Reinhardt wanted to give so important a part to an absolutely inexperienced girl, they naturally objected.

"They believed I would be a failure. And of course I would have been but for Reinhardt's marvelous help. For a whole month, every day, and often for as much as five hours a day, he himself trained me.

"Fortunately, the rôle was not a speaking part, but called only for pantomime. To a trained actress, speech would have been a help. But to me it would have been, at that time, an insurmountable obstacle because of my shyness and inexperience. Even as it was, I had to work day and night for weeks before Reinhardt would let anyone see me in the part. Finally came the ordeal of doing it before Mr. Gest, who hadn't yet consented to let me have the rôle. I knew he did not believe I *should* have it! And when I came through the ordeal successfully, I felt that there was more than one 'miracle' in connection with the play.

"That test had been met; but I still had to convince Mr. Kahn, the court of final appeal.

"There were dozens of other applicants for the rôle. At the Metro-Goldwyn studio, where the rehearsals were held, these applicants sat together in a corner which became known as 'the Nun's pen.' I used to sit there, too; watching, hoping, fearing, until suspense became almost unbearable. (*Continued on page 97*)

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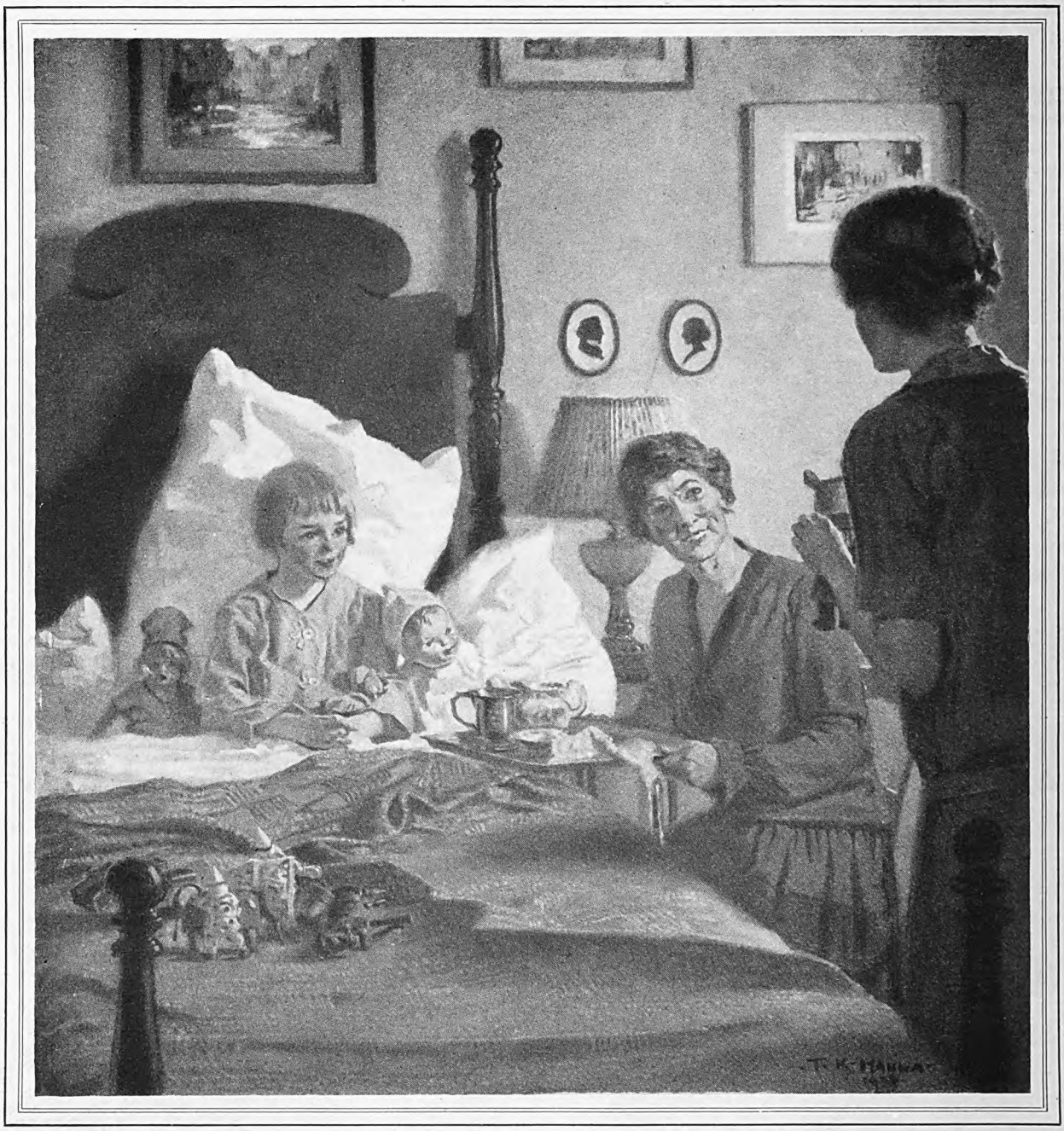

When is a martyr *not* a martyr?
When she likes it!

As I watched her, bustling about with the little teapot Marice and Betty had used to have, I realized that I hadn't been mistaken that other day

Dot Tries To Help

"Poor Mattie Coates"

By Fannie Kilbourne

I REALLY had very little to do with what happened to poor Mrs. Mattie Coates, though Will, to his dying day, will insist that I am largely responsible. However, it is only honest for me to admit that, though it wasn't much, I did all that I could.

Living next door to people in the summer, when all the windows are open, is like having a good seat at the movies. Even more so, in fact, because you can't help hearing practically everything you don't see.

Without wishing to pin any medals on my own chest, I must say that I'm more particular than a lot of next-door neighbors. In fact, I even bend over backward that way. I always hang up the 'phone when I hear anybody else using our party line. Or practically always. And while we lived in the bungalow and Roger and Dulcie were right next door, whenever they would quarrel I'd turn on our radio loud so that I couldn't hear what they said.

When we moved into our new house we had no neighbors at all on one side, only a new little bungalow that had been put up for speculation and hadn't been sold yet. On the other side, just across a low hedge, was the Coates house, a big old-fashioned place with a cupola and a mansard roof.

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We hadn't been in our new home two days before I realized that if I was going to try to use the loud speaker to keep from overhearing the way things went in the Coates house, I'd wear out the B batteries.

As far back as I could remember, I'd heard Mother and Mother Horton talk about "poor Mattie Coates." However, till we moved in next door and I actually saw and heard for myself, I never really understood. The Coateses weren't poor at all in a money way. Mr. Coates owned the only hardware store in town and had done fairly well.

"Much good that's ever done Mattie, though," Mother Horton used to say. "Poor Mattie is a martyr to her family if there ever was one. When the children were little, and Thomas was just getting the store started, she worked like a dog. And now that the business is doing well and the children are practically grown up and where they should be a real help to her, not a soul does anything but impose on her!"

As I say, if I'd tried to use our radio to keep from overhearing the Coateses imposing on their mother, I'd have had the loud speaker on from dewy dawn to blackest midnight. And then some. Betty Coates was to graduate from high school in June; and for that high-school senior crowd, midnight is just the shank of the evening.

BETTY would arrive home at any old hour, bringing anywhere up to a dozen boys and girls along with her, and I'd hear her call:

"Mother, where's the ginger ale? Mother, did the boys eat up all that cake? Mother, isn't there anything to eat in the house?"

And pretty soon I'd hear poor Mrs. Coates's voice, and know that she had slipped a dress on over her nightgown and was down in the kitchen scrambling eggs or making fruit lemonade or something.

Usually while Mrs. Coates was downstairs, I'd hear Marice, the oldest girl, who was married and living at home with a husband and a three-months-old baby, call down sleepily:

"Oh, Mother, 's long as you're up, would you mind giving Tommie his bottle?"

It's perfect nonsense for a three-months-old child to be still having a two A. M. feeding; but when I hinted this to Marice she said if she stopped it Tommie'd probably cry every night for a week, and Phil couldn't stand it to hear a baby cry. Besides, she said, the night bottle wasn't any trouble! Of course it wasn't any trouble! Not to Marice.

Mrs. Coates would be up in time all right the next morning to get an early breakfast for Mr. Coates and Tom, their twenty-one-year-old son, and Phil, Marice's husband. Betty'd come sauntering down along toward ten o'clock, looking as fresh and pretty as a rose, and grumbling:

"Hominy again! Mercy, Mother, this coffee is stone cold!"

And Mrs. Coates, who'd probably be hanging some of Tommie's little white dresses out on the line, would come in and make fresh coffee.

Marice, who'd be all worn out already from having bathed the baby and made up his formula, would come and have a cup too, and sit gossiping with Betty while her mother stayed in the kitchen sterilizing the bottles.

It was grand for Marice. She ran around with the youngest married girls in town who hadn't had any babies yet, as free as any of them.

"Oh, Mother never minds keeping Tommie," she'd say complacently. "You know how crazy grandmothers always are over the first grandchild."

Which was all very fine; but then I'd see one of Mrs. Coates's friends stop by in a car in the afternoon and ask her to take a spin. And of course Mrs. Coates couldn't go, because Tommie was having his nap and she couldn't leave the house. So she'd move the sewing machine out on the up-stairs porch and work on clothes for Betty.

Phil was as proud of that new bungalow as a child with a new wagon, and he was as good about helping Marice with the baby as any of the other young husbands

Illustrated by T. K. Hanna

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And the boys were just as bad as the girls. Tom had one of those la-de-da positions in the music store that are very white-collar, but don't pay any salary worth mentioning. His father wouldn't give him any extra money. He said a young man should learn to live on what he earned, especially when he didn't have any board to pay. But Mrs. Coates was always slipping Tom a little extra.

I happened to know this, because she had picked out a spring coat for herself at Father's store. It was a little more expensive than she'd planned, and she asked Father to hold it for her till the first of the month. Father agreed to, because, as he said to Mother and me, while the girls dressed like millionaires, she looked so shabby he felt sorry for her. But long before the first, she went in and told him she'd changed her mind.

And then Scott, who was selling Tom a little car on time, told me that Mrs. Coates had come in and paid the last month's instalment on it. And the instalment was just the price of the coat she'd picked out.

HONESTLY, you couldn't help seeing that every one of Mrs. Coates's family, except maybe her husband, was perfectly willing to impose on her unselfishness. And yet she was the bravest little thing. The only one of the family that she ever complained about was Phil, Marice's husband.

"Of course he pays part of the grocery bill," she confided to me; "but it does seem that he might take a little interest around the place, mow the lawn once in a while, or something like that. But he never lifts a hand. I've asked him a dozen times to fix the sink faucet that drips, but he never remembers to bring home a washer.

"I wouldn't mind so much," she went on, "but it puts Papa all out of patience. And then Phil is always arguing about religion with him. I've never let one of my own children argue with Papa, and it makes me so nervous for Phil to. Every time they get to going it leaves me with a nervous headache. It's the hardest thing to keep them from saying something that they'll be sorry for afterward."

She sighed, a deep, terribly worried sigh.

There just wasn't anything Mrs. Coates didn't do to try to keep the peace, either. Why, one day in July, Marice was going to have some of her young married friends in for a porch luncheon, and she said, a day or two before, that she was just ashamed to have the girls see the hedge, it needed trimming so badly.

She said this to her father, of course. The whole family was out on the porch, and Will and I happened to be there too. Mr. Coates seemed to be feeling a little edgy at Phil, and he said that if Marice wanted the hedge trimmed for her party she could get her husband to trim it.

Phil said that he would, but, just as usual, he didn't get around to it. Mrs. Coates knew that this would make her husband mad, and so, the morning of the luncheon, I saw her out in the blistering July sun, clipping the hedge with the heavy iron shears, running into the house between clips to see about the luncheon, which of course she was cooking.

Betty was off playing tennis somewhere and Marice was sitting in the hammock under the trees fanning herself and watching the baby. She seemed to feel that it was very thoughtful of her to be taking the child off her mother's hands.

"What I wish," I said to Will at breakfast one morning, "is that Mrs. Coates would be taken sick."

Will just gasped at me.

"Well, for crying out loud!" he said. "Don't you think the poor woman's got troubles enough?"

"A good, healthy sickness wouldn't be a trouble," I said. "It would just be a rest. She'd have to lie in bed, and take it easy and be waited on. And that's the only way those lazy loafers will ever see how selfish they are. Unless she should die," I added.

Will didn't seem to realize how serious I was.

"Well, it's very decent of you to let her live," he said. "What particular sickness are you considering?"

"It isn't anything to make fun of," I said reprovingly. "I had thought of flu. They say there's a kind of summer flu going around in Verblen that leaves people quite run down. She ought to be practically helpless for a month at the least."

Will was just determined to take it lightly. He leaned back and fairly roared.

"You don't care what you do for a friend, do you! Talk about unselfish thoughtfulness! Why, you'd give one of them anything up to double pneumonia with complications."

"Indeed I wouldn't," I denied. "I've never thought of anything worse than flu."

And two days later, Mrs. Coates, who had gone over to Verblen to shop for Marice, came down with the flu. Will swears to this day that I wished it on her. And when Mr. Coates told us that the doctor said she was pretty well run down, and that he thought he'd send her out to her sister's in Colorado for a couple of months, Will was just knocked speechless. He teased me about what I'd done to that poor woman until, honestly, he nearly took my pleasure out of it.

I think Mr. Coates was quite worried about her, because he had things arranged before she had time to realize what was happening to her. She would have stopped it if she could. An hour before her train left, I ran in to give her a book to read on the way, and she looked positively stricken.

"I don't know what the children will do!" she kept saying over and over. "I don't see what's going to become of any of them without Mother. Why, Marice is the oldest, and she's just a baby." She caught my hand. "You'll keep an eye on them a little, won't you, Dotty?" she begged. "You're so competent and, being right next door, you'll know how things are going."

I patted her hand.

"I'll do anything I can for you, Mrs. Coates," I promised.

I FELT perfectly sincere in saying this, because I figured that the greatest thing I could do for Mrs. Coates in the long run would be just to stand back and let nature take its course in that household. Let her spoiled children learn to appreciate their mother. And I have to confess to a mean satisfaction at the prospect of watching them do it.

Of course, I didn't intend to be unneighborly. I told the girls that I'd do anything I could to help them out, and I invited the whole family for supper their first evening after Mrs. Coates had gone.

"If there's anything I can tell you about the house or baby," I said to Marice, "you must feel perfectly free to come over any time."

Though I'm only four years older than Marice, I should hope to say there were a lot of things about a house or a baby that I could tell her!

And she certainly did feel perfectly free to ask. I kept count, and the first morning she was over twelve times.

I was making blueberry pie for our own dinner the second day after Mrs. Coates had gone, so I made two, one extra big, and took it over to Marice. I have never seen such a mess as that house was. It was twelve o'clock, and the breakfast dishes weren't done yet nor the baby's washing. The men would be home in fifteen minutes for dinner, and she hadn't even put on the potatoes. I looked about.

"Where's Betty?" I asked.

"Up at Peggy Scoggins. She stayed all night there, and hasn't got back."

Poor Marice was ready to cry. And I couldn't blame her. It's no joke to have a great big house and family dumped suddenly on you, with a three-months-old baby besides. After having, so to speak, wished this on Marice, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. There wasn't anything for me to do but stay and help her out with the dinner, which, of course, I did, my own being all ready to put on the table.

BUT, even feeling sorry for Marice, I couldn't keep up that sort of thing. I had a house and family of my own. I think it was supper time on the third or fourth night after Mrs. Coates had gone that Will and I heard irritated voices coming faintly across the lawn from our next-door-neighbors' house.

"I guess Phil and the old gentleman are at it on religion," Will hazarded.

We couldn't hear any of the words; but, as Will said, you couldn't miss the tune. You could tell that from mere general religious discussion it was getting more and more personal.

Suddenly, the voices reached an angry pitch in which we could almost hear the words. Then they stopped suddenly. We could hear the front door slam, and a minute later saw Phil striding off down the sidewalk as though he never meant to come back. It must have been an awful row.

But neither of us had any idea of how serious the quarrel really had been. The next morning I saw Marice on the other side of the hedge putting out the baby's things.

"We're going to move," she said.

"To move!" I gasped.

"Into the bungalow on the other side of you. Phil saw Mr. Collins about renting it, last evening."

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" I exclaimed. "What will you do about furniture?"

"Oh, we'll get what we really have to have, on time. We can manage all right on Phil's salary. We sat up till two o'clock last night, figuring it out." She paused a moment or two: "I—I— You always hear people say that no house is

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big enough for two families, and I guess it's so. Phil and Father . . . got into a little discussion last night . . . perfectly friendly, of course, but it sort of opened our eyes. Father expects a good deal of Phil, mowing the lawn and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Well, for cat's sake!" said Will when I told him about it. "That's a good one, for a man to take on a place of his own because he doesn't want to mow a lawn! He'll find that there's a lawn to mow around the bungalow, and that that's just the beginning."

There is something fascinating about a brand-new little house and all new furniture. It was the greatest fun in the world to help Marice get settled. Naturally, I saw quite a lot of her, and, in spite of feeling as I had about the way she'd imposed on her mother, I couldn't help liking Marice and feeling kind of sorry for her.

I saw her out in the blistering July sun, clipping the hedge with the heavy iron shears, while Marice sat in the hammock fanning herself and watching the baby

She was crazy about Phil, and really wanted to do the right thing, but, mercy, she was green as grass! Staying in her own home as she had when she was first married, she'd never had a chance to get used to living with just a husband, as you usually do before the babies come along. And here she was suddenly cast out on her own, not knowing as much as the average bride, and yet with a three-months-old baby.

She found out quick enough now that the two A. M. feeding was some trouble, and decided to break it off.

"I don't know whether Phil will be able to stand hearing Tommie cry," she said dubiously.

And right there I gave her a piece of excellent advice.

"Listen, Marice," I said, "Tommie's Phil's baby just as much as he is yours, and you can't wear yourself out trying to conceal it from Phil that he's a father. Every married girl will tell you that it's a very hard time while your first baby is little, and that you and your husband just have to pull together on it."

Will and I were surprised to see the way Phil seemed to take hold. Just hearing Mrs. Coates talk about him, I'd got the feeling that he was terribly lazy and selfish. But he was as proud of that new bungalow as a child with a new wagon, and, as far as I could see, he was as good about helping Marice with the place and the baby as any of the other young husbands.

Will and I strolled over there after supper one evening, and if there wasn't Phil mowing the lawn! Will's an awful tease and he couldn't resist kidding Phil about it.

"Thought you moved so you wouldn't have a lawn to cut," he said.

(*Continued on page 120*)

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Houdini's Conquest

He gives a séance that baffles Theodore lifelong ambition by filling his mother's apron from a Federal prison cell, releases the prison-up again; he is buried under six feet of earth,

By Harold

HOUDINI'S conquest of America began in the fall of 1905, when he opened at the Colonial Theatre, New York, as a top-liner, at the beginning of October. He was thirty-one, and had been working for this large occasion for nearly fifteen years.

Within the next few months, his feats carried his name all over the country. His first big publicity strike occurred in Washington, and it forthwith established Houdini's reputation in the United States.

During the first days of his brief engagement at Keith's in Washington, Houdini broke out of several of the police jails of the District. Warden Harris of the Federal prison was confident that his locks would hold the elusive performer, so he invited Houdini to test his skill against Uncle Sam's system of restraint.

Houdini elected to be locked into the cell that had housed Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. This was the middle chamber of a row of three heavily-barred cubbyholes, walled in solid masonry. It happened at the time to be occupied by a man who had strangled his wife.

The narrow door of this cell is sunk three feet in the brick wall. When the door is closed, an armlike bar projects out into the corridor and then angles to the right and slips over a steel catch which sets a spring, fastening the lock. The lock is a combination, with five tumblers.

After being stripped and searched, as usual, Houdini was locked in this cell, and his clothes were locked in another. Warden Harris, with his staff of deputies and a crowd of visiting police officials, retired to his office to await developments.

Houdini was out of his cell and in the corridor in two min-

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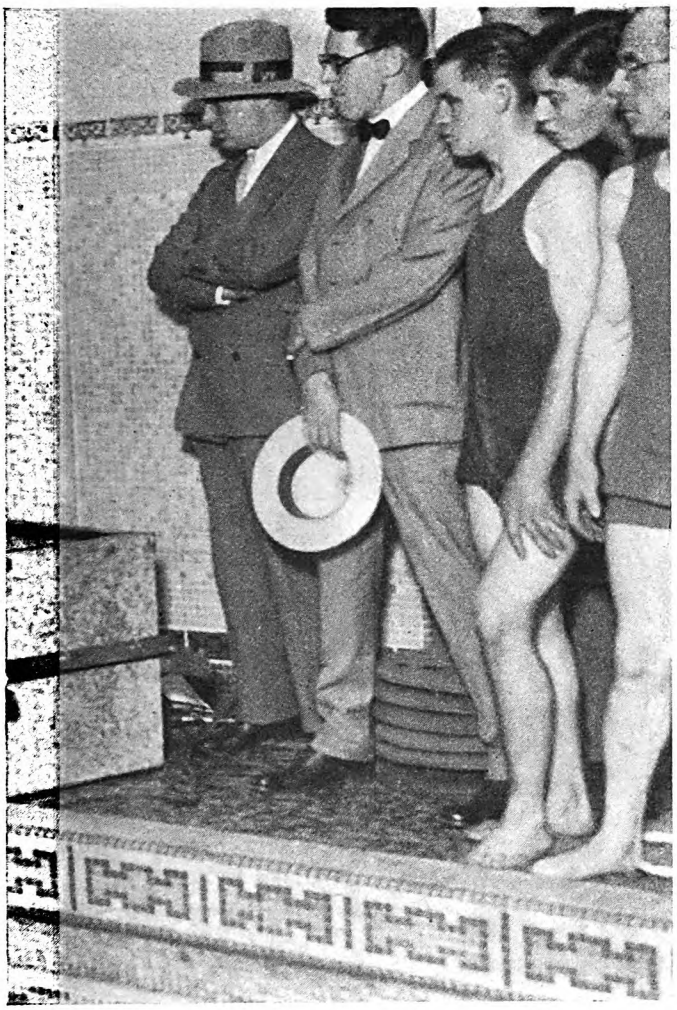

IN THIS, the fourth article about the great magician and his tricks, you see him at the peak of his glory, and at the beginning of his efforts to communicate with the dead. The article next month, "Houdini and the Spirits," will tell you of his spectacular experiences with fake mediums, and of his crusade against fraud.

Houdini submitting to a test of blood pressure before being sealed up in an air-tight coffin and sunk in the swimming pool of the Hotel Shelton in New York. He remained under water for an hour and thirty-one minutes

Of America

Roosevelt; he gratifies a with gold; he escapes ers and then locks them but comes to the surface

Kellock

utes. As he looked about him, he was seized with a whimsical idea. There were eight other prisoners in the jail—two condemned murderers, four men under indictment for murder, two serving for other major crimes. Houdini successively opened the cell of each one and hustled him into another cell, where the man was tightly locked up. Houdini was still stark naked, and each prisoner was so amazed at the apparition of this unclad, authoritative intruder that he neither protested nor made any attempt to escape. Twenty-one minutes after Houdini had been locked up he entered the warden's office with his clothes on.

"I let all of your prisoners out," he announced, and, as his hearers stared at him, first incredulously and then in dismay and a guard or two jumped toward the door, he added hastily, "but I locked them all in again."

Naturally this puss-in-the-corner game with a jail full of prisoners captured the imagination of the Washington correspondents.

In Boston, two months later, Houdini repeated this stunt with variations. Superintendent of Police William H. Pierce locked him in a second-tier cell of the city jail, after he had been stripped, searched, manacled, and leg-ironed, and locked his clothes in a cell in the first tier, in another section of the prison. Twenty-three minutes later Houdini called Superintendent Pierce on the telephone from Keith's Theatre, some distance away. He had slipped out of his cell, recovered his clothes, dashed up to the third tier and released a prisoner, whom he locked in his own second-tier cell, let himself through two steel doors into the prison yard, climbed the wall and jumped into a waiting automobile. He was over the wall sixteen minutes after he had been locked up and the drive to the theatre took seven minutes.

WHEN Houdini capped this feat, a few nights later, on the stage of Keith's Theatre by escaping from a witch's cage procured by an ambitious chief of police in Chelsea, he completely won New England. The cage was a vicious-looking contrivance of latticed steel, the upper frame of which fitted closely about the subject's body. A series of chains were wound about the prisoner and enmeshed among the bars. The whole affair was locked with a system of padlocks. The mayor of Boston, accompanied by the whole city administration, watched while Houdini was encased in this barbaric apparatus, and over three thousand persons waited for upward of an hour and a half until he managed to push aside the clanking irons and step out of the vise that had held the witches of Massachusetts Colony. Probably he would have received the keys to the city, if presenting keys to Houdini had not been so obviously superfluous. Boston, a one-week town for vaudeville acts, kept Houdini for eleven consecutive weeks.

About this time Houdini performed an ingenious bit of magic, which, in the opinion of those who witnessed it, could be explained only on the theory of supernatural powers.

The demonstration occurred at a matinée at the annual meeting of a social organization in the upper part of Manhattan, New York City. Houdini borrowed three handkerchiefs, tied them together, and announced that he would make them vanish and reappear at any place suggested by any person in the audience. The handkerchiefs, being placed by Houdini under a small glass bowl, immediately disappeared. The audience was supplied with blank cards, on which each person was to designate the place where he wished the handkerchiefs found. The ushers collected the cards in a hat, each card folded to hide the writing, and Houdini shook them up and then dumped the lot upon a huge platter, from which he picked three and asked that some disinterested person make the final choice from these. A baby was selected to choose the card, and a skeptical member of the lodge took it from the baby's hand and read it. It demanded that the handkerchiefs be transported to the top step of the pediment of the Statue of Liberty, in the middle of New York Harbor.

Murmurs of surprise and incredulity came from the audience. They supposed the test would be too difficult; but Houdini expressed the opinion that the handkerchiefs would be found. A committee was organized among the spectators to make the long trip, half an hour or more to the Battery by subway and then across the harbor in the ferry. On the top step leading to the statue, as designated, they found a soldered tin box, and returned with it to the hall, where, by that time, a banquet was being served. A mechanic was called in (*Continued on page 126*)

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Violet Ray, home from the city, sets out to raise the fallen soul of Branford to her own artistic level

STAR DUST

FOR the moment the Red Cross Pharmacy was enjoying a happy freedom from boss and customers, so George Steemeyer, the drug clerk, approached the soda fountain and thus sought cooling refreshment:

"Hey, Emory, give us a little shot of Veezo, won't you?"

"Absolutely, George."

The soda jerker, Emory Gault, had a reputation in Branford as a wise-cracker, a village cut-up and a drug-store cowboy, and he worked long hours to defend his title. He belonged, as a local wit said, to the "sundae school" of comedy. He was a humorist with tongue and fingers; furthermore, his ears were large and flappy and his forehead started just above his eyebrows and ran back by an easy grade to his summit. People approached his glistening marble counter with faces all set for laughter.

"Oh, slap-stick comedy!" exclaimed Violet reproachfully. "One must aim no end higher than that, mustn't one?"

Emory seized a glass with his left hand and tossed it to his right. It slipped from his fingers and fell, but he gracefully picked it out of the air about a foot from the floor. Girl customers were supposed to scream at this performance. The practical joker now drew a drink for his fellow employee, put in cracked ice—also, secretly, a white tablet—and set the fizzing ruby beverage before his guest.

"Wait a minute, George, it looks funny."

The two white-coated young men gazed at the liquid. It seemed to have lost its redness and become pink, now a pale rose; in another moment it was quite colorless.

"I must have given you the wrong number. 'Scuse it, please!"

Emory laughed heartily and threw away the experiment in chemistry.

"That's a new one on me," said Steemeyer, sipping his fresh glass of Veezo.

"It's a little stunt I learned from a prescription clerk in Three Falls."

"You're wasting your time jerking sodas, Emory. You ought to be on the stage with your juggling stuff and wise-cracks and all."

"Sure; I know. If I could get a good girl partner and somebody to finance a comedy team, I bet I could break into the big time."

"And get off some of them funny stories of yours."

"Say, listen, George. Here's a hot one. Stop me if you've heard it. It seems there were two traveling men—"

EMORY'S hot one was stopped, not by George Steemeyer but by the entrance of a customer, a young woman who did not crave cooling drinks, but certain dye stuffs. George was obsequiously polite to this patron, and Emory, who was rather a newcomer in Branford, wondered who she was.

The girl was good-looking in a pale, willowy way, with a haircut of uncommon shortness. She had low-heeled shoes, a smock of dull orange and a kind of studied carelessness in her general effect. When she was going any place she first drooped herself

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As he gave sustenance to his famished monarch, he fumbled the glass and picked it out of the air in the vicinity of his bare knees

By Howard Brubaker

in that direction and then followed the droop. Also, Emory noted, her words came out in a series of abrupt little explosions.

"And now, who is your fat friend?" he asked, when the stranger had drooped herself out into Main Street. "She sounds like a motor-boat."

"That," answered the drug clerk impressively, "is Violet Ray."

"All right—if you don't want to tell!"

"I'm not kidding. That's the daughter of Seth Ray, the plow-handle manufacturer. They named her Violet before anybody knew about ultra-violet rays and that stuff."

"Kind of dates her back, doesn't it? Back when guys wore derby hats."

"And they sold drugs in drug stores," said George.

"But why hasn't Violet had the pleasure of meeting me?"

"Because she's been in New York for a couple of years. Her father just brought her back here recently. They say she wanted to stay in the East, but old Seth thought different. They tell me he found Violet living in a Greenwich Village stable, down an alley. That didn't go so good with the richest man in Branford."

"What did she do there, if anything?"

"What *didn't* she do? A little of everything I guess—painting, sculping, writing poetry, dancing, acting, hammering brass, dyeing cloth, tinkering old furniture—"

"WELL, now we got her, what are we going to do with her?"

"What's she going to do with us, you better ask. I hear she's all set to uplift us, make us more artistical, teach us to express ourselves. She'll get even with us because she has to live here. She's going to take Branford all apart and put it together better."

"Fat chance!"

"You don't know Violet. She's got a lot of influence with the younger crowd, and new ideas and energy—"

"And Papa's mazuma," added Emory.

The soda-fountain man now abandoned idle gossip to prepare some cucumber sandwiches for the lunch-hour trade, but a keen observer would have said that his heart was not in this form of self-expression. There was a grotesque seriousness in his comic-strip face, and in his eyes the look of one who sees visions and dreams dreams.

THE garrulous Mr. Steemeyer had told the truth as he saw it, but even a drug clerk does not know everything. It is true that Seth Ray had found his daughter living in an alley stable; but it was a converted stable in a glorified alley in a row of picturesque studios, commanding rents which few working artists could pay.

While Violet was running wild through all the arts and crafts, she kept one hand in Papa's pocket. The plow-handle prince might have borne this a little longer; but Violet had discovered that she now needed to take her personality to Paris for a couple of years to get it properly developed. This brought on a crisis—also, a stubborn Middle-Western father. Violet did most of the talking but Seth did all of the deciding. She did not get Paris; she got Branford.

"If you want to express yourself," said the secretary of her treasury, "you can do it home with Maw and me. If you can't stand the house, you can live in the barn. We don't keep a horse any more."

A warm controversy was thus revived. The Ray mansion was a product of the elegant eighties, bristling with steeples, cupolas, cornices, and ornamental hardware. Seth still saw this residence as an architectural gem; Violet said it was a ghastly mid-Victorian nightmare.

Upon her return home she moved that it be torn down and a lovely Colonial house built in its place. The motion was lost by a vote of two to one. She next tried to have some of its curlicues sheared off, and failed. Soon she advocated some colorful window curtains of that terribly successful pastel

"Carrington Hepplewhite!" she cried. Lafe Barrett was so startled that he spilled hot sparks on himself from his corncob pipe

Drawings by R. M. Brinkerhoff

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shade used in the Pink Rhinoceros tea room in Sheridan Square. Mother did a little self-expressing at this point. She had never seen a pink rhinoceros and never wished to see one, and her windows would be draped in velvet and lace as long as she kept her health and strength.

So Violet made a studio out of the barn, had a big skylight put in, small-paned windows, new floors, antique furniture, and hooked rugs.

"It would have been cheaper," sighed Father, "to let her go to Paris."

"But we have her with us," Mother answered. "And I think it's real pretty the way she's fixed it up with those bright curtains and all."

FROM her artistic dug-out Violet made attacks upon the cultural life of Branford at half a dozen points, at most of which she was repulsed. It was not until August that she made her first visible dent upon the face of Branford. It was not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but it brought gladness into the life of Mr. Emory Gault.

The soda-joker was driving home to supper in his rickety old flivver, upon which there was always some bright saying printed with chalk. For several days the car had borne the witticism, "Teachers pet —I'll say they do." Mr. Gault turned from Main Street into a side thoroughfare and was about to pass the little second-hand store run by Miss Arline Biggs, when he stopped his chattering car and wrinkled his low retreating forehead in amazement.

Miss Biggs, it seemed, no longer ran a second-hand store; over its doorway was an artistic sign, "Ye Olde Gift Shoppe." The formerly dingy windows flaunted draperies of brilliant lemon-yellow, and through the open door one got a good view of little Miss Biggs brightly arrayed in green.

A grin now spread over Emory's unlovely face. Upon reaching his boarding-house his first act was to sponge that educational note from his flivver, and to write in its place: "Ye Olde Henrye."

It was no secret that the transmutation of the second-hand store into an "Olde Gift Shoppe" was the work of the heart, hand, and brain of Violet Ray. Miss Arline was small, meek, and easy to uplift. The hand-lettered sign and the gaudy curtains were the output of the barnyard studio, as were also certain art objects of copper, brutally hammered, and a little piece about the enterprise in the "News-Sentinel."

The witty flivver was parked in front of the drug store the next day. In the afternoon, Joe Spengler, the barber, ran in to refresh the inner barber, and Emory asked:

"How's ye oldy barbery shoppy?"

One thought led to another, and he was about to tell Joe an exquisite little thing that Pat said to Mike when the screen door opened and in drooped Violet Ray. It seemed to be her mission in life to spoil Emory's jokes.

"Mr. Gault," she said earnestly, "I want to thank you for your helpful publicity for little Miss Biggs. Everybody is talking about it. It was kind of you no end."

Emory blushed until his face was the color of a drink of Veezo.

"We strive to please!" he stammered.

The great producer touched him lightly on the shoulder. "I predict for this young man a brilliant future as a comedian"

When she was gone he said to the grinning barber:

"I don't believe that a certain party could see a joke if the joke came up and bit her."

"You should worry," Joe replied. "*You're* in right with her."

AS EMORY passed his hours at the bitter toil of putting sticky substances on ice cream, that far-away expression returned to his facial scenery; he looked at Main Street, but what he saw was Broadway.

The community, worried by Violet's persistent attacks and wondering where the next blow would fall, breathed a sigh of relief when it learned that the uplifter, worn by her labors, had sought relief from the August heat at the Ray summer cottage at Lake Runkokomo. The town's institutions were now declared out of danger.

This was false optimism, for the very flower of Branford society was in that row of cottages "up at the Lake," and Violet found work for idle hands to do. Disturbing rumors filtered back into the dusty town, and when September brought the said flower of society home it came not as a disorganized mob but as "The Strut and Fret Club"—pledged to raise the fallen soul of Branford with the drama.

"Violet Ray thinks you can have your soul lifted just as you can have your face lifted!" Thus Joan Jameson Berwick spoke to her young husband, Alonzo Theophilus.

Joan had been present at the scene of the crime at Lake Runkokomo. This was her first evening at home, and the newly-weds were enjoying a family reunion after two bitter weeks of separation.

"DID you join this troupe?" asked the rising young banker—only he wasn't rising now, but lolling in a deep chair. His wife came in the misses' size and her bobbed head reached to her husband's shoulder. In fact, it was there now.

"Yes, Lon, I joined the club. You know I've always been a nut on the educational value of play-acting. Violet has some queer ideas, but she knows a lot about the stage, really. She often played small parts in the famous Woodbox Theatre, in New York."

"It's not very famous with me," said Lon. . . . "I like the way your ears are built."

"They've stood a lot of punishment lately." Joan gave a fair imitation of Violet's combustive style of speech. "Dramaturgy, intelligentsia, cognoscenti, imagery, good theatre, motivated, civilized, intriguing, overtones, bourgeoise, Babbitry—my mind is a scrambled egg."

Presently Alonzo asked:

"What show are you goin' to put on first?"

"Don't drop your g's, darling. Why, the first play is 'Stardust,' a terribly effective bit from the Czechoslovakian. It's by Dgaszbann—you know Dgaszbann's work, of course."

"I never heard of him."

"That's what I said to V. R., and all it got me was a sweet look of pity. That's the way she browbeat us all. I heard her say to Betty Gates: 'It would be no end amusing to have a prologue, don't you think?' Poor Betty didn't know a prologue from a saw log, but she answered, 'Yes, I think that would be absolutely spiffy.' So Violet is going to design a cunning skimpy (*Continued on page 71*)

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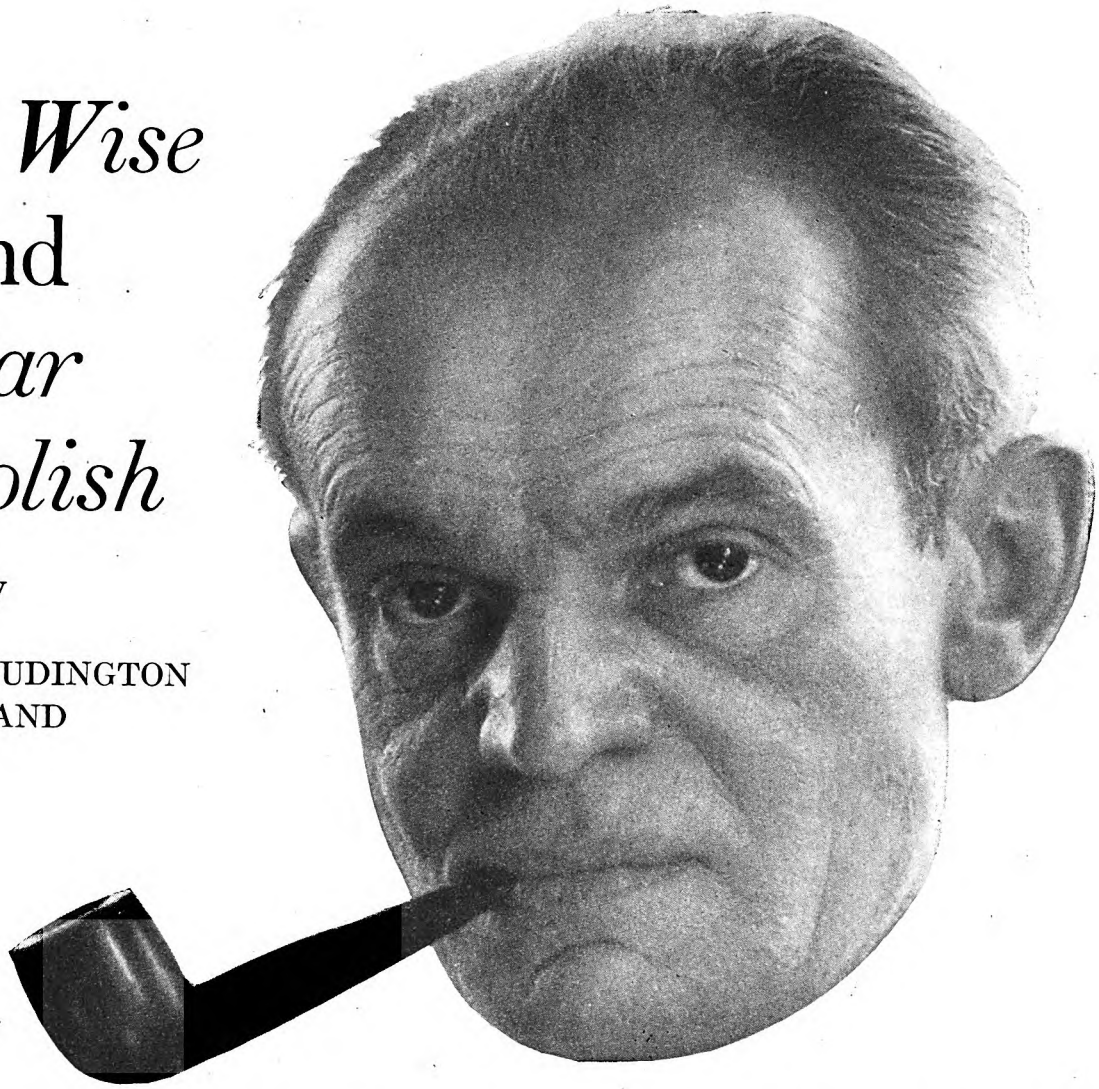
Dime Wise And Dollar Foolish

By

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



I DID some comparatively unimportant act the other day and, having acted, it occurred to me to be curious as to why I had done it. Then I began to wonder why I did everything, with the result that I discovered myself to be a very interesting person indeed—to myself! I reached one matured conclusion, and that is that every human being in the world is the most interesting and fascinating person in existence—to himself. If he takes pains to observe.

I believe somebody, at least once, has said somewhere that we are complex organizations, contradictory and bewildering. He was right, and I am prepared to admit that I am the most complex, contradictory, inexplicable, and bewildering individual of you all. And so are you. I would admit it about you, only I can't see your machinery going, the way I can my own.

I am in a business; namely, the writing of fiction—which the layman looks upon with some admiration, but with more toleration and amusement. An author, like a painter or a musician, is supposed to be a queer fellow, a sort of mitigated lunatic, dependent upon inspiration, and given to weird humors. We are supposed to be temperamental and peculiarly volatile; and the legend runs that we are quite unfit to cope with normal man in the arena of life and business. There is a tendency to be kind to us and to make allowances. In short, we are endowed by the commonality of mankind with the taint of genius.

Now, being an author, why don't I act as one?

I know numbers of writers and artists and composers and singers who do act that way. But I regret to say that I miss all that fun. I envy them. I'd love to be a semi-mad man with a license from the public to cut up capers. But I find myself to be a pretty average commonplace sort, dependable, as editors will tell you, and not given to throwing cat-fits. I seem well able to cope with normal man in the stadium of business, and I've never seen anybody making allowances for me. And, heaven knows, I'm not seasoned with genius. I work.

Why do I behave that way?

I am, in my natural state, one of the laziest human beings alive, and yet I work harder than most folks. I could get along and eat three times a day and support my family decently by doing half the work, or, maybe, a quarter. But I find myself going at all times to the limit of my potentialities. Why? Is it because I covet money? Is it because I love my work for its own sake? Or is it because I have to be contradictory out of perverseness?

By temperament I am a rebel, and by thought a radical. I imagine few folks hold sincerely as radical views as I do upon what is right and wrong, upon morals and human relations and ultimate justice. Yet, in face of this, when it comes to concrete living I am about ninety per centum conservative. I think one way and act another. Now, why is that?

I am irritatingly economical—even niggardly—about small expenditures, and a hopeless spendthrift in big ones. I will argue and labor and stir up all sorts of trouble, to save a dime, and then go out and get rid of a large sum without a thought. I work and worry over little problems, and decide big ones offhand. Now, why do I act that way?

ABOUT the spending of money—suppose we inquire into that, and see where we come out. I think the solution lies back in history. When I was a youngster, my family was not opulent. Whatever their desires may have been, they could not lavish money upon me. I do not mean that we were poverty-stricken. There was always plenty for a bountiful table, for decent clothes, and something to put in the collection plate on Sunday. And a bit to put by for a rainy day. But with money as money I was almost unacquainted. If I had asked my dad for five dollars in one piece he would either have fallen off the front porch or laughed himself into a decline. If one of my kids should come to me and ask me for money, and I ventured to give him a dime—he would either fall off the front stoop or laugh himself into convulsions. But to me a dime was a dime! I have saved for weeks and months to have a couple of dollars to be (*Continued on page 112*)

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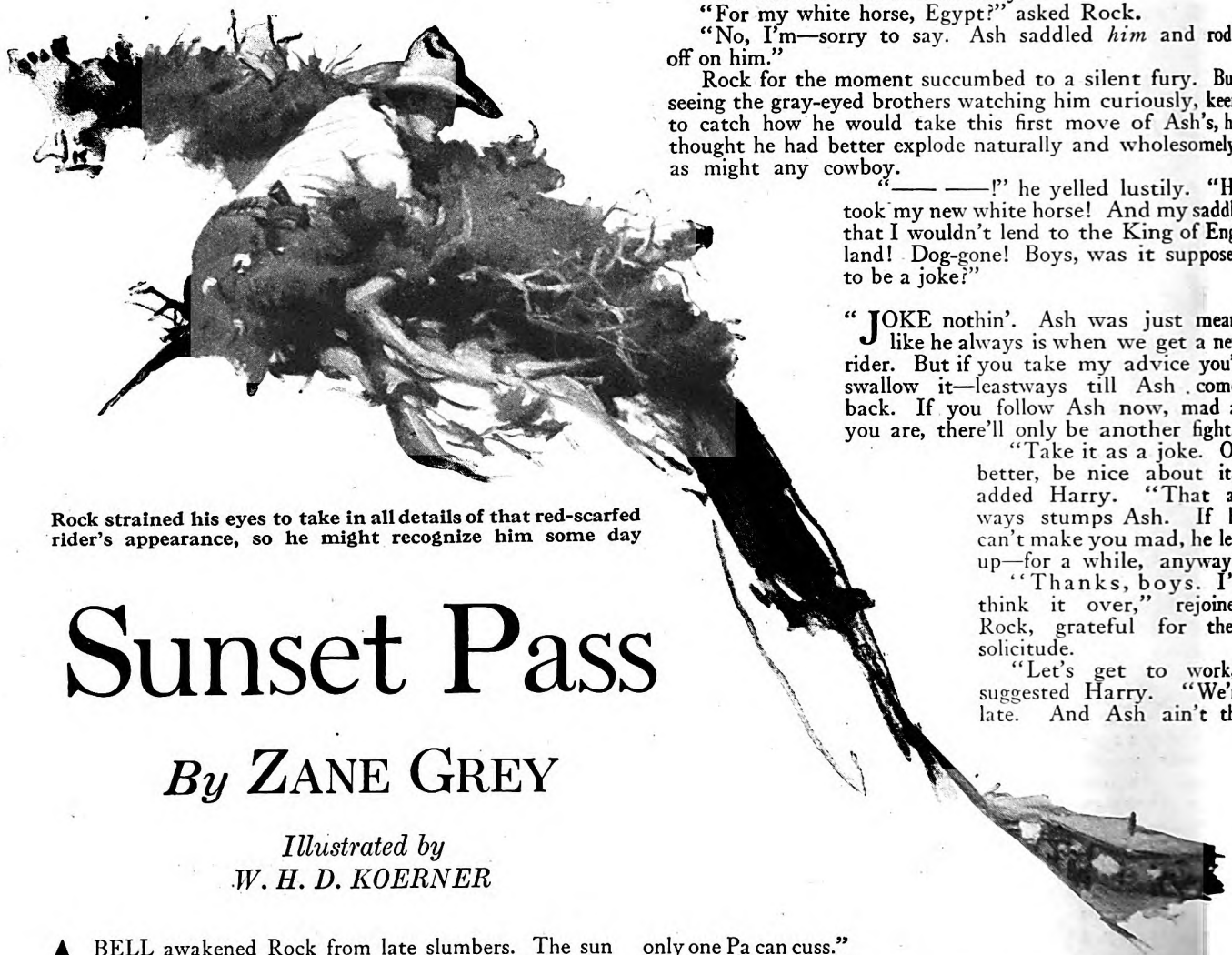

Rock strained his eyes to take in all details of that red-scarfed rider's appearance, so he might recognize him some day

Sunset Pass

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

A BELL awakened Rock from late slumbers. The sun was up, and as he peeped out over his blanket covering he saw the grass shine gold under the cedars. He had overslept, which was not a remarkable fact, considering how long it had taken him to get to sleep.

While performing his ablutions his thoughts whirled, and then steadied to the stern consideration of the task before him. In the sober light of day it seemed tremendous. He had to prove his suspicions, which had lost no strength during sleep, and if they were well founded, then he must somehow stop the illicit proceedings before the Prestons were overwhelmed by catastrophe.

Briskly he strode toward the double cabin, conscious of heart-beating anticipation, and when he thumped upon the porch Alice Preston came out of the kitchen, carrying plates and cup, which she set upon the table. She smiled at him. How pretty she was!

"I'm ashamed, Miss Alice," he said, as he stepped over the bench. "Think of a cowboy late on his first mornin' of a new job! But I promise it'll not happen again."

Rock made short work of his breakfast and, glad somehow that he had not encountered Thiry, he hurried away down toward the corrals. At the barnyard he found Al Preston leading in some horses; and one of his brothers was jacking up a hind wheel of the green wagon.

"Mornin', Boss," drawled Al.

The other boy nodded at Rock.

"Are you Tom or Harry?" asked Rock, suddenly reminded of the twins.

"I'm Harry."

"All right, Harry, I'll know you tomorrow or bust. Where's Tom?"

"He went off after a horse for you."

"For my white horse, Egypt?" asked Rock.

"No, I'm—sorry to say. Ash saddled *him* and rode off on him."

Rock for the moment succumbed to a silent fury. But seeing the gray-eyed brothers watching him curiously, keen to catch how he would take this first move of Ash's, he thought he had better explode naturally and wholesomely, as might any cowboy.

"—— ——!" he yelled lustily. "He took my new white horse! And my saddle that I wouldn't lend to the King of England! Dog-gone! Boys, was it supposed to be a joke?"

"JOKE nothin'. Ash was just mean, like he always is when we get a new rider. But if you take my advice you'll swallow it—leastways till Ash comes back. If you follow Ash now, mad as you are, there'll only be another fight."

"Take it as a joke. Or, better, be nice about it," added Harry. "That always stumps Ash. If he can't make you mad, he lets up—for a while, anyway."

"Thanks, boys. I'll think it over," rejoined Rock, grateful for their solicitude.

"Let's get to work," suggested Harry. "We're late. And Ash ain't the only one Pa can cuss."

While Rock and Al greased the wagon wheels Harry hitched up, and by the time this task was done Tom rode in leading a horse. It was a bay that instantly took Rock's eye, and which would have made up for the loss of almost any horse, except one like Egypt.

"Where's Ash's saddle?" he asked.

"It's hangin' there. But, gee, you won't ride his, will you?"

"I'll be darned if I won't," returned Rock, with grim humor. "You boys rustle along. I'll catch up."

When Rock rode around the barn he espied the wagon far ahead down the gentle slope. He moved on at a trot, his mind busy. He came to the forks of the road, and, taking the left one he entered the cedars, climbed the ridge, and descended to a

Synopsis of the Two Preceding Instalments

TRUEMAN ROCK came back to Wagontongue after six years' absence, to greet his old friends and pass on again. But in Sol Winter's store he met a girl—"that strange, wild, lovely Thiry Preston"—and changed his mind about passing on. But he was troubled by the sadness in her eyes, and by the ugly rumors he heard everywhere about her family, the "thirteen Prestons of Sunset Pass." They were led by the oldest son, Ash, a sinister figure in all the whispers, and they were making more money than even the wide extent of their ranching operations seemed to justify.

On his first day in town Rock was accosted by the drunken Ash and ordered to keep away from his sister. He threw Ash down, went back to the store and gave most of his money into Winter's keeping, bought a magnificent white horse, and set out for the Preston ranch, sixty miles away. He stopped to talk to Adam Pringle and Jess Slagle—only to hear new whispers against the Prestons. Slagle openly accused Ash of dishonesty of some kind, and they both repeated the warnings Sol Winter had given True.

Arrived at the ranch, he encountered Ash, who tried to send him away. Gage Preston interfered, and gladly gave True the job of overseeing his younger sons in their share of the work on the range.

True met all the Prestons—and liked them as much as he hated Ash. There was Alice, younger than Thiry; several older brothers; Al, Tom and Harry (the twins); Mrs. Preston, and several youngsters.

But True's suspicions were not put to rest. And on the very first night Thiry came to him and implored him not to stay. More troubled than ever, he promised to give her his decision the following night, at the same place, under the trees.

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fragrant, grassy, open meadow, only to mount another cedared ridge.

It was not long before the sweet sage wind suffered a change and became tainted. Rock rode up a sparsely cedared slope to a level bench, and soon came upon the site that had once been Slagle's ranch. The boys were halting before the several cabins. As Rock rode up, the stench unmistakably heralded a slaughter-house. Cabins, corral fences, barns and sheds, and even the trees bore ghastly evidence of the nature of that to which this old Slagle ranch had sunk. Skins of cattle hung everywhere.

A strange and thrilling drama of frontier days

THE horses were turned loose to graze, and Rock, with the three boys, set to work. It was no easy task for one man, or even two men, to fold a stiff hide and compress it into small space. But that was what they had to do. As the day grew warmer, the odor increased. Rock did not drive the boys, but he drove himself. He heard Al say to his brothers in an aside, "Sure, he's a hawg for work."

Nevertheless, during this labor, and while joking with the brothers, Rock was bending all his keen faculties toward the end that he had determined upon. Nothing escaped his sharp eye, yet during the half-day that it took to complete this job, he did not observe anything that struck him significantly. Toward late afternoon, however, he happened to kick a piece of white substance, not stone and of a color markedly contrasting with the red earth. He smelled it—tasted it. Quicklime! Rock put it in his pocket.

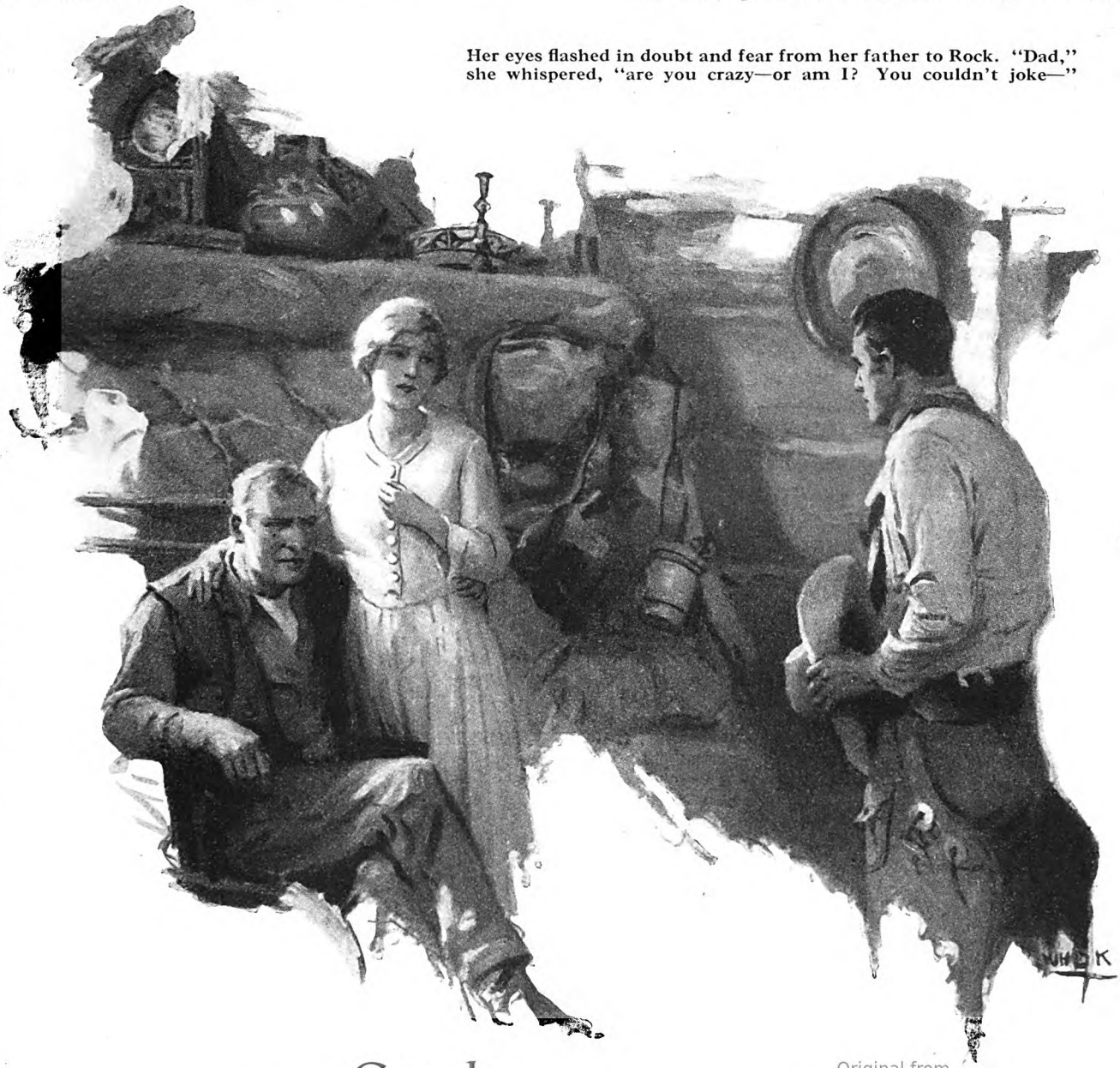
The hides done, Tom mounted the loaded wagon to drive home, while the other brothers rode off toward the woods, each now with a rifle over his pommel, and Rock was left alone.

He took out the piece of quicklime. It did not appear to be very old. He looked around where he had found it, to see if there was more. After diligent search he found a smaller piece. Quicklime, in any quantity there, might be used to deaden the stench of decaying offal, blood, and bones. Rock searched all the cabins, sheds, bins, without finding any more. None had ever been used upon the horrible pile that had accumulated in the hollow below the slaughter-house.

Manifestly, the Prestons left the entrails and skeletons of their cattle there on the ground to rot. No need to waste valuable time destroying what the elements, the dogs, coyotes, and hogs would soon do away with. But they might have left something here that they wanted to destroy quickly. Hides! Cowhides they could not sell, because these did not bear their brands!

ALL of a sudden, into Rock's searching mind there flashed memory of a deep well he had once helped to dig on these premises. Slagle had wanted to get water close at hand, to obviate the necessity of packing it up-hill from the brook. But they never struck water, and at eighty feet had abandoned the effort.

Since that time brush had grown heavily all around the



Her eyes flashed in doubt and fear from her father to Rock. "Dad," she whispered, "are you crazy—or am I? You couldn't joke—"

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ranch-houses, but after some search Rock located the well. The edges had weathered, widening the mouth. He could not get right to the brink at this point. On the opposite side, however, opened a break in the brush. He was about to crash his way through the bushes around to this opening, when caution urged him not to leave a trail. Carefully he retraced his steps, worked around into a narrow path, in which he saw boot tracks.

Reaching the well, Rock peered down. He saw only the gravel sides and the black hole. He dropped a stone into it. No sound! Selecting a larger one, he leaned over and let it fall. The hole certainly was deep. A low, soft thud, barely distinguishable, came to his taut ears.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "That well had a rock bottom."

He cautiously stretched himself on the ground, and, putting his head over the brink of the well, he sniffed like a tracking hound. He caught a faint scent of something that was not earth or brush and certainly not rotting hides. And it was rotting hides which he expected to smell.

Resting a moment, he tried again. This time he caught the scent strongly enough to recognize it. Quicklime! Rock sat up, suddenly sweating, though he felt a cold chill. He felt no doubt that down this well, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cattle hides had been dropped—not one of which bore the Preston brand.

Rock crawled on hands and knees back along the edge of the path, making certain not to leave the slightest mark. When he got to the boot tracks he scrutinized them with the photographing eyes of a trailer of long experience. He cut twigs from the under side of a bush, and with minute care measured the length and breadth of the most clearly defined print. These twigs he stored in his pocket.

He retraced his steps back to the open, and, saddling the horse the boys had brought up before they left, he mounted, and rode quickly away to get out of the stench.

The daily phenomenon that gave this Pass its name was in full and glorious sweep when Rock reached his cabin. Weary and worried as he was, he had to sit down and watch the beautiful end of day.

There were fewer clouds, and these hung round the distant peaks, as if anchored to the steep higher slopes. Strange to see no gold in this sunset! But pearl-gray and silver sheen and shell-pink filled the great gap of sky. The curtains and shafts of colored light were wanting too. Yet, withal, there was exquisite beauty, rarer, more delicate, quickly evanescent, and soon gone.

Rock shaved and changed his clothes. He made sure, this evening, to be on hand before the first supper bell rang.

All the younger members of the family came at the call. The children romped from one side and the boys raced from the other. Alice, who had rung the bell and called gayly, "Come and get it," took her seat beside Rock.

"We're livelier when Ash and Pa are away," she said, smiling.

"So I notice. Sure hope they stay away long," he replied, remarking how singularly she spoke of Ash before her father.

Thiry, as before, sat opposite Rock and when he could summon courage to look straight at her he suffered another twinge at the enhanced sadness of her face.

Nevertheless, Rock had such hold on himself that he amused and interested Mrs. Preston, brought smiles to Alice's face and shouts of glee from the children. But as soon as he had

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finished supper, he excused himself and, seeking the gloom of the pines, he gave himself up to turbulent anticipations.

The moon appeared long in rising and Rock, patrolling a beat under the trees, both longingly and fearfully watched for the silver radiance over the rim. It came at last and found him unprepared. How could he bear to terrorize Thiry Preston by confessing his determination to stay?

At length he could no longer procrastinate. Skirting the edge of the pines he circled the slope, and coming to the stream he followed that up to a level, and soon found the great pine under which he had talked with Thiry the night before. The far side of the Pass was blanched in moonlight; this side was dark in shadow. Rock was unable to see the rustic seat until he could almost touch the tree.

To his mingled relief and disappointment Thiry was not there. He sat down to watch and think. A light shone through the curtained window of her cabin.

Trueman could not rally any connected thoughts. He must wait until she came—until he could see and hear her. That moment would liberate him. He had waited at a rendezvous for many a girl—a situation always attended with pleasurable and sometimes perplexing sensations; but this was not the same. How tremendous the issue of this meeting!

He heard the cabin door open. A broad light flared out into the gloom. Then Thiry appeared in the doorway, clearly defined. She wore white. She had changed her dress since supper. Trueman's heart gave a leap, and then seemed to stand still, while she stood peering out into the night. She closed the door behind her—vanished. But Rock heard quick, light footfalls. She was coming.

Presently her pale form grew more distinct. Rock saw her put out her hands, feeling for the tree or the bench. But before she touched either, he reached up to take them.

"Oh!" she cried, evidently startled. "It's you, Mr. Rock."

"Yes." He did not let go of her hands.

"You're . . . late. I—I've been here twice," she said.

"I'm sorry, but it took courage to come at all," returned Rock.

"Didn't it, though? . . . Mr. Rock, you—you are holding my hands. Please let go, so I may sit down."

He released her and leaned back against the pine, conscious that her presence had ended his uncertainty. She sat down, quite close to him, and bent her head forward a little, as if trying to pierce the gloom.

Suddenly the moon slipped up over the black rim, and, magically, the darkness lightened. A silver radiance touched the girl's hair and face.

Rock, his own features in shadow, watched her, and waited. The hour seemed to be the most momentous of his life. The night wind, sweet and balmy, was moving up from the Pass, roaring low in the tree tops. How innumerable the nights he had listened to that music, always with a sense of its potency, of its message! And the time of its fulfilment had come.

Rock had met penetrating glances before; and this one shot little cold sparks along his marrow

"Ash stole your horse?" she began, tentatively.

"Reckon I wouldn't say 'stole.' But he sure borrowed Egypt."

"*Egypt!* . . . I knew you named him that."

"Yes. Much obliged to you."

"Who told you?"

"Lucy. I've a stand-in with her."

"So it appears. . . . I *should* be pleased that you called Leslie's horse by the name I gave him. 'Most everybody knows. Ash certainly knows. And—that's why I can't be pleased or flattered."

"Lucy was, anyhow. She said you loved the horse."

"Oh, I do. I used to ride him. How glorious it was! . . . But Ash caught me once; and then, (*Continued on page 170*)

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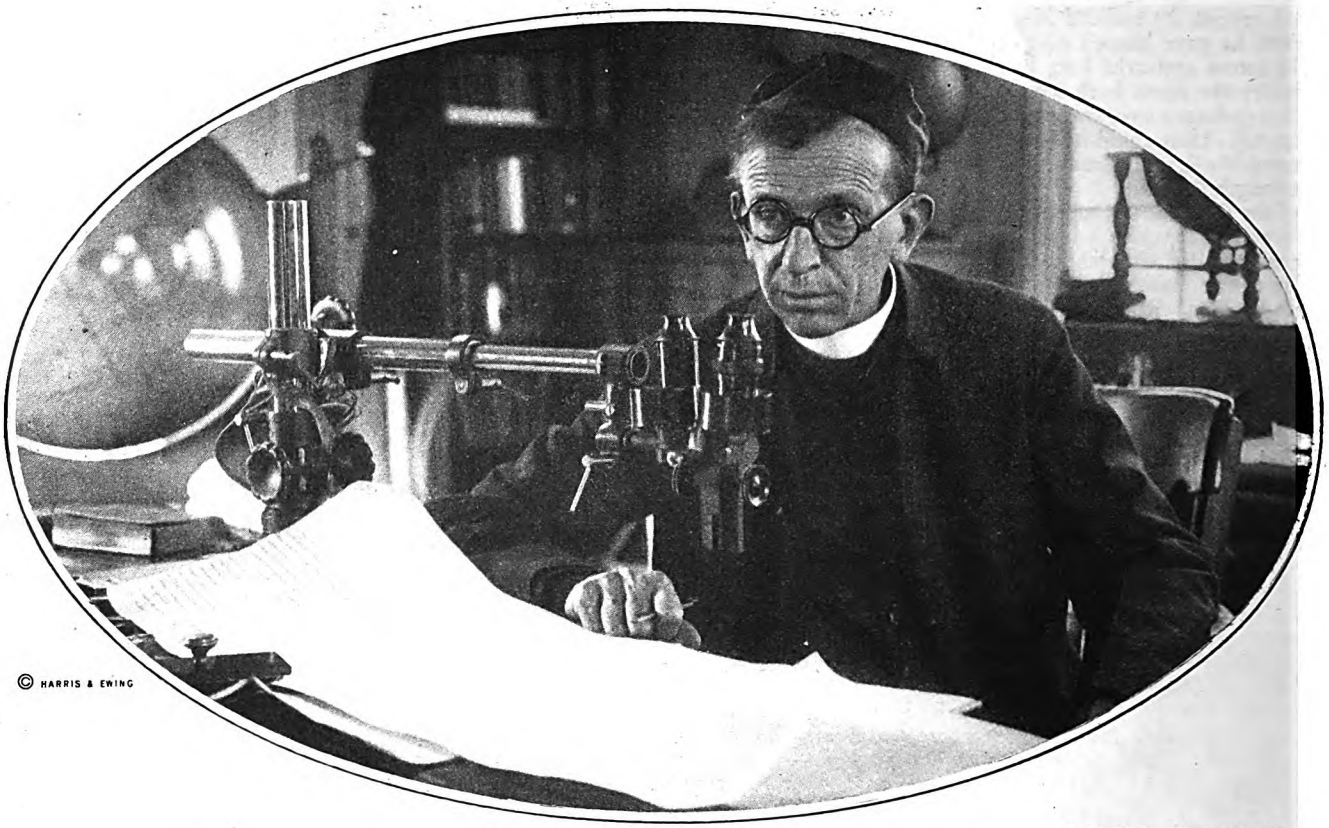

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The Rev. Francis Tondorf, a Jesuit priest of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., is a world authority on earthquakes. In his finely equipped station on the heights overlooking the Potomac River he studies the tremblings of Mother Earth as a physician watches the pulse of a patient. Father Tondorf was born in Boston in 1870. In 1911, when the Georgetown Seismological Station was established, he was appointed director, and has remained in charge ever since

There'll Be 9,000 Earthquakes *This Year!*

An average of one an hour, and each one will leave its address at Father Tondorf's station

By George W. Gray

IN JULY, 1927, newspapers flared with headlines of an earthquake in China. You may recall the story—a cablegram from Shanghai bringing the report of a missionary just arrived from the remote inland province of Kan-Su. It told of hundreds of villages shaken to ruins, a town buried beneath a mountain, rivers dammed by landslides, thousands of victims. All this destruction had been wrought in the early morning of May 23d, but because of ruined roads the news did not reach Shanghai until July 28th.

It had taken more than two months for couriers to run the few hundred miles!

But there is a man in Washington who knew of the quake the day it occurred. Here, on the opposite side of the earth, he was able to compute its distance, fix its approximate center in the interior of Asia, and to estimate its severity with remarkable exactness.

"How?" you may ask.

I went to Washington to ask that same question, and I went to a Jesuit priest, the Reverend Francis Tondorf, of Georgetown University, whose business it is to spot earthquakes.

"I'll never forget a morning in 1923 when Father Tondorf reported a severe quake in Japan," said a Washington newspaper man. "The shocks had occurred, he said, at about 9 P. M. our time. It was then 9 A. M. next day. We had not received a word from any of the news agencies, and it seemed incredible that a big shake could occur in Japan, and the press not know it within twelve hours. "Oh, you'll hear from your agencies eventually," answered Father Tondorf good-naturedly, "for this one was a whopper."

THREE hours later, the cables began to quiver with the story of the great Japanese earthquake of September 1st, 1923. And it really was a whopper. Both Tokio and Yokohama were shaken to their foundations, one hundred and forty thousand people were killed, and more than four billion dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

"Since then," added the reporter, "I've had full confidence in every report that Father Tondorf has telephoned. He has the most sensitive instruments in America, and he watches them day and night. I've known him to get up at three A. M. to take a look at his 'detectors,' and then spend the rest of the night computing the distance and severity of the quake that he found recorded. He figures the whole thing out from a zig-zag line. The Associated Press rarely sends out an earthquake story without quoting him. Tondorf and quakes bracket together, like Mark Twain and the Mississippi, or Grenfell and Labrador."

I had no difficulty in seeing Father Tondorf. He met me in a reception-room of the university offices—a man of slight

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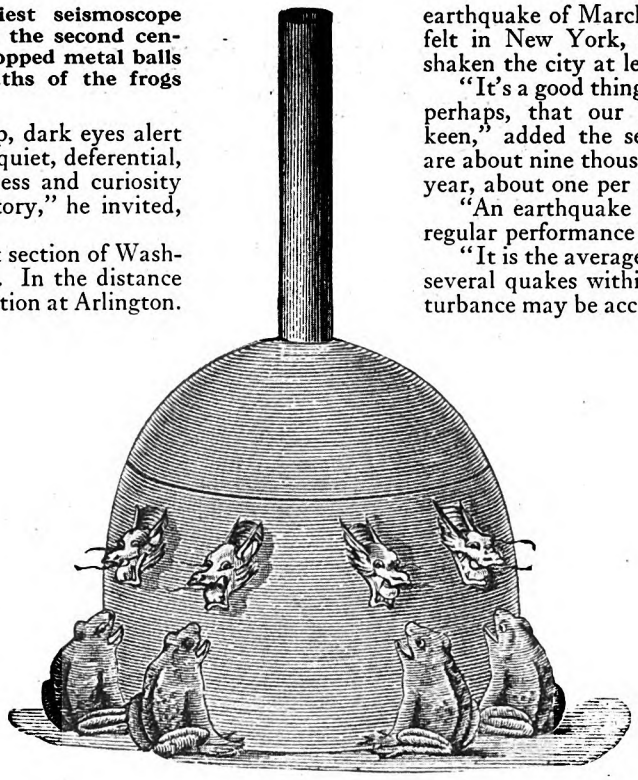


The first earthquake detector. This earliest seismoscope was invented by Choko, a Chinese smith, in the second century. When the earth quaked the dragons dropped metal balls from their mouths into the expectant mouths of the frogs

figure, shoulders bent with the scholar's stoop, dark eyes alert behind thick-lensed glasses. His manner was quiet, deferential, kindly; but tense with the restrained eagerness and curiosity of the man of science. "Come to my laboratory," he invited, and led the way across the campus.

Georgetown University is in the northwest section of Washington, on a height overlooking the Potomac. In the distance loomed the tall towers of the navy wireless station at Arlington. "They seem to attract every thunderstorm that passes along the valley," remarked Father Tondorf, as we walked along. "I've sat at my window and watched lightning spurt around those steel towers like streamers of fire."

"Does lightning affect your quake detectors?" I asked.

"NOT at all; the instruments are sensitive only to earth movements, and thunder and lightning cause us no annoyance. I'll tell you something that does joggle our seismographs, and that is the ocean. Two winters ago was a very stormy season on the North Atlantic. Gales blew for days and kicked up mountainous waves. The beating of those heavy seas jarred the North American continent in a series of miniature quakes, and the records written by our seismographs were one long succession of jagged lines. We call these tremors 'microseisms.' Stations situated on islands may get pronounced microseisms during any severe local storm. But it takes a tremendous pounding to shake the shelf of a continent. When such slight tremors are recorded more than a hundred miles inland—as they are here—you get a suggestion both of the resonance of the earth and of the sensitivity of our instruments"

I asked, "What is the most delicate earth movement that can be detected by instruments?"

"The hundredth-thousandth part of an inch will give a very sensible record," he answered. "Such slight movements are not felt by the human body. It has been found that the vibration must move the earth particles not less than one sixteen-hundredth of an inch to be appreciable to our physical senses. The earthquake of March 1st, 1925, which was felt in New York, must, therefore, have shaken the city at least this much.

"It's a good thing for our peace of mind, perhaps, that our nerves are not more keen," added the seismologist, "for there are about nine thousand earthquakes every year, about one per hour."

"An earthquake every hour! Is that a regular performance?"

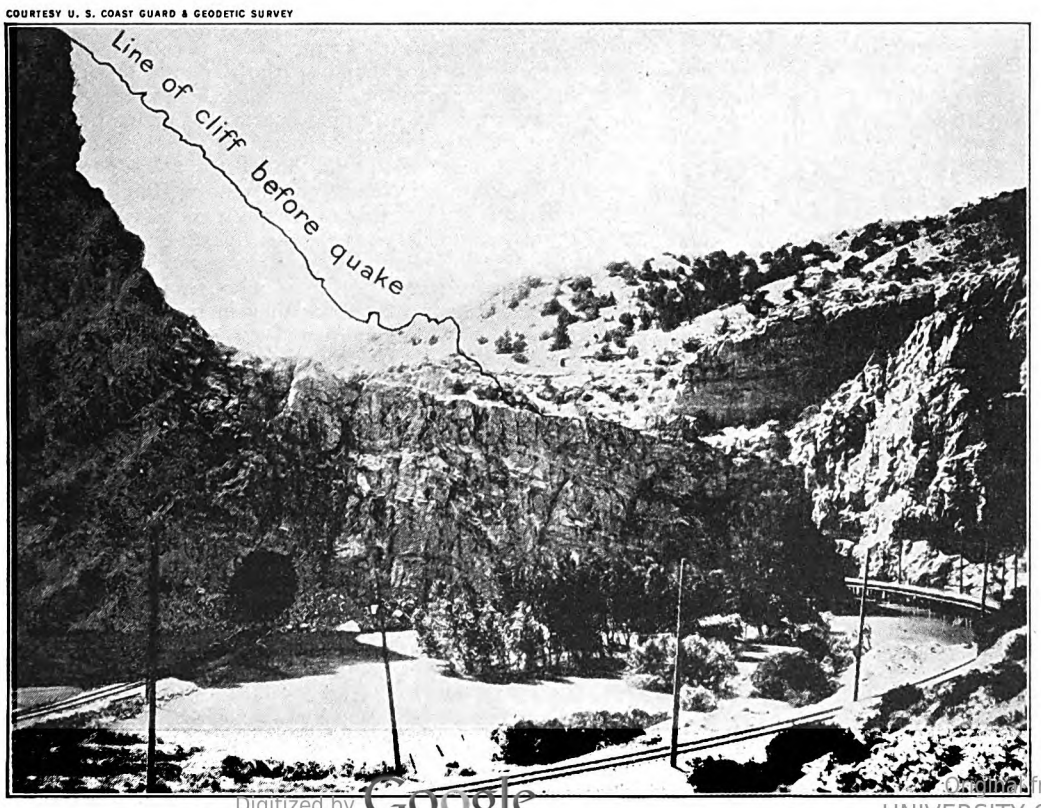
"It is the average. Sometimes there are several quakes within an hour. A big disturbance may be accompanied by a number of frequent minor quakes; more commonly the tremors follow major shocks. Sometimes we go for days without getting even a tremor; but the total for the entire year comes to about nine thousand. Most of them are trifling. There are only two or three hundred a year of any consequence.

"Some are associated with volcanoes; but volcanic quakes are local and cannot be felt by distance seismographs.

"Perhaps the greatest volcanic outburst in the past hundred years was the explosion of the volcanic island of Krakatao in the East Indies, in 1883. So completely did this eruption blow up the island, that today the sea is nearly a thousand feet deep over its former site. The blast of the explosion was heard three thousand miles away, the outburst shook the ocean into waves a hundred feet high, which inundated neighboring coasts and drowned thirty-six thousand people—and yet, as an earthquake, that disturbance was mild. It was a local affair, caused by the pressure of gases within the volcano, and was recorded only by nearby instruments. This is true of practically all volcanic quakes.

"But there is another kind of quake, more deep-seated in the earth's crust and therefore more powerful and far-reaching in its vibrations. These we call tectonic earthquakes. They are caused by fractures or slipping along seams of weakness in the crustal rocks. The break may be fifteen or twenty miles below the surface. All the big destructive earthquakes are tectonic. They shake the crust above the fracture violently, and set the whole mass of the earth to vibrating. These vibrations spread in all directions, and weaken as they (*Continued on page 189*)

COURTESY U. S. COAST GUARD & GEODETIC SURVEY



A transcontinental express train, carrying three hundred and fifty passengers, had passed through this tunnel near Three Forks, Montana, just one minute before an earthquake shook down a cliff and buried the opposite end of the tunnel under an avalanche of rock. This happened on June 27th, 1925, and is one of three major quakes that shook the United States in that year. No lives were lost

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

During the past fifteen years, Tommy Luther, lumberman of the Saratoga Lake section of New York State, has planted more than six million trees. On his sixty-third birthday, he planted 70,000 between sunrise and sunset

Tommy Luther Squares His Account With Nature

IF YOU had happened to be knocking around in the Saratoga Lake section of New York at daybreak on a certain morning early last spring, you might have found yourself looking at a curious and beautiful sight. Let me try to give you a bare outline of the picture:

Across a hundred-and-twenty-foot front of abandoned farm lands, a little army of men, seventy strong, advanced in a double line. The first row stepped out briskly with uplifted mattocks flashing in the April sunlight; they paused, and the mattocks fell in two or three quick strokes. As the front line moved forward, the second one came up with a clanking of pails. The newcomers stooped over thirty-five freshly made holes, and as many tiny pine trees were dropped into the holes and their roots covered over. By the time the earth was patted down, another line of holes was ready and the planters swung forward again.

All day long, except for a brief noon recess, the little drama repeated itself with rhythmic precision.

And by nightfall, the happiest man in seven states was Tommy Luther, the beaming, rosy-cheeked leader of this tree-planting army. He had celebrated his sixty-third birthday by breaking his own record. Between sunrise and sunset, seventy thousand trees had been added to the Luther forest preserve.

Mr. Luther is the champion tree planter of America. During the past fifteen years, he has planted, purely as a private enterprise, more than six million trees, and his present program calls for ten million more in the next five or six years.

The joke of it is, Mr. Luther's business is *cutting down trees!* For thirty-five years, he has been a prominent figure in the lumber industry of his native state. He was one of the first lumbermen to realize that forests are not a species of natural deposit, like coal or copper to be "mined out" and abandoned, but a kind of gigantic crop which must be made to produce year after year.

"Fifteen years ago," he said, "the idea struck me that it was not only unpatriotic, but mighty shortsighted of a lumberman to go on stripping the forests of his country without doing anything to even up. I got the notion of actually planting trees to take the place of those I cut. In short, I decided to be a tree farmer instead of a lumberman."

At present, Mr. Luther owns seven thousand acres of land in the Saratoga Lake section besides extensive holdings around Lake Champlain and in the state of Washington. It would be hard to tell just how many thousands of dollars his holdings are worth, for they increase in value almost while you talk about them.

"Most of my land," he said, "was just wind-blown sand topped by a scattering of weeds, wild sumac, and berry bushes. The soil had been worked out. The farmers had moved away and left it, generations before. About the only signs of former habitation were a few tumbledown barns and caved-in cellars. As a matter of fact, this section wasn't farm land to start with. It was once the bottom of an old glacial lake. It had only a fairly decent layer of woods soil, and it was good only for one crop—trees. There are over eighty million acres of idle land in the United States today that ought to be growing the same crop.

"Six or seven years ago, I bought a parcel of land for less than a dollar an acre. It cost me six dollars per acre to plant it in pine, spruce, and larch. This spring I was offered fifty dollars an acre. I refused to sell. In another six or seven years, that land will be worth several hundred dollars an acre. And a few years after that, when my trees are ready to be thinned out, several thousand an acre would be cheap."

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In addition to his tree-farming and lumbering activities, Mr. Luther is the proprietor of the White Sulphur Springs Hotel on the shore of Lake Saratoga. Here, the tree-planting champion entertains champions in many other fields. Jack Dempsey trained in the Luther back yard for his fight with Tunney. Tommy Luther's homelike hotel was also a favorite training ground with Pancho Villa, the flyweight champion. In pleasant weather during the summer season, from fifty to five hundred persons a day dine under the trees which sweep down from Tommy Luther's forests to the very doors of his hotel.

"It was my hotel," explained Mr. Luther, "that got me into the lumber business. When I was twenty-one, I took the three hundred dollars I had saved raising vegetables and bought a lease on the White Sulphur Springs hotel. Along with the hotel, I acquired a lease on the sixty-five acres of timbered land which surrounded it. The hotel was badly in need of repairs. It occurred to me that I might cut a few of my trees and saw them into lumber to make the repairs. I did this.

"Several years later, I bought the building and the grounds out of my profits on my boarders. And from time to time I continued to thin out my trees. Before long, I built a sawmill. But I had been lumbering twenty years before it occurred to me to plant two trees every time I cut down one.

"The poet was right when he said that only God can make a tree," finished Tommy Luther quietly. "But somehow I always feel that I am lending God a helping hand when I set out a tree."

MILDRED HARRINGTON

"Pinkie's Pantry" Took the Cake

IN JANUARY, 1928, the judges of the Better Wayside Refreshment Stand Contest, conducted by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., awarded the first prize to "Pinkie's Pantry," a tiny place situated on the road between Metuchen and Plainfield, New Jersey. Seven hundred contestants in forty-six states awaited that announcement, and certainly one of the most astonished of all of them was Pinkie. Her eyes sparkled as she read the first sentence of the judges' decision:

"The stand for which the first prize was awarded stood out from all the others, so that our choice was immediate and unanimous."

It happens that my home lies within two miles of this roadside stand, and so I know it and Norma Bamman, who has been "Pinkie" all her life because of her reddish hair and pink cheeks and fondness for frocks of rose color. To begin properly, we must go back three years to New York City and a hot dusty summer, and two weary young women, Norma and her sister Catherine, discussing the prospect of no vacation. No time could be spared from work, so Pinkie suggested: "Why not buy the cheapest car we can get and at least get out of the city on Sundays?" So the car was bought, and the two girls drove along the highways and byways during the week-ends. After several of these trips Pinkie was thoughtful.

"It does seem," she said to her sister, "as if there were hardly any nice places where you can get a meal, except the very expensive ones."

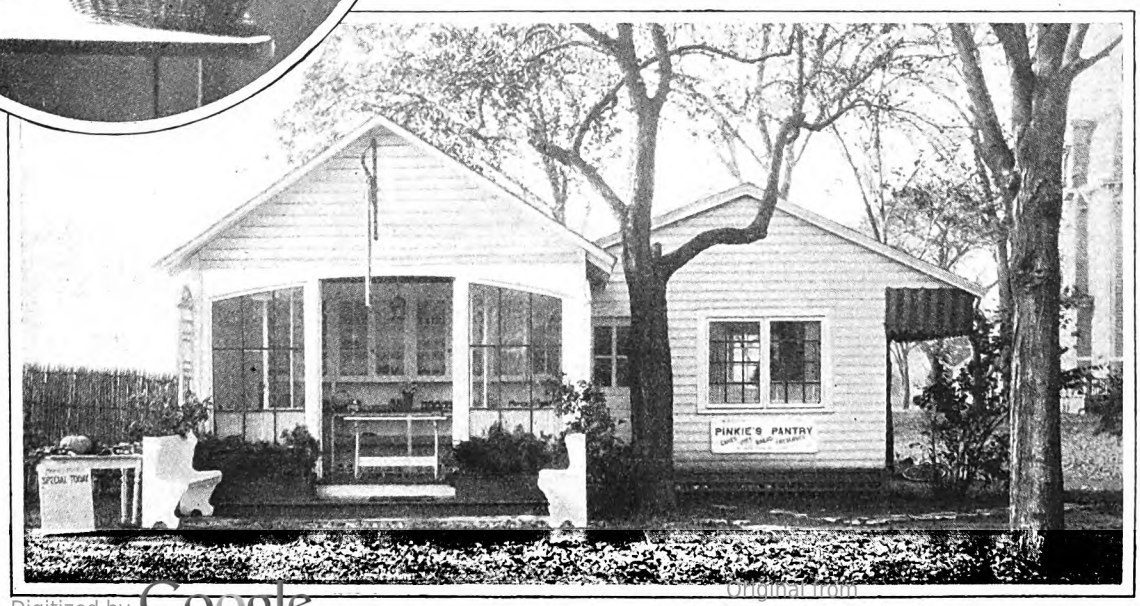
The following summer she was called to Plainfield to take charge of her mother's old home, which was in need of repairs. As she stood by the big house, she rejoiced in the beauty of the trees, the depth of the lawn, and the wonderful orchard just in back, where the fruit would soon come: apples, cherries, peaches, pears, gooseberries, and, at her feet, strawberries, almost red.

"Why," said Pinkie, "I could have a stand right here, and sell preserves made from all this fruit!"

She had no money. So she borrowed three hundred dollars and went out hunting in second-hand lumber yards. In one of them she found a discarded end of a glassed-in porch. With this in mind she designed her Pantry.

She secured lumber, the services of a carpenter, and paint. The painting she did herself, two coats of shining white. Sometimes her sister could help, week-ends. When the dainty little building was complete and the first fruit from the orchard was canned and on the shelves, it was September 25th. In two months the Pantry had to be closed. Winter had set

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARDNER, PLAINFIELD, N. J.



(In oval) Norma Bamman, of Plainfield, New Jersey, known to her friends as "Pinkie," and (right) her "Pantry," filled with good things of her own making. This little shop took first prize in the Better Wayside Refreshment Stand Contest. Pinkie bakes her pies and cakes and bread before the very eyes of her customers

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in. But already the place had paid for itself. And Pinkie was planning a kitchen out on the lawn, where she could cook everything in plain sight of her customers, and perhaps even prepare lunches to be served under the trees. That winter she borrowed four hundred dollars, bought an old hot-dog stand, and remodeled it, again doing the painting all herself.

"If only I could make this glass kitchen a demonstration station," said Pinkie, "I could get some equipment free."

After many visits and much persuasive argument, certain manufacturers supplied this novel glass kitchen with stove, electric refrigerator, tables and chairs, and various kitchen wares.

When spring came Pinkie began to bake. Her pies and cakes and breads sold as fast as she could bake them. Visitors often got out of their cars and inspected the spotless glass kitchen and its model equipment. Dressed in her favorite pink, Pinkie moved gayly about her wonderful kitchen and prepared them wholesome, well-cooked dishes.

By fall she had a well-organized business: There was the original Pantry, which sold her baking and preserves; the Kitchen, which supplied lunches and refreshments; a growing parcel-post department through which her patrons sent her cakes and bread all over the land, and a local demand in Plainfield that necessitated a counter at one of the high-class grocery stores of the city.

When the awarding of the prize was announced people immediately flocked to the Pantry. Pinkie had turned two rooms of her home into reception-rooms, and in them she served luncheons and teas and sold her famous foods.

"Pinkie's Pantry," said the judges of the contest that made Pinkie famous, "had great charm and picturesqueness. Its display was most temptingly arranged. Its sanitary arrangements were well handled. It was most conveniently and economically planned, and fortunately it preserved and featured a beautiful tree that many a roadstand owner would have cut down, thinking that it was in the way."

With most of which Pinkie agrees—except the part about the tree. It may be "fortunate" that it was "preserved," but she left it there because she loved it just where it is. HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Nine Thousand Dollars for a Little Rodent!

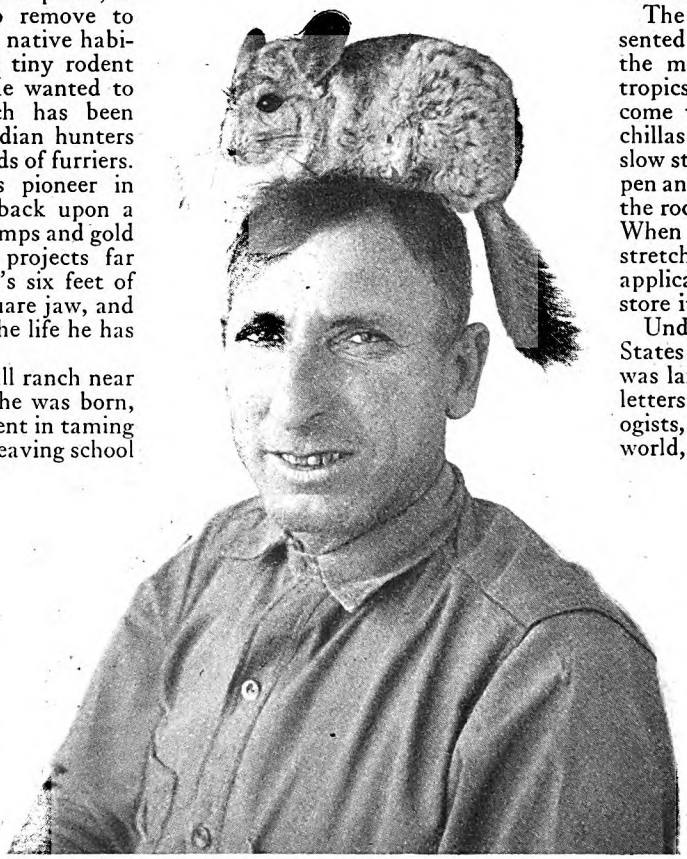
THERE is probably little in the surroundings at eleven thousand feet altitude in the Chilean Andes to offer inspiration—a dreary region of no vegetation and low temperatures—but it was there that the idea came to M. F. Chapman, of Los Angeles, California, to remove to southern California, from its native habitat in the high Andes, that tiny rodent known as the chinchilla. He wanted to cultivate the species, which has been practically decimated by Indian hunters striving to satisfy the demands of furriers.

In his early forties, this pioneer in chinchilla "farming" looks back upon a life of heavy toil in lumber camps and gold mines, and of engineering projects far from civilization. Chapman's six feet of brawn, his rugged hands, square jaw, and clear eyes are testimony of the life he has led.

As a youngster on the small ranch near Grants Pass, Oregon, where he was born, much of his playtime was spent in taming rabbits and squirrels. After leaving school at fourteen, he became a lumberjack in one of the big timber camps of the Northwest. Seventeen years he spent as a "mucker" in the ore mines of the West, and rose to foreman in the Inspiration mines of Globe and Miami, Arizona. In 1918, he was sent by the Anaconda Copper Company to take charge, as mine foreman, of the Portrepillas Mine, at an elevation of eleven thousand feet in the South American Cordilleras, in the province of Atacama, Chile. Chapman had married in Arizona. With Mrs. Chapman, he moved to the new post, in a storm-swept region where the thermometer never tops sixty degrees, and where it remains for months at twenty below zero.

Before coming to this bleak country, Chapman had never heard of chinchillas, and his first information was picked up from Indian laborers at the mine, and from occasional hunters who tarried at his camp.

A year after his arrival in the Andes, Chapman secured a pair of chinchillas paying an Indian two hundred dollars for them. He built them a small pen, and began a study of their habits. He sought additional members for the colony, and near the end of his fifth year he had secured an even dozen of the little animals.



M. F. Chapman bought a pair of chinchillas from an Indian hunter in the Chilean Andes, and now he has a chinchilla farm in southern California. He is said to be the first man able successfully to remove the delicate animals from their mountains

In carrying on his study of the chinchilla, Chapman learned that no one had ever succeeded commercially in removing the rodent from the high altitudes. The little creatures in all instances had perished on reaching the lower areas.

Leaving the mine in 1922, Chapman and his wife transported their small charges to another location at a nine-thousand-foot altitude, in the vicinity of Iquique, Chile, where they made a year's stop, and gave careful attention to the care of the chinchillas. Only one of the rodents died, and this was attributable to old age.

The steamer voyage to California presented greater difficulties. Chapman says the memories of that trip through the tropics is a nightmare, for, having overcome the first trials of taking his chinchillas down from their lofty homeland by slow stages, he had to keep ice in the small pen and wet sacks as a covering, to prevent the rodents from being overcome by heat. When one of the small beasties would stretch out on its back, panting, cold applications were ready at once to restore it.

Under a special permit from the United States Biological Survey, the small colony was landed. Now, every day he receives letters from biologists, naturalists, zoölogists, and other scientists all over the world, asking about the care and habits of this rare little beast, a coat of whose pelts is worth a king's ransom. It takes over a hundred skins to make a coat, and Chapman's chinchillas still number fewer than a hundred. But the owner is not planning to convert them into a coat.

"I'll never kill one," Chapman says, "and those pelts you see there are from the one I lost in South America and a couple that have since died of pneumonia."

If you do not see the practical sense of this venture from the dollars and cents point of view, just listen to this:

"Since I've been here in Lennox, I've sold three pairs for breeding stock," Chapman said. "The first two pairs I let go for six thousand dollars and the last pair for ten thousand. The price of males is now up to nine thousand dollars apiece, and females five thousand dollars."

Considering this, and the fact that in captivity the little animals reproduce three times a year, with an average of two to a litter, as against one litter in their native state, the prospects for Mr. Chapman's farm and for the future of his project are propitious. RUPERT MURRAY

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She Knows What the Well-Dressed Women of All Ages Have Worn

MRS. MINNA SCHMIDT, of Chicago, is costumer, historian, and lawyer. Her unique "Hall of Fame" consists of hundreds of minute figures of famous characters clad in authentic garments of their periods. Into each costume of these sixteen-inch figurines, valued at from two hundred dollars to one thousand dollars apiece, has gone not only hours of fine sewing but years of patient research.

The costumes represent the changing styles of feminine apparel down through the ages, from the animal skins worn by cave women to the filmy twentieth-century creations of fashionable French designers.

In one group are women made famous by the Bible: Eve, Jephtha's daughter, Lot's wife, Mary, Martha, Ruth, and Naomi. Standing side by side are those two unfortunates: Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots.

Close to Josephine Bonaparte is Madame de Récamier, that friend of Madame de Staël who was banished from Paris by Josephine's husband, Napoleon. And next in line is the matronly form of the good Queen Victoria, arrayed in her magnificent coronation robes.

Besides models of royalty, there are figures clad in Egyptian costumes of the days of Cleopatra and Alexander the Great. No less interesting are the products of a younger civilization, dressed in the classic robes decreed by Grecian fashion dictators. Rome, too, is represented by diminutive Latin ladies clothed in the identical styles in which they climbed the slopes of the Quirinal, or paced the arched porticoes near the Palace of Caligula.

At the very end of the line stands the sturdy figure of Gertrude Ederle, first woman to swim the English Channel.

Mrs. Schmidt's desire for accurate knowledge has sent her on innumerable trips to distant lands, and has led her to delve into thousands of books in search of additional information on the subjects of dresses, coiffures, fans, and jewelry of historical periods.

During all these years of study, she has made many contributions to history and to the art of costuming. Among the exhibits of the Chicago Historical Society is a five-thousand-dollar collection of wax figures, which was presented to that institution by Mrs. Schmidt in commemoration of her thirtieth anniversary as a designer and costumer. The group is made up of wax miniatures of noted Chicago women, whose gowns portray the vagaries of fashion as far back as 1803.

Mrs. Schmidt stepped from a steerage cabin on a German liner into a three-dollar-a-week job with a Chicago family. Eventually, the ambitious young woman opened a little studio for instruction in physical training, dancing, and dramatic art.

Mrs. Minna Schmidt, of Chicago, Illinois, is an authority on costumes of every period, and has dressed a collection of dolls representing famous people. (Left) A 16-inch figure of Martha Washington, and (right) a model of Faust

She had vigor, enthusiasm, and determination. When her young charges wanted to give plays and recitals, she couldn't afford to buy their costumes, so she determined to make costumes for the young student actors that would inspire them to live their parts.

Her knowledge of costume-making was scant. But she set to work to develop the inventive ability she had displayed when, as a girl, she had dressed her family of dolls. Soon the floor of the crowded workroom was strewn with a tangle of threads and bright-colored scraps, as the students' costumes began to take form.

It was great fun, this fashioning of costumes for her little pupils, and they were very pretty costumes indeed. But they didn't quite satisfy Mrs. Schmidt. She is accurate and painstaking, and questions soon began to bother her. Were her costumes authentic, or could glaring anachronisms be detected by the more knowing members of her audiences? What kinds of fans and slippers were popular in the eighteenth century, and what sort of jewelry did Cleopatra wear? These and thousands of other costume problems kept cropping up and puzzling the designer. She wanted her costumes to be exactly right, as well for her own satisfaction as for the education of her charges. She couldn't, conscientiously, teach them false ideas of costuming.

She saw how necessary was a working knowledge of the fashions of the past. The classics attracted her interest, and she found that history books and the Bible had much to offer on the subject of feminine apparel. Constant reading and research added to the style parade of the centuries. Her thorough methods made her an authority in her business. She has also won fame as a lecturer and scholar, and has added to all this the distinction of having taken her law degree at the age of fifty-four.

It is her proud boast that she and her husband have been business partners for forty years. Helmut, their son, is the sculptor who models the wax figures. Edwin, another son, has a taste for music and dramatics, and is an outstanding authority on Shakespearean characters. He is a consultant on Shakespeare and minstrelsy. Miss Emily Lundgren, who has been connected with the school for twenty years, is an authority on headgear, and she is responsible for the wigs of the images.

"Never have women been dressed so sensibly and so hygienically as to-day," says Mrs. Schmidt.

"Whereas two years of hard work went into the making of one gown for Queen Elizabeth, an attractive dress can be made to-day in a few hours by any clever woman."

NORMAN E. WHITE

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Captain Bruder Has Made 5,000 Trips on the Hudson

SIX feet six in his stocking feet, with clear blue eyes and a fine ruddy skin, that is the Captain Bruder that everyone knows. He has charge of the flagship of the Hudson River Night Line, which runs between New York and Albany. During his half-century on the Hudson he has made over five thousand trips up the river, and not once, in all those years, has he failed to appear because of illness.

Bluff, good-natured, and hearty, the captain goes about his work, not in the least weighted down by his sixty-eight years. His voice is as strong and deep as ever and when he speaks it rumbles like thunder from his great chest.

On his numerous trips up and down the Hudson the captain has met many celebrities. Presidents, senators, congressmen, and other officials nearly always take the trip from New York to the State Capital at some time during their terms. Then there are writers, prize fighters—interesting people in every walk of life with whom the captain comes in contact.

Talking of the changes he has noticed on the river, the captain said: "Even in the early days the boats were crowded. Everyone wanted to go to Saratoga, and the boat brought them six miles nearer than any other means of transportation. They could bring their horses and carriages with them on the boat. I remember when their race carts used to be piled high on the hurricane deck.

"The boats were not so comfortable then. The passengers had to eat below deck, where the glory hole now is, and take turns at table. Each guest was allowed twenty minutes to fill up, at fifty cents a fill. The dining-room was dimly lit by kerosene lamps swung over the tables. In those days the passengers didn't insist so much on comfort as now. Many of them would sit up all night, if they couldn't get a berth.

"The help has changed some too. At one time every steamboater was a Yankee and came from up-state, while to-day there are many foreign-born employed on the line.

"The boats were smaller; they held about a hundred, to the thousand or more carried at the present time, and they were easier to handle. The river was less congested then, there were fewer tugs, ferries, and tows to avoid."

Captain Bruder was born on a farm near Schodack Landing, twelve miles south of Albany. He now lives but a short distance from his birthplace with his wife, parrot, and dog, on a fruit farm of ninety-five acres.

The Hudson River was the only large body of water near his home when he was a boy. It stirred his imagination, and when his teacher in the grade school bought a barge, and offered the husky youngster a job working on it, he accepted with alacrity.

For seven years he was a deckhand on the barge "Baldwin." The next three years he worked on the "Ulster County," and then for one year on the "Ontario," rising to be a sailor, second, and first mate.

C. M. PHOTO CO., N. Y.

Captain Charles Bruder, 68-year-old river captain, has missed but one day from his run in fifty years. In the summer season he commands a boat running between New York and Albany, on the Hudson River

All this time he was learning about ships.

The captain married when he was twenty-four. His salary at the time was twenty dollars a month, but gradually he worked up to fifty a month. And then he saw that he had reached his limit of advancement on barges.

There was an opening for him on a passenger boat, with a chance for advancement, but the salary was fifteen dollars a month less than he was earning on the barge. Changing was a hard step for the captain to take, but change he did. He became wheelman, then pilot, and finally skipper.

One night an engineer, Carl Carlson, came running and told him there was a fire in the hold. The captain did not lose his head for a single second. He called his officers, and ordered every man to the place assigned him in the fire drill. He decided not to beach his ship, but to run her to the nearest dock. If he beached her, the small boats would have to be launched, and this causes terror among passengers. Some of them might become frightened and jump into the river.

Then he made his way to the saloon where the passengers were, and begged them to keep cool and trust to him to get them out of danger.

The skipper rushed back to the bridge, and his wooden ship, without watertight compartments, and two miles from a landing, was held on her course. She steamed up the river, with smoke and flames pouring from her hold.

It was a close shave. Captain Bruder was the last to leave his ship. With some of his crew, he had to scramble over the side because the decks were too hot and stifling for passage. The ship burned to the water's edge, with every ounce of her cargo. But not a single life was lost.

The service of Captain Bruder on the river dates from 1876, or fifty-one years. In all that time, he says, he has missed but one trip. He was on the steamboat "Rensselaer" of the same line when she was making her final trip. He was due to take another boat back to Albany that evening. The "Rensselaer" cracked a walking-beam, and Bruder was assigned to steer her to the shops. Thus, he relates regretfully, he came to lose one trip in half a century.

For more than ten years he has made seven trips a week, without a layoff. But he doesn't mind that, as his is a job with three and a half months' work each summer and then eight and a half months' vacation.

During his vacation the captain turns into a farmer. He has fifteen hundred fruit trees, apples and pears. He employs an all-year-'round hired man to work on the farm.

He does not smoke, drink, or chew. He enjoys reading, and his home is filled with books. He likes stories of adventure, especially those by Jack London.

The captain went to Bermuda once, and that is the extent of his roaming. He prefers the Hudson to the ocean.

"On the Hudson we watch the towns grow, and the woods disappear. Trip by trip, our searchlight seeks out those interesting details along our route. Then we have dozens of friends along the banks who wait for the friendly little toot of our whistle. It is not lonesome, as deep-water sailing must be."

MARGERY CEDERSTROM

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Is soup a course or a meal?

Vegetable soup is so hearty that it can be either !

PERHAPS you will get a new idea about soup when we tell you that thousands and thousands of women consider Campbell's Vegetable Soup "a meal in itself". It contains so much real food that they frequently make it their luncheon or supper.

Soup is the ideal introduction to a meal because it has such a tonic and stimulating effect on the appetite and digestion. But the widespread use of Campbell's Vegetable Soup as the principal dish proves that housewives depend on soup as useful for every kind of meal.

Order Campbell's Vegetable Soup from your grocer. Notice how often it tempts your appetite. See how "handy" it is to have in your pantry, always ready to provide a nourishing course or a satisfying principal dish. You will make up your mind never to be without such an all-round stand-by.

Fifteen of the finest vegetables that grow are blended in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with invigorating broth, choice cereals, flavor-giving herbs and seasonings. In all, thirty-two different ingredients, selected, blended and cooked by Campbell's famous French chefs. All ready for your table, after you have added an equal quantity of water, brought to a boil and simmered for a few minutes.

Science is advising us to include more vegetables in our diet, for mineral salts and other essentials. Campbell's Vegetable Soup supplies these abundantly for you and your children.

Every known, popular kind of soup in the world. Each soup the masterpiece of its kind. This is the daily service Campbell's offer to your family table. Delicious quality. Endless variety. Welcome convenience. On this page see the full list of Campbell's Soups. (Also printed on the label.)

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

Select your Campbell's Soups and order from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

"We'll have to operate right away," the doctor had said. And already they are wheeling the patient into the operating room. He can feel his heart beating a little faster. He is tense. . . . What are they going to do? . . . Then a soothing, gentle voice: "Just relax and breathe easily."

Oh, yes! They are going to give him ether! . . . Instinctively he obeys. . . . Nothing much seems to be happening. . . . A general feeling of lightness comes over him . . . and drowsiness . . . sleep. . . .

* * *

He is in bed, now . . . his eyes open . . . he is coming out of the ether. . . . "Everything is all right!" . . . Only convalescence ahead now. . . . How marvelous!

How marvelous, indeed, this accomplishment of American medical science, this conquest of pain which has robbed the operating room of its terror—of the mental anguish and physical torture which once accompanied the surgeon's art.

Yet it was only in the early eighteen-forties that Dr. Crawford W. Long in Georgia and Dr. W. T. G. Morton in Massachusetts first demonstrated that the pain of surgical operation could be relieved by the use of ether.

For some years after its discovery the use of ether remained in the experimental stage. Its purity and effectiveness, its safety in general use, were very questionable. Dr. E. R. Squibb, founder of the Squibb Laboratories, determined to develop a process for manufacturing pure ether for anæsthesia which would make its use safe in general practice.

After many discouragements, after patient and persevering experiments, he perfected this process. That was almost three-quarters of a century ago. Since then, Squibb's Ether has been used by surgeons in *millions* of cases for the safety and comfort of their patients.

In addition to Squibb's Ether, E. R. Squibb & Sons have been manufacturing many of the important products used exclusively by the medical profession, such as the antitoxins for diphtheria, erysipelas, scarlet fever and tetanus; the serums and vaccines; also insulin, etc. E. R. Squibb & Sons also prepare many medicinal household products such as milk of magnesia, cod-liver oil, castor oil, bicarbonate of soda, dental cream, liquid petrolatum (mineral oil), etc.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker.

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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Stardust

(*Continued from page 56*)

little costume and write a prologue, and Betty is to speak it."

"Why wish that job on Betty?"

"Well, if you've ever seen her in a bathing suit— Then, Violet is to direct the play and finance it, and write in some improvements and design costumes and scenery and manage the publicity and act the star part."

"What's the play about?" Lon asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea, and I bet the author hasn't, either. It's a debate about the nature of reality. The real is unreal, and the unreal, real; and everything symbolizes something else, and a lot of problems are all unsettled. 'Most everybody is royalty, and Violet is the queen."

"What are you going to be, dear?"

"I might take a small part—something suitable for a half-pint lady. But I wouldn't promise until I had talked it over with you."

Alonzo Theophilus Berwick gave the matter his sober judgment.

"Well, I can't see any harm in it. You're in with the best people, and Violet stands high in Branford, and her father is a director of my bank."

Joan laughed.

"Violet has a great hate on sordid commercialism; but I notice she uses her dad's assets for all they are worth."

SETH RAY noticed that too, and said as much when Violet asked him to underwrite the forthcoming production, which was to be given on an off-night at the Shadowland Theatre.

"They tell me Branford won't pay more than fifty cents to see a play," she told her father. "We can't possibly make expenses the first time. I'd like to agree to make up the deficit."

Seth seemed reluctant about being a patron of the drama.

"It won't cost you nearly as much as dabbling in politics, and it's much more worth-while."

The reference was to a painful event—Mr. Ray's attempt to be mayor of Branford. He had sadly overestimated the voters' craving for his services. The tragedy had cost him several thousand dollars at the time, and a good deal in family blackmail since. Thus, Mr. Ray became the keeper of the deficit against his better judgment, and a most unwilling "butter and egg man" to Violet's show.

At Lake Runkokomo Violet had run things with a high hand; but she had not long been in circulation in the larger democracy of Branford before she became aware of something the population wanted. The queer suggestion came to her again and again, until the idea began to wear a hole in her consciousness. Why not make this harmless compromise with public opinion? In the final analysis, she told herself, the success of this great esthetic movement depended upon the number of people who would come to Mamie Callander's window at the Shadowland and poke in fifty cents.

So, upon a bright September afternoon she swooped down upon Emory Gault. That cut-up had just extracted a quarter from the ear of an astonished boy customer called "Scoots" Sipperly, and was abashed by her sudden appearance.

"Mr. Gault," she said, "have you ever thought of going on the stage?"

Scoots Sipperly abandoned the remnants of his raspberry soda and ran like a scared rabbit. He had been caught once by a lady who was getting up an entertainment; but he was wiser now, and faster on his feet.

"Why, yes," said Emory. "In fact, I've been wanting to talk to you about my plan for a vaudeville team."

"Oh, slap-stick comedy!" exclaimed Violet reproachfully. "I mean, one must aim no end higher than that, mustn't one?" She made Emory feel like a fish worm; that was another of her great gifts.

MISS RAY now opened his eyes to more civilized forms of self-expression. A number of people had spoken to her about him, and she knew he had talent. Now, the Strut and Fret Club was about to stage this terribly intriguing play "Stardust," and she had a part for him. It was a minor rôle; but one couldn't begin by playing Hamlet, could one? Emory said no, one couldn't.

"Your part is that of a servitor. I hope you don't mind."

"A which?"

"A kind of lackey, or butler. You serve food and wine, and so on."

"Well, I ought to be good at that. Have I anything to say?"

"Your lines"—Violet put the matter tactfully—"will not be difficult. Of course, in time you will work up to more important rôles. I am merely offering you a start; if you have dramatic ability you will go far."

Emory accepted this opportunity to take the first step toward the Great White Way, and agreed to come to the studio tomorrow night as soon as he could get off.

"She and I are going to play together in 'Stardust'," he told George Steemeyer after Violet's departure.

"On the level?" asked the drug clerk.

"Positutely. She's the star, and I'm the dust."

"No kidding—what are you going to be?"

"Waiter and bartender."

"Well, I'll bet you'll be a scream!"

At that moment there was born a delusion that was to have far-reaching effects.

Violet explained the soda-water man to the other strutters and fretters before his arrival at the studio: Emory was no end popular with the unthinking masses. He would lure them, and we would catch them with our message of beauty. In other words, he was to be used as bait.

"He's a menial—a man-servant. A touch of burlesque there is good theatre. I mean, it emphasizes the dignified characters. Of course, Shakespeare knew that trick."

At nine Emory left soda-jerking to George, and took up the drama in a serious way. He hastened to the barn of all the arts in his comic flivver, "The Spirit of St. Vitus," and was greeted earnestly by his hostess. As for the other members of the troupe, the best that could be said was that nobody bit him.

In the society in which he habitually moved, Emory was the life of the party, full of quip and jest, and always ready to burst into what he believed to be song. He could do amusing tricks with cards and matches, and when he put on a girl's hat he was practically irresistible. But tonight he felt like the common people in a cartoon. His sorry little japery about barn-stormers brought him nothing but stony glances.

"If I hadn't given my word," he told George Steemeyer the next day, "I'd have took my foot in my hand and run. Scoots Sipperly had the right idea."

This was no place for mirth and laughter. Life was real, life was earnest, and Violet was its prophetess. She was dressed in what the ignorant soda clerk thought was a window curtain. She sat on a second-hand throne she had picked up cheap, and put on her horn-rimmed glasses, and read the entire manuscript of "Stardust."

This she did partly for Emory's sake, but more for that of Doctor Clymer, the painless dentist, who had been appointed king. The part had originally been offered to Sim Coburn, real estate and loans, but Mrs. Sim wouldn't let him be Violet's king, so the rôle fell to Doctor Clymer, who had no wife to guide him.

As if the play were not obscure enough already, Violet exploded little bombs of truth and beauty, and made it even harder. She painted masterpieces in the air with her thumb, and explained how the author's civilized symbolism was to be expressed in the costumes and sets—bold straight lines for this and cubes for that, and here and there a terribly significant triangle and an angry red rhomboid. For every little color, too, had a meaning of its own; she knew things about color that would have been news to Michael Angelo.

AS NONE of these things had ever existed, Violet had to design everything—the draperies, the furniture, the geometrical costumes of the actors, the very patterns in which they would stand.

"A designing woman, if you ask me," Emory told the drug clerk. "I'd say this play has about as much nourishment as one of my cucumber sandwiches; but they were all sitting around and eating it up. Even Doc Clymer tried to make out he knew what was going on—the old crook! They all looked soulful and said it was no end intriguing."

"How are you going to be dressed?" asked George.

"I'll appear in a lovely dark brown parallelogram. That's what the well-dressed bartenders are wearing this season."

"Well, I bet you'll be a riot." When an idea once got lodged in poor George's head it was there for good.

Emory now left the deluded druggist

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and went to lunch, traveling in his private and personal car, "The Checko-Slowupia." Later, he soaped upon his windshield the words, "The Self-Express Company." He kept this title to the bitter end, but toward the last the rear curtain of his chariot bore the words, "Excuse my stardust." Violet solemnly thanked him for his conscientious work in advertising the play.

"I'm the free street parade," said Emory.

As the play slowly ripened upon its vine, like a pumpkin, Violet wrote many pieces for the "News-Sentinel," and Lafe Barrett, the editor, always eager for free reading matter, printed them all.

"Stardust," it seemed, was a searching inquiry into the nature of the soul. Violet explained the relation of plane and solid geometry to human psychology, and showed how terribly significant color was, and made everything as clear as mud. Joe Spengler, the barber, got the idea that this was a mystery play, and he was going to see it to find out who committed the murder.

In women's reading club circles and among the families and friends of the actors it was understood that "Stardust" was a play for the few, a treat for the mind, and very, very artistic.

HOW different it was among the unthinking masses! Emory's jocose old car and the verbal indiscretions of George Steemeyer had poisoned the public mind, if it has one. On Main Street, from the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company clear out to the Epicurean Café, it was believed that this would be a hilarious show. Emory was going to be a waiter. He would probably drop the dishes and throw custard pie.

On the day before the dramatic revolution, Violet Ray was seen hurrying down Main Street with a glitter in her eye and a yellow paper in her hand. It was so she erupted into the office of the "News-Sentinel."

"Carrington Hepplewhite!" she cried. Lafe Barrett was so startled by this explosion that he spilled hot sparks on himself from his corncob pipe. "The famous New York producer. He's coming to see the play!" She offered the telegram in evidence. "You must let me write an item about that."

"Sure, all right," answered Lafe.

"Just think! I've got him to come all this way to see our production. I'll venture he never heard of Branford before."

"Well, Branford never heard of *him*, so that makes it fifty-fifty. I'll get you some copy paper."

It is doubtful whether the news about the coming of Hepplewhite inflamed the minds of the populace, but it had other devastating effects. Not only did it cause Lafe Barrett to burn holes in a perfectly good pair of pants, but it made the members of the cast even more nervous than they were before. Also, it reduced Seth Ray's spirits to a new low level.

Violet had chattered incessantly about this Carrington Hepplewhite, who was not, it seemed, the ordinary type of producer, thinking only of the box office, but a rare soul sensitive to beauty. He was not merely of the intelligentsia, he was of the cognoscenti. Father understood that to mean something extra fancy, A-1, superrefined, and he hated that kind of man no end. Now this precious nuisance was coming to be their guest during the ordeal. It was the worst calamity that had happened to him since he ran for mayor.

As the zero hour approached, Emory Gault, too, was low in his mind. He bandied quips and sallies with his customers; but he was not himself, and when he tried to do his famous juggling act for two clerks from the Beehive store, he fumbled and broke the glass. The girls giggled, and the blond one said he ought to save all that stuff for to-night's show.

"They smile at me now, George," said Emory, "but to-morrow I won't have a friend in the world."

"You think they'll all die laughing, do you? You sure hate yourself."

On his way home to supper on that last night, Emory's car broke down on Main Street near the Shadowland Theatre. Examination showed that the entire west end of the car was a mass of ruins; it would cost much more to repair than the antique was worth. To Emory it was an omen that his career in Branford was at an end; it was more of that symbolism that V. R. was always talking about.

He left the ruins by the curb, and in the morning (if he lived) he would get the junk man to tow it away. The faithful old boat had cracked its last joke—no, not quite its last, for Emory left upon it a cardboard sign hastily penciled with the immortal words: "I do not choose to run in 1928."

Through the evening the jocular old bus, known to all, stood there as if urging the people to come to "Stardust" and watch Emory Gault cut up.

IN THE larger theatrical centers people go to plays because they want to, and stay away from them for the same sound reason; but in Branford motives were far more complex. Some went to "Stardust" because there had not been a flesh-and-blood play in town for quite a while; others because they had friends in the cast; some went in quest of culture, others in search of giggles; still others because ordered by their wives.

As Dgaszbann's foggy masterpiece went on its devastating way, all these diverse elements were united by ties of common calamity, as people are in times of earthquake, hurricane, and flood.

Betty Gates, the prologuer, was good scenery, but weak in the voice. Everybody was puzzled by the impressionistic streaks of scenery, by the incredible furniture, by the actors dressed in geometry, and, most of all, by the talk.

Queen Violet was the center of all discussion, and when the other characters were not arguing about the nature of reality, Her Majesty was staging a little debate between the upper and lower levels of her nature—both of which spoke in explosions. The king was allowed to talk a little, but he was a very limited monarch. Doctor Clymer may have been a painless dentist, but he was far from being a painless actor. Everybody was glad when the red light was flashed on Doc.

From the beginning, Emory Gault had been a sore disappointment to his public. True, he looked ridiculous with nothing on but a parallelogram, but there were only polite titters. He had little to say, and he cracked no jokes or dishes. When the curtain went down on the first act there was faint and cultured applause.

Joe Spengler, the barber, was among the handclappers, but he later explained that he was applauding the good old Shadowland curtain, a scene on the Grand Canal of Venice. At the end of the second act the bamboozled barber took his hat and went home—a deed he was later to regret. Joe had come to this show to find out who committed the murder. Nobody had been murdered at all, though many, he felt, should have been.

AS THE curtain arose upon the third and last act a general air of uplift, boredom, and resignation prevailed. A trained observer would have guessed that Carrington Hepplewhite, though a cognoscente, was suffering keenly, that his host, Mr. Ray, would not live through the show, that Scoots Sipperly was wistful about what he might have done with that fifty cents at Kretcher's Kandy Kitchen. Probably the only happy soul in the audience was that of Jake Cummings, the grain elevator man. There was a look of ineffable peace upon his uncivilized face, and his wife did not have the heart to wake him.

Jake was aroused, not by Mrs. Cummings but by an unfamiliar sound. For an unbidden guest had sneaked into the Shadowland Theatre—the Comic Spirit. Laughter had come back to the sad old world.

It started with a verbal misstep by the drug-store cowboy. Up to this point Emory had made no contribution to the general befuddlement. As a menial, his job was not to discuss metaphysics but to pass the refreshments. It was in the third act, however, that he had his longest speech to make. Accordingly, he took his place upstage beside the portal, took a full breath, and cried in a loud, clear voice:

"The king has entered the galace pates!"

A burst of laughter followed this news. After all this solemnity, the audience would have laughed at an even poorer joke than that. Emory made the mistake of trying to correct his error.

"The ging," he announced, "has entered the calace pates—I mean—"

Nobody heard what he meant, in the ensuing riot, but His Majesty's entrance stilled the uproar for a moment—and only for a moment. For the dreams of Emory's wistful years had suddenly come true. He found himself upon a stage evoking boisterous laughter. Across the footlights he saw the happy, open faces of satisfied customers. He now departed from the great Dgaszbann's limpid lines, and self-expressed himself as follows:

"Doc Clymer's here!"

The audience reeled with mirth, the cast broke down in hysterics. There was only one straight face in the theatre, but that was the straightest face in all the world. If there was anything needed to complete the general welfare it was the stern and rockbound countenance of Her Majesty as she ordered the servitor to bring refreshment for her returned king.

Violet might better have sent for the police, for when Emory came back with his charger he was wearing Betty Gates's lovely pink hat on his menial head. As he gave sustenance to his famished monarch, he fumbled the glass and picked it out of the air in the vicinity of his bare knees. A blond clerk from the Beehive shrieked at this point, and was suppressed by her scandalized mother.

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Keep Your Money

Till you're convinced. Why we offer a free 10-day test of this amazing shaving cream, to prove our case. You risk nothing

Gentlemen: When we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at our expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

For you cannot shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed unless the product is outstandingly *right* itself.

Once won, men have boosted it

Eighty-five per cent of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it. And these boosters have spread our fame in every city and town. Today we make the fastest selling shaving cream in the world.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other preparations were lacking. 1,000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 failures, we found our present formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for 60 years in soap making, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc — especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1486, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

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For five horrible minutes Violet tried to get this play back upon its track. But the actors were weak with mirth, and Emory was going around trying to administer restoratives from his tray. The company, in open rebellion at last against the brow-beater, aided and abetted Emory in his clownish pranks. The long drought was broken; Emory was himself again.

At last Violet did what she should have done as soon as the audience began to enjoy itself—she ordered the curtain down. As the Grand Canal descended upon the disgraceful scene she waved the Strut and Fret Club back out of harm's way. But Emory had yet one more jest left in his system—the most venerable of vaudeville gags. He let the curtain fall almost upon his head, then, as destruction seemed certain, he lunged forward and fell sprawling before the Grand Canal in a heap of tin and broken glassware. At this point, Seth Ray gave up the struggle and fell upon Maw's shoulder in a burst of happy tears.

THE eminent New York producer said afterward that here was where Emory Gault showed that he was born for the stage. The mountebank picked himself out of the rubbish, bowed his acknowledgment of the tumultuous applause, lifting Betty Gates's pink bonnet, then held up his hand for silence, and said:

"On behalf of the company I thank you for your appreciation of our efforts to entertain you. Miss Ray asks me to announce that Mr. Carrington Hepplewhite, the noted New York producer, is in the audience and has consented to speak to you." He waited respectfully while that great man climbed the steps. "Mr. Hepplewhite," announced Emory, and retired gracefully into the wings.

On his way to the stage, Mr. Hepplewhite, who was used to thinking fast in times of peril, evolved a brilliant plan. When the perfunctory applause was over, he complimented Miss Ray highly upon the diverting satire she had created. She had fooled us all with her straight-faced absurdities, then put over the funniest ending he had ever seen on any stage.

He jiggled a graceful finger toward the wings, and waited nervously. After an agonizing moment of doubt, Violet appeared, smiled her pleasure at the public applause, but did not trust herself to words. The rest of the company was now dragged out before the Grand Canal, Doc Clymer being especially well received; but still the hall resounded with shouts of "Emory! Emory!"

Once more the people's darling appeared before his public. The great producer touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"I predict for this young man a brilliant future as a comedian. Perhaps I may be able to help him a little on his way."

Emory deftly removed a fifty-cent piece from the cognoscente's ear and advanced to the footlights.

"Here's your fifty cents, Scoots," he said. "After this, be more careful when there are city slickers in town."

So the last memory the delighted Branfordians had of this production was of the suffering back and flaming red ears of Scoots Sipperly. As the audience flowed out the rejuvenated Seth Ray shook hands happily with friends and neighbors.

THE next day the town was electrified to hear that Emory Gault had resigned his position with the Red Cross Pharmacy and was going East with the great Hepplewhite. A great crowd of well-wishers gathered at the six-twenty that evening to bid him good-by and good luck. In the last glimpse Branford had of him in the September twilight, he was stealing the conductor's big silver watch.

A stream of post cards fell upon Emory Gault's friends for a while, then it faded to a trickle, and finally ceased. Months passed and there was no word from Branford's favorite son.

It was Milt Boyer, buyer for the Beehive, who solved the mystery, Milt who visited the metropolis twice a year and dallied nightly with the drama. The New York theatre-going world had taken Emory to its bosom. Milt had seen him in the very heart of the Great White Way, the idol of the pleasure-loving public.

It is true that the great Hepplewhite had turned out to be exceedingly small potatoes upon that street called Broadway. It is true that the stage had not taken kindly to Emory's moss-covered wheezes. But his other great talent had met with instant recognition. Milt found him performing with skill, speed, and humor at a glittering marble soda fountain twenty feet long!

These Swift Couriers Are Always Homeward Bound

(*Continued from page 33*)

all his time teaching young pigeons to fly.

Teaching pigeons to fly! "That sounds like teaching fishes to swim," I said, when I met Mr. Ross in his office at the army post—a big raftered room with white-washed walls embellished with portraits of famous birds.

"Maybe it does sound fishy," the pigeon expert answered in his soft Scotch burr, "but training is a very important factor in developing speed and distance. Of course we are careful in our selection of the material to be trained. That is fundamental. We want good birds to work with. But if even a well-bred homer were left to his own devices, permitted to develop haphazardly, he would turn out only a scrub in performance.

"Careful selection and expert training have worked wonders, even in ten years. Before the war we would hesitate to fly a youngster, by which I mean a pigeon less than a year old, two hundred miles. Even today the Europeans would not think of racing a youngster two hundred miles. But we think nothing of flying them three hundred and four hundred miles, and some youngsters have raced five hundred.

"Ten years ago a speed of one thousand six hundred yards a minute was regarded as very exceptional, but to-day flights of a mile (one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards) a minute are common. Recently an American pigeon flew three hundred miles at the rate of two thousand one hundred yards a minute, which is better than seventy-one miles an hour."

"How does this speed compare with that of other birds?"

"Some of the migratory birds are said to fly faster. I've heard that a pintail duck has made one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and that golden plovers, in their long flights across the North Pacific Ocean, do around one hundred miles an hour. But these figures are estimates. The homing pigeon is the fastest flyer whose speed has been precisely clocked. Of course the limiting factor in all our work is the God-given quality which is the pigeon's nature—his homing instinct."

"THAT'S what I want you to explain," I said. "What is this quality that makes a pigeon go home, and how do you train it into him?"

"What it is, we don't know," answered Mr. Ross slowly. "Nobody can explain it. All we know is that certain birds have it, and others do not. If a bird does not have it in his blood, no amount of training will put it there. But in the birds that are homers, the instinct is so ingrained that it is the ruling passion of their lives, so much so that we can depend on it in an emergency, as the Lost Battalion found that they could depend on Cher Ami; and we rest assured that as long as the pigeon is able to fly at all he will fly homeward.

"Many species of birds have an unfoolable sense of direction, and regularly fly long distances on their seasonal migrations to nesting places and feeding grounds. Golden plovers will fly from Alaska to Hawaii, or from Nova Scotia to Patagonia, and back again, year after year. But, as far as I know, nobody has been able to tame a golden plover and train him to fly to his master's home.

"There are several kinds of pigeons, but only this one variety—the so-called carrier or homing pigeon—will turn immediately and directly home when released. And this holds for enormous distances. A Pittsburgh pigeon was taken to Denver and liberated. Unerringly, he flew home to Pittsburgh, one thousand eight hundred miles. Last summer a prize pigeon whose home is in Fort Wayne, Indiana, was taken to Abilene, Texas, and there set free. The following day he was back in Fort Wayne, having traveled the thousand miles over six states in thirty-four hours, twenty-two minutes and twenty seconds. Since he flies only in daylight, you will have to subtract the night hours to figure this pigeon's actual flying speed, a rate fairly comparable to that of the fastest express train."

As early as King Solomon's time, the homing instinct of the carrier pigeon was known and made use of. The names of victors in the Olympic games of ancient Greece were carried to their home cities by pigeons. One of the early sultans of Bagdad established a postal service in which pigeons were the carriers. A

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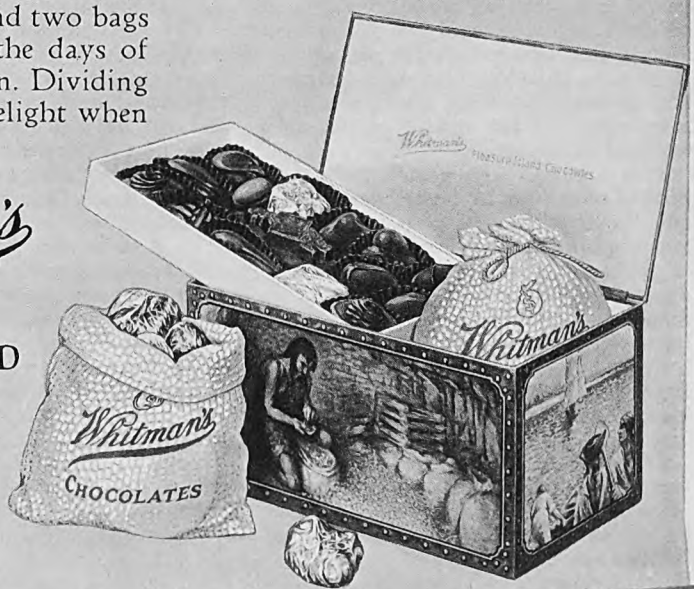
Dividing the Treasure

Eating chocolates is a *social* pleasure. Part of the fun is exploring and dividing the chocolate contents of the PLEASURE ISLAND PACKAGE—real treasures from the Spanish Main. In the chest are a tray and two bags of loot reminiscent of the days of Black Beard and Morgan. Dividing the treasure is a social delight when the chest is

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES



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Roman army, besieged in Modena in the year 43 B. C., communicated with its allies by means of pigeons.

During the Napoleonic wars, Nathan Rothschild, the great financier, established pigeon lofts at various points on the continent of Europe, and by a combination of fast boats and carrier pigeons his agents kept him informed of important developments affecting business. It is said that his London office had news of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo hours ahead of the British Government, and his speculations on this one bit of information alone netted him an immense fortune.

With the invention of the telegraph, the use of pigeons as messengers waned, but there remained in all civilized lands a few admirers who continued to breed the beautiful birds. In 1911, a British authority reported that, "in view of the development of wireless telegraphy, the British Admiralty has discontinued its pigeon service," and he discounted the value of pigeons in war service.

But this opinion was quickly changed with the outbreak of the World War. By the time the United States entered, all belligerents were using pigeons, and the records show that the birds functioned with a higher percentage of delivered messages than radio, telegraph, telephone, or runners. In the American Expeditionary Forces ninety per cent of all messages intrusted to pigeons reached their destinations. At the Armistice nearly nine thousand pigeons were in service with the armies in France.

Pigeons carried many messages from refugee boats and relief planes during the Mississippi River Flood of 1927.

AIR pilots have learned that they can be useful. Engine trouble forced an airplane down across the Mexican border, and its occupants found themselves helpless, foodless, and without water in a barren wilderness. Fortunately, they had a basket of pigeons from the loft at Douglas, Arizona, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. Birds were released with messages, and within four hours a relief plane arrived.

Even more hazardous was the plight of two men in an airplane off Hawaii. The propellor shaft broke, and they were forced to descend on the sea, many miles off shore. They released two pigeons with messages reporting their plight; the birds raced into Honolulu at a mile a minute; and in less than forty minutes a speed boat came to the rescue of the shipwrecked aviators.

It is a curious thought that the same kind of messenger that served the Greeks and Romans two thousand years ago aids the ultra-modern airplane in its hour of helplessness. The swift, powerful, dependable pigeons of today are the inheritors of these centuries of encouragement of their ruling instinct.

"And it is a *ruling* instinct," emphasized Mr. Ross. "In a good homing pigeon, *everything* is subordinated to the will to get home. He will starve, he will breast wind and storm, he will risk gunfire and all kinds of terrifying conditions, he will fly to exhaustion and die, before he will abandon his purpose to get home.

"We sent a shipment of pigeons from Fort Monmouth to Topeka, Kansas, and when the man in Topeka was opening the baskets a pigeon escaped. This happened in the dead of winter, when snow was on the ground. But a blizzard could not stand between that pigeon and home. In two weeks she showed up at the loft where her nest had been. She must have had a bitter tussle with the weather in the journey of twelve hundred miles over frozen country. She was almost starved—mere skin, bones, and feathers—and near exhaustion."

MR. ROSS says he has had the same kind of thing happen in midsummer, when there are berries, grain, and other food to be picked up along the way. Do you suppose a pigeon tarries to indulge his appetite in these delicacies? Not if he is a true homer.

"We found a pigeon on June 3d at Sandy Hook," said Mr. Ross. "He had been beaten down in a rainstorm and lay drenched and exhausted on a lawn, nearer dead than alive I nursed that pigeon ten weeks. It was four weeks before he could rise above the floor, and seven weeks before he could fly. I kept him three weeks more to make sure he was sound, and then liberated him with a message. Next day a grateful letter came from the owner, an artist at Far Rockaway, on Long Island, New York. He wrote that the pigeon had been in a race from Charlottesville, Virginia, released on May 29th. Soon after the beginning of the race a storm arose, and that bird battled with the elements four days, finally to be beaten down on the New Jersey coast across the bay from his Far Rockaway home.

"In the same race the army lost two beautiful pigeons, and in a race in October (1927) we lost sixteen. In each case terrific winds blew up, accompanied by drenching rain, and the pigeons, whose instinct would not permit them to seek shelter in another home, simply flew until they dropped, and died of exhaustion and drowning.

"Our training takes this inborn homing instinct and keys it up to the highest pitch of intensity. At the age of four weeks, as soon as the newly-hatched 'squeakers' are able to fly, their training begins. The first step is to release them from the loft and allow them to fly around and get their bearings.

"The second step is to teach them to enter the trap of the loft immediately upon returning from a flight. This is very important, for if a pigeon flies home with a message and perches on a tree or a roof, or if he tantalizingly hops out of reach every time you try to lay hands on him, he can hardly be called a satisfactory messenger.

"We train the young birds to trap quickly by keeping them in the loft without food for twenty-four hours. Then we take them outside a short distance, and release them, one by one. Inside the loft a man rattles a can full of grain, and the hungry birds rush for the entrance trap, and hop through like rush-hour passengers hurrying onto a waiting train. After a week of this, the pigeons get the idea that as soon as they reach home they are to trap. We encourage the habit by always feeding them as soon as they enter the loft.

"The first practice flights are a few hundred yards, with the loft in sight, and the distance is gradually increased to miles. Then begin group flights. We take fifteen or thirty pigeons at a time, carrying them in baskets ten miles from the loft, and release them, timing the second of release, and men at the loft clock the arrival of each bird. It is possible to do this, because each pigeon carries on his leg an aluminum band with his registered number. The distance of these daily flights is increased, until the young pigeons are doing one hundred miles at a clip.

"After we have trained the birds in groups, we fly them in pairs—though we don't release two mates together. Pigeons mate and stay mated throughout their lives, and we utilize this mating instinct to reinforce the homing instinct. When a pigeon has youngsters at home, he will increase his speed several yards beyond his average rate. A hen will fly faster to youngsters than a cock.

"THEN we train the birds in single flights. It is more difficult for a pigeon to fly a long distance alone, because in a group he has the advantage of the 'drag' of all the other birds. Alone, he is his own pilot, his own intelligence officer, and if night comes before he reaches home he must pick his own roosting place and spend a lonesome night."

"Won't he fly at night?" I interrupted.

"We have four pigeons at the army post in Hawaii that have flown sixteen miles at night, but they are very exceptional. Ordinarily, a homing pigeon will seek a temporary roost as soon as the sun sets, and at the first crack of day he will take off.

"I'm at work now with an interesting experiment. I've put twelve squeakers in a small loft on the edge of the creek here at Fort Monmouth. I selected that location because they can get a little light in the reflection off the water. These birds are kept in their loft all during the daylight hours, and are released for exercise only at dusk. It is hoped that this association of darkness with flying will become a fixed idea in the brains of some of them. Later on, I'm going to take them out for a one-mile flight in the middle of the night, and see how they do. If any show an inclination to fly, I'll mate them. But I'll feel satisfied if, from this experiment, I find one pair that show night-flying ability.

"However, I figure that it will take three generations to produce successful night-flying, so it is from the grandchildren of this pair that I hope to discover the real strain of night flyers.

"If we can breed night-flyers it will be a great gain for the army. They would be far more useful than any pigeons we now have, because they would be less vulnerable to sharpshooters, hawks, eagles, and other enemies. When you remember that the Lost Battalion released five pigeons, and that only Cher Ami got home, and that he arrived wounded, you readily see that the life of a war bird has its hazards. Some of the European armies had falcons which were trained to pursue pigeons and kill them.

"In this country, the principal enemy of the pigeon is the hawk. At every loft we keep a loaded shotgun, and when pigeons are out a man is always on duty with the gun. We have shot quite a few

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ONLY CHRYSLER CAN GIVE CHRYSLER PERFORMANCE

Illustrious New Chrysler "72" Sport Roadster (with rumble seat) $1595

It is not strange that an entire industry should be striving to follow Chrysler's leadership in performance. The sweeping public preference for Chrysler standards of speed, dash and power has given rise to this emulation . . . ¶ Let your mind slip back just four short years. Recall the bulky, cumbersome motor cars of that date . . . ¶ Then contrast the first Chrysler. Dashing in performance, most alluring in its new, low-swung grace and brilliant colors, most modern in its ideas of riding and driving comfort—it marked the first great step in the swift passing of then existing standards . . . ¶ From that day Chrysler's speed, power and dash, Chrysler's smartness of line and tone, Chrysler's luxury of appointment, Chrysler's safety, became the pattern for all . . . ¶ But in the meantime Chrysler's progressiveness—never content with past achievement—has forged on to new heights . . . ¶ Chrysler engineers have pioneered the worthwhile improvements of the past four years—developing these improvements first for their cars of higher price and then, through Chrysler Standardized Quality, enriching beyond comparison the value of its lower-priced cars by the inclusion of such outstanding features . . . ¶ The public has learned that it always obtains greater value in any Chrysler than in any other car costing hundreds of dollars more . . . ¶ It realizes more and more that only Chrysler can give Chrysler performance, Chrysler quality, Chrysler style and Chrysler value—and is buying its cars accordingly!

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"52" "62" "72" NEW 112 H. P. IMPERIAL "80"

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hawks here at Fort Monmouth; but I have found that when a pigeon is in perfect health and good flying trim he can generally outfly a hawk.

"On one of his expeditions into the Arctic, Donald MacMillan took a number of pigeons, and after getting into the North he began to release them with messages. Eagles pounced upon the pigeons as soon as they got into flight, and after seeing a few of his birds sacrificed Commander MacMillan decided not to risk any more such sacrifices.

"Do you remember the explorer Andrée, who embarked from Spitzbergen in 1897 in a balloon bound for the North Pole? He carried six pigeons with him. One pigeon got back with a message two days after the departure; but nothing more was ever heard from Andrée. Since learning of MacMillan's experience, I have thought that perhaps Andrée's pigeons were victims of the fierce Northern eagles."

I asked Mr. Ross how a pigeon that has become established in one home can be shifted to a new home.

"That is done by a process which we call 'settling'," he answered; "and it requires the greatest patience and sympathetic handling on the part of the person in charge. Pigeons are very temperamental, and unless the pigeoneer is gentle and understanding in his treatment of the birds, they never will settle.

"Not 'ong ago we sent two mobile lofts to Camp Dix, one in charge of a sergeant, the other in charge of a private. The sergeant had his birds sett ed within ten days; but every time any of the private's flock were released they came hurrying back to Fort Monmouth. That kept up for three weeks. Finally we recalled the private and placed his birds under the sergeant. Within three days the sergeant had them settled. They were so thoroughly settled at Camp Dix that when, some weeks later, we brought them back here, to their birthplace and original home, and released them, they turned instantly and flew to Camp Dix.

"THERE are some technical rules, but the personality of the pigeoneer is the greatest factor in successful settling. The younger the pigeon, the easier the task. If a bird is old, we first release him hungry and hobbled, placing him on the roof of the loft, and quickly trap him by the food call. After two days of this exercise, we remove the hobble, liberate the pigeon about one hundred feet from the loft, and give him a trapping exercise. Every time he traps, he is rewarded with some food delicacy. Young pigeons may be settled within a week, older ones require several weeks, or even months.

"We have one pigeon, Arthur, that has taken two years to settle. He was born at my old place in Philadelphia and lived twelve years there, so it's no wonder that he got it fixed in his mind as home. After repeated returns to Philadelphia, he has finally decided that Fort Monmouth is where his heart is, and now I have no fear about liberating him. But we used to spend a great deal of time chasing down to Philadelphia. We never failed to find Arthur on the roof of his old home—and he never failed to come down to our whistle."

ONE can understand a pigeon's attachment for home. "But, how does he know the way home?" I asked Mr. Ross.

"Ah, there you ask for more than any human knows. In a flight of a few miles, a pigeon may be guided by sight—from the upper air he may see landmarks for several miles. But when a pigeon is shipped in a closed basket in an express car, and released one thousand miles from home, how can he find any landmarks?

"Some have thought that a pigeon 'homes' by retracing the route over which he was carried. But I don't think this can be true. We have sent pigeons northward to New York or Jersey City, there to be reshipped on an express train southward to Virginia for a race. In this race our pigeons beat Jersey City pigeons, and they couldn't possibly have done it if they had had to retrace their route through Jersey City and then double back here.

"Others say that a mechanical sense of direction guides the pigeon home. I am inclined to think that his piloting is more than blind instinct, and is guided partly by intelligence. Pigeons will not fly in a fog. I have seen migrating birds by the thousands smash against the Channel Island Lighthouse as they flew headlong through a dense fog. No doubt they were flying in the exact direction of their destination, guided by blind instinct; but the results were most disastrous. Pigeons know enough to avoid this danger.

"Pigeons also avoid wide bodies of water, if it is possible to route their flying over land. Instead of crossing a lake or a bay, they will follow the shore, and circle around the water. We released pigeons in New York, and instead of flying in a straight line to Fort Monmouth, which would take them across the bay, they turned west, crossed the narrower waters of the Hudson, and then struck southward overland to Fort Monmouth.

"Still another evidence that pigeons put reasoned judgment into their flying is the fact that they vary their flying altitude according to conditions. I have seen them flying only ten feet above ground, to avoid a strong upper wind. I have seen the same pigeons flying so high that they were almost out of sight. When they find a wind blowing in their direction, they take advantage of it. When they have to buck a wind, they tack like a sailing ship."

Though a sympathetic master can easily settle a pigeon in a new location, he finds it difficult to settle a captive. A good bird is smart enough to know when he is being stolen. In 1924 the navy entered several pigeons in a six-hundred-mile race. One of the best failed to get home; and finally was given up for lost. But, two years later, the lost pigeon dropped out of the sky one afternoon. His wing feathers showed that they had been clipped, and it seemed obvious that he had been held a prisoner. But two years' detention was not enough to weaken his attachment to his legitimate home.

But not every pigeon is a paragon of intelligence and loyalty. "You can breed other domestic animals to a standard," said Mr. Ross; "but with homing pigeons there is an unseen quality, and you cannot always be sure of results. Some outlaws are hatched every year, and some numbskulls, and as we discover these below-par birds we weed them out. If we find that one of our pigeons is stopping off at some other loft, we are through with him. We want only loyal couriers that we can count on for one hundred per cent service. A great many strays, from other lofts, drop in at Fort Monmouth. I give each of them two chances to go home. If he comes back after the second chance, we get rid of him. To allow him to stay would weaken our own stock.

"We are developing a distinctive American type of pigeon, which is smaller of body than the European homers and has a smoother head, which offers less wind resistance. We are specializing, too, on birds of solid color, as being less visible. These results are being obtained through selective breeding, followed by the elimination of youngsters that do not show the desirable qualities."

WHEN I asked Mr. Ross to name the most remarkable pigeon he has ever known, he answered, "Arthur."

"What! The old fellow that kept running back to Philadelphia?"

"Yes, Arthur is the smartest, the finest, the most dependable pigeon that I've ever come in contact with. Many a time I have been asked to put a price on him, but I always answer, 'No money could buy him.' He may not be worth a dollar to-day—for he is fourteen years old, and I never knew a pigeon to live beyond nineteen years—but to me he is priceless. He is the most affectionate, as he is the most intelligent, individual among the six hundred here. I can talk to him, and feel sure that he understands.

"In his prime, Arthur won many races, and his children and his grandchildren have won races for me. He weighs around eighteen ounces, and I've known him to come in from a long-distance race utterly exhausted, weighing scarcely twelve ounces, worn down to skin and bone. I have had faster birds, but they were not so reliable; I couldn't count on them to the last breath. It was said of Man of War that he was such a fine race horse because he gave all he had. The same is true of Arthur.

"Arthur always gave all he had. A man is lucky if he gets one such pigeon in a lifetime. I'll feel proud if we can produce one more Arthur for the army out of the six thousand pigeons we have."

YOU MIGHT think a "weather man" has a dull job. Far from it. His fingers are literally in every pie. Open-air events, weddings, funerals, christenings, surgical operations, business, great construction jobs are guided by his forecasts. Next month you'll read a brisk interview by Courtney Ryley Cooper with Patrick O'Connor, who has dispensed weather in the vicinity of Kansas City, Missouri, for more than thirty-five years. O'Connor explains in this article just what unforeseen disturbances may upset his calculations and bring forth vials of wrath on his unoffending head.

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Quality

is acknowledged the world over

Over the worst roads of Africa and Asia—over the boulevards of Paris and London—through the torrid heat of Sahara and the long, bitter winters of Norway—your Mobiloil has proved itself first in quality.

Travelers returning from any part of the world bring back the same story—the familiar red Gargoyle sign everywhere, symbol of quality and correct lubrication.

If you ask "what oil?" from the driver of the car that takes you hurtling over the 750 miles of barren mountain and desert road from Beirut to Bagdad he will tell you—Mobiloil.

If you ask "what oil?" in the Citröen cars that first crossed the Sahara desert you will hear—Mobiloil.

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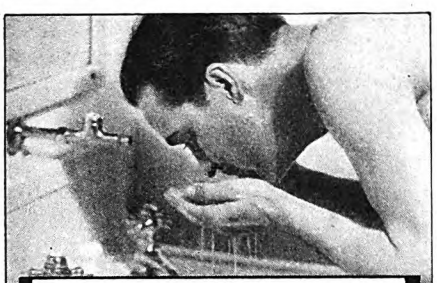
"Good-bye" now --- to

Half-Clean Faces

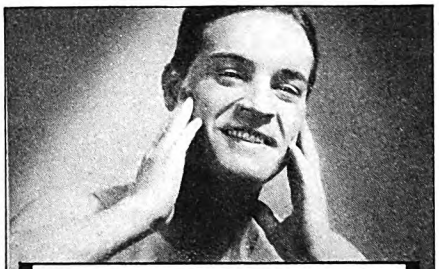
There's pore-dirt deep in EVERY face — but watch this pink cream roll it free!

Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets—no one escapes!

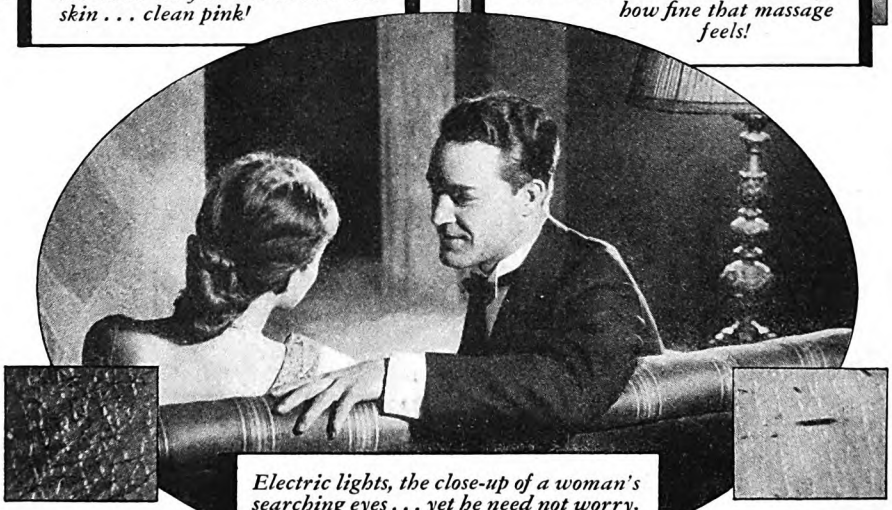
Even indoors, as you can see in a ray of sunlight, this rain of dust goes on. It falls onto your face. Works into the pores. Gets jammed down deep UNDER the skin.



Washing can't budge pore-dirt. But scoop a little Pompeian Massage Cream from the jar. Notice the color as you rub it into the skin . . . clean pink!



A two-minute massage. Out rolls the dried cream, gray with pore-dirt that hid in your face! Boy, how fine that massage feels!



Photograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Electric lights, the close-up of a woman's searching eyes . . . yet he need not worry. You step out tonight with a face really CLEAN! Pompeian is 60 cents at any drug counter—but you're welcome to test it FREE! Send the coupon now!

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Note dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt it has rolled free.

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In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Frame-Up

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Nothing in particular. Just thought you'd like to know."

"Why?"

"Because I sort of aim to do a little business with you. I've got something to sell."

"I'm not in the market for anything. There's the door."

Jim turned and surveyed the mute panels. "Well, dog-gone if it ain't. Now, who'd have thought—"

"Use it!"

Jim rose ponderously. "A'right, Mr. Ackerman. Guess I can take a hint as well as anybody. I'm terrible subtle." He waved a limp and languid paw. "See you in the penitentiary."

The figure behind the desk grew rigid. His voice came in a harsh croak. "Wait!" He licked at his dry lips. "What's that you said?"

"That I'd see you at the penitentiary. You see, I'm a sort of detective, Mr. Ackerman, and I figured you'd be going up for a stretch just about the same time as my friend Harry Whalen. So it'd be only nice for me to stop at your cell and say hello."

"Sit down!" Quincy Ackerman's eyes were flaming with fear. "You said you had something to sell me—"

"But you ain't interested. And you kind of looked at me as though you weren't partial to fat men. So I guess—"

"What is it?"

"Oh, well." Hanvey reached into the pocket of his coat and produced a letter. "Just a piece of paper, Mr. Ackerman. Figured you sort of might be a collector of such interesting documents. The price of it is two thousand dollars. Cash."

The other had himself under better control. "Why should I pay two thousand dollars for that letter, Mr. Hanvey?"

"Gosh! I don't know. It ain't even a new letter, and the stamp on it ain't worth a durn. Been canceled and everything. But Harry Whalen said you was a sentimental guy and maybe you'd like to have it as a souvenir. He says you wrote it to him a long time ago, sort of thanking him for a favor he done you—something like taking all the blame for a little deal you and him was mixed up in. Some promotion proposition. Harry sort of had the idea that if you didn't want to buy it, the district attorney might be willing."

ACKERMAN extended a trembling hand. "Let me see it."

"Oh! sure—you can see it. But you can't hold it. Not that I don't trust you . . . but I got to be careful." Hanvey opened the letter and held it out to the other's gaze. "Pretty little letter, ain't it? If I was a rich man, I reckon I'd pay two thousand dollars for it and call it a bargain."

The thin man was trembling. "Whalen swore to me he destroyed that letter."

"Did he now? Who ever would have thought Harry could make such a mistake? And, besides, wouldn't he have been silly to tear up the only hold he had over you? Of course you're a gentleman, Mr. Ackerman; but suppose you hadn't

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A Letter from Miss Neva Lamb of Pocatello, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

When I was a little girl, there were a lot of us children learning to care for our own teeth. We argued and joked over choking on tooth-powders, and eating tooth-paste. When Mother learned about Pebeco Tooth Paste, she bought that kind for us all to use. It did not taste like candy, or gum, but we liked the wholesome, salty taste.

Ever since then, for twenty years, I have used Pebeco. I like it because it cleans thoroughly, and leaves a fresh, cool taste; and because it keeps my mouth and gums healthy.

I am twenty-six years old. I have good, sound, white teeth, that are much admired. Last July, I went to a dentist and had my teeth examined and cleaned by a dentist for the first time in my life. My teeth had no cavities—are 100% sound.

(Signed) NEVA LAMB

You smile with gay assurance

Mouth sweet and healthy .. teeth everyone admires

HOW DELIGHTFUL to know that your teeth are white and healthy, your breath sweet.

The special salt in Pebeco gives you that joyous assurance. For it summons the mouth fluids. They bathe the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. Food acids which cause decay and bad breath are briskly neutralized.

A famous physician found that the chief cause of tooth trouble was a slowing up of these useful mouth fluids. He developed Pebeco's formula to keep them active.

The good-morning feeling Pebeco gives your mouth starts the day gayly and lasts for hours. The bedtime brushing protects your teeth for the night.

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Keeps the mouth YOUNG··

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City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JUNE, 1929)

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...and all they did was

Mail this Coupon!

This frankly written advertisement tells how thousands found a new quick way to shave, with remarkable results

THE men pictured above could tell you a lot about shaving. They are men just like yourself . . . with stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

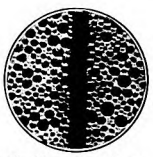
Ask any one of them about razor-pull or face-smart and he would tell you honestly that he doesn't dread it now.

They've simply discovered a new, quick way to shave . . . found a lather that gets whiskers off without drag or scrape.

It's a totally different principle of beard-softening. Small bubbles... that's the theory of it.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. See it in your mirror. Feel it in the velvet smoothness of your skin.

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, floats it quickly away.

2. The billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

Test it . . . compare it. We'll cheerfully abide by your decision.

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES..FREE..If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits..we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon

FREE OFFER, MEN!
Colgate & Co., Dept. 501F, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."
Name _____
Address _____

been. For all Harry knew—if he destroyed the letter—you might some day try to frame him into the pen, and that would be terrible. Not that such an idea would ever occur to a fine gent like you; but Harry had to be mighty careful."

Ackerman reseated himself at his desk. "Two thousand?"

"Cash."

The man wrote a check, summoned his secretary and dispatched her to the bank for the money. Then he stood near the window, regarding Hanvey through half-closed eyes. The man was impossible: a caricature; yet he gave Quincy Ackerman a very uncomfortable feeling. Instinctively, Ackerman knew that Hanvey spoke the truth—he was getting out very cheaply. And he had been an idiot to believe that Whalen destroyed that letter.

The money was received and paid over to Hanvey. The huge detective extended the letter to Ackerman.

"Suppose you burn it," he suggested. "We'll both be happier knowing it is destroyed."

Ackerman made a thorough job of it. He heaved a sigh of relief as Hanvey departed. He knew now that he had been skating upon very thin ice.

MONDAY morning at precisely nine o'clock Harry Whalen entered the First National Bank. On the curb outside Jim Hanvey was standing. Through the glass doors he could see Whalen, but not hear him.

Whalen was very much the business man. He approached the "Notes and Discounts" window and nodded to the clerk on duty.

"I have a two-thousand-dollar note coming due to-morrow," he said. "I'd like to take it up."

The note—endorsed by Quincy Ackerman—was produced. Whalen paid the two thousand dollars and accepted the note in exchange. Then he joined Hanvey outside and exhibited the slip of paper.

"And now," suggested Hanvey, "suppose you tear that into little tiny scraps."

Whalen ripped the thing across and then across again. Eventually, he held in his hand a hundred bits of paper. He walked down the street with Hanvey, dropping them one by one.

"And that," declared the fat detective, "is that. Our gentle friend, Ackerman, couldn't prove anything now in a million years, Harry. The note is completely and absolutely gone, and you are in the clear."

"And I have you to thank," said Whalen hoarsely. "Believe me, Jim, the wife and I ain't going to forget this in a hurry."

"Aw, dry up! Besides, this whole thing ain't finished yet. Remember that you're an honest man—and you've got a little business to attend to later this morning. Let's drop into this telephone booth a minute."

Hanvey produced a nickel and called a number. The harsh voice of Mike Lannigan answered.

"Mike? This is your old buddy, Hanvey."

"Well?"

"Sure. I'm fine."

"What do you want?"

"Heard from Quincy Ackerman this morning?"

"Say, listen here, Hanvey. What have you—"

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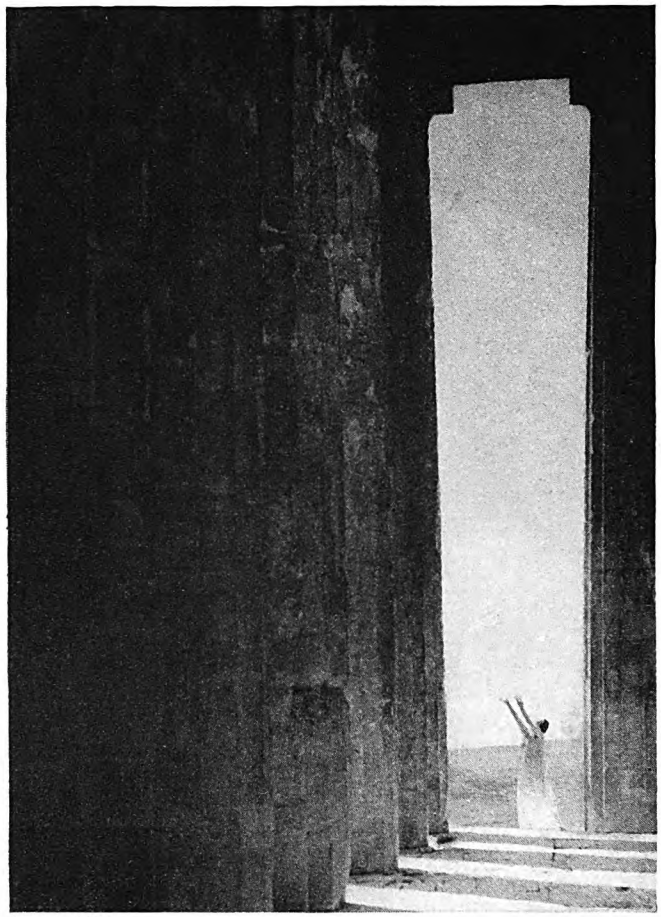
Doctor Sun

THE world's greatest physician is located more than 92,000,000 miles away. He is Dr. Sun. And the one great medicine that he sends is sunlight. On bright, sunny days his free dispensary is open to everybody, everywhere. But in northern latitudes, his treatments—generous applications of ultra-violet rays—are most successful during the summer months.



EDWARD J. STEICHEN

Sunlight is the finest tonic and health-builder in the world. It works its cures, mysteriously, through the skin. In sunshine there is a wonderful healing power—the ultra-violet rays. These rays are most effective from April to November and are particularly strong from June to the end of September.

Ultra-violet rays do not penetrate ordinary window glass, or clothing except the very lightest in color and weight. Nor do they penetrate, to any great extent, smoky and dust-laden atmosphere. For those who can put on bathing suits and enjoy the sunshine at a beach on ocean, lake, or river, the problem of getting sufficient ultra-violet radiation is solved. But others, too, may receive the benefits of the sun's rays by using ingenuity. At some time during the day the sunshine usually pours into some room in the home where one may lie without clothing in its unobstructed light. A canvas tent without a top, in the yard or on the roof or open porch, will serve.

Sun baths, taken regularly, increase the red corpuscles of the blood in great numbers. The supply of calcium, iron and phosphorus in the blood is augmented. Many physical disturbances partially due to sunlight starvation—notably rickets and anemia—can be relieved by daily sun baths. Certain skin diseases can be healed more rapidly when treated by the sun's rays. Sun baths are a valuable tonic for the organs of the body. The ultra-violet rays kill bacteria and germs.

Dr. Sun's best office hours are in the early morning and late afternoon. At mid-day his treatment is more likely to scorch than to heal. Even at the best hours, over-exposure does more harm than good. It is a mistake to try to get tanned too rapidly. Excessive exposure, especially on parts of the body not accustomed to direct rays of the sun, may cause not only painful burns but also serious skin trouble. Exposure should be gradually increased from day to day. So essential is sunlight to the body that science sought and has found a way to manufacture ultra-violet rays that may be used helpfully in the winter and on days at other times of the year when the sun's rays are weak. But great care should be exercised. Artificial sunlight treatments may be extremely harmful if given by anyone not familiar with their power.

In praising the value of natural sunlight, one eminent physician says, "When we have added together all the healing virtues of the Finsen light and Radium and the Roentgen Rays, and all the uses of heat rays and electrical waves in the care of atrophied or unused muscles—when every particular form of radiation has been tried and exploited to the uttermost—the value of natural sunlight upon us, whether as therapeutic in certain forms of disease, or as hygienic and prophylactic, outweighs all these other things as the Atlantic outweighs the contents of the Olympic swimming pool."

Plan, definitely, to store up health. Get your share of the ultra-violet rays in summer, while they are at their best. A booklet, "Sunlight, the Health-Giver," tells of many benefits to be derived from the sun's rays. It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York City. Send for it.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

© 1928 M. L. I. CO.

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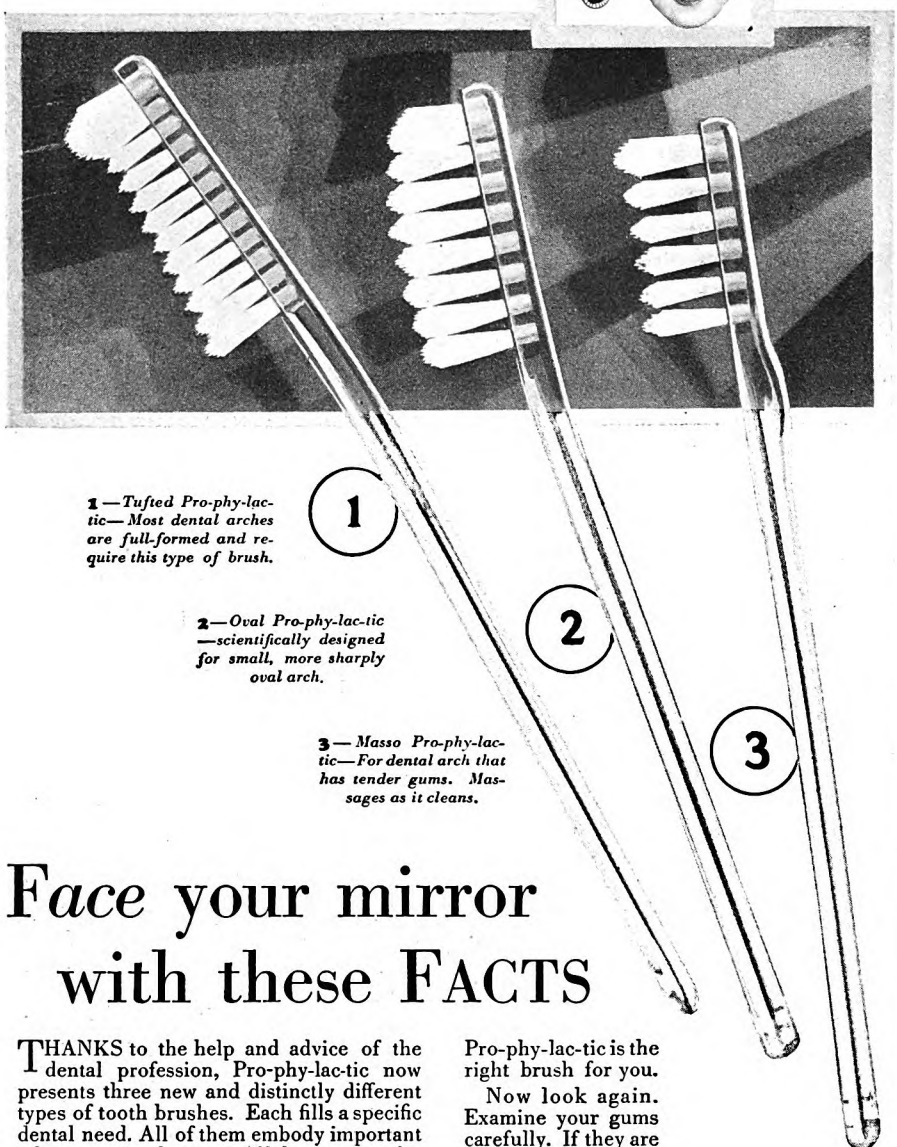
REVEALED . . . BY YOUR MIRROR

Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ. Each requires a different type of tooth brush to win gloriously white teeth, coral-firm gums. Read below how easy it is to let your mirror tell your type, to know exactly what kind of brush is best for you to use.



1—Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.

2—Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval arch.

3—Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—For dental arch that has tender gums. Massages as it cleans.

Face your mirror with these FACTS

THANKS to the help and advice of the dental profession, Pro-phy-lac-tic now presents three new and distinctly different types of tooth brushes. Each fills a specific dental need. All of them embody important advances in design. All have won the hearty approval of leaders in the movement for greater care of teeth and gums.

Your mirror helps you choose

To choose the right brush for yourself, simply spend ten seconds with your mirror. Decide what type of dental arch (teeth and gums) you have. Then choose and use the Pro-phy-lac-tic that is scientifically designed to bring your type the good health that is rightfully yours.

It's easy. If your mirror shows a dental arch of normal size as shown by a full-formed face and mouth—the brush for you is the new Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

But if your mirror reveals a small, sharply oval facial contour, your dental arch, too, is small, more oval in shape. Then the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic is the right brush for you.

Now look again. Examine your gums carefully. If they are pale and lifeless looking — you need the new Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages as it cleans. It suits both large or small dental arches that require special care.

In a few weeks—the difference

Use your new Pro-phy-lac-tic for a few weeks. Then look into your mirror again... if you want to see how much the right brush can do to give you whiter, sounder teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

All Pro-phy-lac-tics are alike in their uniformly high quality. All have specially selected bristles, transparent handles in new beautiful colors, and are packed in individual sanitary containers.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

"I'll be at Ackerman's office at ten o'clock. This deal ain't entirely closed up yet, Mike. Suppose you be there. It most likely is going to be an interesting session."

He was grinning when he rejoined Harry Whalen. "Just invited Mike Lannigan to join us at Ackerman's. Thought it might be fun to see those two suffering together."

"Yeh!" chuckled Whalen. "It might."

WHEN they reached Ackerman's office, Mike Lannigan was already there, his broad figure silhouetted against the window frame. He stared venomously toward the visitors.

"Well, Hanvey," he rasped, "I guess you think you're awful smart."

"Gosh, no, Mike. I'm dumb—an' lucky."

"Hmph! What did you want me here for?"

"To prove something."

"What?"

"Ain't I been telling you all along that Harry, here, is an honest man? Ain't I?"

"What about it?"

"Show 'em, Harry."

Whalen moved around the desk and borrowed Quincy Ackerman's pen. That gentleman watched his visitor with distaste not untinctured by curiosity.

Harry Whalen proceeded in a very businesslike manner. He produced a blank note from an inner pocket and wrote rapidly. Then he extended the slip of paper to Ackerman.

"I'm much obliged for the loan, Ackerman," he started; but the tall man cut him short:

"I didn't make a loan."

"Oh! yes, indeed you did. And that is my note for the two thousand dollars cash you gave Hanvey for me, with interest at eight per cent. It comes due in six months—and I'll be well able to take it up by that time."

Ackerman turned growlingly to Hanvey.

"What's all this tomfoolery? You know perfectly well I *gave* you that two thousand dollars."

"He didn't ask for a gift, Mr. Ackerman. All he wanted in the first place was a loan. You see, when you endorsed his note originally, you promised to renew if it became necessary. And since you were planning a few funny tricks—by advice of my detective friend here—Harry thought he'd work things this way."

Ackerman tossed the note aside. "Let's not mince words, Hanvey. I *bought* that Whalen letter for two thousand dollars. It was worth it."

"Sure, Ackerman. It certainly would have been."

Quincy Ackerman's beady eyes flashed to the fat, good-natured face of the detective.

"What do you mean—'Would have been'?"

"Oh! nothing much. But just between us friends, Mr. Ackerman, I'll explain that I advised Harry to fight fire with fire. He used to be uncommon good with other folks' handwriting—"

"You mean—?" gasped Quincy Ackerman.

"Sure," grinned Jim Hanvey. "The original letter you wrote Harry was destroyed years ago. The one you bought was a first-class forgery!"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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Her Pretty Teeth

a social asset

Read how Miss Marjorie Sidney has kept her teeth sound and lovely for 14 years with the daily use of this one cleansing cream

NO wonder men pay tribute to a smile like this. Brilliant . . . flashing . . . glorified by lovely teeth since childhood days.

For 14 years Miss Marjorie Sidney has used but one dental cream . . . and today her teeth are more beautiful than ever.

Miss Sidney when she started using Colgate's

They flash a clear message to you and every one else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

She gives much of the credit to Colgate's. "A daily cleansing with this famous dental cream . . . and a trip to the dentist every six months" —that's her secret.

Not an unusual record

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us, sincere, unsolicited reports, because they are proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years.

Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Made specifically to clean teeth

You see, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream stands apart from most dentifrices. It is expressly and scientifically made to get teeth clean.

With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the main thing.

Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will clean your teeth more thoroughly. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have teeth that are exceptionally fine, sound and healthy.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can properly do.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201 F, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

Just jot your name and address on the coupon, tear out and mail today. We will gladly mail you a trial tube of Colgate's to test in your own home.

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Your shave is only as good as your lather

Not every lather will soften hair. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether your face will emerge smooth, fresh, soft and fit.

When you shave with Mennen Shaving Cream the advantage is all in your favor for a swift, sweet shave. In Mennen and Mennen only do you get the benefit of *dermutation. Dermutation* isn't an accident. *Dermutation* is a process in Mennen lather—and put in there for a purpose. For unless your beard is properly softened, the razor is bound to run into trouble. Every hair in your beard offers a tiny obstacle to the razor—a tough, horny little shaft that must be thoroughly softened if the razor is to cut it easily and properly. Even the keenest blade will falter against a beard only half-softened. It either hurdles over the hairs, or else cuts only part-way through, tugging and yanking painfully at the hair roots instead of cutting square and close at the skin surface.

That is where Mennen *dermutation* gets in its work — the most important part of any shave! Water instantly releases into activity this special action in Mennen. *Dermutation* completely softens the beard without finger rubbing. It levels the tiny skin peaks around every hair, smoothing the skin so that the razor glides cleanly and evenly without nicking or scraping these minute mounds. No more rawness. No tight, hot, drawn feeling or smarting. No caustic to burn, either. A swift, sweet shave, with five soothing emollients in the heavy, luxuriant Mennen lather that leave the face fresh, soft and clean for hours to come. And equally good in any water—hot or cold, hard or soft!

You, too, will appreciate Mennen Talcum for Men

More and more men are using a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men on the shaved face. It is neutral tinted, does not show, tones down face shine—feels good to the face and protects it, too. Also made in stick form. The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey, and Toronto, Ontario.

NOW made two ways
Mentholized* and *Regular

For those who like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather; for those who like its reviving freshness, we now have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream *mentholized* as well as regular. Thus you may enjoy this special cooling feature in Mennen, the only shaving cream that softens your beard by the *dermutation* process. To get Mennen *mentholized*, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. No wonder the hard-to-shave and the comfort-lovers use Mennen.

"Doc" Kinkade—the Man Who Put Us Across

(*Continued from page 23*)

go back to college, and I took a course in practical engineering in Rutgers College."

Kinkade's first job was with the Crane Motor Car Company of Bayonne, New Jersey. This was in September, 1909, when he was sixteen years old.

A little later the Crane Motor Car Company consolidated with the Simplex Automobile Company, at New Brunswick, New Jersey. At the outbreak of the World War in 1914, this company received a contract from the French Government for Hispaño-Suiza aviation engines.

"This started the company, and with it my own activity, in aviation motors," said Kinkade.

It all sounded so simple, as if the untrained boy just naturally drifted into a kind of work that required utmost precision and great mechanical experience, that I was curious about what went on with him between 1909 and 1914.

"Simple enough. I began by sweeping the floor. After a while, I put away the broom for cleaning that required machinery—such as cranes which hoisted metal scraps after hours. I went through the machine shop slowly, having a job at a lathe for a few months, then at a drill, and again at a scraper or milling machine, and so on. In about three years I learned pretty much how to run every manufacturing machine in the place.

"I was promoted to inspector, and got along well enough finally to be made chief inspector. From this job I graduated into field service engineer, which took me outside the factory for work on our finished product. This was my first taste of the true excitement of mechanical production."

THE job in aviation motors for the French Government left its mark on the company. During the war, when the American Government got into the business of turning out aircraft, Kinkade's company changed its name to the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. Just after the war it was reorganized into the Wright Aëronautical Corporation, now famous for its "Whirlwind" motors.

"During all these years," said Kinkade, "I never left the firm. In the war my time was spent giving instruction in the care and operation of the Hisso motors to army and navy officers. Also, I assisted in the experimental aircraft works at the various fields where I was stationed."

Putting it another way, Kinkade literally lived with airplane motors and their mechanical appurtenances, day in and day out, for seventeen years. No wonder he learned some of the idiosyncrasies of the gas engine.

Of course, as soon as Kinkade's unique ability to put an engine in shape for a hard test was realized, his services were in great demand.

Probably the first big responsibility he

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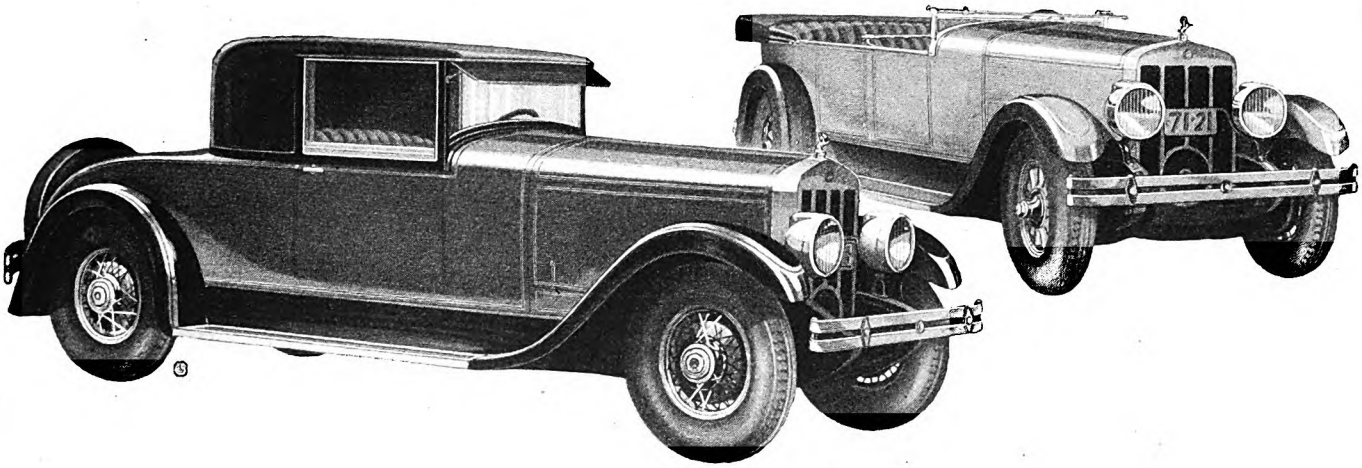


Both the Motor World and Aviation have followed Franklin's pioneering

TWENTY-SIX years ago—courageously and independently—Franklin pioneered air-cooling—the most efficient and dependable cooling principle for automobile engines . . . Today, modern Aviation has virtually standardized on air-cooled motors for long, hazardous flights—for sustained high speed, regardless of altitude or weather conditions.

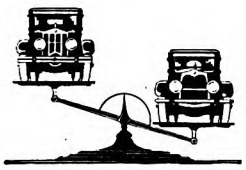
Such an endorsement of a Franklin engineering principle is by no means unusual. With equal vision, Franklin pioneered the first four-cylinder motor, the first six-cylinder motor, the first valve-in-head cylinder, the first sedan body. Franklin introduced the high hood, narrow radiator shell, panelled grille and modified cubistic body lines—now apparent in fully half of the smartest new cars.

The introduction of the Airman Series gave the motor world a new standard of speed—higher average speed throughout a day's run—and a new standard of riding comfort—the Airman has been widely acclaimed "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built."

And now Franklin offers the first *light-weight,* 7-passenger models—ideal family cars; spacious without being bulky; handled and controlled with runabout ease.

You will want to acquaint yourself with the automobile's nearest approach to flying. Just telephone the Franklin representative and an Airman will be placed at your disposal . . . Term payments are offered.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE



The Franklin Sedan weighs 10% to 20% less than other sedans of equal size—10% to 20% less weight to handle—to move about—to use up gasoline and tires.

Airman Series FRANKLIN

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Readin' ~ 'Ritin' ~ 'Rithmetic

THEN WHAT?

THERE they are, Dad, laboring with puckered brows over old, old problems in the Three R's—cudgeling little brains over the same puzzling little problems that *you* wrestled with not so many years ago. But, there's another problem, Dad, that should be puckering *your* brow now. It's the problem of carrying them *beyond* the Three R's — of giving them the advanced knowledge which college alone will supply.

A very unusual and instructive book, "Seven Keys to Contentment", makes it extremely easy to determine just what your insurance needs are, not only for educational, but for *all* purposes . . . Just send for your free copy today.

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

© P.M.L.I. Co., 1928

carried along these lines was his work in connection with the early Pulitzer races. There, for the first time, he carried heavily that rather gruesome burden which is his alone: to adjust a plane's engine, knowing that the slightest mistake on his part, a hair's breadth out of line in valve or bearing, is likely to be the direct cause of the pilot's death.

"And if you knew what good fellows these kids are, and how fond I get of them," he said to me, "you'd understand how I suffer at such times. I suppose it's a good deal like a surgeon operating on his own child."

The Wright Company assigned him to the 1919 Pulitzer race which was held in New York. This contest was primarily for speed. The idea was to build the smallest plane that would stay up, cram her full of engine power, and then open her full up. If she hung together and the motor kept going she usually broke a record. Colonel Hartney's plane, which Kinkade put into shape, exceeded the world's speed figure and came out without accident.

Two years later Kinkade took care of Lieutenant "Red" Macready's entry in the Omaha Pulitzer race. This time his entry came in second place, breaking a record, but not quite able to equal the high figure set by another engine. But the important thing to humanity and to aviation was that Macready is still flying, making valuable investigations of the upper air.

In the thrilling Detroit races of 1922 Kinkade nursed the Hisso motors in three Verville Sperry racers. Every one of the three finished.

Kinkade said, smiling, "*So far I have never worked on a plane for a race in which it did not finish.*"

No wonder he is popular with the pilots who risk their lives in the interest of aviation.

IN 1926 began Kinkade's connection with the remarkable series of air expeditions of the past few years. On April 12th he joined me on the "Chantier," bound for Spitzbergen, where we were to make our attempt to fly across the North Pole.

I had not known Kinkade very well up to this time. Of course I was familiar with his reputation for being one of the best engine men we had in America. But I had never been real shipmates with him before. I confess I was in some doubt as to how he would turn out. So many men with reputations are just temperamental enough to spoil them for the confinement and hardship entailed in an expedition far from the environment in which they are accustomed to work.

A few mornings after we left New York I met Kinkade on deck. He had not said much about my engines.

"Think things are going to be all right?" I asked him.

He looked squarely into my eyes, as if wondering what I was driving at.

"How do you mean?" he said quietly.

"The engines. Are they going to work?"

What I wanted, of course, was for him to talk a little bit about them.

He smiled. "I think so," was all he said.

But the way he said it compared

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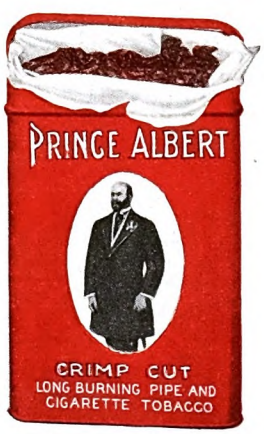
"All the day through"

YOU'LL always find P.A. and me together, following the sun around. But we differ from the fellow in the song. We're *never* blue! No, *Sir!* P.A. and I joined hands when linen dusters were standard equipment for the Sunday drive. I'm still broadcasting my prescription for pipe-joy.

I like to lift the hatch on a tidy red tin and treat my detector to that Prince Albert aroma. Then I light up. . . . Cool as the click of a taxi-meter. Sweet as the words: "This ride's on *me*." Mild and long-burning, with a rich, full-bodied flavor that's just great!

From the first pull after the bacon-and-coffee till the house-slipper kick-off at the end of the day, P.A. hands me plenty of silver-lined smoke-clouds. No matter what your present program, pour some of the National Joy Smoke into your pipe. Then you'll know I'm not just talking words.



This tin contains TWO full ounces of jimmy-pipe joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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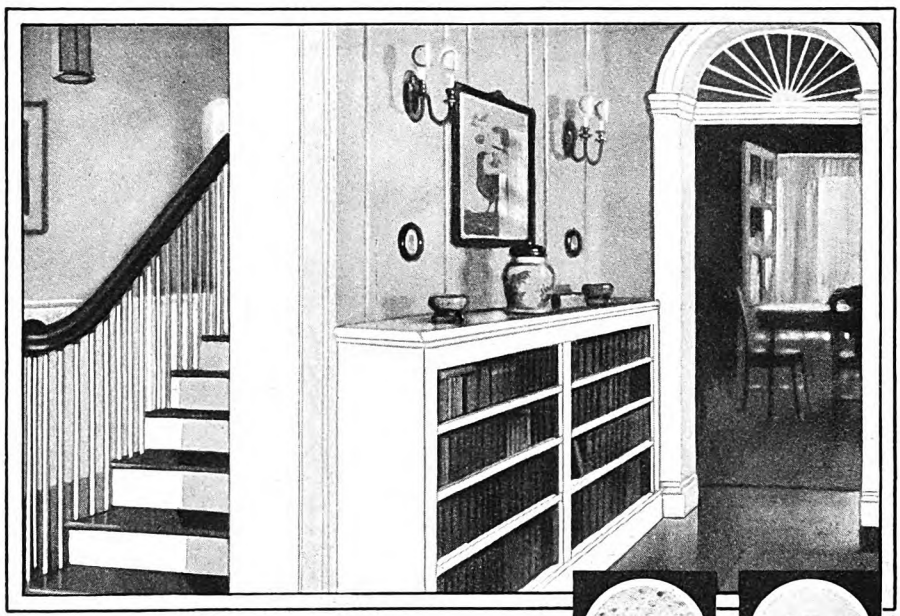

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint — Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

Beauty

UNMARRED BY DIRT!

for dirt can't embed itself in this paint enamel

MOTOR TRAFFIC — oil furnaces — trains — factories — all broadcasting clouds of fine, sticky dust that filters indoors everywhere. You can't escape it!

But you can prevent it from permanently soiling your walls and woodwork.

No matter how much dirt settles on a surface painted with Barreled Sunlight, the clean beauty of this paint enamel can be quickly restored. Washable as tile—because it's so satin-smooth dirt can't hold on!

A richly handsome enamel finish with a "depth" peculiar to itself. Easy to apply. Remarkably opaque. *Guaranteed to remain white longest.*

Barreled Sunlight is easy to tint with oil colors—to match any scheme of interior decoration. Quantities of 5 gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes. All sized cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon.

For fine exterior painting, ask your dealer about the new Outside Barreled Sunlight—fully equal to its famous companion product in whiteness, "hiding power," and smooth beauty.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7000 dealers.

Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors for tinting small quantities of Barreled Sunlight.

Barreled Sunlight
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in:
(Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants.
(If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c)
Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight ☐

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

favorably with the calm assurance of a lion tamer on being questioned about the performance of the wild animals under his control. I can imagine the tamer, a quiet, grim, powerful man, speaking just the way Kinkade spoke, meaning, "*They know they'd better work when I'm around!*"

The story of our take-off in Spitzbergen is an old one now. We were forced to carry our plane ashore on a raft. Drifting snow and low temperatures made assembly on the vast snow slope inshore painfully difficult and slow. As the midnight sun was already up, we had daylight for twenty-four hours. This gave us no excuse for taking any rest.

Kinkade did not get orders from me when we arrived at that frontier post of the frozen north. When we dropped anchor in the icy bay, he hiked himself into the hold where our engines were stowed. From that moment, until we hopped off for the Pole, twelve days later, I do not think he left the vicinity of those engines any more than was absolutely necessary. Every one of the thousands of engine parts, every drop of the fuel, every oozing globule of the lubricating oil passed through his hands and Bennett's. It looked as if nothing in the world pleased him better than to have on his broad shoulders every iota of the responsibility for our getting to the Pole and back alive.

On May 9th, 1925, at 9:02 A. M., we circled over the North Pole. One of my regrets was that Kinkade was not there to hear the music of the motors.

HE OPENED his wonderful 1927 season with the most startling engine performances on record. He prepared the engine used by Chamberlin and Acosta in their Bellanca plane, which they flew for 50 hours and 14 minutes over Long Island, breaking the world's figure for endurance.

To the pilot, this is one of Kinkade's greatest achievements. It is no longer difficult to guide a plane. Designers and builders know pretty definitely what stresses wings must stand, and how to meet them. Fire and fog, wind, and heat or cold, are factors of relatively secondary importance in flying safety.

Far and away, the most important item, indeed the basically vital item in safe flying, is the engine. *So long as the engine runs the plane is safe*, has become an axiom of aëronautics.

When, by his care of their engine, Kinkade made it possible for Acosta and Chamberlin to stay in the air longer than any other flyers up to that time had ever done, he contributed enormously to flying safety. The courageous pilots, the ingenious designers of plane and engine—Bellanca and Charles L. Lawrance deserve their share of praise for the accomplishment: we must not forget them. But it was Doc Kinkade who did those indefinable, delicate, and *vital* things to the plane's heart, its engine, when he attended to final inspection and adjustment.

The next step in his 1927 campaign was care of my three Whirlwind motors in the plane "America" which Mr. Wanamaker had built for my flight across the Atlantic Ocean. At short notice, and with only routine preparation, Kinkade saw that these motors were installed and made ready for flight during the last week in

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Cleaning *that tires you not at all...*

POSITIVE AGITATION

ARE you one of the many women who never dare accept an invitation for the afternoon of cleaning day—whose strength is just enough for cleaning tasks—and no more?

The difficulty is not with you. Lighten your cleaning and you will find yourself with zest enough for outings *every* cleaning day.

The Hoover will give you this effortless cleaning. It removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner. That means faster cleaning, easier cleaning, more thorough cleaning.

The Hoover is able to give you this faster, easier, deeper cleaning because of "Positive Agitation," a cleaning principle exclusive with products of The Hoover Company.

"Positive Agitation" vibrates all the deep-buried, destructive grit to the surface. With this unmatchable deep-beating are combined sweeping and suction, giving The Hoover an efficiency that begins where the ordinary vacuum cleaner leaves off. "Positive Agitation," too, restores the original beauty to rugs, by its lifting of the nap and brightening of the colors.

The ability of The Hoover to remove more *dirt per minute* has been shown by repeated tests made under actual home conditions. We shall be glad to prove it to you on your own rugs. Because of the Hoover's outstanding superiority, you should be sure to see this test, before purchasing *any* cleaner. Telephone your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. New . . . motor-driven floor polishing attachment, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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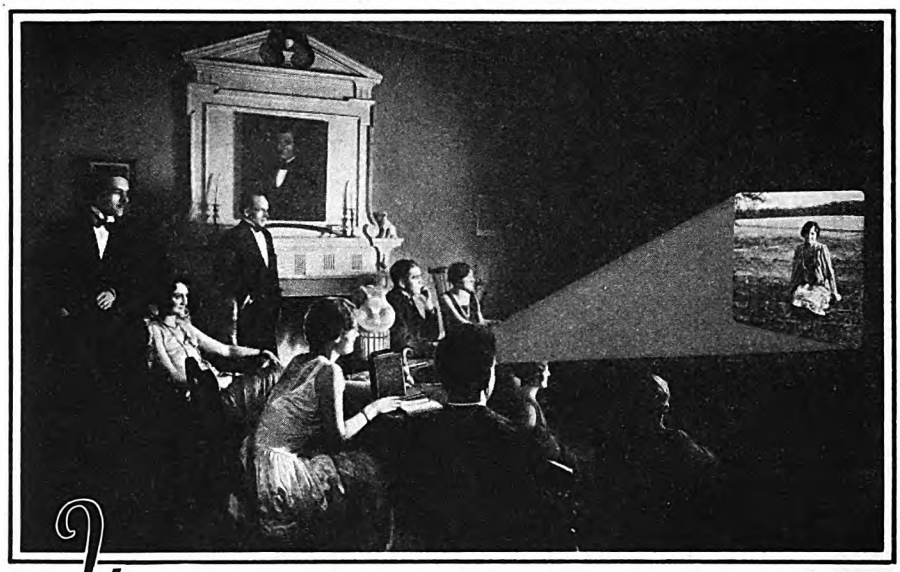


Your own pictures-on your own screen-at trifling expense

NOT movies, but an unlimited volume of inexpensive, entertaining pictures for home projection are yours with the Ansco Memo Camera.

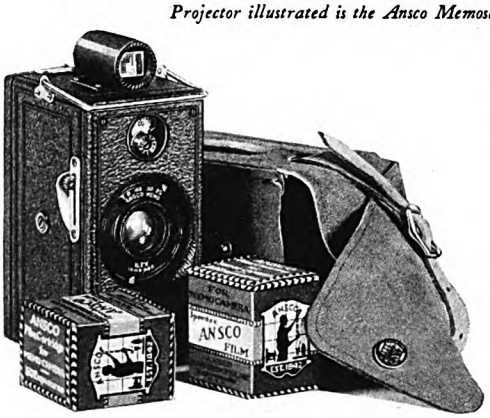
This smart, modern camera and any still-film projector enable you to reproduce on the screen anything and everything you can photograph.

Family, friends, or business associates can enjoy that trip, share that vacation. You can have liberal photographic records of everything, and at insignificant cost.

Memo Camera pictures are ideal for notebook or enlargement. You can make 50 exposures on one 50c film. Prints cost about 1c, positives (for projection) 2c per picture.

Probably just the kind of picture-taking convenience you've been wanting, without knowing where to look. Learn more about the Memo—at your dealer's, or write for free 48-page book.

Projector illustrated is the Ansco Memoscope. Price, with case, $19.50



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CAMERA
$20 *Including carrying case*
Advanced Models, $25 to $40
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Ansco Speedex, the original roll film, is now guaranteed—guaranteed to give you pictures that satisfy, or a new film free.

No stronger assurance of quality, no stronger assurance of results, was ever placed behind a film. You will find the Guarantee Bond wrapped with every roll.

AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ANSCO SPEEDEX
The guaranteed film

April. We should have easily got up then and made our crossing, except for an unfortunate accident: The plane proved to be nose-heavy on her trial flight. While piloted by Mr. Fokker, her builder, she nosed over on landing and smashed her cockpit.

This put a nice little problem in mechanics up to Kinkade. It was his job to decide whether the engines were badly enough damaged by the crash to necessitate installing new engines. He was the one who had to be a party not only to our getting safely across the ocean but to our being delayed by additional work on the plane.

We were delayed. The engines had to be dismounted while the nose of the plane was being rebuilt. But Doc was not allowed to rest. Two other planes were grooming for the transatlantic flight—that of Chamberlin and that of Lindbergh.

SO KINKADE was rushed to Curtiss Field, where he worked feverishly to get the other two entries into shape. Meanwhile, the public became more and more intensely interested in who should be the first man to fly to Paris. The largest factor in the competition, if such there was, surely was the engine factor. And all three planes had Whirlwind engines, pet of the man I am talking about, and each Whirlwind depended on Doc Kinkade to put it into shape for a long flight.

Doc asked me to modify that particular statement. "Give the other boys the credit due them," he said. "I wasn't the only one that had anything to do with Lindbergh's plane. There were also Edward Mulling and Kenneth Boedecker."

It is characteristic of the man that he tries to slip out of the picture as much as possible. Nothing makes him more miserable than to get praise that should be shared with others.

Nevertheless, I want to go on record that one of the great factors in the success of the transatlantic flights last summer was a combination of Doc Kinkade and the Whirlwind engine.

That's why I deem it so unfair not to give the highest sort of praise and regard to this man.

But Doc's job wasn't over when we had all hopped for the other side. As usual, Doc rushed home, grabbed a suit case and a sandwich, kissed his wife good-by and caught the first ship for Cherbourg.

"I'd like to have stowed away on the 'America' when you left," he told me. "In fact, just before you hopped off, I crawled into the plane and had a look around. I knew that I could hide in there so I wouldn't be seen. But when I saw that you were giving up a few ounces of precious food, just to make her a little lighter, I knew I couldn't hurt your chances by adding my carcass."

With no farewell address, with no pomp or ceremony, not even a crowd of eager journalists to interview him, Doc rushed aboard the liner that was to take him to the other end of the race which was truly his more than any other single man's. I think that in a big way Doc was at that moment pretty much like the boy who has set his toy ships sailing across a pond, and dashes around to the other side to see if they have all safely landed.

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"I was afraid my vacation would be a total 'flop'"

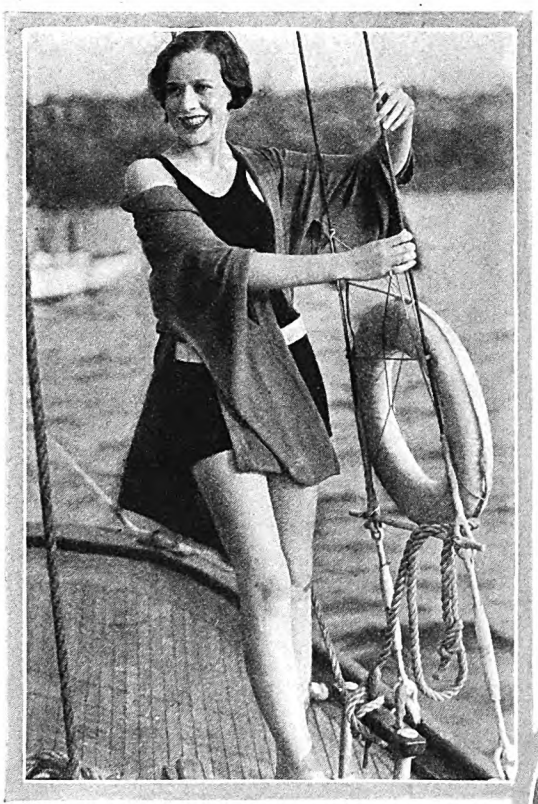
Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college, one hates to miss any of them. But I overdid it. Too many parties, added to studies, ended in my having to go to bed for a week—completely run down.

"In 1918, when all the young men were going into the service, my father had to devote unusually long hours to his business. His snatches of sleep were so short that he became badly run down and broke out with boils. His doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It not only rid him of the boils but restored him to excellent health—so he is a confirmed believer and soon had me eating Yeast, too.

"In a short time I was much better and in two months I was *well.* This spring, however, just before school closed, my skin broke out with pimples. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total 'flop.'

"I was again reminded of Yeast, however—and again it was successful. I haven't a sign of a pimple, now—and my health is fine." CORA B. HANSON



(*Above*) MISS CORA HANSON, *of Seattle*
Read her story at left

WHEN your stomach begins to "act up," when skin blemishes appear—don't rely on weakening, habit-forming drugs, doctors say.

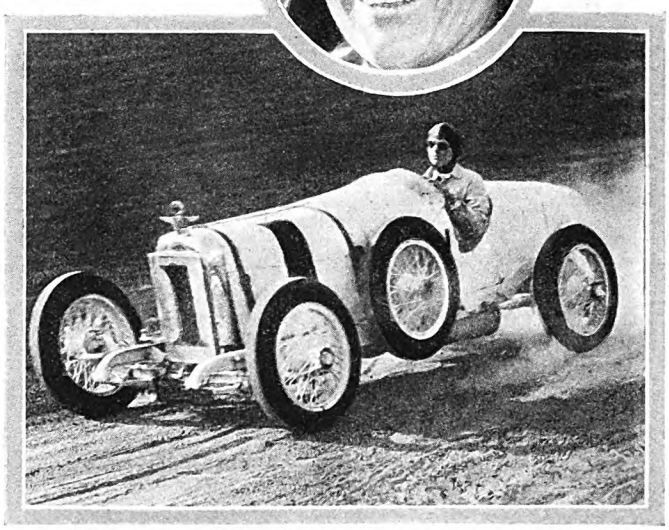
Fresh as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural health *food.* It tones up sluggish colon muscles and softens accumulated food wastes—hastening elimination, making it more *complete.* Soon—your appetite revives, your complexion clears. Your whole being responds with new-found energy and health!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

New York City

"RETURNING from a tour of Africa and Australia, I found that I had contracted stomach trouble. Thinking it would wear off, I started east on a well-known vaudeville circuit. But instead of getting better, my trouble rapidly became acute. At Omaha I decided I would have to cancel the rest of my route. A fellow performer, however, suggested Yeast. Said I, 'I'll try it,' and that night I began. Every day I ate several cakes. Well, I was able to go right on with my act, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, doing three strenuous dancing shows daily. In a short time I was in first-class shape."
STANLEY CARVET

STANLEY CARVET, *New York City*



"*When I saw my first racing automobile I knew I wouldn't be happy until I had driven one myself,*" *writes Malcolm Clair. His letter follows:*

Hollywood, Calif.

"I HAVE RACED a good many cars, though not professionally. For many years this took the place of every other outdoor sport . . . My employment with a law firm was quite a contrast with my former spirited life. Two years at a desk—and I had become sluggish, run down, inclined to have headaches. Then I went on the road to investigate cases, and thought I would get better. But the hours were longer, and I frequently had practically to camp on a case to get needed information. This meant irregular meals. Soon I was constipated again . . . I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast from my mother, who had eaten it with good results. Three cakes a day restored my old-time pep and brought welcome relief from constipation." MALCOLM CLAIR

Radiant health, new joy in living—
this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.

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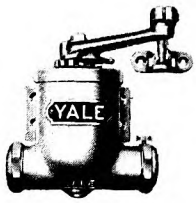
TRADE **YALE** MARK

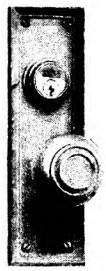
Supreme Symbols of Protection

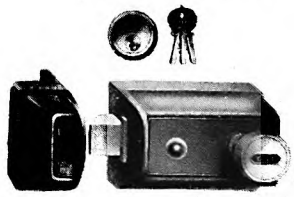
Yale Pin-tumbler Drawer Lock. One of a complete line of trunk, drawer and cupboard locks.

Yale Lever-tumbler Padlock. There's a Yale Padlock for every purse and purpose.



Yale Door Closer — made in six sizes for all types of doors.





Yale Automatic Deadlatch. One of many Yale Deadlocks, Deadlatches and Springlatches.

Jackson Design Yale Builders' Hardware. Yale has many designs in various schools of art.

From modest cottage to massive building, and for every door, chest, closet and cabinet, Yale provides Locks, Hardware and Door Closers, each recognized for its inherent possession of Yale attributes.

Because Yale's facilities, personnel and experience are so vast in varied fields of accomplishment, each Yale product has back of it cumulative value that could not otherwise be available. Materials are purchased to Yale exacting standards and tested by Yale's own chemists and metallurgists. Careful inspection each step of the way insures perfection and precision, for no feature is too slight for strict adherence to Yale's rigid specifications.

When you purchase Hardware, Locks, Door Closers, Chain Blocks, Hoists and Electric Industrial Trucks marked Yale, you know that from start to finish everything humanly and mechanically possible has been co-ordinated that Yale may serve you better. Men, methods and metals have combined to maintain Yale leadership.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

Hardly had he got his engines straightened out in Europe than the Wright company wired him to hurry to Detroit and fix up the two men who were just starting on a flight around the world. This was the expedition of William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee. They were off to London, thence down through Europe, Asia Minor and India, and up along the Asiatic coast.

SO MUCH terrific air work had been done by this time (August 28th) that the public was sated with air news. Relatively little attention was paid to the remarkable flight these two men made—all the way to Japan without a hitch. Their success was another feather in Kinkade's cap, which now figuratively began to look like the headdress of Sitting Bull. Said Doc simply:

"I took care of the engine that carried them to Japan, and later across the United States, going east. They changed only one spark plug on the entire trip!"

I wonder how many changes they would have made, or if they would have been alive to-day had anyone but Doc Kinkade taken care of their engine.

I asked Kinkade why he thought the particular engines he has worked on have done so well.

"Because the Wright company had made experiments of the most rigid sort for over two years before a single commercial motor was sold. In this way we knew what every part would do. It is most important, in any sort of airplane manufacturing, to win and maintain public confidence. Let one motor fail, and you wreck this confidence for months."

I asked him how he liked working on jobs such as last summer's, where the public is all steamed up.

"So long as they leave me alone I don't mind. After all, it is the pilot I am thinking of. I have never worked on a job yet where the pilot fell down. After being with these boys for a day or so, I have always been confident that they could carry through their flights. On every test, when I sit on the pilot's seat 'revving' up the motor I always feel that I am making the flight myself. Naturally when I O.K. the motor, it is because I have confidence that it will carry through.

"After seventeen years of true love for motors, and dreaming valves and main bearings every night of my life, then I have had the luck to draw down the very jobs that I like best of all. What a break for me!"

"QUIT AT SIXTY-FIVE?" says Henry Ford. "Why, I am only just beginning!—my toughest job, and real life's work, is still in front of me." Next month, in an extraordinarily interesting interview, the amazing Henry Ford expounds his philosophy of life, business, and ownership. What is this gigantic machine which Ford has set in motion going to do next? Is this country moving industrially toward higher wages, shorter hours, and intensive specialization? Read Ford's article, and see what he has to say on these and many other interesting subjects.

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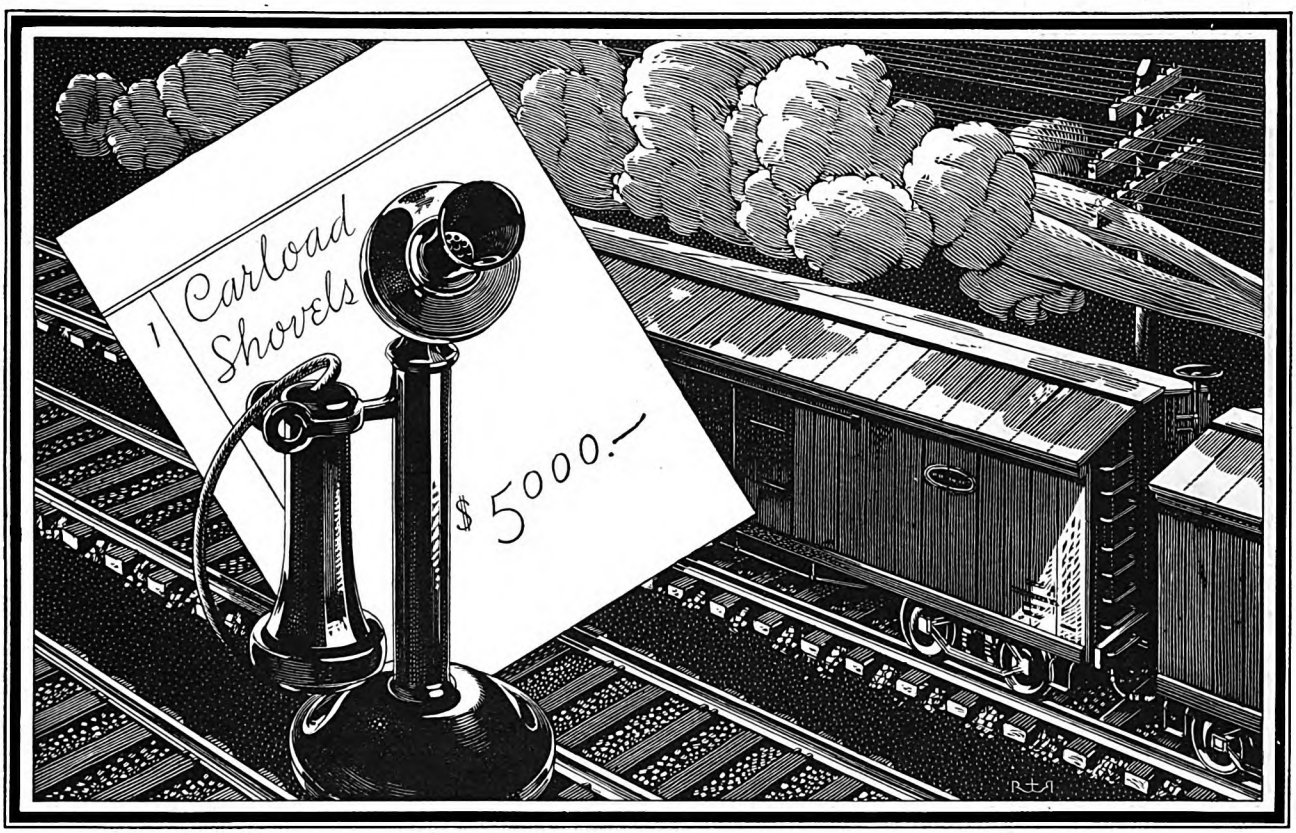
Called on him for 3 years Then, a $5000 order by Telephone



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

THE sales manager of a West Virginia tool company made personal calls upon a Cincinnati jobber for three years—without making a sale. Then one day he learned that a large job of work was to be started. He instantly called the jobber by Long Distance. Sold him a carload of shovels. Amount of the order, $5000. Telephone charge, $1.30.

In the packing industry, reams of correspondence are often exchanged before specifications can be agreed upon. In a 10-minute telephone conversation, an Austin, Minnesota, firm took a 5-carload order and laid the groundwork for future shipments of 500,000 pounds. The new customer was 1500 miles away.

A Cedar Rapids insurance man had learned to use Long Distance while in the coal business. Each week from his desk he calls an average of 20 of his salesmen. "It enables me to talk to them just as well as if I visited them in person." In five years, his annual business has increased from one million to five and a half million dollars.

What long distance calls could you profitably make now? They are inexpensive. New station to station day rates are: San Francisco to New York, $9. Pittsburgh to Boston, $2.20. Chicago to Detroit, $1.35. Newark to Philadelphia, 60c. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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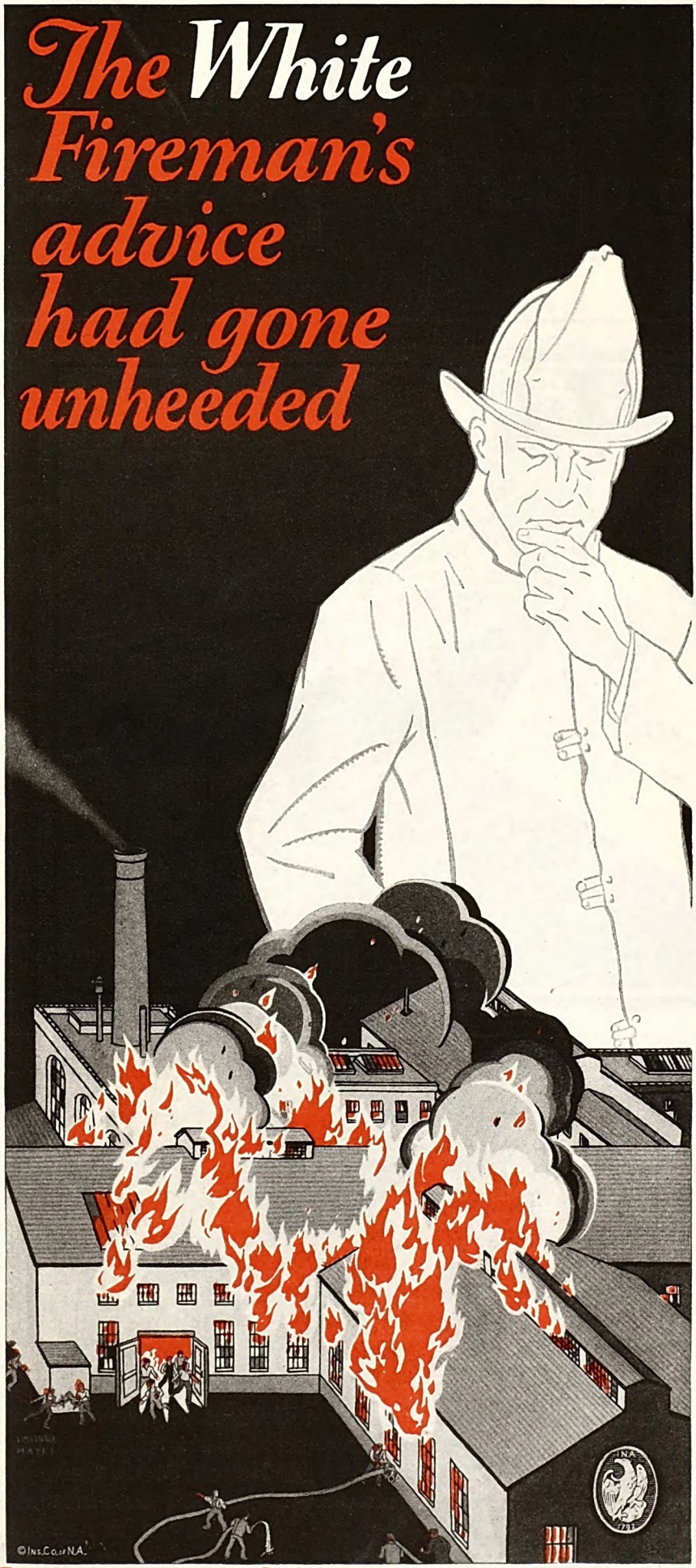
The White Fireman's advice had gone unheeded



DURING an inspection, a White Fireman found the operating-levers which controlled a battery of stationary chemical fire-engines in this plant were attached to their shafts by set-screws, instead of being keyed on. This meant a possibility of the levers slipping on their shafts, preventing operating of the engines when called upon.

Furthermore, he found that a 16-inch water main within the plant, supplying water for practically all plant uses, including the yard-hydrants, was carried inside a building on brackets 20 feet above the floor—instead of being placed underground. This overhead water main was certain to break in case of the collapse of its supporting wall.

The White Fireman pointed out the necessity for rectifying these two errors, but the management deemed the faults too trivial for serious consideration.

Five months afterward, a fire attacked the plant. At the first move to start the nearest chemical engine, the operating-lever slipped on its shaft, rendering the engine useless; the next nearest engine proved too far away for its hose to reach the blaze.

By the time another hose could be brought in from the least distant yard-hydrant the fire had reached serious proportions.

As the fire got beyond immediate control, the roof and the wall that supported the water main soon collapsed. The rupture of this main at once put the power house out of commission and completely disabled the fire-hydrant system.

And so the fire burned on, because of the crippled condition of the plant's fire-apparatus, until it had wrought destruction to the amount of $800,000 before it was finally extinguished.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Fire-Prevention Service maintained by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation with architects and builders, that projected structures may have the least possible susceptibility to fire-damage ¶ the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of existing fire-hazards ¶ the maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials, for their fire-safety ¶ and, in addition, various other technical assistance to the furtherance of fire-prevention and property-conservation. . . . . .

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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The Strange and True Story of One Modern Girl

(*Continued from page 47*)

"When finally I was accepted by both Mr. Gest and Mr. Kahn, it was really a triumph for Reinhardt; because without his training I should have failed."

Up to this point, the story of Rosamond Pinchot is only a new version of the old fairy tale. So far as money and position were concerned, she was not the usual Cinderella accidentally discovered by the Prince. But so far as the *theatre* was concerned the analogy was perfect. There she was worse than merely humble. She was a rank outsider! Reinhardt brought her into that magic realm and gave her both fame and honor.

But here the fairy tale breaks off. After months of success in "The Miracle," the engagement ended. Reinhardt, meanwhile, had returned to Europe and was busy with his work over there. He did not need an American girl who spoke only a smattering of German; who, in fact, never had spoken *anything* on the stage.

For that matter, nowhere in the theatre did there seem to be any glittering opportunity for this girl. One swallow does not make a summer; and one success in pantomime does not make an actress. So Rosamond Pinchot found herself trying to answer the persistent inner question: "What next?"

Well, there was her deferred début. She could "come out" now; make her formal entrance into society, and enjoy the usual round of dinners and dances.

"BUT I didn't care for society!" she said to me. "I don't care for it now. I suppose I am what people call a 'modern girl.' And if I am at all typical, then the modern girl has two great desires.

"The two things I want are these: To live a life which expresses myself; and to feel that I am doing something which is a contribution to life as a whole.

"My engagement in 'The Miracle' encouraged me to think that I might accomplish something in the theatre. I loved the work, but I didn't exaggerate what I had done. I knew I needed study and training. So I answered the question 'What next?' by going to a dramatic school.

"Then, in the early summer of 1926, through a friend's influence, I was given my second opportunity; this time with a stock company in Rochester.

"I was still shy and inexperienced. I tried to play parts that were unsuited to me. I wasn't making good and I began to believe I *never* could do anything on the speaking stage.

"When the season ended, I was terribly discouraged. I didn't want to see anyone I knew, not even my family. I wanted to go off by myself and try to work out my problem alone.

"Years before, as a child, I had been with my father in California on our way to Hawaii. That part of the country fascinated me then and there had been a sort of glamour about it ever since.

"Does your favorite smoke go sour sometimes?"

Great After Smoking

"You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don't you?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way."

"The answer is easy," the other man said. "Just eat a few Life Savers after smoking and see how much better each new smoke tastes!"

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke so much better.

It's a fact; Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes you'll always have a package handy.

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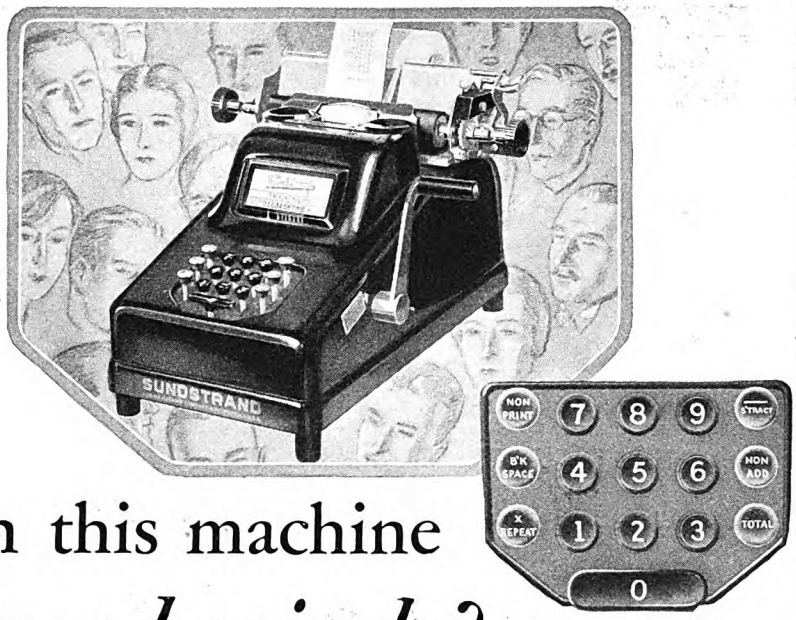

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"I had a little money. Not very much, but enough to buy my ticket and to pay my expenses for a few weeks in San Francisco. I didn't even consult my family, for I was afraid they might object; and I simply had to try to find myself *by* myself.

"I realized that luck had been responsible for the opportunities I'd already had. I didn't know whether I could do anything without being helped.

"Even my name might keep me from being absolutely 'on my own.' It had been in all the newspapers of the country. People might recognize it, and be influenced by the fact that I was Rosamond Pinchot. So I changed my name. I'd rather not have you tell the one by which I was known out there.

"IT WAS the only time in my life that I have stood absolutely on my own feet; the only time I've ever been entirely unselfconscious. I don't want it spoiled.

"At first I tried to get work in a department store. But summer, as I soon learned, was the off-season for department stores.

"I began to learn a good many other things I never had thought of before. For instance, I studied the 'Help Wanted' columns in the local papers; and I discovered that, although summer was the slack season in dry goods it was the busy season in canned goods!

"The first job I landed was in a peach cannery, where I sorted the fruit after it had been cooked, and put it into the cans. I ate an incredible amount of it the first day," she laughed. "But by the second day, I was literally so 'fed up' with stewed peaches that they had no temptation for me.

"When the peach-canning season was over, I went to Fresno. There I worked at packing figs and raisin grapes. I never see one of these great clusters of raisins that I don't think of those hot autumn days, with their endless processions of tons and tons of grapes to be packed.

"I wouldn't give up that experience for anything in the world. For once, I was *nothing but myself*. So far as the people around me knew, I had no family, no former friends, and no money except what I earned.

"Altogether, I spent several months in the canneries and packing houses. I was free to be myself. This helped me to *know* myself; and also to know other people who were free as I was. It was wonderful.

"But of course I realized that it was only an interlude. I had proved that I could stand on my own feet—in more ways than one!—in a canning factory. But when the season in Fresno was over, the old question, 'What next?' had to be answered again.

"Somehow I had got the idea that I might make something of myself as a photographer; so I went down to Los Angeles and succeeded in landing a small job in one of the studios there.

"During the winter 'The Miracle' came to Los Angeles. Mr. Gest had reconsidered his decision not to take it out of New York, and it was being shown in the larger cities of the country.

"I used to go to the theatre, sit 'out front,' and cry bitterly because I wasn't in the play! All my love of the stage and my longing to act came back with renewed force.

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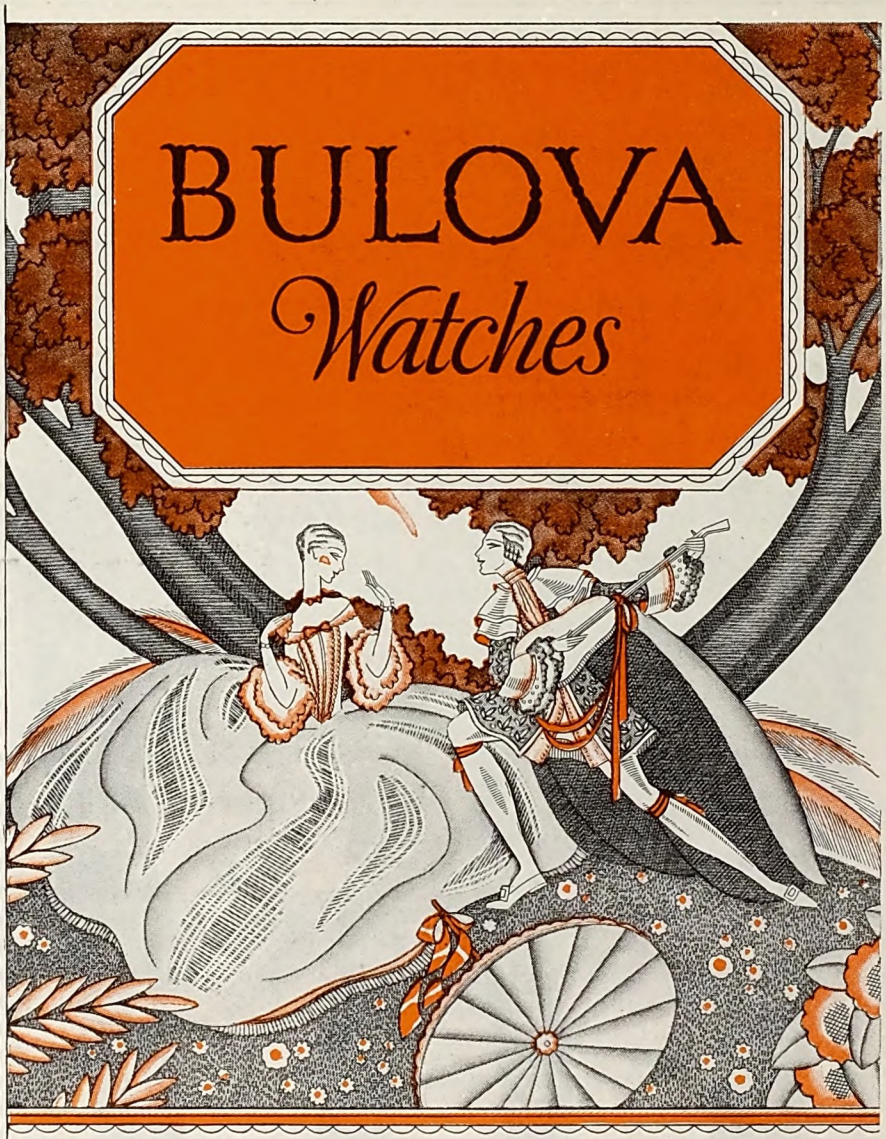

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"Later in the winter I received a cablegram from Reinhardt, asking me to play the Nun in Europe; so, in March of 1927, I went to Germany. During the spring, the production was shown in the chief cities of various countries. When the season ended, I had played the part of the Nun six hundred times, counting the American appearances.

"At that time, Reinhardt was preparing for the *Festspiel*, or gala season, to be held at Salzburg in the autumn. Among the productions was to be 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; and one evening, in a restaurant in Vienna, the company was discussing the question of who should have the rôle of Hippolyta.

"'Why couldn't Miss Pinchot take it?' someone said to Reinhardt.

"'Nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'She knows very little German; and what little she does know she speaks atrociously. She is without experience in a speaking part of *any* kind. It is impossible!'

"I had to admit that it did seem impossible. Nevertheless, I determined I was going to try.

"After studying the part I persuaded Reinhardt to let me speak it for him. But he said my German was still atrocious. He doubted if there was any hope of my overcoming this handicap; certainly not in the few months before the *Festspiel* was to begin.

"In spite of this, I kept working on it. After our season ended, I stayed in Vienna a month, had a German teacher, associated only with Germans, and refused to speak a word of English. I read only German books and papers. If I saw any Americans, I avoided them as I would the plague.

"Finally, I went to Salzburg, where the rest of the company was rehearsing. With the help of Doctor Hock, Reinhardt's assistant, I kept on studying and practicing my German, going through the part of Hippolyta over and over again, repeating each word hundreds of times.

"ONE day a member of the company, realizing how monotonous this must be, suggested that I learn the rôle of Helena just as a relief from the grind. So I began to study it; at first without any idea of ever doing it on the stage.

"After weeks and weeks of work, Reinhardt finally did give me the rôle of Hippolyta. But meanwhile I had heard that the company was to come to this country; and I became obsessed with the ambition to come with them, as the only American in the most famous of all European companies.

"I went even further than that. Hippolyta was a minor rôle. That of Helena was much more important. If the struggle to get the minor rôle had been such a strenuous one, there seemed little hope of winning a really good part, like Helena; but I determined to try.

"By this time, I had learned Helena's lines; and day after day I would ask Reinhardt to let me speak them for him. But he always put me off. He was 'too busy.' Perhaps 'day after tomorrow' he might have a spare half-hour.

"But the tomorrows, and the days after, came and went; and always he was 'too busy.'

"Finally, one morning, I had reached the same point of desperate determination

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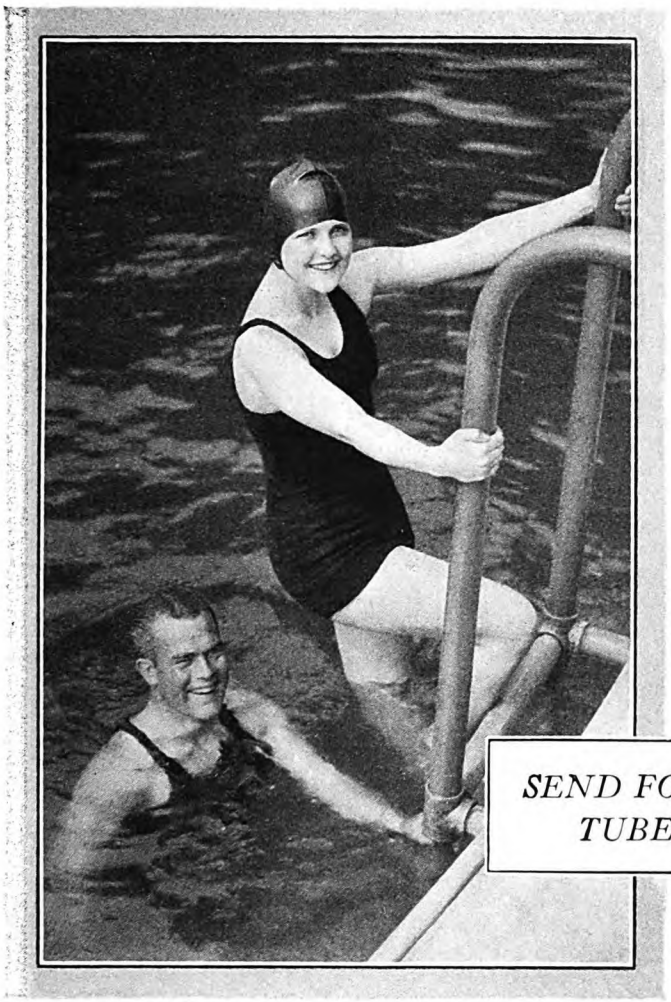

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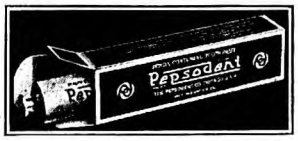

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which had made me *demand* an interview on the 'Aquitania.' Again I felt that my whole future was at stake.

"To you, it may seem a very simple matter that I called him up, at his castle just outside Salzburg, and told him that I *must* see him. But I assure you it was as if a humble subject should call up a royal palace and insist on seeing the king!

"Perhaps out of pity for me, perhaps because he thought he might as well get it over with, he agreed to see me.

"All my weeks and months of hard work were well worth while, when he told me that at last he was convinced I really had a place on the speaking stage. He agreed to let me do Helena in the rehearsals. And if I was satisfactory there, I should have the rôle in the American production. As you know, I did have it; which goes to prove that the word 'impossible' is not so final as it sounds.

"It is curious, but in my experience Opportunity seems to come through mere luck, or chance. But the only way I can seize it, and hold it, is by *plain hard work!*"

"I've never believed much in luck," I said to her. "How do you think it has helped you?"

"Chiefly by giving me marvelous unexpected chances," she replied. "But, aside from that, I've been fortunate in other ways. We are not 'millionaires.' Nevertheless, I've always had practically everything I wanted; in a material way, at any rate. I've had comfort and even luxury. Life was made easy and pleasant for me.

"I love the country; and at our home in Pennsylvania, where I could walk and ride and swim, I was intensely happy. There is a beautiful waterfall on our place. I always keep a photograph of it beside my dressing table at the theatre; and when I am blue, or discouraged, I look at that picture.

"Somehow, the thought of that waterfall, going on and on without interruption, helps me. In the first place, it will always be there; a bit of loveliness to which I can go back. But, even aside from that, it gives me a sense of the steady flow of life itself; the big unbroken current, in contrast with which the little turbulent streams of our individual lives seem so trivial.

"AS FOR luck," she went on, "I have also the immense good fortune of perfect health. And that, probably, is due to my 'luck' in having spent so many summers in the country.

"There I was out of doors all the time. I 'broke' my first pony when I was only ten years old. I never have had a serious illness. I scarcely know the meaning of the word 'headache.'

"If I hadn't been so lucky as to be perfectly well and strong, I couldn't have 'stood the gaff.' During the company's season in New York we often worked almost continuously for more than forty-eight hours, with only a little sleep.

"On Fridays and Saturdays we gave an afternoon and an evening performance each day. Both mornings, and each night after the play was over, we rehearsed for hours. On Sunday, rehearsals began in the morning and lasted most of the day. I was often tired, of course; but never *tired out.*"

Certainly she did not look "tired out" when I saw her in the play. Reinhardt is an enthusiast about motion. Whenever possible, his actors run instead of walking. And Rosamond Pinchot runs like a modern Diana, goddess of the chase. I wasn't surprised to find that at school she had been on the track team, with hurdles as her specialty.

Playing side by side with some of the most finished actors in the world, and speaking a strange language after only a few months' teaching, she won the success which had been called impossible.

The play was announced for only one week; but it was received so enthusiastically that the run had to be extended three times. Miss Pinchot was a radiant figure through it all, in spite of the months of hard work she had been putting in.

"WHAT is back of all this?" I asked. "Why are you doing it?"

"That's not an easy question to answer," she said, after a long pause. "To put the most obvious thing first, I want to earn my own living; and this is one way of doing it. I have a small income of my own, but not enough to enable me to live as I want to. And I don't intend to be dependent on others. So that's one reason.

"But the real reason is harder to explain. We spoke, a while ago, of 'the modern girl.' I *am* one; and I think I understand my own generation.

"What we want is *freedom*. When older people hear us talk about this, some of them laugh—and the rest seem to be scandalized! I can't see why.

"It is perfectly true that we, of the younger generation, often make mistakes in *using* the freedom we are so eager to have. But this doesn't prove that freedom is not a glorious possession. The only thing it proves is that one must learn to use it. And one has to make some mistakes in learning to use anything at all.

"To me, freedom means finding my own path in life; not one that is all laid out by other people and which I enter blindfolded, led by the hand! So many people seem to stumble through life that way. I want to go with my eyes open; to find for myself the thing I can and should do.

"By that, I don't mean just an occupation, or a career, I mean—"

She hesitated, hunting the right words.

"I mean," she went on, "that I want to find out how to live! I want to work. And, naturally, I prefer congenial and interesting work. But it seems to me that one can learn how to *live*, no matter what kind of *work* one is doing.

"When I went into the canning factories it wasn't because I wanted a 'career' in a cannery! But because I wanted other viewpoints of life; and because I wanted to see what I myself amounted to when I was stripped of all the 'trimmings' which I owed to my family, my environment, and my luck.

"Other girls, I think, are trying to do the same thing. They are trying to find out about life, and about themselves. This seems to me the whole secret of 'the modern girl.' And it also seems to me that it deserves to be taken seriously and understandingly, instead of being considered ridiculous—or worse."

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"They Are Not!"

(*Continued from page 15*)

punishment but we have made the things they are doing so commonplace that they have no shame in them.

If I could convince myself that these shocking immoralities of the youth of today never before existed; if I could be sure that these kids invented their wretched improprieties; if I were certain that their sins were indeed original, I would feel more uneasiness as to the final outcome. But, so far, my observation forces me to the conclusion that the flames of flaming youth are lighted at the home fires.

That these young rebels know what sets them going—I think is clear. They know that for every questionable thing which they flaunt so boldly in our faces, our generation is secretly hugging the like to its heart. And they are laughing at us and our "keep-it-dark" morality. They are shouting and jeering, "Aw, we know you! You ain't slipping anything over on us. Why don't you come out into the open? You haven't the nerve!"

We of this present generation have about reached the end of our rope. Most of us, deep in our hearts, know it. In spite of our pretenses and our efforts to save our faces, we no longer believe in ourselves. As our children have come to look with impudent, irreverent eyes upon our pretense of righteousness, they have sensed our cynical lack of faith in ourselves.

THE spirit of this rebellion of our young people is turning against the very conditions which we in our hearts abhor, but to which we still give ourselves, because we are powerless to do anything else. If our complaint were more honest, it would be not that these youngsters do what they do but that they do it so openly and without shame. In reality, it is their infernal rallying cry: "What the hell do we care!" that frightens us.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that this youthful revolt is a conscious rebellion. Not at all! These youngsters do not even know they are rebelling. They don't know what they are doing, nor why. They don't know where they are going, only that they are on their way.

Blindly, with no clear realization of what they are doing, this younger generation is smashing away at the "Keep it dark," "Don't get caught," "Anything that you can get away with is all right" policies of our ruling generation. That in their blindness they are smashing much that is good goes without saying. That they are hurting themselves is as true. But, just the same, the damnable policies of pretense and sham, of fake and bunk and bull, by which our generation is trying so disastrously to live, are being smashed.

I do not deny the stories of drinking, petting, wild parties, and all that, which are usually recited by those who discuss the youth of today. You can hear these stories in any club or lounging place where we oldsters gather and, to our shame, it is true that they are usually told with laughter. But for every sad tale of wasted youth, of young manhood wrecked and young womanhood ruined, there is a companion tragedy in the lives of the parents and older friends of these boys and girls.

For every case cited to prove the worthlessness of these rebellious youngsters, I will cite five cases to justify my contention that this new generation is at heart essentially sound. Never in the history of our educational institutions have we had so many young men and women working their way through college or universities, attending night schools, enrolling in university extension work, or taking correspondence courses, in order to fit themselves for the time when they will be called to stand their watch at the wheel.

After all, a country club is not the only place where one may observe this younger generation. Remember that not one young person out of five thousand enjoys country-club privileges. Go study the thousands of young people in schools, shops, factories, offices, stores—girls and boys who pay their own bills, and who never saw the veranda of a country clubhouse.

Certainly, there is a class of gay boys who do not earn the money that pays for their fun at a country or at a night club. When has the world ever been without such a class? But they are so small a minority against the great majority of earnest, hard-working, intelligent, competent young men, that they count for nothing except with their own kind. And, of course, there is the female of this species also. But the two dimples and one brain cell type is not a modern development, nor is it of much importance compared with the great multitude of girls who are earnestly fitting themselves for the responsibilities of matured womanhood.

You can't even make clothespins, cigar boxes, or wire nails without turning out a percentage of failures.

IN EVERY revolt, the ball is always opened by the extremists. It is the wild-eyed, rumple-haired shouters who start things, with their cries of death and destruction. In the beginning of the rebellion these hotheads lead the processions, do most of the shouting, and carry the torches. These go-the-limit ones have their day of leadership; and while it is their day all others in the movement must follow them. But sooner or later there comes another day. The frantic cheer-leaders wear both themselves and their excitable followers to rags. The shouting and the tumult dies; the novelty, the newness, the wild first excitement wanes. Then, the sane, thoughtful, cool-headed ones come to the front.

The most reassuring thing about this rebellious generation is the very large number of the rank and file who do not approve of the extremes to which their reckless go-the-limit leaders are just now going. But these more sane and level-headed rebels have not yet dared to voice

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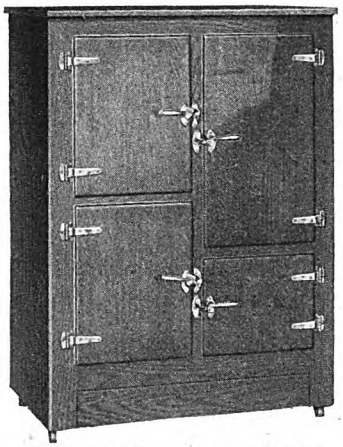

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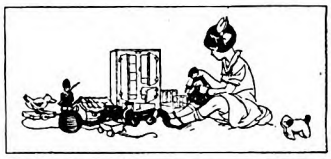

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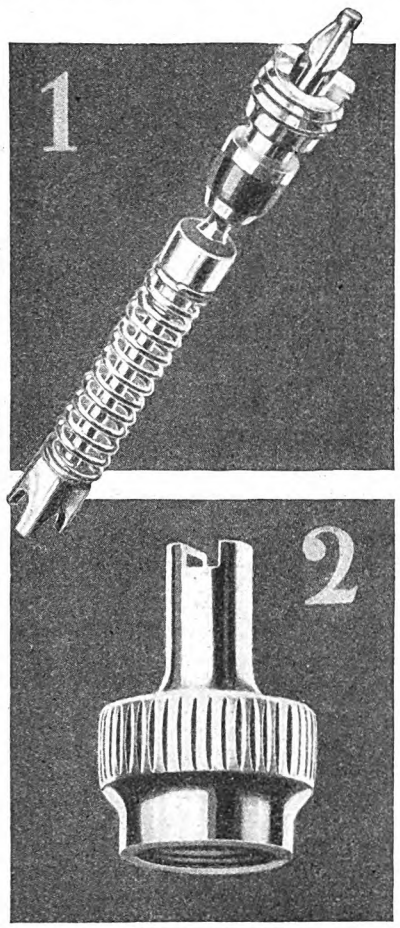

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FIRST: They see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every tire valve.

SECOND: They make sure they have an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap screwed down tight by hand on every valve.

Should the valve inside become worn or damaged, this cap prevents escape of air at mouth of valve until a new inside can be inserted.

Always carry extra Schrader Valve Caps and Valve Insides in your car. Both are sold in red metal boxes of five at 25c a box.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

their protests. They follow their wild leaders, yes—because if they did not, they would be ostracized by their more excitable comrades. Many a girl who apparently takes a pull at her escort's flask merely touches the bottle with her lips.

And there are indications that the time for these cooler heads to come to the front is near. Already there are murmurings against "going the limit." Already "to go wild" is not always the thing to do. And when these sane, level-headed rebels do come to the front, and say boldly to their go-the-limit comrades, "*We will not!*" then we shall see the end of the fever period and feel the real spirit and force of this rebellion.

These sane ones will not give up their "freedom;" they will demand a larger freedom. They will free themselves from the leadership of these wild, irresponsible, go-the-limit rebels who just now are making all the noise and attracting all the attention. They will insist on their right to refuse a drink of hootch if they don't like it. They will not go back to the stork stories and the "keep-it-dark" age of their parents. They will still do what they do, in the open.

At the same time, they will no longer obey the mandates of the foolish freaks who, so far, have held the center of the picture.

THESE thinking, sound-at-the-heart youngsters who are all for their new freedom in so far as they are in revolt against the policies of our generation, and who, at the same time, are ready to stand against the go-the-limit element of this rebellion, upon these, I say, we may, with reason, fix our hopes.

In their clear-eyed contemplation of life, in their bold and consistent discussions of hitherto forbidden topics, in their matter-of-fact reasoning on vital subjects, in their intolerance of sham, in their bold refusal to keep anything dark, and in their refusal to be led without reason by the traditions of their parents, this rebellious generation has all the qualities which are needed to redeem civilization from the utter ruin toward which our generation is driving it.

The cost in characters ruined, health weakened, lives wasted, homes blighted, and in the mental, moral, and physical weaklings born of this go-the-limit period will be terrific—beyond reckoning.

These young people are taking the road to live in the open the lives that we, their parents, are living in secret. And, make no mistake, at the end of that road there is a Calvary. Many are going to be crucified for all this. Shame, hypocrisy, hidden vice, have always led to crucifixions, and always will. Our generation—we, the fathers and mothers of these rebellious ones—would do well to face, now, this truth: When these children *are* nailed to their crosses it will be *we* who stretch them there. For *our* sins they must suffer. It may be that from this Calvary also there will come a new light.

That our civilization has got beyond our control is evidenced on every hand. We are being swept no one knows where by a veritable flood of lawlessness, immorality, irreligion, and crime.

The present generation is powerless. Theoretically we are still in charge of affairs; actually, our affairs have taken charge of us. We still command the ship; yes—but the ship refuses to answer to the helm, and goes her own sweet way. As to the future, we are not in the picture. We cannot govern these Next Generationers, simply because we have reached the point where we cannot govern ourselves.

The saving thing about this rebellious generation is that they *are* rebelling. If they—the generation coming next into power—were to accept and continue the "keep-it-dark" standards of honesty, virtue, morality, and respectability by which we, in our time, have tried to live, then, indeed, would we be a people without hope.

All of which is to say that if this rebellious generation is saved, it must save itself.

Personally, I would rather trust the future to these young rebels than to rely upon my own generation, which has hashed everything from the religion of Jesus to the Eighteenth Amendment.

IN THE days of my youth I was privileged to listen to a fine, scholarly old gentleman—a Civil War veteran who knew Lincoln and Grant. He would look over his glasses at us boys, and, sadly shaking his silvery gray head, would say, "I'm mighty sorry for you young gentlemen. You were born too late. All the really interesting periods of history are past. It has all happened. It is all over. You young men have arrived on the scene too late." I wonder what the dear old boy would say now of automobiles, airships, radio, the World War, and a hundred other wonders which have happened since his death!

And so I am saying to my boy friends (looking over my glasses, and shaking my wise old head), "I envy you youngsters; the world is just swinging into the most interesting, exciting, and critical period of its history, and you lads have happened along in the very nick of time to land slap in the middle of it all. The changes you will make! The problems you will solve! The wars you will fight! The miracles you will work! We old fellows are out of it. We are going to die off pretty soon, and leave all the fun for you!"

The rivers still run to the sea. As their waters ran ten thousand years ago they run today, and will continue to run. Steamboats ply where once canoes were paddled, bridges span their rolling tides, cities grow on their banks, dams are built to bar their ways, and levees are raised to hold them in leash; but the waters still run to the sea.

Observing the stream of human life, one sees a quiet reach, and cries: "The river is standing still! There is no more progress—this is the end!" But it is not so. Another, gazing at an eddy shouts, "The water is moving the wrong way!"

The movement of this rebellious generation which we are just now viewing with such excitement is but an eddy in the stream. The waters have not, in reality, turned back on their appointed course. Look farther out into the stream to the great main, dominant current, and you will see that the river still runs toward the sea.

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For the Honeymoon Trail

The name—Firestone—has, for a generation, been associated with all the vital advances in motor transportation. Firestone leadership is the result of limitless resources, protection of material at sources of supply and a manufacturing plant which is the greatest in the world specializing on tires.

The Mark of Quality

Big, black and distinctive, with flexible tread which grips the road and insures the utmost in safe, luxurious, economical riding—Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are the logical equipment for the finest automobiles on every leading thoroughfare in the world. The Firestone Dealer is the tire authority in your locality. See him.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Harvey S. Firestone

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Pipe Smoker Lured By Aroma of Fellow Smoker's Tobacco

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife. The same thing can happen in the case of a man's favorite smoking tobacco. In fact, it *has*. Read the following letter:

Boston, Mass.,
April 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

This morning I had a smoking adventure worth recording.

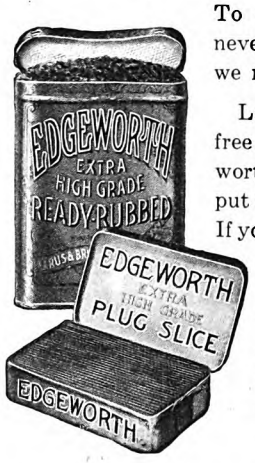
Next to me in the smoking car a gentleman was puffing his pipe contentedly. I was not smoking at the moment, and the aroma of his tobacco intrigued me exceedingly. For twelve years I had smoked Edgeworth without being tempted by any other brand, but the fragrance emanating from the pipe of the gentleman beside me was so agreeable that I could not resist the temptation to speak of it

"That is wonderfully fragrant tobacco you have there," I remarked. "Would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"It is Edgeworth," he answered.

We then congratulated each other upon our mutual good taste, and I decided that I would continue to use his brand and mine.

Sincerely yours,
S. H.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254 Meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.*]

"They Are Hell Bent!"

(*Continued from page 13*)

recent débutantes. I had known him and his wife in the years when they lived happily and quietly with their family in a suburb of New York. Then he made a more than fair-sized fortune in a very few months.

Straightway, he and his wife were stricken with social aspirations for their daughters. Cash and personality and family connections allowed them to rise until they were fairly within the outer fringe of the heterogeneous tangle known as Society. The daughters were given a flying start therein. Yet the man was not as deliriously happy over the triumph as I expected to find him. Here, in brief, is the hard-luck yarn he spun to me:

"I'm worrying worse than ever I worried over business or anything else," said he. "My wife laughs at me, and tells me it is all right; because everyone does it. But—"

"Everyone does what?" I asked. "Worries?"

"No. Everyone does what my little girls are doing. But I seem to be about the only father who worries over it. They go to a dance, we'll say, these youngsters of mine. Their maid waits for them in the dressing-room. Along about one or two o'clock they send her home. Then they and a lot of other girls and a bunch of boys pile into cars or taxis, and start on a round of the night clubs. That keeps up till about six in the morning. Then the crowd stops at some all-night dairy restaurant for ham-and-eggs and coffee. Then they meander home at seven in the morning. That's what they call 'a large night.'

"Do you get the idea? A half-dozen boys and a half-dozen girls have been together all night long, without a chaperon and with nobody to 'ride herd' on them. They've been gargling punk night-club and hip-flask liquor, and they've been riding all jumbled up together, in the dark. And at country club dances a boy and girl don't sit out a dance on the stairs any more, as we used to. They chase for some closed car, out in the dark, and take a flask along. Close quarters, in a dark car, with booze. Nice thing for a father to picture his daughter doing. Isn't it?"

"WHY do you stand for it?" I asked. "Why?" he repeated. "Because the others are doing it; and my girls would be out of everything if I put a stop to all the things that are worrying me sick. I say *if* I put a stop to it; but that's a joke. I might as well say put a stop to Niagara. Kids aren't what *we* were. Parents are only necessary evils and filling stations for them now.

"My girls have told me of débutantes who have little apartments of their own in the same apartment houses where their parents live, so that there's no keeping tabs on what time they get home. That's a pretty well-established custom. And, to my mind, it's a rotten custom. Boys can call on them there, without having to be civil to the old folks. Yes, I'm worried. And there's no cure for my worry."

I could have told him that there was an immediate cure, in the shape of cutting off cash supplies and of moving away from town. But I didn't. It would involve a tearing down of the social fabric he and his wife had been so busy weaving, and a loss of their hard-gained and hard-held toe-grip on Society's ladder.

So, as in innumerable other instances of the kind, the precarious and worthless toe-grip is held, at a possible too-high cost of the very girls for whose sake the thing was done. A queer situation, isn't it?

I have known more than one similar situation in smaller communities—in the quasi-fashionable suburbs, where the fast set has an exaggerated estimate of the Devil's social position. Nor is it confined to any one stratum of society. It rakes high and middle and low alike.

Where a boy in his teens can wheedle money from his father for road-house or night-club toll, and can borrow his father's car as motive power for the party he is staging; where decent mothers permit their decent daughters to go on such parties, unchaperoned, and to come home at dawn without having to give account of the evening's proceedings—such antics *may* result in no great harm. On the other hand, they may result in incalculable harm; not only to the uncontrolled youngsters themselves but to the generation after next. Said a famed doctor with whom I talked:

"WE'RE not getting the full returns on this thing, yet; and we won't for another ten or fifteen years. I'm not speaking of the moral phase of it—though I could speak rather luridly on that, if professional ethics didn't muzzle me—but of the physical side of it. In other days, the average boy of twenty or under might get drunk at a college supper or take an occasional drink, but he was not a steady drinker, and the average young girl did not drink at all. Moreover, the liquor in that era was more or less pure and was carefully and scientifically made.

"Nowadays, boys and girls are drinking synthetic gin and green whisky that would put a professional drunkard's system into the discard. They're drinking steadily and deep; thousands of them. That poison is going to get into their kidneys and livers, and permeate their whole bodies.

"It may not show, just yet. The drinkers have youth and vigor to counterbalance it. But wait for another ten years, and then watch out for a dozen different chronic diseases to develop in the mothers of the future, to weaken the vitality of their children, and their children's children."

There is another and far graver angle to this situation which I can touch on only by inference.

I have talked with many Pollyannic parents who assure me, blithely:

"Oh, our young people aren't one atom the worse, morally, for this glorious New Freedom of theirs! There's just a jolly and honest goodfellowship between boys and girls, nowadays, that's really

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The *best* gasolines become *better* when ETHYL is added

RACING car drivers *can't* take a chance with their engines.

Before a race they test their cars with the best gasoline obtainable. Then they add "Ethyl" fluid—the anti-knock compound—to develop the last ounce of power for speed and safety.

Similarly, leading oil companies are adding "Ethyl" fluid to the gasoline produced for the general motoring public, so that your car too may increase its performance under all driving conditions.

This fuel is called Ethyl Gasoline and is sold at pumps which display the emblem shown below.

Read the facts about Ethyl Gasoline given below. Remember that even the best gasolines become better when "Ethyl" fluid is added.

Then give Ethyl a trial. Its price is merely the price of good motor gasoline plus the few extra pennies the "Ethyl" ingredient costs. But what a difference it makes in your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada

What Ethyl Gasoline is

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors Research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("Ethyl" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

"Ethyl" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "Ethyl" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "Ethyl" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "Ethyl" trademark.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.

ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that knock

What Ethyl Gasoline does

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

In short, Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

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Rolling up new Sales and Mileage Records

EVERYWHERE, in the congestion of city traffic, in suburbs, in country—the demand for Silvertowns increases.

Thousands of new cars, equipped with Silvertowns, are pouring daily from the great automobile factories of America. And literally millions of motorists are following the preference of leading car manufacturers by demanding Silvertowns.

Even with the added capacity of the vast new Pacific Goodrich factory, Silvertown sales require the day and night operation of the huge plants at Akron and Kitchener, Ontario.

There is only one answer to these mounting sales. Economical—safe—dependable mileage. Goodrich dealers, east, west, north and south, are ready to equip you with Silvertowns!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. *Est. 1870*
Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. *In Canada:* Canadian-Goodrich Rubber Company, Kitchener, Ont.
LISTEN IN EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, *Goodrich Radio Hour*
9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time over WEAF and the Red Network.

Goodrich Silvertowns

better and cleaner than all the prudish reticences of the former times. It's an improvement, all around."

Is it?

It seems to me that the blithe assurance of such parents savors just a little of the loud whistling wherewith a lonely small boy lightens his trip through a black alleyway. Again, I may be wrong.

Judge Ben Lindsey is a wise man. He has had practical experience with youth of both sexes. He is not foul-minded nor an alarmist. Read some of his appalling published statements—culled out of thousands—on the moral results of this New Freedom which discards the use of bridle and halter and yet which expects a hot-blooded young race-horse to stand tamely quiet and not to bolt.

Human nature remained basically the same for six thousand—perhaps six million years. The strict rules of chaperonage and of similar guards for youth, which were built up and strengthened during all those centuries, were not silly fetishes. The experience of ages proved them starkly needful. Yet Pollyannists ask us to believe that human nature has undergone such a radical change since 1918 that lad and lass can now be thrown together under circumstances of greater mutual license and mutual provocation than ever before were known, without resultant harm.

Liquor, propinquity, scantiness of attire, inexperienced and ardent youth, infinite opportunity, a breaking-down of all ancient barriers—that is the situation. Make out of it what you will—or, rather, what you must.

This goes hand in hand with the loud new talk about a "double standard" of morality—the prate which does not realize that a "double standard" usually means that both sexes are drawn *down* to the same low level, not elevated to a mutual higher plane. It is only in Hell's ledger that two wrongs make a right.

And so let's get on to a less unsavory view of the many-sided problem.

THIS New Freedom is epitomized best, I think, in a plaint made to me, two years ago, by a man much my senior. He was telling me of a nephew who had left his parents' Mid-Western home and, self-invited, had taken up his abode with my informant, in New York.

"I don't mind his living free on me," said the oldster. "I don't so much mind his touching me for spending-money every day or two. I can stand his stealing my liquor and helping himself to handfuls of my cigars. But I confess I got just a little sore when I happened to see the first paragraph of a letter he wrote home to his folks, last week. It said: '*I've never been so happy and so self-respecting in all my life as since I've been making my own way in the world.*'"

More often than not, that is precisely what it amounts to. The Next Generation is vaunting its New Freedom and Self-Expression at the expense of us old-timers who disapprove so bitterly of it all. We carry the key of the situation in our own pockets. We have but to cut off the cash supplies, and they will be brought to heel; even as we were brought to heel in the days when we were young.

How many boys of twenty-three and younger are earning enough salary at any

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job to pay for a single weekly evening at a night club? How many of them can pay for the repairs and gas and tires for the cars which have placed Opportunity so pleasantly within their grasp? How many girls of the same age can earn enough at decent jobs to pay their own bridge debts, to say nothing of paying for their clothes? Mighty few.

No, we groan and grouch and grumble. But we pay. And, by paying, we enable them to go on as we hate to see them going. We are a fine lot, we imbecile oldsters, aren't we?

There is still another doorway which the Next Generation is just beginning to peep through. "Peep" is the wrong word, for it implies furtiveness; and there is nothing furtive about the Next Generationers. Here is one illustration which epitomizes the whole:

A girl of twenty-one made her début three years ago. Since then, she has had a right jolly and wakeful time; though the Next Generation dubs her prudish and, but for her beauty and charm and cash, would have wall-flowered her. She told me, last spring:

"As soon as I get back from Europe, I am going to take a job. It's in a lawyer's office. The hours are from nine till five and I'm going to get a hundred dollars a month. Isn't that wonderful?"

I enthused properly at the grand prospect, omitting to remind her that whenever a wealthy girl takes such an unneeded position she is crowding out of it some girl to whom the salary would be a godsend. Then I asked:

"Why are you going to work? Are you bored?"

"No," she told me, with sudden serious eagerness. "But some day I shall be married. Then I may want to get a divorce, a few years after that. And when I'm divorced, I don't want to come back on my family for support, the way so many girls do. I want to know how to earn my own living, till I marry again. That's why I'm taking this job in Judge Blank's office. It'll be fine training."

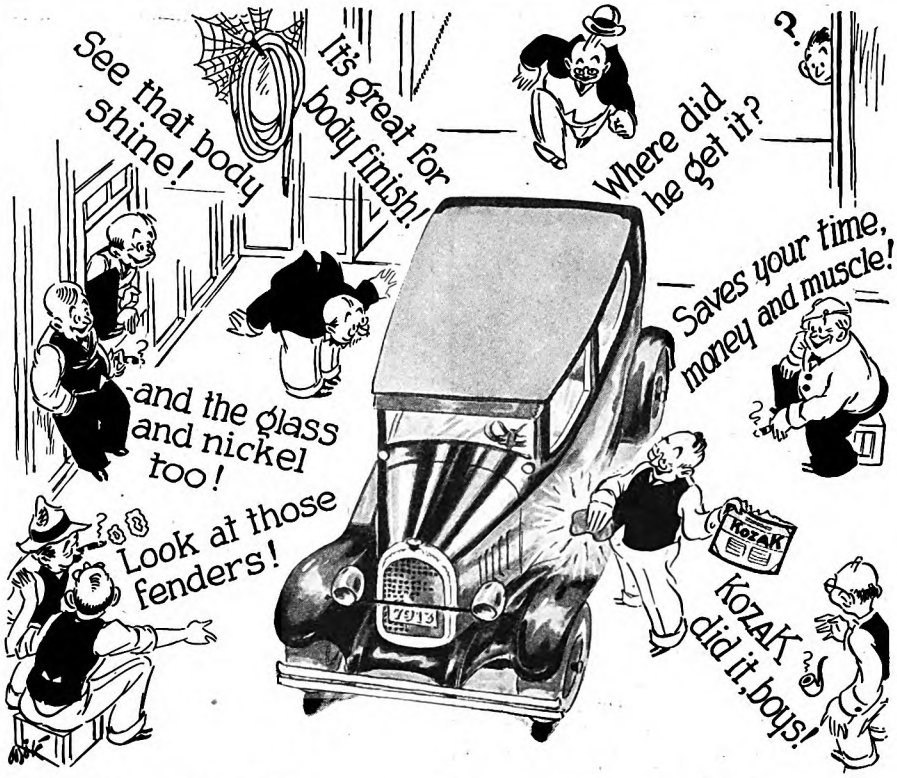
In other words, before she has picked out a possible husband, she is paving the way cannily for a possible divorce and remarriage. If she were a solitary instance, her story would not have been worth telling. But she is not.

The easily swinging portals of divorce are robbing marriage of all grim permanence; for her and for many more like her. Water-wings are in waiting for those who may chance to tire of the long matrimonial swim. It is a gaudy spirit, isn't it, wherein to enter the erstwhile "for better, for worse" state of wedlock?

WHERE is the net profit in all this New Freedom tidal wave through which bewildered humanity is floundering breast-deep? Wherein are the Next Generationers themselves the gainers? Unbridled license never yet led to civic betterment or to individual happiness. (That is not a copybook maxim, but a tough fact in political economy.)

There is no hint of genuine liberty about it. When our Colonists freed America, they settled down to forming a government whereby their newly liberated land might best and most securely be ruled. They did not say:

"We were taxed heavily, and ruled



"Boy! How She Sparkles—
and think of the Saving, too!"

NEVER has a dollar bought more for any car-owner than KOZAK brings. A cleaner, brighter car—a $50 cut in your car-washing bills—a big saving in somebody's time and labor. Send in the coupon now and prove it for yourself. You run no risk—with our money-back guarantee! And seeing is believing!

KOZAK
Auto Dry Wash

is the modern way to dry wash your car—as tens of thousands of motorists already know. Not a drop of water is needed. KOZAK is a specially treated fabric. Keep it handy in your car. Spend a few moments each day on finish, windshield and nickel and see them glisten!

Automotive engineers will tell you that to-day's automobile finish needs exactly the kind of dry cleaning that KOZAK gives—to preserve and improve it. Only when the running gear is dirt-clogged do they prescribe a water-wash—for high pressure water-washing rusts joints and starts body squeaks. KOZAK's dry wash keeps your car new and smart-looking, stops noises developing and lengthens its efficient life.

At many times its low price, KOZAK would be cheap for the car-owner who prides himself on his car's appearance. Yet KOZAK costs but a dollar—and is ideal for every make of car.

Look for this convenient Silent Salesman at your dealer's. Every KOZAK is trade-marked on the fabric.

In the East, you can buy a KOZAK wherever you bought your car, or from the usual accessory stores. Elsewhere, preliminary distribution is now being extended through Ford dealers. KOZAK is $1—*postpaid* anywhere in the United States and Canada. If you have any trouble finding KOZAK locally, send us your check or cash for as many as you want. Use the coupon—Now!

To Dealers: You can buy KOZAK from any T. I. E. D. member or any A. E. A. jobber.

KOZAK, Batavia, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

KOZAK, 7 Park Place, Batavia, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I can hardly believe what you say about KOZAK. But I want to try it, with the understanding that if for any reason I find it unsatisfactory, the full price of $1 will be refunded to me without question. I enclose $..... (check or bills) for.....KOZAKS at $1 each.

Name.....

Please Print Name Plainly

Street..... City..... State.....

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..and now
DUNLOP
sponsors it..

MANY months ago, Dunlop started to build a 75c golf-ball.

Thousands upon thousands were made and sold. They were called "Maxpar." They were orphans. Dunlop withheld the Dunlop name—the greatest name in golf.

They had to win their own way in the world. They had to prove themselves to possess *all* the best qualities of *every* other 75c ball.

Thousands of golfers gave them untold punishment. Orders from professionals for this Spring's delivery are already in excess of manufacturing capacity. The Maxpar had conclusively earned its right to the Dunlop hall-mark.

So now it is the Dunlop "Maxpar." It is a *Dunlop*... in quality as well as name.

75¢
DUNLOP

MAXPAR

sternly by our former masters. Now that we have cast off their yoke, we'll have no taxes and no rule, but just be gorgeously free!"

Such a notion could not have lasted a year.

The Next Generationers are the supreme Bolshevists of the universe. Lawless, turbulent, breath-takingly free of lurid language, furiously or derisively resentful of efforts to check them, they demand all, and give little, setting Precedent and the Old Order at naught; smashing ancient custom and sneering at conventionality.

We oldsters are not perfect by any means; nor were our forefathers. Maybe we were inclined to be over-harsh, over-narrow, and tyrannical to our young. Maybe many details in our rule needed overthrowing. But customs and procedures of generations must not be ruthlessly swept aside, until something better can replace them.

When Genghis Khan conquered an Asian enemy country, one of his bigoted generals begged leave to smash all the images of gods in all the captured temples. Grimly answered Genghis Khan, the Wise:

"No. Not until we can supplant them with the images of better gods!"

Suppose, then, we find something practical and workable wherewith to supplant the solid customs of sixty centuries, before we let the Next Generationers rip to ribbons and crush to splinters everything that the combined experience and brain of The Ages has built up? It is worth a thought, perhaps even from the youth who insist on doing their own thinking and on junking the thoughts and ideals of those of us who have gone before.

HISTORY has little imagination. Once having coined a story, she tells it over and over again. Let's dip back into her dusty pages and see how she has dealt with Next Generationers, from the beginning of the World; or, to save time, for the past few hundred years, and in only one or two countries. For there is nothing new in the present situation—nor in anything else.

Back in England, in the mid-seventeenth century, Charles I ruled a corrupt and dissolute court. Next Generationers ran riot. Presently, revulsion and reaction set in. A puritanic iron age dawned, under Oliver Cromwell. Tiring of Cromwellian strictness and morals, England cut loose under Charles II in a career of court immorality and drunkenness and other vices which shamed the corrupt memory of Charles I's worst times.

England, sickening of this, thrust the Stuarts from the throne, and went strict again under William and Mary and under Queen Anne. Another swing or two of the pendulum and George IV and his Corinthians made the era of Charles II seem all but pure. On the heels of this orgy-time, Victoria mounted the throne, bringing back decency and a strict morality worthy of Cromwell.

The same thing has applied here in America, just as it has in every other nation. License has always been followed by puritanism, and, in turn, some upheaval has slung us back into license.

Just now we are paying the bill for the World War. We are paying it most heavily in the conduct of the Next Generationers. That can't and won't last forever.

BUT always the Pendulum has swung. Always it will swing. The next swing will bring back something, if not all, of the olden lost modesty and cleanness—if also the less desirable prudery and stiff conventionalities. See if I am not right. It will come within the lifetime of thousands of you who read this.

Meantime, there is always a bill to pay. Mrs. Nineteen-Forty will be grimly strict and prudish, perhaps. But she will have a less vigorous constitution than if she had not gulped down so much rank bootleg booze and smoked so many cigarettes in 1928. And when she chides her prim daughter for wishing to go unchaperoned to a dance, there may be hot unbidden memories—nauseous and shamed memories—of a dark and parked car and a flask; and of a man whose name she didn't catch when he was introduced to her, but who certainly was the Original Sheik.

One of the finest things about the human race is its innate tendency to right itself, soon or late, and to cast away the detrimental customs that hamper its rise. In nearly all new communities on the successive frontiers, lawlessness ran rife. But, presently, law-abiding decency took its place.

We are all living in a new frontier settlement made by the war and by its offshoots. The Next Generationers are having their heyday of license, to the harm of the community. But history ever repeats herself. We may look next for the eternally recurring era of law and order.

It will come. But—it is taking an unconscionably long time about it.

Dime Wise and Dollar Foolish

(*Continued from page 57*)

patriotic with on the Fourth of July. And the amount of intelligent economy I have put into rationing myself with firecrackers so they would last throughout the day, would run the steel trust.

We lived in a little Michigan town, where there was a saying that a hen never laid an egg that was worth more than a penny. Milk was four cents a quart—and the separator hadn't been invented. When milkmen raised their price to five cents a quart, it became a great public question, like the income tax. Beefsteak was ten cents a pound—any kind of steak. You didn't ask for a porterhouse or a sirloin. You asked for steak, and you got steak; and it cost you a dime. Somehow, those prices got themselves fixed in my head as standard.

We owned our own house, and it was as comfortable and pleasant as any in town. There were few people there who could be called rich, and most, to-day, would be considered rather less than well-to-do.

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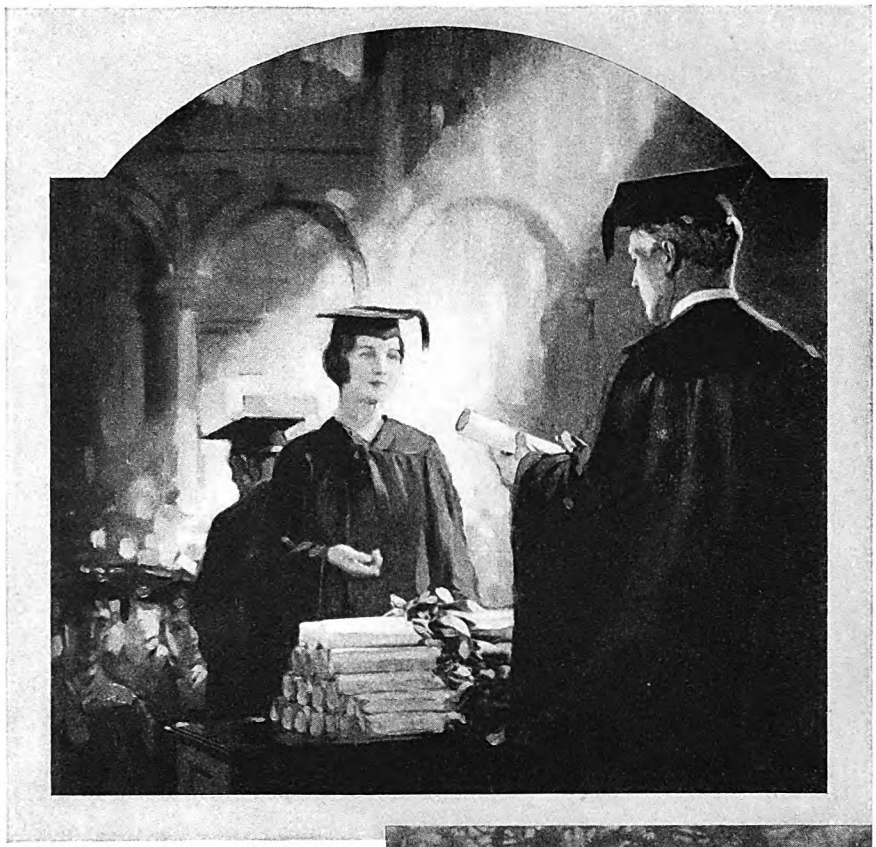
What Gift will recall this scene eventful years from now?



WHERE will her diploma be? Rolled away in a corner of the cedar chest.

And where will his fraternity pin be? Dropped . . . long since . . . into the jewelry case of the girl who became his wife.

What definite remembrance will this young man and this young womar still carry when, for instance, the class of 1948 come forward for *their* degrees?

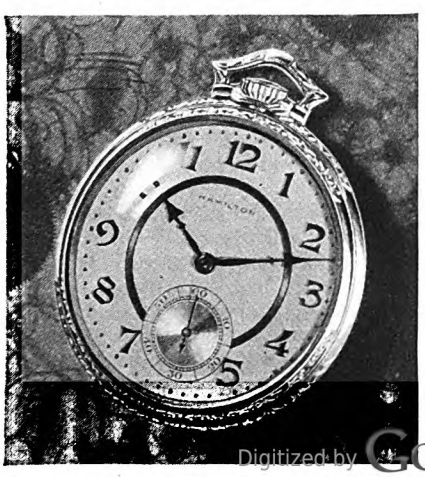
If a Hamilton Watch accompanies the young graduate down from the platform, it will be looked at not once but a dozen times every single day.

Often it will recall this scene. Always the wearer will know—accurately, exactly, confidently—just what time it is.

There is a thrill in first possessing a Hamilton that the wearer never does quite get over. At first its accuracy seems nothing short of amazing. And then, as the years come and go, you grow to depend upon it as a friend who simply does not know how to tell you anything but the truth.

The Hamilton has justly earned its title, "the watch of railroad accuracy," not by chance, but because railroad regulations demand that trains be timed by watches of *known* accuracy. And so you will find that Hamiltons ride in the cab of the "Twentieth Century Limited," the "Broadway Limited," the "Olympian" and many other famous flyers of the rails.

Would you like to glance over an interesting booklet showing some of the beautiful new Hamilton models and telling a bit about the care with which they are made? Write for a free copy of "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



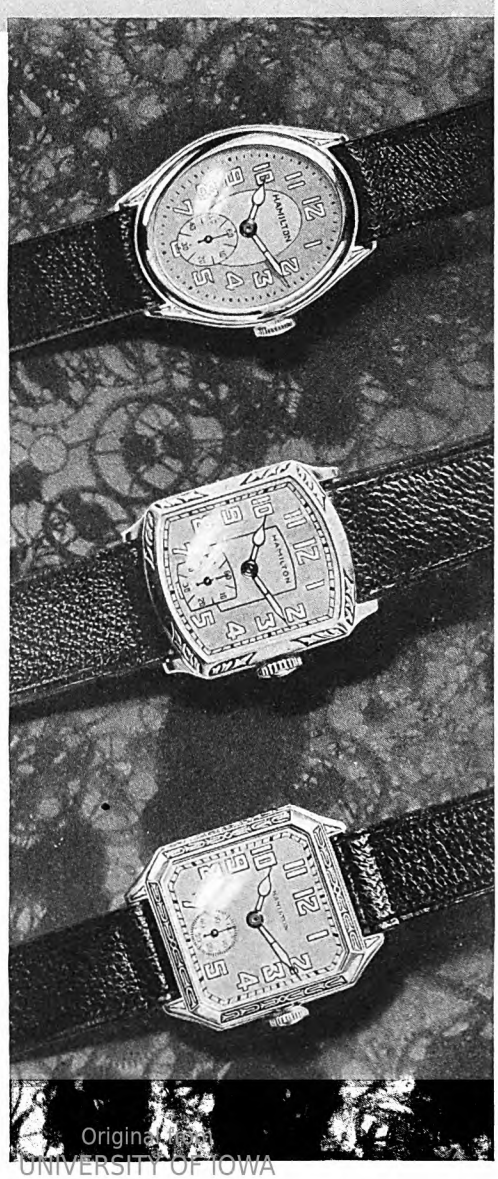
THE BRUNSWICK. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, $112 to $172.

Upper. The OVAL. In filled or 14k gold; plain or engraved. $55 to $87.

Center. The TONNEAU. Filled or 14k. Plain or engraved from $55 to $87.

Lower. The SQUARE. Filled or 14k plain or engraved cases. $55 to $87.

Hamilton Wrist Models for women start at $48



Hamilton

THE WATCH of *Railroad Accuracy*

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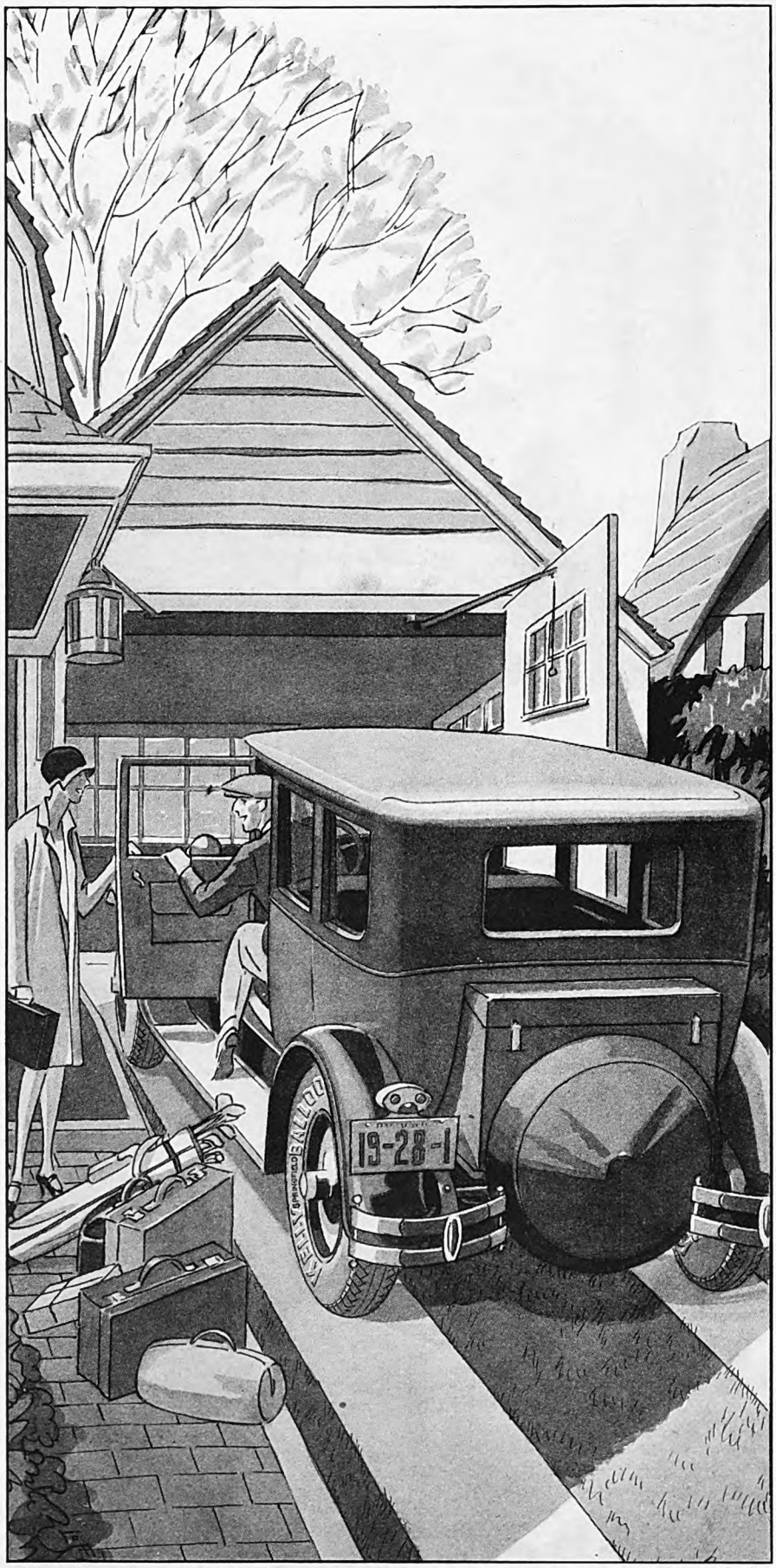

"This is one time we've had an absolutely perfect trip. Wonderful weather, no breakdowns—not even a tire change."

"Yes, I'm glad now that I let that tire dealer talk me into putting Kelly-Springfields on all around. This is the first long trip we've ever taken without having to change at least one tire."

People saved, went to church Wednesdays and Sundays, and believed that hell was a pit of flaming brimstone and pitch. I think we were a typical small town of thirty-five or forty years ago, and I steeped in the atmosphere of it. For which I give thanks.

NOW, after all these years, I find my foundations there: my financial and my ethical foundations. The subconscious ones. When I have to spend more for a quart of milk than my parents did—it hurts my feelings. When I deal with anything which was familiar to me in those early days I feel I have violated something if I deal with it differently than it would have been treated. The result is a dual personality. I live two lives. One life is held in check by the experiences of the early days; the other life is made up of matters of which those early days were ignorant.

For instance, the possession of money in sums greater than, say, a hundred dollars a month, is a new one. It is a problem I have had to master for myself. I am independent of my past and can be as foolish as I like. But in dealing with sums which lay within the possibility of a hundred-dollar income, I am helplessly in the hands of my past.

Only a few days ago I went into a store to buy a small article which I have been accustomed to get for fifteen cents. The merchant demanded a quarter! I was outraged. I fumed and called upon heaven to behold the outrage. I have no doubt I waved my arms, and I know I gave an oration upon profiteers and the horrors of the cost of living. And I didn't buy.

But—that afternoon I went to New York to visit a musician friend of mine. He showed me a piano. It was a remarkable piano with gadgets and thing-um-bobs and what-nots. He also took me around and showed me other pianos without-do-hickeys, and which marketed at a fifth of the cost. First-class instruments, too, and good enough for anybody. But what did I do? Did I economize and buy a perfectly good piano that would have lasted for years and served any purpose—even the playing of musical compositions? No; I did not. I went and bought that other one with the whang-doodles on it. And I have never felt a qualm.

I kick like an army mule over the cook's wages, because we used to get a hired girl for two dollars and a half a week—and she did the washing!—and then I spend a silly amount of money for a yacht, and enjoy doing it. All because servant girls were known to my early experience and yachts were not.

If your experience has something with which to grapple, it will grapple with it in the good old-fashioned way. If the thing is new to your experience and established inhibitions, you will deal with it, I believe, according to your individual character. Experience can modify only what it has touched. It is useless for good or ill when it confronts a stranger.

Now, as to my business of writing. Why do I make it a business instead of elevating it to an art, and dealing with it temperamentally? I think I know: I was brought up under the banner inscribed with the motto about early to bed and

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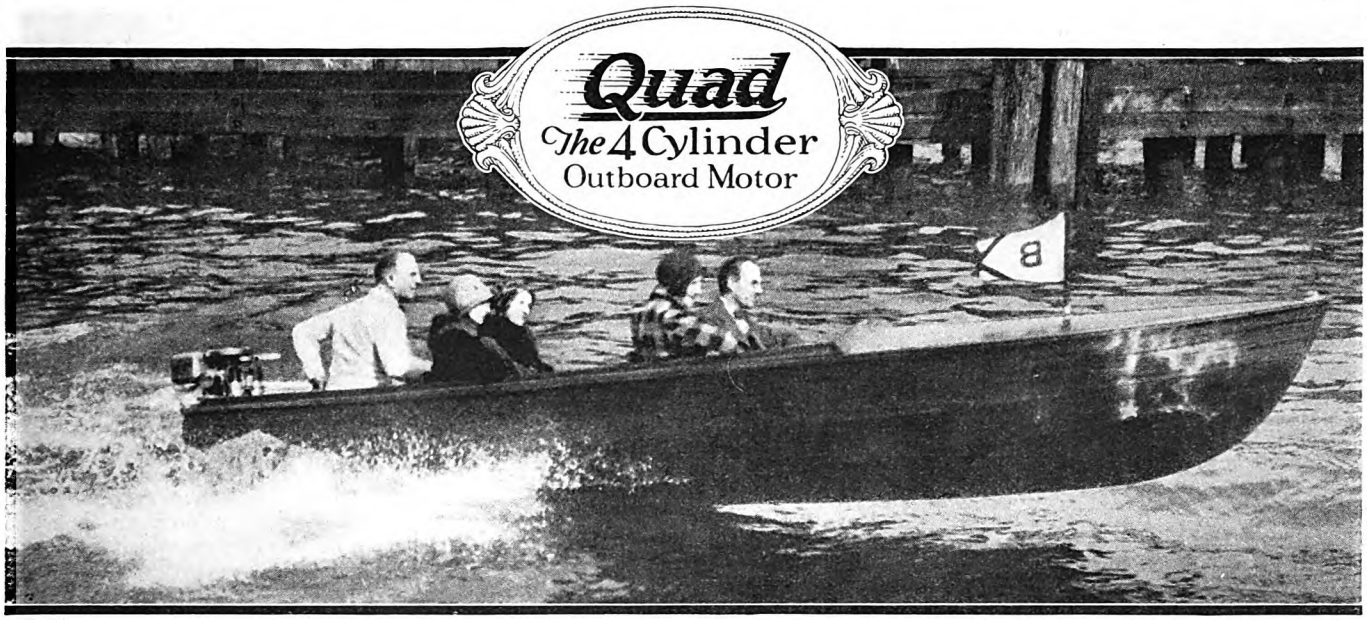

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A new-type motor brings the thrilling speed, comfort and reliability of America's finest runabouts

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Such fine craft cost thousands. But now their joyful, capable performance is yours for a fraction of such costs.*

A new-type motor has made such miracles possible—

An *outboard* motor—but such a motor as the outboard world had never visioned.

Four cylinders—where "twin" cylinders had been considered the ultimate.

A torrent of power that can be likened only to the responsiveness of expensive inboard engines.

With such soft flexibility and obedient handling ease that even the novice can operate it confidently.

A motor that is vibrationless. A motor that is utterly, *unbelievably* free from vibration at every speed.

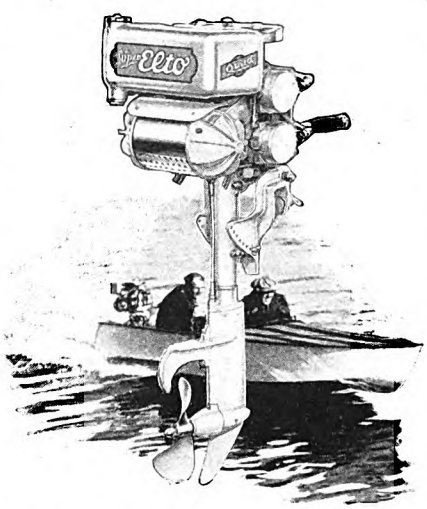
An amazing motor — product of the genius of Ole Evinrude.

On staunch, fleet hulls of family runabout type this Elto *Quad* gives a speed of 25 rollicking miles an hour. And with full passenger load, speeds of over twenty.

With security. No other motor offers a greater degree of steadfast reliability.

It snaps into exuberant life with a 2-inch flip of the flywheel. It reverses with a swing of the throttle, a touch of a button.

It has dual ignition, dual carburetion.



If there's young blood in the family, it's ready and eager to double in duty.

Transferring it from sporty runabout to fast racer is but the work of seconds — then, few motors indeed can hold pace with its 35-mile speed.

It is a true *all-purpose* motor. It is ideal power for small cabin cruisers.

You can own a *Quad*-powered boat for the first-cost of the cheapest motor car. Your running costs are almost nothing.

No boat house is necessary. Your boat can be beached wherever you wish. Your motor is detachable and portable.

If you've longed for the finest of outdoor sports—or if you've previously been content with an ordinary outboard—send for the Elto book—and for the name of a dealer who will gladly demonstrate.

The book gives full information on the *Quad*, and on two other famous Elto models. The *Speedster*, a splendid middleweight speed motor, and the *Service Twin*, an all-use family and utility motor.

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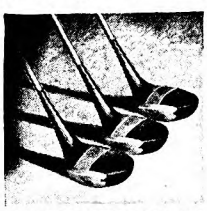
To build clubs with this Character—to build as they knew golf clubs should be built, a group of the game's ablest craftsmen formed the VULCAN organization. Already responsible for the production of over five million fine clubs, their ideal was, from the outset, to build clubs finer than anything then known to the game—to create rather than manufacture.



A SET O' THREE Matched Woods, the V-21's—Driver, Brassie and Spoon. Finer and truer clubs have never been made.

To know how well they have realized their ideal you have only to see, to handle, a *VULCAN Stainless Set*, or a *Set O' Three* matched woods. Your dealer or Pro has them, or will gladly get them for you. Include his name when writing for the VULCAN catalog.

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early to rise. The great truth that anything dealing with the making of one's daily bread was a serious matter is still a great truth to me. Men worked from sun-up to sun-down, and industry was one of the highest virtues. Industry for the sake of industry. We ran rather to set rules, and sharp distinctions. You were hard-working or you were lazy; you were good or you were bad.

It is only during the past few years that I have discovered leisure, and the value and delights of leisure. But I shall never find out how to utilize it as do those who to leisure are born. I do my best, but it is inadequate. I was born in an era and in a locality where leisure was almost as immoral as dishonesty, and every time I loaf for a day I have to rub liniment on my conscience.

Yet, with all this background of conservatism, I have always been a taker of chances, moral, mental, physical, and financial. But in this I am curiously niggardly. I play golf. My friends—some of them—like to play for considerable stakes. Five dollars a hole, or a ten-dollar Nassau. I can't do it. If I bet more than a dollar a hole or a dollar Nassau, the fun goes out of it and I am in a stew. Yet, on the same afternoon, I can call my broker and risk half of all I have managed to lay by in twenty years on a single stock. And without worrying much about it.

I remember a year or so ago, when disagreeable things were happening in the market, I went in for more than any sensible man should do. My broker warned me and argued with me; but my mind was made up.

"Well," I said to him, "all I can lose is money."

HOW, with my background and upbringing, could I take a chance like that, and how, with economy and respect for savings ingrained in myself, could I say that? What made me act so, and what made me speak so? For I meant it. Naturally, it would be no pleasure to me to lose a large sum of money; but it did not seem to me it would be a calamity. I wasn't showing off, nor trying to prove myself what is called a game sport; but I do think there was some vanity in it. I mean to say I thought I had figured out what the market was going to do, and was a bit vain of what I believed to be my clear thinking. And I wanted to demonstrate it. Small vanities account for a great deal of my behavior, and your behavior.

It is difficult to be vain over the big things in one's life. I cannot, for instance, experience any of the emotion of vanity over any of my books, because I know more about them than any reader or critic. The critic sees only what you have managed to achieve; I myself know what I tried to achieve, and how far short the finished work fell of that ambition.

It must be a wonderful thing to write a book and to feel that you have bestowed a great thing upon the world. But that fine, big vanity is not for me, so I have to fall back on the little ones.

Once I found an old red band coat with gorgeous gold braid all over it. It was a noble thing. When it was destroyed in a fire my heart was broken. For over a year from the day it came into my life, I wore it—not in society, you understand, but at work. Every morning when I went into my office and was all alone, I would put on that coat and wear it, and work like the dickens. I didn't want anybody to see me in it; I just wanted to wear it and to know the bully sensation of being gotten up like a Christmas tree. I think it did me good. I think the more harmlessly foolish things a man can do, the better off he is, and I can understand how Mark Twain gloried in that pure white suit of evening clothes.

I FIND that a good part of my behavior derives from dissatisfaction with something; it is a protest. It is a reaction from some unpleasant condition experienced in the past. I do things which were forbidden, or denied to me as a boy—not because I want to do them especially but just to show that I can do them. When I was a kid I had a bicycle, which I was not allowed to ride on Sunday. For a long time after I became independent of that sort of control I—figuratively—rode bicycles on the Sabbath just to make up for lost time. This sort of thing gives one a gorgeous feeling of getting away with something, and we all love to do that.

I was born and brought up in a narrow environment. It was one which did not make allowances. Black was black, and white was white, but there was no gray or mauve or tan. Why, then, am I so tolerant of the conduct of others—so long as it doesn't disturb me when I want to be comfortable? Is it because I am tolerant by nature? I do not think so. I believe I am exceptionally intolerant. I do believe this toleration is one thing I have earned by hard work and observation and a little thinking. And by some scrutiny of my own weaknesses. I have reached the conclusion that ethics is not an exact science, that there is no set formula defining morals, and that many acts may seem evil to-day and perhaps virtuous to-morrow—or at least negligible.

So I have reached the point where I can say that such and such an act is not for me; but if Jim wants to do it, why, that is his own business, and what of it? Unless, as I said a moment ago, it disturbs my comfort, or enjoyment, or sense of fitness.

For instance, drunkenness exasperates me to the fighting point. Not, I regret to say, because I regard over-indulgence—or any indulgence—in liquor as moral turpitude, but because a gentleman in his cups becomes a pest. I think, at the base of my aversion is a feeling that the human race is endowed with a certain amount of dignity. I don't mean pomposity, but common or garden dignity.

Which brings us to the subject of manners: I know I take a childish and perverse delight in certain violations of the code as set down in the Book of Decorum. Maybe there is some petty vanity in this, and a bit of showing off. I think possibly it is so. Somebody once said of Napoleon that he never had any table manners until he got to a position where he didn't need any. It may be I like to dazzle myself with pretending to be Napoleon.

But anything which savors of basic ill manners I cannot abide. It may be a little thing. It may be the use of an overbearing tone in addressing a waiter or an inferior. But once an acquaintance

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violates that foundational code, and I am through with him for life. I have lost my taste for him.

Injustice is another matter that makes the hair rise on the back of my neck. I don't mean great injustices. I mean little things. Such things as come up in daily contact with people. If somebody who is close to me by ties of friendship or blood—or marriage—deals with me in a manner which seems unjust, then I am plunged into the depths.

THEN we come to the matter of embarrassment and camouflage mechanism. It accounts for a large part of my behavior. For instance, I was in a party of strangers the other night, one of whom, in a clumsy sort of way, kept referring constantly to my books and to me as a writing person. In the most favorable circumstances it embarrasses me almost to death to have a stranger—or indeed anyone publicly—pull the usual line of stuff. But these circumstances were far from favorable, and I felt myself becoming more and more embarrassed each minute, until it got to the point where I couldn't bear it a second longer. I just made a sudden break for my hat and coat, and went away from there and didn't go back.

This embarrassment, or self-doubt, this inferiority complex, is at the root of so many of our acts. We do so many things to escape from what seems to us a predicament, or to conceal our perturbation. We act that way because we are scared to death.

To draw a diagram of the causes which lead up to the simplest act would be a highly complex achievement. But I can set down what I believe to be the most important motivations in my own behavior.

First, the experience of my childhood in those years when we get most of our education, and when we are most impressionable. It is then that indelible impressions are made. What we are taught and what we observe from birth until we are ten or twelve remain with us forever.

Second, a lifelong effort to escape from certain inhibitions fettered upon us in those years—which we recognize to be unsound, but which we cannot wholly throw off.

Third, the experience of our mature years, including such reasoning as we may have managed to do upon this and that. And the constant struggle between what we have acquired by honest reason and what has been imposed upon us as right or wrong before we were capable of reasoning.

And fourth, that spark of individuality and originality which glows in the most commonplace of us. It is there, and it is active. It is that which really differentiates one man from every other man. It is our own personal and peculiar possession, touching with its light and shadow every experience, every ambition, every reaction; modifying all, coloring all. It is this which makes mankind a puzzle. You are different from me in some wonderful, unidentifiable manner. If you and I have precisely the same experience and training we may manifest certain similarities; but we will be, in the main, as different as any other two persons. Because you cannot dull the spark which is each individual's trade-mark.

TO ME it seems that this spark struck from the cosmic flint and falling into me at birth is my most important possession. I say important, and not valuable. It may be an incubus. It may work my ruin or it may lift me to heights. But it is always present.

In short, we must arrive at one conclusion and only one. None other is possible:

I behave as I do because I am myself. You couldn't act as I do, nor can I train myself to act as you do. There must always be a difference. Nor can I predict for you, or you for me. Whenever the individual spark takes charge, it acts independently of all but itself. You cannot make a rule by which to judge a thousand million of men and women, when each one of that thousand million has in him a mysterious thing which is different from the mysterious thing of every other member of the thousand millions.

Why do I do that? . . . Because I am I.

What Do You Hate Most to Pay Out Money For?

Prize Contest Announcement

EVERY one of us has said at some time or other, "Oh, how I hate spending money for so-and-so!" Clarence Budington Kelland, in the article you have just read, says he didn't mind spending several thousand dollars for a piano with lots of whang-doodles attached to it; but he kicks like a steer because he has to pay more than ten cents a pound for beefsteak. We all have such idiosyncrasies when it comes to spending. Some folks simply loathe parting with money to pay for shoes; others hate to pay out money for laundry, rent, the cook's wages, vegetables, a haircut, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

What is it you hate most to spend money on? There may be a number of things, but one particular object riles you more than anything else.

Tell us about it, and also tell us the reason why.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes June 20th. Winning letters will appear in the September issue.

Address "Money," Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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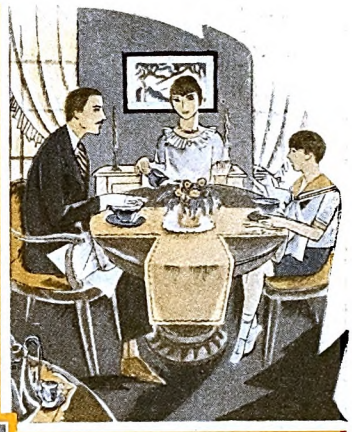
So there's double cause for rejoicing



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Dot Tries to Help "Poor Mattie Coates"

(*Continued from page 51*)

Phil grinned kind of sheepishly.

"Don't look so bad, does she?" He turned to Will confidentially.

"There wasn't any comfort doing anything around the big house," he said, "because I never did anything right. The old gentleman was always nagging at me: 'Have you oiled the mower? Can't you get in any closer to the corners? Look out for that stone!' You know how it is."

Phil looked down at their shiny new lawn mower, only a quarter paid for, I suppose, but their own.

"It seems to make all the difference in the world," he said thoughtfully, "when it's your own lawn mower you're oiling."

It was right then that it dawned on me that what had happened was a good thing. Not only for Mrs. Coates. It was going to be the best of all for Phil and Marice themselves.

But what I wondered was what Betty was going to do, left alone in the big house with two men to keep house for. Though, as it turned out, she didn't have two men to keep house for long. Tom took himself suddenly off to Verblen.

I think that really Will was partly responsible for this. Tom's little second-hand car had something the matter with it and he was tinkering with it, and Will strolled over to look on. They decided that the car'd have to have a new clutch, which costs like the mischief. In their talking about it, Will gathered that Mr. Coates hadn't thought well of the way Tom threw his salary around, and had suddenly taken to charging him board. It didn't leave Tom much margin, and without his mother to wangle money out of, a new clutch looked a long way off.

WILL asked Tom what he wanted to work in the music store for, anyway. Why didn't he get out and get a job that really paid something? Tom told Will that he'd had a chance to get into the Perry Truck and Tractor Company in Verblen.

Not that he'd get any more salary there at first; but he's wild about heavy machines, and he would have started right in demonstrating. They have the Perry agency for all this part of the state, and Mr. Vance, who owns the business, has the reputation of pushing the young men who work for him right up to something good, as soon as they're ready for it. It's not so easy to get in there, and Will asked Tom for cat's sake why he fooled around selling jazz records if he had a chance like that.

"Well," said Tom, "I'd have to live in Verblen, you see. The Perry hours are too long to go back and forth."

"Well, can't you live in Verblen?" Will asked.

Tom kind of hemmed and hawed around, and finally said that at the time he hadn't felt it would be right to leave his mother. Will was perfectly disgusted at the idea of any young man being tied to his mother's apron strings like that, and I guess he let Tom see it.

It must have sort of struck at Tom's pride, because the very next day he went over to see if any job at the Perry Company was still open, and when he found that one was, if he didn't resign from the music store and take it!

When he left, I couldn't help thinking that, beginning with Mrs. Coates going, that big house was like the song "Forty-nine Bottles a-Hanging on the Wall." Now there was just Betty and her father living in it. Which was certainly just as well, if it was up to Betty to do the housekeeping. For a girl of seventeen, she knew about the least about housekeeping of anybody I've ever seen in my life.

And she certainly didn't show any desire to learn. The only interest she took in housekeeping was in seeing how quick she could get it done.

And the way she twisted her father around her finger!

THEY closed up all that big house except their own bedrooms and the kitchen. They didn't even use the living-room or dining-room, just lived and ate out on the big side porch. And the way they ate! Marice was so shocked she had to blow off steam to me:

"Honestly, if she *is* my own sister, I never saw anybody so shiftless in my entire life. With Mother's lovely table linen, Betty is using paper doilies and paper napkins! And with a china closet full of beautiful dishes, they eat three meals a day off paper plates. I wouldn't have Mother know for worlds. It would just break her heart."

"Can't your father make Betty—" I began, but Marice answered before I'd finished:

"Father doesn't care. He's just a man, and you know how men are. If he has three square meals a day that's all he asks. And Betty just works him. She's out of that place and off to play tennis by nine o'clock every morning."

It really was shocking; but, as Marice said, what was there to do about it? I was ironing napkins a morning or so later, and wondering if it was my duty—on account of what I'd promised Mrs. Coates—to speak to Betty, when suddenly I looked down at the napkin I was ironing on a folded bath towel to bring out the monogram, and it occurred to me that it was a foolish way to be spending a perfectly gorgeous summer morning.

And the more I thought of it, the less I could make Betty's way seem as shocking as Marice thought it. After all, if a family is kept clean and well fed, that's about all they really need, and, while I wouldn't want to pass up the trimmings myself, I have to admit that they aren't exactly necessary, and that they aren't any fun if you're the kind who isn't interested in them.

And Betty was interested in something else. She's such a crack athlete, specially swimming and tennis, that Peggy Scoggins's married brother had landed her the job as athletic assistant in Peggy's college, and Betty had decided to cram up and see if she couldn't pass the entrance examination for this very fall.

Though they had all expected her to

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1-34

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stay a month longer, Mr. Coates got a wire that Mrs. Coates would be home the day before Labor Day.

Watching the three children getting ready to welcome their mother, I realized that they had never been really as callous as they had seemed. Betty opened up the part of the house she'd kept closed, and filled it with goldenrod and purple asters. Tom got off for the day, so that he'd be home, and had his little car washed and shined up within an inch of its life to meet her at the station. Marice had a dinner in her new little home that would have been a credit to a much older housekeeper.

MRS. COATES arrived on schedule, looking just as usual, maybe a little fattened up and tanned. She had the apprehensive look of any mother who's been away from the family some time. I fairly purred in anticipation of the happy surprise in store for her.

As though to make her homecoming dramatic as well as happy, the very next day came the Labor Day intra-county amateur tennis tournament, over at the Verblen Country Club, and Betty won it for Montrose. Will and I sat with the Coateses and Marice and Phil, so that we could share a little of their pride.

Betty was gorgeous beyond words. I certainly don't wonder she landed the college job. She looked like a young Viking or something, out there with the sun shining on her short yellow hair and her bare tan arms. And the way she played! Clean and swift and strong and sure! When she smashed that last ball down over the net and it bounded miles out of her opponent's reach, the Montrose side fairly went wild. Mr. Scoggins, who was sitting on the other side of me and who is usually dignified beyond words, was so excited that he threw his expensive Panama hat in the air.

As I turned to look at Betty's mother, I could feel my eyes full of tears of sheer joy. Here was a daughter any mother could be proud of!

But to my amazement, Mrs. Coates was looking anything but proud.

"Oh, my poor baby!" she kept saying.

I couldn't believe she meant Betty. But she did. I was so baffled I couldn't speak.

"Look at her dress!" Her mother wailed. "A machine-made piece of cotton trash she bought for two-ninety-eight. Every other girl playing has on either silk shirting or linen!"

"Well," I said, "silk shirting or linen didn't help 'em any when they tried to stop one of Betty's balls. I'll bet any player there would be glad to be inside her two-ninety-eight this minute."

But, someway, Mrs. Coates didn't seem to share my proud excitement. She just kept talking about how anxious she was to get at making Betty some decent clothes.

AND as the days went on, she didn't lose one shade of the worried look she'd had that day at the tournament. I couldn't understand it. I kept waiting for her to come to a happy realization of how well her children were turning out, and, as far as I could see, she wasn't coming to it. In fact, instead of being proud, she seemed to be worried most of the time.

When I'd see her out in the yard, one day she'd tell me how Tom wasn't getting the right kind of food in that Verblen boarding-house, and the next day, she'd be worrying over Betty's going so far to college. Suppose she should be taken sick, eight hundred miles from home. Or it would be Marice was working too hard; the child wasn't used to the responsibility of a house.

I did all I could to reassure her. But the more I said, the sadder she seemed to feel. I couldn't understand it. Mrs. Coates had never been the worrying kind before, and yet now there was no reassuring her. She seemed absolutely sure, that, no matter how it might look on the surface, not one of her children was really getting along well.

And it made her so terribly sad. When I'd point out how lucky Betty was to have got such a splendid job, what a good college it was, and how it would fit her for some fine place when she was through, Mrs. Coates would just sigh, and say, oh, yes, she supposed Betty didn't need Mother any more, now. Or it would be Tom or Marice. She supposed, she'd say mournfully, that there wasn't much use for Mother any more.

I was completely baffled, I couldn't understand it at all. Perhaps I never should have, if it hadn't been for Marice. But during those weeks while I'd been helping her get settled in her new place, Marice and I had got really fond of each other. And one day, she just spilled out to me. Her mother had been over at the bungalow all day putting up grape jelly for Marice, though Marice had found a new recipe and had been really crazy to try it herself. Her mother had gone back to the big house, tired out, but happier than she'd seemed since she got back.

"DON'T you see, Dot," Marice explained, "it's having all of us on our own—Mother just can't stand it. She's perfectly miserable without the three of us to plan for and worry over."

The second it was pointed out to me, I could see it, of course. That was exactly the trouble. And Mrs. Coates was doing the very best she could to get every one of the three back home for her to take care of. She began pulling all the wires she could to get Tom some good position back in Montrose. Or even one that wasn't so good. She'd find some way to make it up to him, she promised.

And when Tom found it out and stopped her, said he was due for a promotion the first of the year, and that he was crazy about his job and wouldn't give it up for anything, she was terribly bitter, talked about the Perry company as though it were a band of crooks that lured innocent young men away from home and ruined them.

When Betty left for college, she cried all night and spoke of Betty as though she had died, though she was actually coming home for Thanksgiving. After Betty'd gone, Mrs. Coates spent half her time at Marice's bungalow, doing things for the baby that Marice had been learning to like to do for herself, and begging Marice, day after day, to sublet the bungalow and come back home. She'd manage Phil and Papa's arguing, she promised passionately.

"Why, Will," I exclaimed one day, when the truth had at last sunk in, "Mrs.

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Coates is really selfish! It's a hard time for any mother when her children grow up and leave—I remember how lost Mother was at first, after Kathie and I had both gone, and Rosie Merton's mother and Mrs. Dunwoody—and Mrs. Coates just won't go through it. She's so determined to get her three back home, to keep them all children, depending on her and imposing on her, that she's perfectly willing to ruin every one of their futures in order to do it. And I don't care how that looks from the outside, *I* call it selfish."

Will agreed, but in the care-free tone of one who figures that it may be true, but it's not his funeral. I suppose that's the way I should have taken it too; but someway, I couldn't. I'd got so fond of every one of those Coates children that I felt I just couldn't stand by and see their lives ruined. And by their own mother, of all people!

BUT what could I do? Day by day, that fall, I watched them weakening. Their mother got thinner and thinner, and sadder and sadder. She talked about children being ungrateful; you wear your fingers to the bone working for them while they're little, and when they grow up they're through with you. You're kicked off, like an old shoe. Well, she'd finish sadly, she probably didn't have many more years anyway.

And the Coates children couldn't stand it. Tom would go back to Verblen Sunday nights after having been home over the week-end, looking as though he'd been out all night. Marice told me that Betty had about decided not to go back to college next year, Mother wrote her such blue letters. But it was the hardest of all on Marice.

She is the tenderest-hearted little thing, and she was just torn two ways. Phil wouldn't hear of their giving up the bungalow; he'd just got the furniture paid for, and he wanted to start buying the house, so much a month.

"Why, Dot, he's a different person in his own home," Marice told me. "He feels so proud and responsible. He struck the boss for a raise this fall and got it—Father's just beginning really to respect him. And I'm afraid, if I coax him into going back to the big house, he may slip right into his old ways."

Anyone could see the truth of that. But then Marice's pretty blue eyes filled with tears:

"But I just can't bear to feel that I'm going back on Mother. It breaks my heart. When she talks about my not caring about her any more, or not loving my home—I just can't tell her that this little bungalow seems like home to me now."

Why, honestly, living right between the two, I began to feel torn, myself. Sometimes I'd see Mrs. Coates sitting up on that up-stairs porch all alone, and I'd see her wipe her eyes, and I'd feel so sorry for her I couldn't do my housework.

And then I'd see Marice, trying to do the right thing by both her husband and her mother, and being so unhappy all the time, and I'd feel as troubled as though it were my own problem. Actually, though Will said I was the prize nut, there was more than one night that I couldn't go to sleep for worrying.

The worst of it was that all the time I felt hopelessly sure of how it would turn out. I knew that it would be ruination for both Marice and Phil to move back into the big house, and yet I felt just as sure that they would eventually do it. Marice would never be able to hold out against her feelings.

So I wasn't surprised, late one fall afternoon, when I ran over to her bungalow to take her some gelatin I'd made, to find her crying on the couch, and to have her tell me that she'd made up her mind: she was going to tell Phil that night that they'd simply have to go back.

"Mother's failing every day," she said, "the work in that big place is too much for her. And to-day, she told me that, on top of that, she's going to take Aunt Kate's youngest girl for the winter. Aunt Kate, out in Colorado, you know. She's just had a new baby, her eighth, and she's having a terribly hard time getting along."

"Won't the little girl be able to help your mother?" I asked, desperately hopeful. Marice shook her head.

"She's only six. Just the age to be nothing but a care. As though Mother didn't have enough without that!"

Marice talking like that—Marice who, six months ago, was perfectly willing to lie in the shade while her mother took all the care of her baby! My eyes happened to fall on a little book shelf beside the couch. Phil had made that shelf himself, last week-end; he hadn't got around to stain it yet. And now he never would stain it. Someway, that little raw wood shelf suddenly seemed the most pathetic thing in the world to me. It seemed to stand for the home that Phil and Marice would never have.

"Don't tell Phil to-night," I begged Marice. "Wait, anyway, till the little girl actually gets here. Maybe her mother won't let her come, maybe she'll get lost on the way. Maybe *something* will turn up. Oh, don't tell Phil to-night!" And Marice agreed, though hopelessly, to wait till the child was actually here.

That night, I prayed over it. I'm very religious, but I only pray for something special when I'm pushed beyond belief. I don't believe that the Lord should be troubled with things you can possibly handle yourself. But this was beyond me.

"Don't let that child come," I prayed that night. "And don't let Mrs. Coates get Marice back home. Maybe You can think up some way!"

BUT in spite of my fervent prayers, three days later little Katie arrived. And, as though that wasn't enough, the day after she got here she came down sick. Poor Marice was nearly beside herself.

"Oh, I should have gone back when I first thought of it! Now it's too late. Poor Mother! There, in that big house, all alone with a sick child."

And Mrs. Coates was alone. For little Katie's sickness proved to be scarlet fever and the house was quarantined. Marice couldn't move back, Tom couldn't come home week-ends, Betty couldn't come for Thanksgiving. Even Mr. Coates had to board out. Poor Mrs. Coates was left all alone in that house with a child that grew sicker by the day.

I'll say for her that she certainly rose to the occasion like a soldier. Little Katie's mother couldn't come, on account of the

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new baby. There are plenty of women with a child as sick as that who would have packed her off to the hospital. But not Mrs. Coates. She didn't even get a nurse, took every bit of care of that child, herself, day and night.

Doctor Horne told everybody that Mrs. Coates was an angel if ever there was one on earth. He only hoped her health would stand the strain. I felt nearly as worried and responsible for her being there alone as Marice did, and watched with anxious eyes. Mrs. Coates would come to the window on our side two or three times and talk to me through it.

Little Katie had the fever terribly hard; there were three days when she hovered between life and death. But Mrs. Coates pulled her through. Doctor Horne said it was nothing but the wonderful nursing that ever did it.

The day after the crisis was passed, I noticed something queer about Mrs. Coates as she came to the window. She looked pretty tired and drawn, but suddenly I realized that she looked different. She had lost that suffering ghost look she had had ever since she came back home. In spite of showing that she hadn't had any sleep for two nights, it seemed to me that she actually looked happy.

THE day quarantine was lifted, I went in to take a jar of jelly and a doll for Katie. Thin and pale, she was having a tea party in front of the open fire. Her aunt was hovering over her, waiting on her as though she was the Shah of Turkey or whatever he is Shah of. And she was looking at the little girl in the loving, indulgent way she had used to look just at her own children.

As I watched her, bustling about with the little teapot Marice and Betty had used to have, I realized that I hadn't been mistaken that other day. Mrs. Coates was her old self again, wiry, overworked, sunny.

Katie was going to have a long, slow convalescence, Mrs. Coates told me, cheerfully, and she was sending for the next older sister to come on and go to school in Montrose this winter, to keep Katie from being lonesome, seeing that Betty's room was empty. And she didn't know, she added, but that she might take one of the boys too. There was Tom's room. Their mother was having a terrible time with so many children and just a small income.

Everybody in Montrose thinks it's awful, of course, for poor Mattie Coates to be taking on another family, just as she's got her own so nicely off her hands and should be having an easy time. People say they suppose she'll wind up by having all eight of her nieces and nephews on her hands, two or three at a time, working her fingers to the bone for them.

Mrs. Coates doesn't deny this. Just smiles her old patient, sunny smile. She says she wants to help her sister all she can. All that worries her is that she doesn't seem to find time to help Marice as she'd like to. Mr. Coates doesn't mind a bit, he's so relieved to have her happy again.

And, as Will says, it's probably all for the best. It's a cinch that even Mrs. Coates won't be able to ruin eight!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

New safeguard found in Japan Tea against several common ailments

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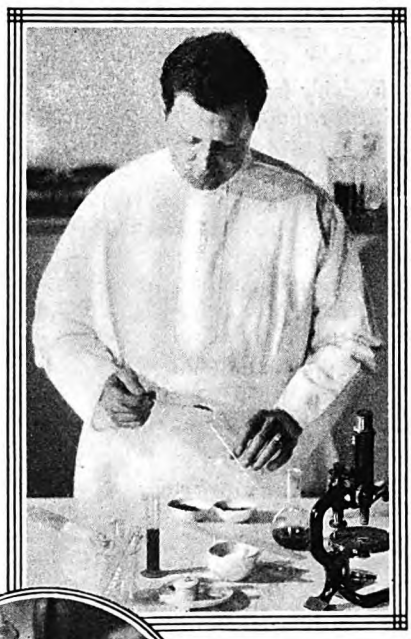

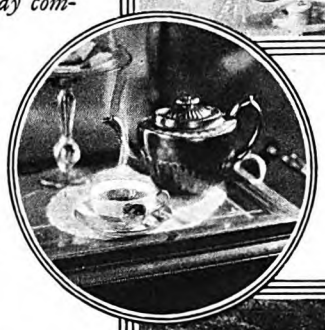

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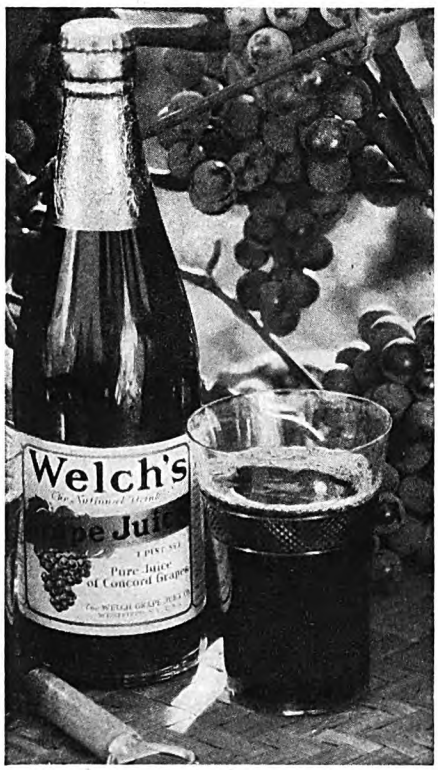
At the soda fountain, ask for straight Welch's or a Welch-ade. Some favorite ways to serve Welch's at home are printed on every label.

Free: Ideas for Popular Fruit Drinks and occasions to serve them. Send a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., A-83, Westfield, N. Y. In Canada—St. Catharines, Ont.



Mix Welch's half and half with ginger ale.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's no other grape juice will do

Houdini's Conquest of America

(*Continued from page 53*)

to open the casket, and within were the three handkerchiefs.

The *modus operandi* was simple, and typical of the conjurer's art. The trick was about a century old:

After Houdini borrowed the three handkerchiefs and tied them together for easier manipulation, they were quickly slipped under his waistcoat and three others substituted. He dropped the three bogus handkerchiefs on a table trap, picking up the opaque glass bowl under which they were to be hidden. Then, by a carefully rehearsed bit of carelessness, he dropped and broke the bowl. To procure another, he stepped toward the wings. The attendant who handed him the fresh cover deftly extracted the real handkerchiefs from under Houdini's waistcoat, and was off for the Statue of Liberty, where, in due course, he was met by a tinsmith who soldered the three within a tin box, which was subsequently placed on the step. The whole stage play had been carefully timed so that Houdini's assistant could catch the four-o'clock boat for the Statue.

Meanwhile, Houdini, turning back to his audience, made the bogus handkerchiefs vanish, delaying the action with his patter so that his messenger could get a good start. The distribution of cards and pencils for the designation of the journey of the handkerchiefs made a further interval. When the cards were collected and dumped upon the platter Houdini added at the top of the pile three designating the Statue of Liberty, which he had concealed in the palm of his hand. From these three the baby was permitted to make an innocent choice. The whole startling effect was the result of careful preparation, sleight of hand, and showmanship.

DURING the next two seasons, 1906-07 and 1907-08, Houdini made tours of first-class vaudeville houses of the United States, and escaped from every sort of restraint.

During a five-weeks engagement at Boston at the beginning of 1907 he gave a surprising exhibition of elusive versatility.

After worsting several ambitious packing-box crews, who sought to restrain him on successive evenings, Houdini appeared at the home of J. S. Fay, Junior, an amateur sportsman who had wagered with friends that he could tie the escape artist so that he could not get loose. Mr. Fay wound Houdini from head to feet with heavy silk fish line, using a coarse needle and a marlinspike to knot and mesh the cords. Houdini's throat was muffled in the cords, and his wrists were so tightly bound behind his back that the twine was lost to view in the swelling flesh. His hips and legs were encased in a network of cords. Mr. Fay took forty-five minutes to complete his job; Houdini an hour and thirteen minutes to get free. His body was a mass of welts and bruises.

Through the spring and autumn of 1907 Houdini added to his repertoire of escapes. At Toledo, Ohio, the Marine Boiler Works challenged him to get out of one of their stoutest riveted boilers. He freed himself in eighty minutes. "Very hard job," he noted in the diary. "Must find some new way to lighten my labors." Two nights previously he had been tied up with tarred ropes by Toledo high-school boys, and struggled for forty-one minutes before he could wriggle free. "Hurt like hell," says the diary.

In the fall, in San Francisco, a large paper bag prepared by a manufacturing firm failed to hold him. The bag was left intact, seemingly as it had been sealed with Houdini inside. In Los Angeles, shortly afterward, a superintendent of mails locked him in a government mail pouch fastened on the outside with a rotary lock. In twenty-five minutes Houdini appeared, carrying the pouch, which he returned apparently undamaged.

Houdini did not employ confederates in his escapes.

ON a visit to Pittsburgh Houdini met with his only serious accident. He had promised to do a high dive, manacled, into the Y. M. C. A. tank, in connection with a local drive for funds. He miscalculated, and his head smashed into the cement bottom of the tank. He was dragged out unconscious, and carried the scar on his head for the rest of his life.

Houdini soon invented a new trick to replace the handcuff act, and as he developed and perfected this it grew in dramatic value. This trick was an escape from a galvanized iron can filled with water, the lid of which was fastened on by a dozen or more heavy outside padlocks. Enclosed in the can and rolled into his little tent after a committee had assured itself that aid from hidden confederates was impossible, Houdini would spirit himself out in about a minute, leaving the water in the can, and all the locks intact.

In the spring of 1908 he wound up a coast-to-coast tour in a blaze of glory and publicity. He was now ready for another long tour of Europe. Virtually all the large cities of England, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Holland, and Belgium were clamoring for him.

Houdini's second continental tour, begun in the fall of 1908, lasted until the spring of 1911, with a break in the middle, during which he made a trip around the world in connection with fulfilling engagements in Australia. At this time he was thirty-four and weighed somewhat under one hundred and sixty pounds. His body was like flexible steel.

For a period, during the early months of his tour, various swimming champions insisted from time to time that they could remain under water in the can longer than Houdini. The best of these challengers managed to remain in the can two and a quarter minutes, while Houdini, on the same occasion, stayed three minutes, thirty-two seconds. At this period he would practice holding his breath for over three minutes, while lying on a sofa in his dressing-room.

There was hardly a river or harbor in northern France, Germany, or England into which Houdini did not dive manacled during this tour, and thousands of people always flocked to applaud this stunt. In

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flavor

Guess what—lift the cover—aha!—spaghetti. Tender, creamy curlicues in a happy scarlet sauce. That juicy, fresh-tasting tomato sauce, temptingly seasoned and spiced. That nippy, snappy cheese. Good! Isn't it though? Wonderfully good—and satisfying! This savory combination of delicious flavors—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—*Italian* style—in tomato sauce with a special cheese—steaming hot.

It was from a rather noted Italian chef that Heinz learned the gentle art of *flavor* in spaghetti. For in spaghetti, you know, flavor is everything—the tomato sauce—the way it's blended—the way the whole of it is cooked . . .

To be sure of quality we make the spaghetti from a special hard *durum* wheat and wash and filter the very air in which it is dried. And our friend, the chef, was delighted to know that we grow the tomato seed and start the plants and use the tomatoes while they are still fresh. For, as he said, it's only from plump, juicy, ripe tomatoes—fresh from the garden—that you get the *real* flavor for the sauce.

Then he suggested what spices to use—and such spices!—personally selected by our buyers in far off lands. And a certain kind of cheese that gives to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti an inimitable zest and savor . . . And particularly he showed our own chefs just how to blend and cook the whole together in our own sunny kitchens.

Flavor! And particularly, *uniformity* of flavor. With any Heinz product you can always be sure of getting the same delicious flavor—wherever you buy it—whenever you buy it.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 flavor

©H. J. H. CO.'29

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

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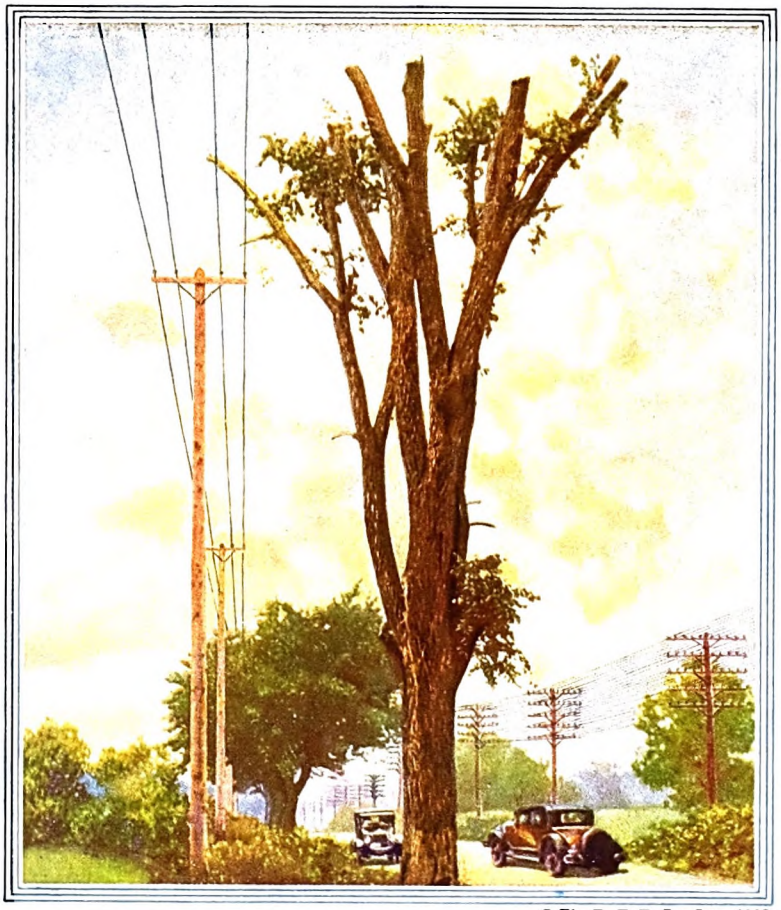

© The D. T. E. Co., Inc., 1928

TREE BUTCHERY—*A typical example of atrocious tree butchery by unskilled workmen. Ten times more cutting was done here than necessary—it only required the removal of a few smaller branches on the left side to give all the clearance needed. This tree is hopelessly ruined—so needlessly. Davey Tree Surgeons not only have knowledge and skill, but they are tree-lovers and faithful workers*

Tree Butchery is on the wane

Progressive wire companies are respecting the rights of the public and the beauty of the trees

HERE is a practical modern problem. We need the beauty and the shade of the trees on city streets and along the highways. The public has a right to the trees, because the public owns them.

On the other hand, we must have the wire companies and the indispensable service they render. These companies require a certain amount of necessary clearance of interfering branches, in order to give the public good and uninterrupted service.

Conscientious wire company officials have discovered that these apparently antagonistic problems can be reconciled. They really did not want to destroy the trees, or to defy public opinion, and they sought earnestly to find a way out.

They found in Davey Tree Surgeons the answer to this vexing problem. As a result of the co-operation up to date between many wire companies and The Davey Tree Expert Company, the following facts have been demonstrated.

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

The required clearance can be had without resorting to tree butchery—and tree butchery is always unnecessary and inexcusable. As a rule, the required clearance can be secured without cutting more than 10% to 25% as much as formerly. The cutting is confined wherever possible to small branches. The work is done by Davey Experts who make the cuts properly and treat the wounds. No climbing spurs are used to injure the trees irretrievably. Very often expert methods save important branches that would otherwise be cut. Trees with structural weaknesses are braced mechanically to protect both the trees and the wires.

Almost without exception the public is willing to permit this necessary cutting, when it is done by Davey Tree Surgeons, who do it properly and keep the cutting to the lowest minimum. Consequently public relations have been tremendously improved for the wire companies.

But the thing which has amazed the wire company officials is that this work, properly done, costs little more and often less than by the old methods. They have found also that the subsequent cost for repeat work is even less, because in so many cases the trees are trained away from the wires.

Fortunate results so far achieved are a source of immense satisfaction to the Davey Company and will prove increasingly so to the wire companies and the public.

Among the hundreds of prominent wire companies, who have used Davey Tree Surgeons for expert line clearing with eminent satisfaction to themselves and the public, are the following:

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.
Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co.
Cumberland County Power & Light Co.
The Niagara Falls Power Co.
Rockland Light & Power Co.
New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Wisconsin Valley Electric Co.
Montreal Light, Heat & Power Co.
Mississippi Power & Light Co.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.
899 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Representatives everywhere between Boston and Kansas City, from Canada to the Gulf

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fairly shallow water he would free himself at ease sitting on the bottom, in deeper water while drifting below the surface.

Houdini was enjoying life to the full. His enjoyment glows through the terse notes in his diary during the period. The strain he was putting on his body day after day was something few men could stand, but he carried it off easily enough.

After his engagement in Australia, and while en route to Vancouver, the vessel on which Houdini was a passenger touched at Suva, in the Fiji Islands. The passengers were greatly interested in the native swimmers, who would dive for coins in the shark-infested waters and bring the coins up in their mouths. Houdini at once saw through the simple trick. The divers really caught the coins in their hands, he said, and placed them in the mouth before coming to the surface. Some of the passengers disputed this, and to settle the matter Houdini suggested that he and the best native swimmer be handcuffed and dive after separate coins. He made a wager that the native would not stand the test successfully.

The captain quickly interposed. The sharks, he declared, would not touch the natives, but Houdini would be in great danger. The man-eaters, it appeared, preferred blonds.

Houdini insisted on the trial, but all the islanders refused to be handcuffed. Finally, one consented to have his hands tied with a bit of rope. This was done, Houdini had his hands manacled behind him, and the two coins were tossed overboard.

The native was over after his coin in a flash, before Houdini was even set for his spring. A full minute passed after the man vanished, Houdini after him, in the water; then the native came up, gasping for breath, with his hands still tied and no coin in his mouth. Fifteen seconds later Houdini popped into view feet first. He was still manacled, but both coins were in his mouth.

Later, he explained his secret to the passengers. "I tricked you, just as the natives do," he said. "It is virtually impossible to catch in the mouth a coin falling through the water. As soon as I dove I released one hand and easily seized my coin. Then I followed the native, who was vainly trying to catch his coin with his mouth. When he finally gave up and started toward the surface, I grabbed his coin also. By that time I was down so deep that I feared my ear drums would burst from the pressure, so I started up hastily, feet first, without trying to reverse my position. As I neared the surface I placed the coins in my mouth and snapped the handcuff on again."

MEANWHILE, in the spring of 1912, Houdini was preparing even more difficult feats, of which he saved the principal one for New York during a long engagement at Hammerstein's roof in July and August, 1912. In New York, Houdini could always fill a theatre, but the newspapers still refused to accept him as wholeheartedly as did those of other American cities and most European cities.

When he announced early in July that he would try to escape from a packing box, weighted and tossed into the harbor from an East River pier, the papers noted his defy warily. However, they sent reporters to cover the story. They found Houdini with a stout-looking packing box weighted with two hundred pounds of lead and also an assortment of regulation handcuffs and leg-irons, in which the performer invited the newspaper men to fasten his wrists and legs before he was nailed in the case. They also discovered a squad of policemen, who informed Houdini that no one was permitted to commit suicide from a pier and he must gather up his box and his cuffs and clear out.

Houdini then hailed a tug and, inviting all the newspaper and camera men aboard, steamed out into the harbor, much to the disappointment of the general public assembled along the water front. One persistent newsboy dived off the pier and struck out after the tug. He was hauled aboard and permitted to stay.

The skeptical reporters presently found themselves taking the affair seriously. They were enlisted to put the irons on Houdini. Then he insisted that they superintend the nailing of the box. After the cover was hammered down, a steel band was fastened about the box for good measure. Then it was roped and allowed to slide down a chute into the waters of the bay, where it floated, almost wholly submerged at the end of one hundred feet of line.

At the end of fifty-seven seconds there was a splash beside the box, and Houdini bobbed into view. He swam to the tug and the box was hauled in after him. It was intact. The cover was then pried off and there at the bottom lay the handcuffs and leg-irons. Their locks had been sprung open and they were in good working order.

That was news, even in New York, and thereafter the press of the metropolis took Houdini seriously. One of his greatest endurance feats was later performed in New York, and was sensational copy for the newspapers. In this feat Houdini was sealed in a coffin, lowered under water, and remained down for one hour and thirty-one minutes. The full story of this triumph of slow breathing is told next month in the instalment about Houdini's fight against fraudulent contentions by performers.

ONE incident of Houdini's long run at Hammerstein's escaped the attention of the press at the time.

His weekly salary was one thousand dollars, the best money he had made up to that time in the United States. At the end of his first week he asked that the sum be paid him in gold. William Hammerstein, after some chaffing, acceded to the odd request, and Houdini departed with a heavy bag of coins. He drove home with it and dashed into his mother's room.

"Mother, Mother, do you remember the promise I made Father years ago, that I would always look after you?" he cried. "Look what I am able to bring you now! Hold out your apron!"

With that, he poured the gold in a glittering stream into her lap. His mother, with tears in her eyes, clasped him to her.

Houdini always described this incident as the greatest thrill of his life. Probably he did not exaggerate. It was both good sentiment and good theatre, and Houdini reveled in both.

He clinched the conquest of New York a year later when he came all the way from Bucharest to open Hammerstein's roofgarden for a second season.

Why our diet damages our gums

NINE-TENTHS of these widely prevalent troubles of the gums, dentists say, can be definitely ascribed to this regime of soft cookery under which, as a nation, we live.

Our soups and sauces, our vegetables and our puddings—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft and tender.

It is from these two causes that gums grow logy and dull. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

Dentists advise gum massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it speeds to the depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana, through its ziratol content, is of definite value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

The ten-day tube the coupon calls for is gladly sent. But a full-size tube from your druggist's, containing enough for a month's use, makes the better test of Ipana's power to care for your gums and to keep your teeth white and brilliant.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J68, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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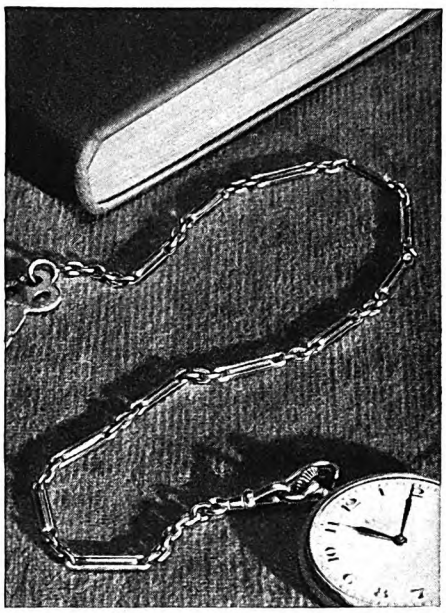
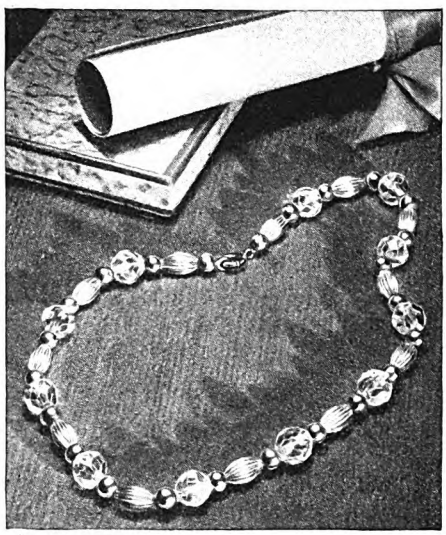


Two Simmons gifts for two June graduates

A YOUNG man? Why not send him a modern chain for his graduation watch . . . or a modern chain to replace the one he has worn these last four years? The Simmons Waldemar above (29618) is priced at $7.50—in natural or yellow gold drawn over a metal base. The same pattern, made by the same process, comes in green or white gold or a combination of the two, at $9.50. Other of the handsome Simmons styles — belt, vest, Dickens, Waldemar—range from $4 to $15.

A young lady? The Simmons bead and crystal necklace is both recent and popular. The price of No. 29547, at right, is $9. Other delightful necklaces in the Simmons selection include plain gold-filled beads, lately in favor, and sharing the popularity of the bead and crystal combination. Reasonable prices of the Simmons necklaces run from $6.50 to $12. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS AND NECKLACES

The swivel says it's a Simmons

The famous convict ship "Success," dating from the eighteenth century, which had been raised from the bottom of Sydney Harbor and was making a tour around the world, happened to be in New York at this time. Of course Mr. Hammerstein's press agent suggested to the captain that he challenge Houdini to escape from one of the ancient teakwood cells, with their doors six inches thick, and as a result the captain and Houdini exchanged some alluring defiances by radio while Houdini was still on the ocean. The log of the old vessel, according to the captain, showed that she had never lost a prisoner. In New York Harbor, not many minutes after the captain had chained Houdini to ring bolts in a cell below the water line, this record was broken. Houdini got out, dove through a porthole and swam about until he was picked up. The massive door was left locked behind him.

AT THE roof garden, Houdini treated his audiences to an improved version of his water-can trick, which he had been perfecting in Europe. Two imitators had appeared, one in Europe and one in Australia, and as early as 1910 Houdini determined to devise a trick which no one would have the temerity or the natural agility to undertake after him. He had drawn up plan after plan and practiced incessantly. Now, after three years of work the thing was done.

It looked simple enough: The can, filled with water, was placed in an iron-bound wooden chest, and into this doubly-sealed prison Houdini was lowered, head downward, his ankles encased in a thick board, like a man in the stocks. The lid was then clamped down and fastened with padlocks, which any member of the audience was permitted to furnish if he suspected Houdini's locks. The trick was spectacularly effective.

Several years more were to elapse before the trick finally evolved into Houdini's Water Torture Cell, in which the walls were of glass, so that the spectators could watch every stage of the incarceration and see the performer hanging, head downward, in the water.

The engagement at Hammerstein's lasted only two weeks. Then came a brief three weeks of vacation. He sailed on the "Kronprinzessin Cecile," July 8th, to continue his European engagements. He was booked to open at Copenhagen in ten days.

Persons at the pier beheld a curious sight. They saw Houdini clinging to a little old woman in black silk, embracing and kissing her, saying good-by and going up the gangplank, only to return to embrace her again. It was his mother.

He was the last passenger aboard, leaping up the gangplank just before it was drawn up. The last he saw of his mother, she had caught one of the paper streamers he had thrown, and he was leaning far over the rail holding the other end.

They cabled to him at Hamburg that his mother had suffered a paralytic stroke and was not expected to live, but he had already moved to Copenhagen and the message did not catch up with him for several days. It was handed to him by one of his assistants as he entered the theatre. He immediately returned to his hotel like a man in a trance. His wife found him incapable of thought or action. She hastily

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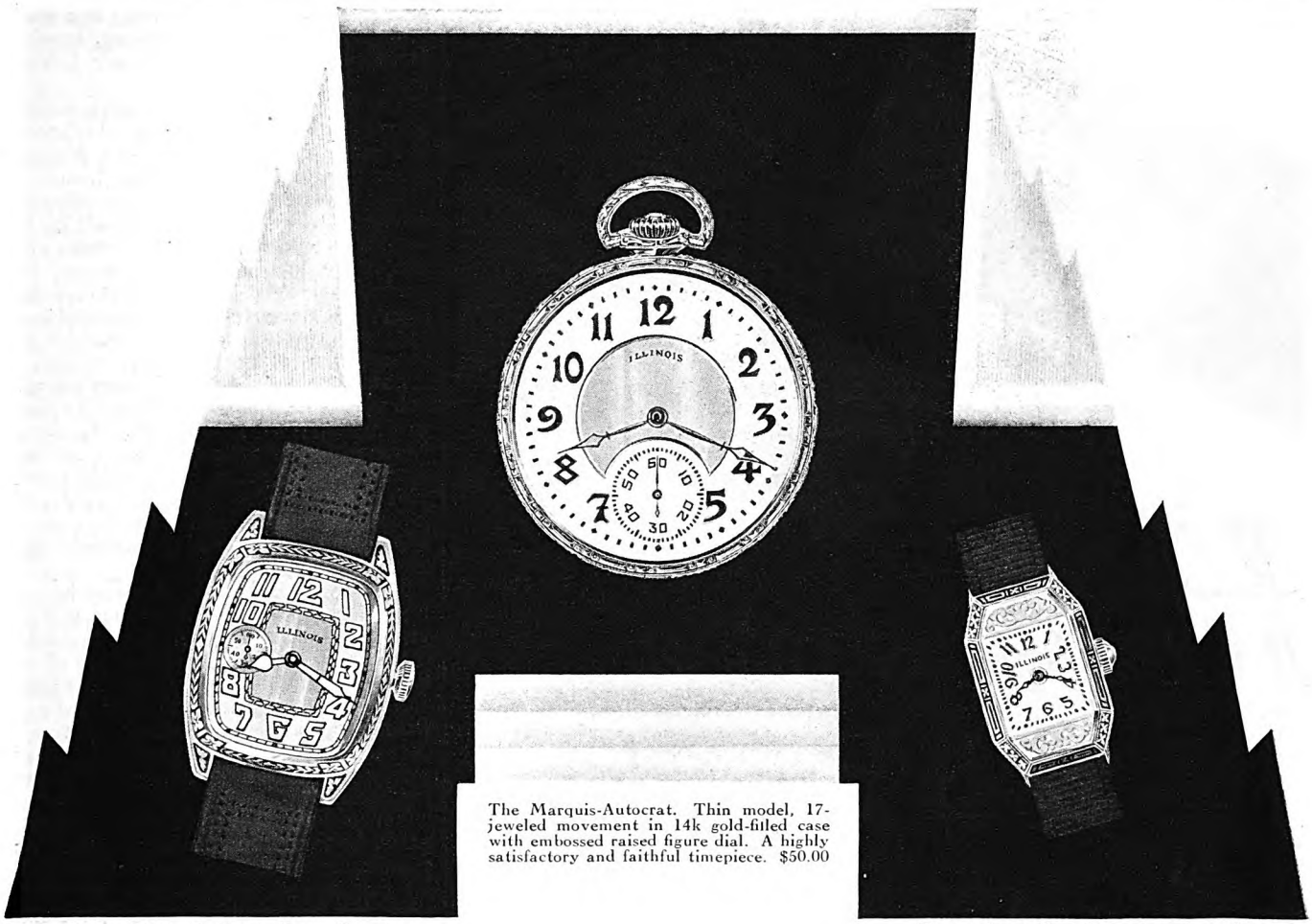

The Marquis-Autocrat. Thin model, 17-jeweled movement in 14k gold-filled case with embossed raised figure dial. A highly satisfactory and faithful timepiece. $50.00

The new Marquis-Strap. Unusually attractive 14k gold-filled case, curved to the arc of the wrist, fitted with 17-jeweled movement of very high quality. $50.00

Extremely small and smart rectangular wrist watch with fine 17-jeweled movement in 18k solid white gold case, hand engraved or inlaid enamel. $75.00

There's a Golden Rule of Giving

Suppose it were your own graduation that's so near. Isn't there some one gift you might prize above all others—some gift peculiarly appropriate, useful, lasting? Isn't that what you should choose to give?

Such a gift, surely, is a good watch. And here in America are made watches which maintain standards of accuracy and service that are unsurpassed in the world. One of these is Illinois.

Illinois is one of the oldest and one of the greatest American watches. For more than 50 years Illinois Watches have been made with such ideals of precision and artistry that many which have been carried twenty, thirty, even forty years are still giving satisfactory service.

Give the kind of watch you would want for yourself. And when you get it, just ask your jeweler to show you an Illinois. He has known them ever since he has been in business, and he knows what a good watch an Illinois is.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS RAILROAD WATCHES

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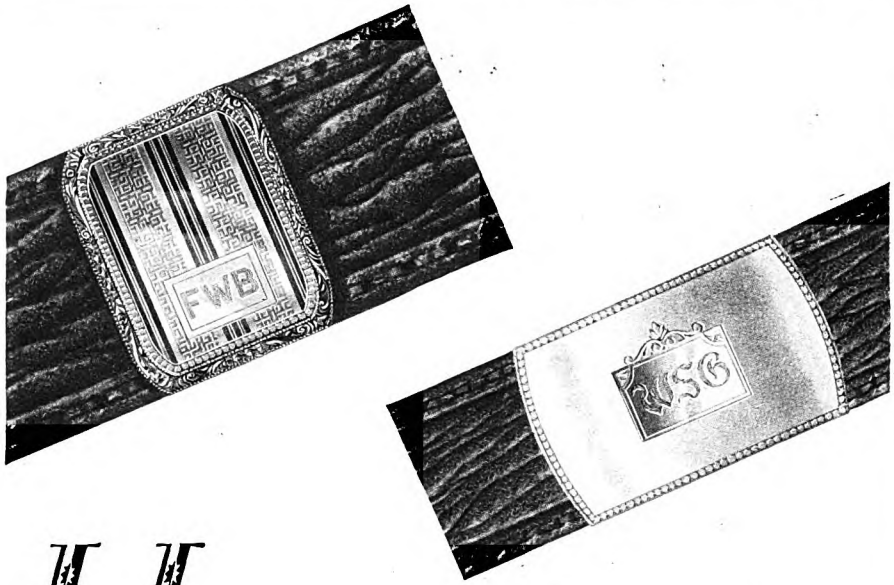

Here's what a Belt Buckle *can* be!

You've never seen another belt buckle quite like these by Wadsworth!

Permanently non-slipping, with a special patented grip that locks itself tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

Offered in sterling silver or in 14-kt. white or green gold filled, of the same quality required in the making of high grade watch cases.

Designed with the same artistry, fashioned with the same exacting standards that have made Wadsworth Watch Cases the consistent choice of the world's leading watch manufacturers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

Just as your jeweler can tell a good watch case at a glance by the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside, so you too can quickly judge a belt buckle by the same mark stamped on the back.

See the Wadsworth Belt Buckle. Compare it with any other buckle you have ever known. Then let your jeweler point out *additional* reasons why you should prefer a buckle by Wadsworth, either as a gift for someone else or for your own use. Find out what a belt buckle *can* be!

You will find that your jeweler has a pleasing variety of designs for you to select from, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chains.

Prices: sterling silver, $4.50 to $7; 14-kt. gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $9 to $12; 14-kt. gold filled, $15 to $20.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

packed some of their clothing and they took a train back to Germany, leaving Houdini's first broken contract behind him.

The Houdinis managed to catch for the return trip the same vessel on which they had sailed from the States; but Mother Weiss died before they reached home.

Many months Houdini was moody and distracted. For the first time in his life he seemed to lose interest in his work, and also in his manifold collections and his professional contacts. He neglected his diary, and the notes for the remainder of 1913 are scattered and sketchy, with an undercurrent of morbid preoccupation.

Lamentations about his mother's death bob up at intervals in the diary. Typical is the entry of November 22d, 1914: "Arrived from Boston 7 A. M. . . . After dinner I go alone to Cypress Hills and visit the family plot. Bleak and windy. It is sixteen months and five days since Mother went to sleep. I certainly feel lonely."

For the rest of his life, whenever he left New York on a tour, his last act was to visit his mother's grave. He would lie there face downward, and tell her of all his plans, as if she could really hear him.

According to Mrs. Houdini, her husband was never quite the same after his mother's death. Something of the youthful quality went out of him, something of his earlier joyousness.

For a long period, covering several years, he would find himself at intervals standing on the edge of a void across which his mother had vanished into the darkness. His frequent visits to her grave and his long outpourings there were a sort of groping after her. From his early years he had an almost morbid curiosity about what he liked to call the Great Mystery, and he was always making pacts with friends whereby, if one of them died, he was to attempt to communicate with the other. He had such a pact with Lafayette, one with John Sargent, his associate and librarian, one with his wife. He attempted seriously, over a period of years, by every means that offered, to pierce the veil and get in communication with his mother. His impulsion, the nature of his attempts, their failure and his subsequent disillusionment transformed him, in his later years, to the stern crusader against quackery and fraud.

HOUDINI'S adult life is divided into two periods. His mother's death marks the cleavage.

At the beginning of 1914 Houdini was touring England and Scotland, somewhat recovered in spirits. The tour over, he sailed, the latter part of June, on the "Imperator" with former President Roosevelt as a fellow passenger.

Theodore Roosevelt and Houdini had many qualities in common. Both were daring, impetuous, strenuous characters. Both were temperate livers and home-lovers. Both were consummate showmen. They struck up a friendship on board and they enjoyed taking their morning exercises together—if Houdini was not too seasick to appear.

One morning while Houdini was walking with Roosevelt, one of the ship's officers asked if he would give a performance at the concert the next night.

"Go ahead, Houdini," exclaimed Roose-

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velt eagerly, "give us a little séance." (They had been talking about spiritualism.)

In the evening Houdini began with some card sleights in which Roosevelt was allowed to select the cards. "I was amazed," said Houdini, "at the way he watched every one of the misdirection moves as I manipulated the cards. It was difficult to baffle him."

Then came the slate writing by "spirits." This is a standby of certain mediums. The spectator writes a question, which he conceals from the operator, on a slip of paper. The paper is inclosed between two blank slates, between which a stub of pencil is usually inserted, with which the "spirits" may write.

Roosevelt took great pains to see that Houdini had no opportunity to read his question. With his back turned to the conjurer he wrote, "Where was I last Christmas?" He folded his paper carefully, sealed it in an envelope, and placed it between the slates himself. When they were subsequently opened, one slate revealed a map of the South American wilderness explored by Colonel Roosevelt the previous year, including the country of the River of Doubt, with an arrow pointing, to which was affixed the legend, "Near the Andes." Roosevelt's whole itinerary was outlined on the map. The slate bore a copy of the signature of W. T. Stead, the English editor and ardent spiritualist, who had been lost on the "Titanic" in 1912.

As Roosevelt had spent the previous Christmas in exactly the location named, he was astounded at the result obtained. "How did you do it last night? Was that real spiritualism?"

Houdini grinned. "It was just hocus-pocus," he replied; but he would give no further explanation.

As a matter of fact the trick was partly the result of clever preparation, partly a lucky coincidence. In one of the autobiographical fragments Houdini left behind he gave a complete elucidation. Here is his story:

"When I went to the Hamburg American Steamship Company to get my tickets, the man at the desk whispered in my ear, 'Teddy Roosevelt is on the boat; but don't tell anyone.' As I walked out, I began to think what I could do with the information. I always give extemporaneous or impromptu performances on shipboard, and, in fact, I sometimes prepare two weeks ahead for an impromptu show.

"The London 'Telegraph' was beginning to publish the Colonel's story of his trip to South America. I jumped into a taxi and went to the 'Telegraph' office to see what I could pick up. Some of my editorial friends came forward with various inside information, and I obtained a map of the trip, as yet unpublished. Then I prepared my slates and was ready for the séance. I found it easy to work the Colonel into a state of mind so that the suggestion of the séance would come from him.

"On the night of the séance I asked the passengers generally to write questions. Then one question was to be selected by someone from half a dozen placed in a hat. I had secretly prepared half a dozen of my own, and of course I intended to see that only my envelopes went into the hat. They all contained the same question. 'Where

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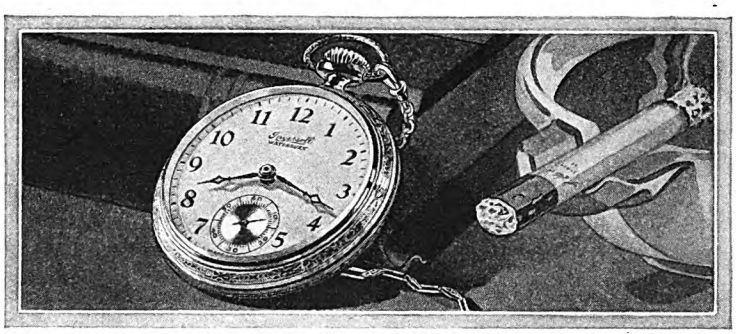
Jeweled--the small, stylish 12-size
Now with an enduring, platinum-like

CHROMIUM FINISH CASE

of handsome engraved design



PLATINUM-like in blue-white brilliance; diamond-like in hardness; amazingly resistant to rust and corrosion!

Such are the qualities of chromium—qualities that make chromium plating an ideal finish for a watch case.

The new Waterbury is the first watch to have this brilliant and enduring finish. Thus the Waterbury at once attains greater beauty and more endurance. But in other ways, too, new beauty is added. The tasteful artistry of the engraved design . . . the Butler finish metal dial with sunk second-circle and graceful hands and figures . . . the Butler finish back—all will appeal to you.

A new pull-out set makes it delightfully easy to set with nice precision.

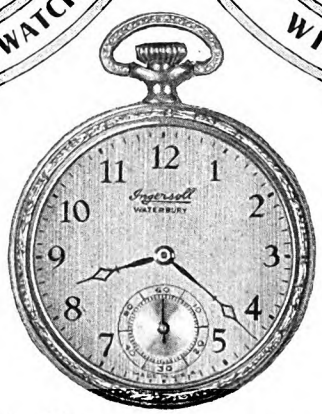
These improvements and refinements are built on the solid foundation of jeweled accuracy and remarkable sturdiness that have made the Waterbury one of America's most famous and most popular watches.

The price is just $5. It is easily "the best watch $5 will buy," and looks the part of a very much higher priced watch.

At dealers everywhere.

$5.00

THE BEST WATCH WILL BUY



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INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco

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To help you
Select *the* Color

AGAIN the subject of decorating is under discussion—various color combinations and suggestions have been submitted by both sides of the house—no agreement has been reached.

A Pee Gee Color Selector will solve the problem quickly. Fifteen complete color schemes are shown covering walls, ceiling, wood trim, floor and draperies.

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Pee Gee Color Selectors

One for exteriors, the other for interiors—each showing 15 complete color schemes—send for the one you want.

PEASLEE GAULBERT COMPANY
Incorporated
Louisville ' ' ' Kentucky

was I last Christmas?' That was the question I wanted to answer for the Colonel, and by a strange coincidence he asked exactly that question.

"Here is how I got his message: The morning of the séance I noticed two books on a table in the salon. I took them into my stateroom, and with a razor blade I cut alongside the edges of the cover of each and lifted up the outer cloth binding. Below this I inserted a sheet of white paper and on top of this a carbon sheet. Then I carefully glued the cloth binding on the cover, as it had been. I then replaced the books in the salon.

"At the séance I handed the Colonel a pencil and a piece of paper to write his question. As he started to write, with the paper in the palm of his hand, I exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon, Colonel,' and reached over and handed him one of the prepared books to rest his paper on.

"Victor Herbert, who was standing near, said, 'Turn around. Don't let him see it. He will read the question by the movements of the top of the pencil.' The Colonel then faced abruptly away from me and scribbled his question in such a position that I could not see him do it. Of course that made no difference to me. After he had sealed the question in an envelope, I reached over and took the book from him, apparently to replace it on the table. As I did so, with my back to the audience, I tore the cover and peeked at the question. By a lucky chance it proved to be exactly the question I had prepared for.

"Knowing what was in the Colonel's envelope, I did not have to resort to sleight of hand, but boldly asked him to place his question between the slates himself, as I held them in the air. While I pretended to show all four faces of the two slates, by manipulation I showed only three. My 'message' from W. T. Stead was already on one slate. The Stead signature was copied from that of a number of his letters picked up in London.

"It can be readily seen why the Colonel was willing to believe that I possessed the power of drawing communications from spirits, whereas I was simply resorting to a material experiment, in which, as it turned out, blind chance played a large part."

THE story of Houdini's astounding demonstration was of course sent by radio to the news associations, and gave him a flying start when he opened his third successive season on Hammerstein's roof in New York on July 9th. By this time, the metropolis had taken him to its bosom, and he was welcomed as a favorite son.

At the beginning of September, 1918, the people in Kansas City had their curiosity aroused by an announcement that Houdini, then playing at a local theatre, was to be strapped in a straitjacket by members of the city's detective bureau, and then suspended head-downward from the Kansas City "Post" building. The detectives averred that neither Houdini nor anyone else could escape in such a position from their viselike contraption; Houdini predicted that he could. The police agreed to give him fifteen minutes for the test.

At noon on September 8th a crowd pressed about the "Post" building. Houdini and the detectives mounted a platform, and the crowd watched silently while the men from headquarters laced the performer into a substantial leather and canvas jacket, his arms pinioned in closed sleeves. Trussed up in this fashion, Houdini's heels were fastened to a block and tackle, and he was hoisted about thirty feet above the sidewalk.

Almost immediately the suspended body began a series of violent contortions. To the watching reporters, just below, it seemed as if the man had no bones, or as if each bone were vertebrated and flexible. In some fashion he secured play for his arms. As he twisted and wriggled, the tight cocoon of canvas and leather slipped jerkily downward toward his head. His rapid contortions made it resemble a bag overcrowded with snakes thrashing about in a death struggle. A few more wrenches, and the jacket hung free over his head. With a loose hand he flung it off and tossed it far into the crowd. Several thousand persons cheered wildly. Houdini, breathless and smiling, was lowered to the platform. "Two and a half minutes," said the chief of detectives. "I'd like to know how you did it." Houdini did not tell.

Thus a new feat was added to Houdini's repertoire. It was altogether novel, pleasantly hair-raising, and uncanny. Houdini performed the stunt at frequent intervals for the next eleven years, and it seemed to gain steadily in attractiveness.

IN LOS ANGELES some inventive challengers dared Houdini to let them bury him alive, manacled, under six feet of earth, to see if that would hold him. He made the condition that they first bury him in one foot deep, then two, and so on, so that he could work up gradually to the six-foot test. A place was selected near Santa Ana, where, as Houdini knew, there was sandy soil. He had no difficulty in breaking out of the shallower graves; but he had some trouble at the four-foot and five-foot levels. By that time, the challengers were growing apprehensive, and some of them suggested that the tests had gone far enough. Houdini, however, insisted on proceeding. Accordingly, the extra foot of soil was dug up, Houdini manacled and flopped in, and the six feet of soil was shoveled over his body.

It was then that the daredevil had a momentary lapse into panic that nearly cost him his life. Gruesome fancies paralyzed his initiative for some seconds, when breath was exceedingly precious.

He pulled himself together and commenced to claw at the earth, following his procedure at the shallower interments; but presently his strength began to fail. Then he made another mistake: He tried to shout, merely wasting more precious breath and choking his mouth and nose with sand. Finally, more by instinct than reason, and almost unconsciously, he resumed his molelike efforts and at last burst through into the sunlight, completely exhausted.

That was a narrow escape.

On various occasions, Houdini was challenged to escape from safes of various sizes and makes. He would be duly locked inside and the combination set, and in a few minutes the steel door would swing open and Houdini would jump out. His profound knowledge of locks was at the bottom of this apparent miracle. When he

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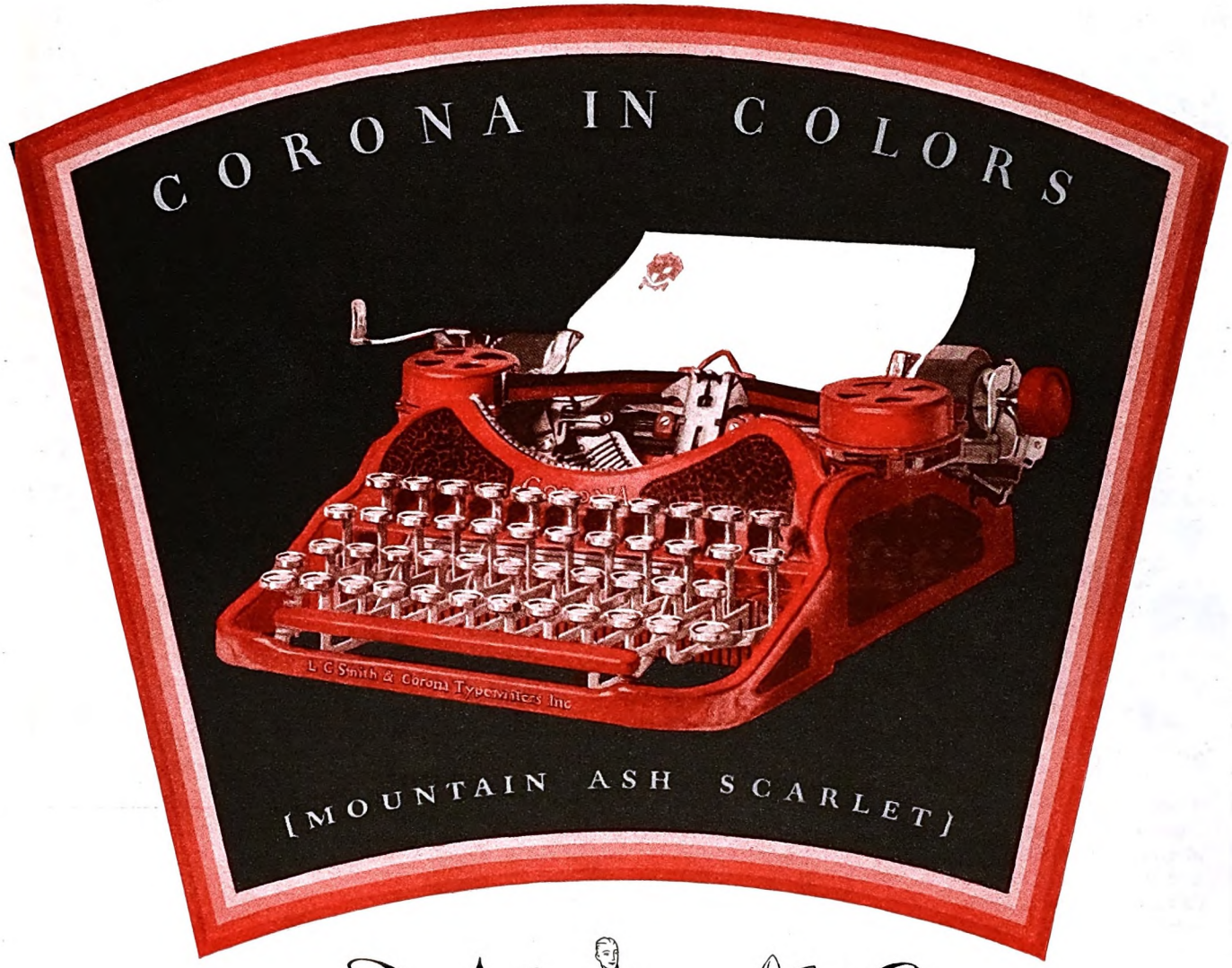

A BEAUTIFUL MACHINE—and as practical as it is good looking. Compare Corona with an office typewriter. It has the same standard keyboard—the same full width carriage—the same type-bar action. There's a real variable line spacer—paper guide—12-yard self-reversing ribbon—all conveniences. Yet Corona is gracefully compact, light in weight, comparatively inexpensive.

Now in addition to the standard black finish you may have Corona in Duco finish if you desire—to match the color scheme of desk or room.

Our local representative will gladly leave a Corona at your home for you to examine at your leisure—and without obligation. Sold on convenient terms.

L C Smith—the Ball-Bearing Office Machine. Its light touch and easy action increase output and eliminate fatigue.

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Sales offices in principal cities of the world
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Write us today for a free copy of this illustrated folder showing the new Duco finished Coronas in actual colors.

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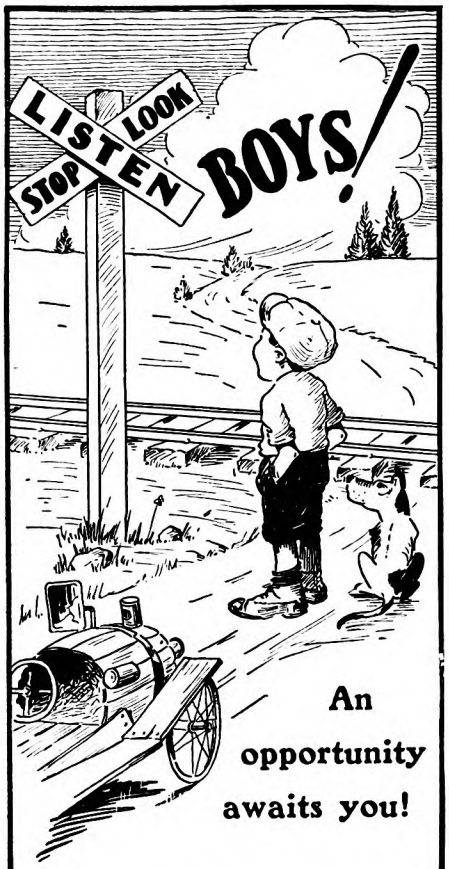

An opportunity awaits you!

Stop and think for a moment. How would you like to have plenty of spending money—and besides that win prizes, the things you have always wanted? You can do both and very easily too.

There are thousands of fellows just like you, who have chosen the lane to happiness at the cross roads and are now having the fun of their lives earning their own spending money and winning such prizes as a bicycle, sporting goods, fishing and scout equipment. These fellows are Crowell Junior Salesmen.

Every week Crowell Junior Salesmen deliver three of the best known magazines to regular customers. It takes but a few minutes of their spare time and does not interfere with their school work. You can do the same if you just stop for a moment. Look at the coupon—sign your name and address—Mail it at once.

MR. JIM THAYER, Dept. A-8,
The Crowell Publishing Co.,
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Thayer: I want to know more about being a Crowell Junior Salesman.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

was locked in a safe he would have a small screwdriver concealed on his person. As soon as the door was closed he would unscrew the cover over the locking apparatus. A safe is unlocked when the various numbers of the combination release severally a series of tumblers, which free the catch. Houdini would manipulate the apparatus until all the tumblers fell. Then he would replace the cover over the apparatus and push the door open.

This process sounds absurdly simple; but in fact there are gruesome possibilities of mischance. In a small safe there is not enough air space to provide a man with sufficient oxygen to endure very long. If the artist bungled his job and the locking apparatus became jammed, it would probably be necessary to dynamite the safe to free him. In Houdini's own opinion, being locked in a safe was his most dangerous hazard.

When Houdini sailed for England in 1920 to fulfill contracts made seven years before, and held off by the war, he had become an institution in his own country. Thousands of newspaper columns had been written about his exploits and his career. For several years his name or his feats had been in common usage by editorial writers, newspaper columnists, paragraphers, cartoonists, and the writers of advertisements. Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary, issued in 1920, contained the following:

HOUDINI, HARRY (1874—), American mystericist, wizard, and expert in extrication and self-release.
HOUDINIZE, *vt.* To release or extricate one's self (from confinement, bonds and the like), as by wriggling out.

In the language of the street "to do a Houdini" had become a common expression for vanishing, breaking away. Through the length and breadth of the land Houdini was regarded as the symbol of elusiveness and illusion.

HE NEVER wearied of performing or doing other favors for children or old persons, especially old women. When he produced bouquets of flowers out of thin air at his performances any white-haired woman in the audience was sure to have a rose tossed into her lap with a reverent and affectionate gesture in which there was more than mere showmanship. Each week Houdini's mail would contain scores of letters from old ladies. They were the only "mash notes" to which he paid any attention. Many of them he kept.

He was continually embarrassing managers by insisting that the entire registry of some old people's home be invited to a performance, often suggesting that free transportation be provided for them. In his later years he added prisons and institutions for the feeble-minded to his places of call. Among many of the convicts he found a sort of semi-professional appreciation of his skill.

Houdini's love for children was a byword among managers. Hardly a week went by that he did not give a performance at some hospital or orphan asylum or some other institution, and he invited the inmates in great blocs to his regular shows. He even invented a whole performance for blind children.

Playing in Edinburgh, Scotland, in cold weather, Houdini was shocked at the number of boys and girls on the streets without shoes. He bought three hundred pairs at a bootmaker's and invited all shoeless children to the theatre. His fellow performers became infected with his charitable enthusiasm and the whole cast volunteered as shoe-fitters to the children. For a time the theatre resembled a settlement house. In the end, there remained a considerable surplus of children without shoes; so Houdini gathered together the disappointed ones and rushed off with them to the bootmaker, cleaning out all his children's stock. A week later, in Glasgow, he kept an audience waiting ten minutes while he stopped to mend the broken crutch of a little crippled girl he had met on the street.

As with children, he had a way with animals. He was continually adopting dogs, cats, canary birds, parrots, and other pets and training them to various tricks. He taught his pet fox terrier, Bobby, to escape from a pair of tiny handcuffs; and Bobby the Handcuff Dog won considerable fame in his day. Houdini also trained an American eagle to fly about and fetch and carry at his command.

Because of his tenderness for helpless persons, he was constantly adding superannuated or incapacitated persons to his list of pensioners. At the time of his death he was supporting many persons suffering from various disabilities. Some of them he never even knew personally.

HIS own marriage remained both a most intimate companionship and a romance for Houdini for thirty-three years. He was never too busy to compose an elaborate love letter to his wife. After the death of his mother, in 1913, he wrote one of these letters every single day up to the time of his death—many of them long compositions, none casual lines. If he was at home, he would hide them about the house, as parents hide Easter eggs for their children. For six months after his death, in 1926, until she sold the house and moved away, Mrs. Houdini continued at intervals to discover these letters.

Reciprocally, he treasured every scrap of writing from her. The most unimportant domestic notes written by his wife he would file away among his private papers. After his death his files revealed literally reams of these, including bits of paper with lines like: "Chicken in the ice box—pie on pantry shelf. BESS."

These diverse elements were compounded in the unusually fascinating human being, Houdini, who was at once self-sufficient, quite boyishly helpless, quick-tempered, tender-hearted, stern, sentimental, sophisticated, childlike, lavish, frugal, impulsive, patient, resentful, kindly, awesomely sincere. Cultured persons who met him in his later years seldom suspected that his schooling had ended at the age of eleven, and that he had started his professional career with the phrase "You can see, ladies and gentlemen that I ain't got nothing up my sleeve." He had moved far beyond such things. "Had one noticed any lack of education about Houdini," remarked a woman, who herself had all the education that a New England Brahmin could command, "it would have been a thing of no consequence, because of his rare and overpowering personality."

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This Advertisement Should Send Men and Women *by the Thousands* into Physicians' Offices

To be treated for disease? . . . *No! To come out with the means for such health and vigor as they have never known before*

DO you think that an exaggerated statement? Ask your physician. See if he doesn't substantiate every word we say.

The reason is simply this: the life-giving force of the summer sun has been reproduced in a lamp that is one of the scientific marvels of the age. It will bring into your home—all year 'round—the sun-health which our modern artificial life denies us.

The invisible ultra-violet rays of the sun have been discovered to be of the utmost importance to health.

They are *essential* to our well-being. Lacking them we lose vitality, become thin-blooded, deficient in energy, half-alive, half-efficient, easy victims to disease.

And most of us *do* lack them. We are literally starved for sunlight.

For these essential ultra-violet rays cannot penetrate the glass behind which we spend most of our lives, nor the clothing with which we cover ourselves the year 'round.

And in many parts of the country, authorities say, there is practically no ultra-violet irradiation, even from direct sunlight, during the winter months.

You can have this glorious source of health in your own home—at little cost.

It is a tribute to the toughness, the tenacity, of our bodies that we are even half well.

A rich source of health

For years the Alpine Sun Lamp has been used by physicians in the treatment of disease—as a remedy for rickets, anaemia, skin diseases, digestive disorders, as a general tonic and conditioner. It is recognized as the standard artificial source of the therapeutic rays of sunlight. More than 100,000 physicians both here and abroad have purchased it.

Today you can have this rich source of health in your own home. Under the direction of your physician you and your family can bask at will in its energizing, health-giving rays.

Stripped of the encumbrance of clothing you can feed your sun-starved body—lie back in comfort while the rays of health steal through your skin, enriching your blood, touching frayed nerves with a healing, soothing gentleness, reaching in to stir vital glands into normal, healthful activity, increasing your power of assimilation, killing harmful bacteria that may be on your skin or in your blood, increasing your resistance to disease, flooding your whole body with energy and well-being.

Just a few minutes at a time, at your convenience, is enough.

Let us tell you in detail how easily you can have this source of health. Send in the coupon below for full information. Act today. Clip the coupon now.

What Ultra-violet Rays are and What They Do

WHEN sunlight is refracted through a prism it is broken up into the seven colors, as in a rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. These colors are caused by light rays of various lengths. The longest rays show red, the shortest violet.

But beyond the long red rays are still longer ones, called infra-red rays, which are too long to make an impression on the eye. And beyond the short violet rays are certain still shorter rays, which are too *short* to make an impression on the eye. These are the invisible *ultra-violet* rays.

The sole function of the infra-red rays and light rays is to furnish radiant heat and light. But the *ultra-violet* rays have been discovered to be of tremendous importance to health.

The Health Rays

These rays, physicians have proven:

1. Increase the supply of haemoglobin in the blood.
2. Increase resistance to disease.
3. Prevent or cure rickets in children.
4. Increase the capacity of the body to absorb the bone-building elements from foods.
5. Promote growth.
6. Impart a smooth, healthy tan to the skin.
7. Supply the essential vitamins A and D.
8. Are of the utmost therapeutic value in the treatment of many diseases.
9. Are of great aid in cases of mal-assimilation and digestive disorders.
10. Have a general tonic and energizing effect on the system.
11. Destroy most harmful bacteria in just a few minutes' exposure.
12. Stimulate important glands and make for greater vitality.

Note: Alpine Sun Lamps may be procured only on the prescription of your physician.

ALPINE SUN LAMP

Hanovia Chemical & Mfg. Co., Dept. A-1
Chestnut St. & N. J. R. R. Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, your authoritative free booklet, "Ultra-violet for Health."

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Physician's Name.....

Address.....

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A DOCTRINE

in which some Notable Advertisers have discovered profit possibilities

IT SEEMS STRANGE, when you come to think of it, that the well proved doctrine of creating consumer demand has not been more widely applied to the home.

Only a moment's thinking about how things are bought in your own home will convince you of its applicability to a wide range of products.

Mother is the purchasing agent to be sure—but like all such agents, how sensitive to the likes and dislikes of her principals!

Just let father, or the children, say, "Why don't we have blinkblanks for breakfast?" and see how soon they appear.

Even about things for her own use, what mother does not value the public opinion of her family?

• • •

ALL of which leads us to say that the great American family is the real seat of power for the purchase of most products—and that "the more *members* you tell the quicker you sell."

During 1927 some notable advertisers like Heinz, Royal Baking Powder Company, Quaker Oats Company and Cream of Wheat came to this conclusion. And that just naturally brought them into The American Magazine, because numerous investigations by advertisers and independent organizations have shown that *The American leads all magazines* in its reading by *all members* of the family.

• • •

AS a woman's magazine alone, it usually ranks second or third. As a man's magazine, first or second. But in its combined reading by fathers, mothers and young people, it is overwhelmingly first.

If you want to reach, *at one advertising cost,* both mother and her group of consumers, you can do it through The American Magazine in 2,200,000 real American homes.

• • •

952 Families tell how they buy . . .

From the most unusual marketing investigation ever undertaken, the significant fact was learned that *two or more* members of the average family dictate the selection of most of the merchandise the family buys.

For example, in 72% of the 952 families, two or more members influenced the purchase of a car. In 63% of the families, *two or more* members influenced the choice of canned goods. In 76% *two or more* members influenced the selection of tooth paste.

Therefore, it is obviously an economy for advertisers to use those publications which reach "two or more members" of the family. By every test, The American is the magazine which does that most effectively. Impartial investigations conducted recently by five leading universities prove The American to be overwhelming *first in combined reading by all the family.*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY ~ NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Paine's Career is a Triumph of Early American Virtues

(*Continued from page 41*)

to men who had so much more money than I ever dreamed of having. Then I happened to read a series of articles by Curtis Guild in the old 'Commercial Advertiser,' which gave me the necessary courage.

"Once started, I completely lost my sense of embarrassment. I discovered that older men liked to talk to me about things in which they were interested—and I attribute that fact also to my long and rather wide course of reading. One of my first clients was interested in the possibility of railroad development in China. It happened that I knew something about it, and he told me afterward that he gave me his business because I was the only man he had found who did."

"A case of knowing what to read," I asked, "and reading it?"

"More than you know!" he flashed, swinging 'round in his chair and facing me almost belligerently. "I don't mean that I knew I was going to want to know about China the first day I opened my doors, but I did know I'd have to know about it *sometime*. I used to read fiction of course. I'd read it now, if my eyes were as good as they used to be. But I've always saved most of my reading time—now I save all of it—for books that tell me things I particularly want to know.

"It's the same way with me today as it was then. The first man who comes into the office may be interested in Polish bonds, the next man in water power in the Southwest. In order to be of real service to these people, a banker must know a great deal about a great many subjects. And if he can't be of real service, he's lost."

As W. A. talked in those sharp, sawed-off syllables of his, I was impressed with the fact that he is a curious combination of "pep" and poise. He would have made a great salesman, if he hadn't been such a great boss.

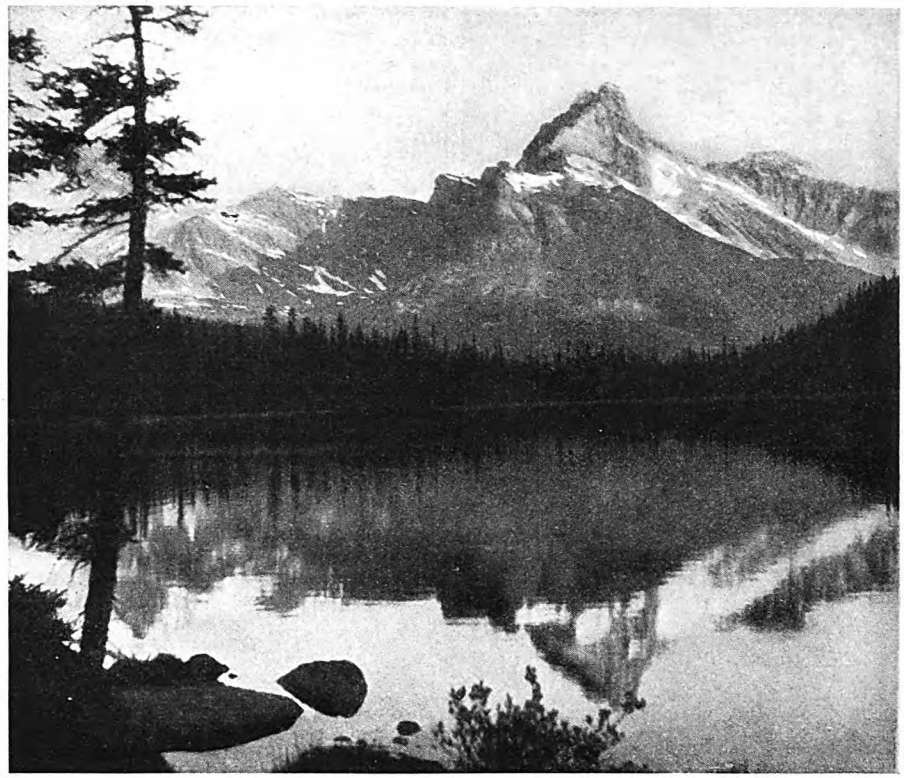
"WE DIDN'T make much money that first year," he said; "but we had two very wonderful experiences: One came at the very beginning, when my father, who hadn't been able to earn much of anything for a good many years, and wasn't supposed to have a cent to his name, dug up three thousand dollars from somewhere and insisted on letting me have it to use in my new business.

"I tell you, that show of confidence made me feel good.

"The other experience came near the end of the year. My grandfather, Patten Sargent, who had been in the banking business himself in his youth, had shown considerable interest in our venture from the start. A moral interest, I mean. He'd come in and sit around for an hour at a time. Once in a while, he'd say:

"'Well, Willie, how's business?'

"Of course I'd say it was fine. Business is always fine to a young man—even



Hair *facts*? Hair *fables*?

Take your choice

There are readers (but probably not of this magazine) who believe anything in print.

So, perhaps, there is a place (but not in this magazine) for the advertising counterpart of the old-time medicine show where the Professor sold a magic fluid guaranteed to cure everything from gout to baldness.

But we believe you prefer simple straight facts—so will give you some:

Doctors have been studying the care of the skin and scalp for a great many years. And, for one thing, they long ago learned that one of Nature's most effective remedies is pine tar—pine tar from pine woods where the very air crackles with health.

But in the early days there was a difficulty; pine tar alone could not conveniently be applied to the scalp. So 60 years ago Daniel Packer began to incorporate pine tar in a soap—Packer's Tar Soap. Ever since, physicians have been recommending Packer's—largely because of the healthful pine tar in it.

If you talked to a doctor today about guarding your hair, he would probably tell you something like this: In the care of the average head of hair there is just one real secret. Wash it frequently with a fine soap like Packer's and—massage the scalp.

A hair soap, of course, should yield a mountain of lather—at the double-quick. Packer's does! And a great many men tell us that the piney fragrance of this willing Packer lather makes a shampoo fun—really!

So, if you suspect magic promises but wish to give your hair as fine and intelligent care as it can get, outside of special treatment by your doctor, we suggest that you get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap in its metal box and begin to give your scalp the benefits of weekly scalp shampoos.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book presents the most scientific thought on the care of the hair; suggestions for the care of dry hair, oily hair, falling hair and dandruff. Fill in coupon, clip and mail.

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I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual, "The Care of the Hair."

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PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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Has the . . . *New Blade Fallacy* cast a spell over you?

Spell is what it is, for men don't reason when they think new blades are ready for shaving when they unwrap them. So long as the spell lasts and men try to get satisfactory shaves by taking a new blade every few days they will miss getting really fine shaves.

The error comes in thinking that a blade which left the factory with a keen edge holds that edge indefinitely. Highly tempered steel doesn't act that way. It is temperamental and must be petted and smoothed down with a strop immediately before it is used.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1600 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Chicago - Montreal - London

Twinplex Stropper

when it isn't! And he'd go out, only to come back the next week to sit and watch us again. Then, one day, he changed his formula:

"'Willie,' he said, 'could you use a little money?'

"Could a one-legged man use a wooden leg? I'd have kissed the old man when he handed me a check for six thousand dollars—only he wasn't that kind of grandfather.

"With our new capital, we began to branch out. We bought a seat on the Boston Stock Exchange for Webber—the one I had promised him—and we took my brother Charlie into the firm. I don't remember that he put anything in in the way of capital, but we agreed to split the profits three ways." W. A. looked up over his glasses with a twinkle in his eyes. "It wasn't too much," he laughed. "It wasn't too much!"

That is a characterization which might apply to most of the new firm's activities during the thirteen years that intervened between its founding and the cataclysmic panic of 1893.

ITS first "big" transaction was in Boston and Lowell railroad stock. That ambitious corporation had built a million-dollar terminal to take care of twenty miles of traffic; an action which sent its shares from a five-hundred-dollar par to a ninety asked, and nothing bid. W. A. and his associates figured that the men who owned the road must be intending to lengthen the lines to fit the terminal, which was, of course, their plan. The firm plunged on a hundred shares at ninety—and sold them a little later at two hundred and forty, a profit of nine thousand dollars.

But, on the whole, thirteen years passed without unusual outward promise of success.

But Paine was not worried. He knew what he wanted to do, and he was doing it all the time At the bank, he had given himself to learning instead of to earning. In his own business, he concentrated on making friends instead of making profits. And when the smash of '93 came along, he was ready for it.

"We were hard hit," said W. A., "just as everybody was. We saw all our earnings go and some of our capital. A good many people thought we ought to quit. My partner, Webber, decided there was more hope of success in other fields. But Charlie and I decided to keep up the fight. It has always been my idea that anyone who can pay fifty cents on the dollar should go on. And when the pinch came, I was able to persuade our creditors to agree with me.

"We had spent thirteen years gaining people's confidence and developing resources for just such a struggle; and when it came victory was not so difficult for us as it was for many richer concerns."

In the revival of business that followed the panic, William A. Paine came into his own. His courage in the face of disaster, and his skill in earning back the ground that had been swept from under him, impressed the New England mind. The firm's business steadily increased. Its success as a banking and brokerage house of the conventional Boston sort was now assured. So, W. A. began to look around for new ways of business-building. And naturally, being a Bostonian, his mind turned to "coppers."

The four greatest words in the annals of New England are: Concord and Lexington, and Calumet and Hecla. The first two made New England history; and the last two made New England fortunes. By a singular trick of fate, Boston, the most Eastern of our financial capitals, became the center of Western copper mining speculation and investment. Long before copper shares were dealt in on the New York Exchange, they had become the chief activity of the Boston market. W. A. had bought and sold thousands of shares of copper stock for other people. And, in the years following the battle of '93, he began studying the business for himself.

They tell a story, in the copper country, of W. A.'s first contact with the Michigan mining interests that is typical of the way he sweeps through the less important things of life to get down to the really important problem of what he wants to do, and how he is going to do it. When he arrived in Michigan, someone gave him a dinner to which all the big mine owners were invited. Each one made a speech of welcome which developed before the speaker was half through into a back-handed selling talk for his own mine. When W. A. rose to reply, he thanked his hosts for his dinner and his good time, and then he asked permission to tell a story which seemed to him apropos.

"A certain church in a poor English parish needed hymn books, but had no money with which to buy them. Finally, a letter arrived from a well-known manufacturer offering to furnish the books without charge, if he might insert here and there an advertisement of his product. The offer was joyfully accepted. The books arrived. But on the first Sunday morning when the congregation rose to sing their favorite hymn, they read:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

For the balance of the evening, it wasn't necessary to read between the lines to find out what these copper men were talking about. They got right down to business.

COPPER Range Consolidated is the outgrowth of that evening's discussion.

"Right now," he said, "we are having some slow years in the copper business. Our companies have felt the depression along with the rest. Felt it in immediate profits, I mean, and dividends. But not at the bank—for the simple reason that we did not pay out all our profits in the big years, but rolled up a surplus that will make us very comfortable until the next big copper period begins."

"That was one of the things you learned doing odd jobs at the Blackstone Bank?"

W. A. smiled at me over his glasses; and then, with a sudden seriousness, replied:

"Yes. And it is one thing that every young man *must* learn if he hopes to accomplish on a firm basis the thing which he most wants to do."

The finality of that statement was

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ALEX SMITH

Golf Professional, *writes:*

"My advice to a golfer who smokes cigarettes is that the surest hole in one in the smoke world is Lucky Strikes. They do not affect your nerves and are free from all traces of throat irritation."

Alex Smith

The cream of the crop—the finest flavor—the greatest enjoyment.

LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" CIGARETTES

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No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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unmistakable. He had already told me how he began, by knowing what he wanted to do. He had given me more than one glimpse of the steps by which he had done it. And now in another one of his crisp, robust sentences, he had given me his secret of making that accomplishment a permanent and satisfying thing.

It is difficult to compress the crowded career of a man like William A. Paine into a single magazine story. It is even more difficult to state the secret of his power in a single paragraph. Perhaps he has done the job fairly well in his own motto: "Know what you want to do. Then, do it." But there is behind this staccato phrasing a group of qualities which are not always found in a man of action.

One of these qualities is patience. William A. Paine spent eight years "doing odd jobs" to learn the mechanics of the thing he wanted to do. He spent thirteen years building the friendships which enabled him to do that thing in a big way. He was not too proud to work and wait.

Another quality is loyalty. There was only one clerk in that first Congress Street office. He stayed with the firm until he died. His younger brother is now a partner in the giant business of Paine, Webber and Company. On the walls of W. A.'s office in Boston are the portraits of eleven young men, all of them members of the firm, all of them—with one exception—graduates from W. A.'s own office staff. In other words, he is sharing his prosperity, freely and generously, with the men who helped him to achieve it.

And William A. Paine is modest. A few years ago he decided that he had worked long enough. He had tasted the pleasures of Southern winters. He was president of a golf club up on the North Shore, and had begun to look with longing on outdoor Northern summers. About this time, word reached him that someone had said that William A. Paine had "one foot in the grave." That was enough. He put up his golf clubs and canceled his reservations at Belleair. He began getting to the office before any of his partners and most of his clerks. And since that date has more than doubled his business. Not that W. A. is without pride. But he is essentially a modest man. He believes in publicity for business, but not for business men.

RIGHT now, there's a building going up in down-town Boston which covers an entire city block. It is the largest and highest and perhaps the finest privately owned structure in New England. The papers are making a good deal of fuss over it. The public is fully informed as to the names of the architects and construction companies and renting agents. But the only thing the public doesn't know—and never would know if W. A. had his wish about it—is the name of the man who *owns* it.

W. A. has been doing business that way for more than fifty years. He thinks it is a good way to do business. He ought to. It has made him powerful and rich.

The big new building is a good example of the way William A. Paine has consistently applied his "know-what-you-want-to-do" principle to his own business life. He isn't by profession a real estate operator. He's a banker. But every

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noon, as he walked from his office in the Shawmut Bank Building to his luncheon table at the Exchange Club, he saw in the distance the "unimproved" corner of Broad and Franklin, and he saw the crowded financial district edging gradually and inevitably toward that corner. He bought a small lot of land; then another lot; and another; until he owned the whole block.

Call it consistency. Call it purposefulness. Call it knowing what you want to do, and then doing it. Call it what you will. That's W. A. That's his way of doing business. That's how he built Paine, Webber and Company from a one-room brokerage office into a national institution, and Copper Range Consolidated from a hope into a fortune. That's why—after starting as an errand boy at five dollars a week—he is president and principal owner of both organizations, one of the highest powered and least exploited of our major financial magnates!

TWELVE YEARS AGO two young Cleveland real estate men—O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen—bought a single-track, run-down railroad; a "joke" railroad. Today these two brothers have become the most powerful and astonishing individual figures in present-day American railroading. How did they do it? Next month we'll page John J. Bernet, a hard-boiled ex-blacksmith railroad executive, and from his story you will get a part answer to this question. "Who Said the Day of Railroad Giants Was Over?" is its title.

Back Up Now and Then—You May Get a Better Start

(*Continued from page 31*)

without eagerness. He talks in deliberate fashion, weighing his words and fitting each to its exact purpose. It was only when he began to speak of his own life and motives that his deliberation vanished.

Through the remarkable story of the formation of his first bank, I followed, and then I asked:

"But how could you do it? It must have been almost impossible for you three to start a bank."

"It wasn't so difficult," he contradicted. "Everybody knew we were hard-working boys, and you must remember that the South looked to her young men for her future."

Spartanburg knew not only William Adger Law but the other Laws as well. There were eleven of the Law children, and William was the first-born. The small brick house that sheltered them stood next to the church where Thomas Hart Law preached on Sundays to a congregation that then numbered less than a hundred.

"My father," said Law, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, "was of Scotch descent, *and* a minister, *and* he had been educated at a military academy.

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IF you are normal, you want the comforts and luxuries which are the by-products of success—a home of your own—a new car—the leisure to read—the means to travel.

You want these things very much.

But—you are keen enough to perceive that experience and facility in handling *routine* work will never get them for you.

What, then, are you doing to gain that *specialized* experience—that *trained* ability—for which business firms are willing to pay real money?

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Evening after evening, they have seated themselves, to all intents and purposes, at the desks of men in high-salaried positions, and have squarely faced the *problems* of those positions.

Evening after evening, they have been shown the *principles* involved in the solution of such problems—and how those principles are applied by highly successful business houses.

Evening after evening, they have tackled concrete problems, lifted bodily from business life, and under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields *have worked those problems out for themselves.*

That they have been *well rewarded* for their foresight and their earnestness is shown by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported salary increases totaling $1,399,507—*an average increase per man of 89%.*

* * *

Many men, *knowing* what home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method can do for them, nevertheless prefer to think that there's "nothing in it." That's the excuse they make for their futures.

If you—knowing these facts—are content to drift, you will not profit by reading further.

If on the other hand you have imagination enough to *visualize* your goal—to actually see yourself in a home of your own, enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life—if, in short, you are a man of *purpose*, the coupon below may shorten your journey to success by many years.

Note, please, that the coupon outlines different lines of training and that it will bring you full particulars of the training which appeals to you, together with your copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation.

If you want success, and are willing to pay the price, ACT!

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You can see that our life at home would be a serious, well-regulated affair. We were all busy, but life was not all work. We boys swam in the little river, we rode the horses on my grandfather's place, in hunting season we carried our guns and followed the dogs and brought home our game. We knew our countryside.

"We were a very intimate family. We were all interested in one another. My father and mother were profoundly concerned about us; my mother in particular made an intensive study of each of her children. And she was our confidant."

THERE must have been something unusual about that Law family, for when I began on the work for this article I consulted "Who's Who in America." Of the seven persons of the name of Law listed there, four were of this immediate household. It is not unusual to find two brothers in "Who's Who" or a father and son, but four members of one family is remarkable. I asked Law to account for it.

He was decidedly uneasy.

"We are there," he agreed. "Father, at the time of his death, was serving as stated clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. One brother, Robert Adger Law, is professor of English at the University of Texas; another brother, John Adger Law, is president of the Central National Bank of Spartanburg and of two cotton mills at the same place. I don't want to brag about my parents, but it has always seemed to me that we had a distinct advantage in living in a minister's household. *You see, Father and Mother lived their ideals.*"

In that short tribute, it seems to me, Law found a complete explanation.

When William Adger Law was fourteen, he decided that it was time he earned some money. The janitor of the church had left, and without his father's knowledge the boy went to the board of deacons and asked for the job. He was elected, at four dollars a month. For this sum he sawed the wood for winter fires, kept them going, washed windows and swept the church, pumped the organ and rang the bells for Sunday service and Wednesday prayer meeting. Afterward, when he went to college, he borrowed some money.

While he was at college, he and three other boys decided to study shorthand. They sent for the books and dictated to each other. In two years they had mastered the subject. When they were graduated Law took the first job that offered, that of school-teacher. He taught one year, then passed the competitive examination and became court stenographer.

"That was a well-paid job," he said, "and I soon returned what I owed and began to save money. The vacations were long, and to fill in I got a job at selling life insurance. I liked that work, and I sent for all the books I could get upon the subject and studied it thoroughly. As I have always been a frugal person, I put away most of the money I earned."

Then, one day, a new bank was proposed in Spartanburg. The citizens were interested, the bank was much needed. Law believed in the future of the town. He saw that industry was increasing, and he took all his savings, which totaled five thousand dollars, and subscribed to the stock. The amount caused a mild sensation; none of the people concerned in the bank had supposed he had anything like that sum of money. They decided to make him a director. This unexpected appointment startled Law. But he took it seriously. In the two years of his directorship he studied the bank, its needs and possibilities. Then he decided to give up his courtroom job in order to devote his whole time to banking. This meant giving up a sure thing for an uncertainty.

Law told me:

"When I started in to play the game of business, I acted upon the first rule of sport or business, for the rules of a good sportsman and of a good business man are identical. The first is to sacrifice advantage already gained for the greater advantage yet to come."

That young Law's first venture was justified is demonstrated by the fact that this bank, under another title, prospers today.

"Our first home," he said, "was located on the corner of Main and Jail streets and the jail was in plain sight, in case any one of us was tempted to go wrong. For a long time the town knew us as the 'Pin-hook bank.'"

If any city dweller fails to understand that characterization, I might explain that it originated from the fact that in the country the youngsters who cannot afford fish hooks use bent pins, on which they place their bait. Often they catch as good fish as the anglers with regular hooks. The "pin-hook bank" succeeded. In two years it had grown to a point where it was possible to organize a national bank in conjunction with it. Afterward the two merged into one, which was called the Central National Bank of Spartanburg. Law had now achieved the advantage for which he had sacrificed his security. His bank was successful. Just before starting it, he had married Lucy Lathrop Goode, of Americus, Georgia, and they settled in Spartanburg. For twelve years life flowed pleasantly on. The bank grew and prospered. John Law left to go into the textile manufacturing business.

WILLIAM LAW began to travel in the interest of his bank. As its business extended, it was necessary for him to visit the greater cities. In time, came the second call to sacrifice security for what Law calls a new place on the team.

This sacrifice was a very real and vital one. When I went to Philadelphia to write this story, every man with whom I talked had something to say about it. "He was president of a bank," ran the admiring chorus, "and he came here and began all over as assistant cashier."

"That move was the most significant of my business life," said Law. "When the proposition was made to me it was a shock. I had been expecting an offer: one of the officers of the bank had sounded me out on the matter some time before. My wife and I had talked it over and she was willing to move to the unknown city. But when the offer came, and it was only an assistant cashiership, it gave us pause. Finally, I said:

"It really doesn't matter what they *call* me."

Those were brave words, words his wife and children needed to sustain them in the wrench of parting from the home and associations of a lifetime. The Laws were a part of Spartanburg; everybody knew and loved them. All the adjustments of life were nicely made, their position was established. The family of an assistant cashier in the city of Philadelphia would have no particular social place. And there was nothing to boast about to the home folks. Certain citizens in Spartanburg thought and said in plain English that Bill Law was a blamed fool to leave a good bank like that for a picayune job.

Yet the Laws went. William Adger Law entered upon his assistant cashiership. Resolutely he set himself to move upward. He did this, not by self-assertion, but by quiet industry and by calling to his service every bit of his native ability. Gradually his ability was recognized, then promotions began and came faster and faster. At the end of seven years, Law was president of the Merchants' National Bank of Philadelphia.

FOR the second time Law had justified his belief that it is often the part of wisdom to sacrifice advantage already gained for a greater advantage yet to come. Within that year he was to be called upon to follow his rule a third time. The Merchants' National Bank and the First National Bank of Philadelphia arranged a merger. Law was a new president, the older and more experienced officer of the larger bank would naturally take precedence.

"This time," said Law, "the sacrifice was of title. And that would seem hardly worth mentioning, except that there are so many poor sportsmen who refuse to surrender anything. In those years I spent in banking I have served as a member of many committees appointed to reorganize concerns that had got into difficulties.

"Very often the remedy for the situation was a merger that combined two concerns, a merger that was obviously in the interest of economy, efficiency, and safety. Immediately we ran up against opposition. The men who headed the companies concerned had cherished plans of their own; they were loath to give them up.

"In many cases we were blocked because an official would not consent to forgo his title. If two companies are to join, one president has to yield and become a vice president; but often we found that neither of the two men would consider changing his office. They were in a tight place in the game; it was up to them to sacrifice.

"Every man who works fixes his own compensation, within the limits of his abilities and his energy. If, in the interest of his company or of his own future, he lets titles and compensation go for a time, he will get them back as surely as he lives and works."

Law quickly proved the practicability of this theory. In five years, he was president of the combined banks. Under his guidance, the First National grew to be one of the biggest banks in the city of Philadelphia. Law was entirely happy.

"There were two things that made me so," he said. "First, the fact that I could work with so many worth-while people. The second thing was the romantic nature of the work itself. Often I was in a position to see what were almost miracles.

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Ben Franklin's back was cold

TIRED of scorching his face and freezing his heels, and alternately warming his back and chilling his front, Benjamin Franklin in 1742 invented his Pennsylvania stove. A biographer calls it one of the first contrivances to give the American home the civilizing comfort marvelled at by the world.

But comfort was not all that Franklin aimed at. The difference in economy alone, he pointed out, "between the English farmer in America who makes great fires in open chimneys . . . and the German who burns his fuel in a stove . . . shall in a course of years enable the German to buy out the Englishman and take possession of his plantation."

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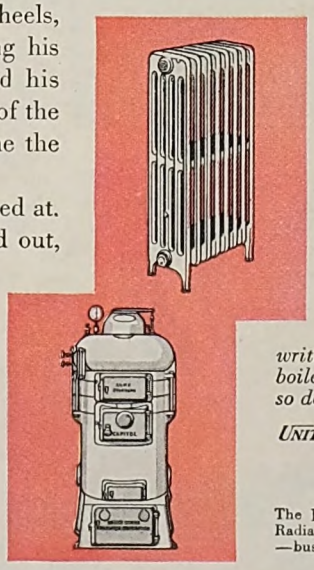

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"I've worked through three financial crises: 1907, 1914, and 1921. If there is anything more interesting than a crisis, it is the reconstruction work that follows. The old-time banker who used to help kill a failing business by forcing it into bankruptcy, is almost extinct. To-day the banker's business is to save and to rebuild. He knows that bankruptcy is the last resort. He saves and rebuilds just as often as he can.

"One of the most interesting jobs I ever had was managing a lead mine in Arizona. I knew nothing about lead mines, but the man who owned this one owed our bank a lot of money and the mine was one of his biggest assets.

"For two years I supervised that mine, visiting it frequently, conferring and advising. Eventually I helped to get it going to a point where it made large earnings. Everybody was happy, and the debt was paid off.

"In like instances, I have helped to manage dozens of other businesses.

"In the ten years since the war, I have seen more than twenty men among my close friends each build up a business that has made him a millionaire.

"To watch these twenty men develop, to coöperate with them, to see them meet punishment and take it, make sacrifices, adjust themselves to changing conditions, to watch them reef their sails and spread them again, meet crisis after crisis and come through, why, there isn't a sport on earth that surpasses it!

"The men who are in the big game up to their necks know that there is no other game more satisfying, or that gives a deeper thrill. That is the reason why Americans generally go on working beyond the age when men in other countries retire, go on until they die in harness. They keep it up, not in order to pile up more money, not because they would not enjoy leisure, but because the business game attracts them more than any other game.

"LET me tell you the story of one of the twenty millionaires I mentioned a moment ago. This man owned a department store. After many years of fair success, he failed. When the creditors had been paid, there was nothing left. But for years he had held an outside position as officer in a small manufacturing company, and this office paid a salary of twelve thousand a year. He was fifty-five years old, and all his friends agreed it was fortunate that at his age he should have this twelve thousand to keep him in comfort. A short time after everything had been settled, he called upon me. I referred to the job he still held, and he smiled.

"'But I have decided to resign that place,' he said. 'I am going to try to raise two hundred thousand and go into a new business. It has taken me a long while to discover that I was never intended to be a merchant. I was intended to be an inventor and a manufacturer. I sold an article in my store which I made there in a small way. Now I have invented machinery which will enable me to sell it in a big way, and make my fortune.'

"Can you imagine how all this sounded to a banker who had just seen this man through a failure. I was amazed. Remember, he was fifty-five, and figure to yourself how hard it was for a man of that age who had just failed to interest anyone in a new proposition. But he did it! He had many friends, and from them he got the two hundred thousand, giving them preferred stock in his company and taking for himself only the common stock, representing prospects and good will. He started business, renting a part of a factory, and in a few years was selling his product throughout the country.

"He retired the preferred stock, enlarged his plant, and kept on. Today he is seventy-seven; he is hale and hearty; his business flourishes and he is rated a millionaire. He has been generous and wise with his fortune, and has shared it with others. In resigning that safe and certain twelve thousand a year for the hope of the future he believed he could make true, he showed himself a true sportsman.

"I'VE talked with you a good deal about sacrifice. The big game has other rules: the sense of fair play, the ability to be a good loser, frankness, and sincerity, the athletic instinct, the power to pinch-hit in a crisis. The acid test of a business man or of a firm or corporation is its ability to meet crises.

"Not so many years ago we had a bank catastrophe in this city. One Saturday at eleven o'clock a hold-up man came to the bank and threatened an officer, demanding one hundred thousand dollars, and waving a stick of dynamite. The officer refused; the hold-up man threw his stick of dynamite. It exploded. The officer was killed, the president, who stood just behind him, collapsed, several of the bank workers were seriously injured, and the interior of the bank was a wreckage of twisted bars, papers, and splintered wood. The cashier was a reserved young man, never in the limelight. He stepped forward, directed matters, sent the wounded away, and closed the bank. But he remained there.

"On Monday the bank opened to a crowd of anxious depositors who were concerned as to the safety of their securities. The cashier received them in a neat, orderly place with no sign of confusion. They were waited on, everything was running, apparently as before. Only the cashier was a bit white. And well he might be. He had not slept since Saturday, nor had he left the bank. He had ordered and supervised repairs, had called in help, had placed every record and paper in order. Today he is president of that bank. He is what I call a good pinch-hitter.

"When a banker in his daily life takes part in dramas such as I have told you, do you wonder that he calls the game of business romantic?"

It was with considerable reluctance that Law left his bank to become president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company. In addition to the presidency of the First National, he had accepted certain directorships in various companies. There are directors and directors, but there are few like Law. As soon as he had accepted such a position, he began to get all the available information upon the company's business and its relation to business in general.

If he did not know the essentials of the particular business with which he found himself concerned, he sent for books upon the subject and settled down to make a comprehensive study of the entire field.

When he was made a trustee in the Penn Mutual, which is the equivalent of a directorship in another company, he began upon an intensive study of life insurance. He was a very active trustee.

A few years later the former president of the company, Mr. George K. Johnston, wished to retire, and Law was at once spoken of for president. But he demurred. He liked banking. The new offer meant more money and greater prestige, for the Penn Mutual is a great company, with half a million policy holders and an annual business totaling well over two hundred million. But to bring a new president from outside the organization to an old and well-established company might mean years of struggle against resentment. Finally, Law sent his ultimatum:

"If every officer in the company wants me to come and will say so, I'll come. But I am not going to take a place that will make me an executive in charge of men who do not want me."

When this reply was carried to the Penn Mutual, the officers of the company hastened to invite Law to come to them.

WHILE we were sitting talking in Law's office at the Penn Mutual Building, his secretary brought to him an old-fashioned oblong box. In it were certain treasured personal papers that have been kept in this one depository for thirty-five years. To the handle of the box is fastened a tag, a disreputable-looking, yellowed, worn tag with curled ends. On that tag is the name "William Adger Law," and beneath it

Assistant Cashier	Vice President
Cashier	President

In the course of his twenty-five years in Philadelphia, Law has had a number of secretaries, and in turn each has suggested the removal of the tag.

"Just try it," suggested one of them who is now a vice president in one of the city's big banks. "I tried once, and Law looked up:

"'I'd just leave that on,' he said.

"I figured that tag is Law's honor mention and red ribbon and blue ribbon in the game of business. For Law plays business as a sport. He doesn't crow when he wins and he doesn't squeal when he is licked, and he loves his game!"

NO ONE has to ask you twice "Who's Lindbergh?" But who were Alcock and Brown? Forgotten, have you? And yet, not many years ago, their names were headliners in every newspaper. They were the two men who made the first transatlantic airplane flight. Next month in "How Many of These Celebrities Do You Remember?" you'll have a wonderful opportunity to see how well the old memory works. You'll be surprised, too, to discover how transitory fame is. After you've gone through the various lists, try them out on your friends. You will be all set for an entertaining evening.

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"The hot motor scorched my face"

"I am an aviator. Some time ago I had to make a forced landing in a Curtiss Boat . . . My face and chin came in contact with the hot motor. I was painfully burned. My mechanic recommended Unguentine. I got a tube and applied it. Relief was immediate. The burn healed rapidly, *completely*. From now on Unguentine will be in my tool kit."

* * *

With men of every calling, as with physicians and housewives, Unguentine is the standard modern surgical dressing for burns. Keep it at hand!

No matter how slight the burn, spread on Unguentine liberally. The pain is soothed at once. *You are spared the danger of terrible infection.* The wound heals rapidly, almost invariably *without a scar!*

Also for cuts, scratches and other injuries. In severe cases, bandage lightly. At your druggist's—50c. Keep a tube at your office or shop, as well as at home. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

The standard surgical dressing in American Hospitals

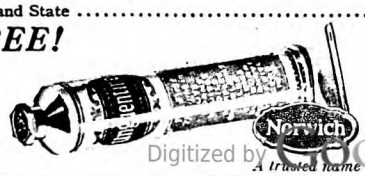
The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. A-18, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

FREE!



The Things I Hate Most To Do

FIRST PRIZE

My Habit of Procrastinating Nearly Killed My Baby

I DON'T mind doing the other chores, but when it comes to milking—was there ever a red-blooded boy or man who liked to milk? I hated it worse than most fellows, and that is *bad*.

When I was a boy at home on my father's ranch, hundreds of cattle—feeders—were fattened each year in the feed lots. It was a joy to help care for those broad-backed beasts. But the family milch-cow, that gentle, submissive creature that existed merely to supply our table with dairy products, how it rankled in my soul when Father made me "milkmaid" to her!

It took about fifteen minutes each night and morning to milk that cow. I spent hours brooding over the job. The thought of it soured my disposition. Because of it, I was tempted at times to run away from home.

In due time I went away to college. I met Clare and we married and moved to Father's cattle ranch. At first we bought our dairy products from the grocer, as Clare had been used to doing.

Then the baby came. It was frail and Clare was not strong. The doctor said they must have pure, fresh milk from a tested, well-cared-for cow. Once again I turned "milkmaid." I hated the job worse than ever.

There was no Dad now to say, "Fall to, Jim, and get that milking done." I put off the task, dozing in my chair evenings until long after midnight; dallying with this and that mornings until nearly noon. Often I milked but once daily, and that only when my conscience and the bawling of the cow drove me to it. I allowed the milking of that cow to upset the whole scheme of my life.

Of course the baby got sick. What baby could keep well in hot weather on milk that was extracted at any hour of the day from a fretful, neglected cow? The nurse who was called reported my schedule of milking to the doctor.

Baby almost died. I reformed.

J. W. M.

SECOND PRIZE

It's Silly—But I Hate To Ask My Husband for Money

THE thing I hate most to do is ask my husband for money. This may seem absurd when a woman has a perfectly good, generous husband; but there is something innate, I believe, in women that makes them put off this unpleasant task. Happily, to-day men and women have a saner idea of the division of the family income than in years gone by. Women are learning to spend more wisely, homes are on a more substantial basis financially.

With all this new understanding, budget as I may, and plan ahead as I may, there seems to be no absolute getting away from asking for a little more money to tide over some unforeseen expenditure. When I realize the inevitable—that I must have a little more money—I always decide to get it over with as quickly as possible—but with the same result: I find myself procrastinating.

Monday morning, I decide to wait until Tuesday, because I know Monday is always a busy day for him in getting the week started. Tuesday, I find he must hurry off to meet a client. Wednesday, it seems best to wait until evening, but the evening finds him tired and my sympathy is aroused to the point of letting him rest in peace. Thursday is my busy day, so Friday will be soon enough. Suddenly I realize that on the next day there is no school, and I must have the money to do the shopping for the children. Remorse seizes me, for I promised the last time that I would never ask him on a few hours' notice to replenish my bank account. And now, after a week of thinking about it I finally tell my husband: "John, I must have a hundred dollars to-day; the boys need suits and the girls—" Always there is the same patient interruption: "But why didn't you tell me yesterday or the day before?" And always there is the same sad answer, "I just kept putting it off!"

H. T.

THIRD PRIZE

If Only Someone Would Do Away with Buttons

IT WOULDN'T be so bad if I were not considered a thrifty housekeeper. My neighbors have said: "*How* do you do it? Your household runs like clockwork, even to the smallest detail!" And I have smiled blandly and accepted the tribute, trying not to listen to that little imp of conscience whispering, "To the smallest detail, eh! But what about that stack of mending that's been waiting so long just to have the *buttons sewed on!*" There! Now it's out. If some good genius of household helps would just suggest a plan to do away with buttons!

From my earliest recollections, when I pinned my dollies' clothes, I have never sewed on a single button without inwardly rebelling. Each week, after I do the week's ironing and mending, the articles from which buttons have disappeared are laid away with a stack put by from the week before—yes, and the week before that—and I silence my conscience by telling myself that *sometime*, when I am feeling just right, I'll pitch in and sew on every button! But the days slip by, and I find something else to do every time the task confronts me.

What this has cost me in peace of mind only a good housekeeper can guess. So long as there's only Bill and me, I guess I'll manage to keep the buttons sewed on his shirts and underwear, but heaven help me when there are three or four kiddies, and little rompers and dresses that will need buttons sewed on *every week!* Will some kindly member of the "Aid to Housekeepers' Society" please offer a suggestion?

M. L. C.

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9 SECRETS *of* Success *in Running a* Drug Store

JOHN K. THOMPSON runs The Pendleton Drug Co. in Pendleton, Ore. And he is doing a sales volume today that averages around $5000 a month. Yet his store is located in a town of only 7,500 population—and in a county that has only 30,000 population, although its area is nearly three times that of the state of Rhode Island.

And in spite of the fact that Mr. Thompson's store is a night's ride from Portland, people in that distant city know about him and about his business. He's that kind of a retailer.

He Tells FARM & FIRESIDE

FARM & FIRESIDE heard about his merchandising methods and went out to get the story of his success.

And he has modestly and generously given FARM & FIRESIDE the details of his experience as a successful small-city druggist in an interview which is now published in a folder—a copy of which any dealer can obtain by returning the attached coupon.

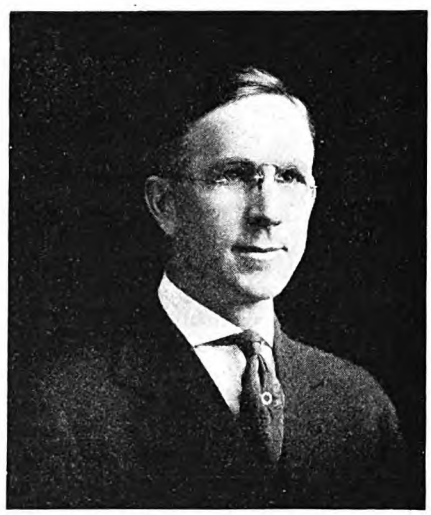
His Merchandising Secrets

You'll want to know, for instance—What John K. Thompson's important *first* rule is that he lays down for his clerks—Why he carries 5 complete lines of toilet goods—Why he never cuts prices on nationally advertised goods—What he has found out about window display and local newspaper advertising tie-up—What he has discovered about the right way to run a kodak department—What it costs him to sell from a stock that includes over 5,600 items—What turnover he gets in his various departments—Why 90 per cent of his cosmetic sales are made to the wives and daughters of farmers—And so on.

Doubling Candy Sales

Also, if you sell candy you'll get a valuable tip about a radical change Mr. Thompson made in his candy department.

This department had been proving troublesome. Moreover, it wasn't paying a profit. Then a sharp change was decided on and carried through—and not only was the trouble stopped, but the department began showing a good profit. Since then its sales have *more than doubled* and are steadily increasing.



John K. Thompson, Successful Druggist of Pendleton, Ore., Tells FARM & FIRESIDE What He Has Done to Make His Business Grow

These are just a few of the high spots in his general retail experience that he tells about in his FARM & FIRESIDE interview—information that is interesting to any dealer in any line, regardless of what he sells.

Rendering VITAL Service

Another interesting point in his interview is where he tells how and why he tries to render service that's vital to the needs of his community:

"Every small-city store owes an obligation to the community that supports it," he says. "And we have tried from the first to make our store so indispensable to the people living within a radius of 60 miles *that they wouldn't want to be without the kind of service we give.*"

As an example of this service—learn how The Pendleton Drug Co. is prepared to meet any emergency that may arise in connection with contagious disease epidemics.

Another instance—when the ranchers of Umatilla County were losing thousands of dollars worth of wheat each year due to the ravages of a fungous disease that injured the grain — this progressive drug store kept in constant communication with Government experimental stations. And when word was flashed that a cure had been found, it was only a matter of hours before the store started trucks out through the ranch country loaded with the necessary chemical. And wheat was made disease-proof for seeding over 250,000 acres of land.

Send for this Folder

Send the attached coupon for the folder carrying John K. Thompson's interesting story of his successful business methods. Every small-city dealer is welcome to a copy. You assume no obligation in asking for it. It is free.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE'S series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual*—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE'S interview with John K. Thompson, successful druggist of Pendleton, Ore.

Name _____

Address _____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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Have You a Dog? . . .
Have You a Dog Book?

An instructive and interesting dog book will be sent free on request. Explains dog diseases and symptoms, care, feeding, etc. Every dog owner should read this book.

...but, do you know when your dog is suffering?

IF you really understand your dog's needs, you know that he requires frequent medical care—to prevent, as well as to remedy, sickness. When you buy medicines to safeguard his health, choose the kind acknowledged as setting the world's highest standards for efficacy and safety.

For more than a half century the H. Clay Glover Company has pioneered in the study and treatment of dog ailments. We are sharing with the U. S. Government Drug Laws the responsibility of protecting the public against fraudulent medicines. Thus in the Glover standard lies your assurance that you are treating your dog as he deserves—with the best medicines that science can devise and technical skill compound.

DISTEMPER

There Are No Specific Drugs For Its Treatment or Prevention

We offer separate medicines which are scientifically recognized as being indicated for EACH of the SYMPTOMS of DISTEMPER — the only method for treating this disease approved by both the Veterinary Profession and the Government. A special explanatory pamphlet on Distemper will be mailed you upon request.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. A, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Sold by best Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Kennels

Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Expectorant Mixture for Coughs	65c
Glover's Round Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Round Worm Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Tape Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Iron Tonic	65c
Glover's Mange Medicine (Sarcoptic)	65c
Glover's Nerve Sedative for Fits	65c
Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap	25c

Free Advice by Our Veterinarian

Dr. B. T. Woodward will personally advise you in any matter concerning kennel sanitation and the health, care and feeding of your dog. In writing be sure to give full particulars concerning the dog's age, breed, sex, symptoms, etc.

Chase Osborn, the Iron Hunter

(*Continued from page 16*)

petting had nothing on us. And the girls were more shy, but they were out to do anything that any flapper will do now. We sang songs and danced to them, and hugged the girls until they would often grunt as we swung them clean off the floor. One of the tunes was:

An' I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
An' her knees kep' a-knockin',
An' her toes kep' a-rockin'—
The purtiest gal that roams.

And:

Higher up the cherry tree the sweeter grows the cherry;
The more you hug and kiss the gals, the sooner they will marry."

Yet it was the lack of clothes that ended Chase's college days.

"One night, at the end of my third year, I attended a commencement reception at President White's home," he said. "Several of the young men actually wore evening dress suits. I had never seen one before, and the mental effect they had on me was as strange as it was ludicrous. All along I had been struggling to get far enough into style to wear an undershirt, and here were these clawhammer coats. The case was hopeless; the odds were too terrible to struggle against. Then and there I vowed to leave school for good, and I did. I was seventeen."

SHORTLY after leaving Purdue, Chase did a thing which impelled him to quit Indiana, a thing of which today he is heartily ashamed, though it, too, was evidence of his individuality and his fighting courage.

A man named Rawles had warned Chase to stay out of his bailiwick, a section called Hebron near Lafayette, on threat of a walloping. Nevertheless, stubborn Chase went one Sunday night to Hebron church. Rawles called him a name and promised him a licking when church was out. "I didn't wait until after church," tells Mr. Osborn, "but waded into Rawles then and there. I struck him in the face, and before he could recover from the surprise and the blow, I climbed over the seat and grabbed him. We had a fine fight. Naturally, the church was in an uproar in a minute. Women and girls screamed, but there wasn't many fainting Hoosier women those days.

"Men got to us and pulled us out into the aisle. Then it seemed to me the tide of battle turned. I had been getting all the best of it among the seats. Now, half a dozen men were holding me, and it seemed to me that no one was holding Rawles. He pounded away at me and my arms were pinioned. When they thought I had enough, for I was blind and delirious with fighting rage, they faced me about and threw me out of church. I ran as fast as I could to Doc Coleman's, the nearest farmer I knew, and tried to borrow his shotgun in order to go back to get even. Of course he refused it."

Right there Chase Osborn acquired a reputation in Lafayette that it took half a life to live down. Horrified parents ordered their sons and daughters to ostracize this young rascal. A couple of years later, Lafayette people, reading a mistaken report in a Chicago newspaper that Chase Osborn had been arrested for murder in Milwaukee, nodded their heads knowingly and said: "I told you so." Thirty-five years later, when Mr. Osborn had been elected governor of Michigan, and came to Indiana as a guest of honor of the state, an old immigrant gentleman exclaimed in astonishment:

"Is dis der real Chase Osborn? Vat, ain't you hung yet?"

YOUNG Osborn fixed his eye on Chicago. He tried to travel thither by the side-door Pullman, but a brakeman threw him off, so he walked. Landing penniless in the whirlpool of Chicago, he worked as second cook in a fifteen-cent restaurant and as errand boy to the city editor of the Chicago "Tribune." Then, thrown out of a job, he hiked north, handled a pick and shovel in a railroad construction gang, drove a coal wagon, and finally landed as subscription solicitor on the Milwaukee "Chronicle." From that he was graduated into a cub reporter.

"On the 'Chronicle'" he said, "I developed a real nose for news, and almost every day I scooped our prosperous rival, the 'Evening Wisconsin.' But the 'Chronicle' was in a terrible pickle. My salary was supposed to be seven dollars a week. At first I got part of it, just enough to keep body and soul together by aid of a free-lunch counter across the street. Then my pay stopped altogether. Finally, one day the manager sent me over to the pawn shop to hock his wife's earrings to pay the printer!"

But just at this desperate juncture an offer came to young Osborn from the rival paper. Twelve dollars a week! That would have been good newspaper wages in Chicago then. In Milwaukee it was magnificent.

Osborn became the outstanding reporter of Milwaukee. "I always ran to my assignments, never walked," he told me. "That saved hack fare, and I usually beat my rivals who rode in hacks." He tracked down an escaped murderer, refused the reward, and was given a public dinner by the sheriff, who discovered that a few months before Osborn had been working as a stevedore in his lumber yard. He dug up a sensational story concerning the chairman of the county board of supervisors. The chairman threatened to shoot Osborn on sight. "It was against the law to carry concealed weapons, so the judge of the municipal court gave me an authorization to carry a hatchet in my belt for protection," Osborn narrates. "I was scared, but I meditated how I would scalp the cuss if he attacked me. One couldn't do that with a cowardly revolver. I have always thought of a hatchet or an ax as being an honorable American weapon, the equal of the scythe, with which Lincoln promised to cut off the legs of a fellow who challenged him to fight a duel."

The picture of young Osborn running along Milwaukee streets, hair flying, dark

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

brown eyes blazing, hatchet swinging in his belt, is a measure of the individuality that has set this man apart all his life.

Then came a bigger opportunity—one that tested still further his enterprise and courage:

Up in the wilds of the Wisconsin woods was a mining town named Florence, which needed a young newspaper man to fight a gang of ruffians that had terrorized the community. The gang had scared the former editor out of town. There was a chance for a nervy youngster to buy the newspaper and lead the forces of decency against the gangsters. Osborn jumped at the chance. At twenty-one he had married his sweetheart, a girl of eighteen, and had taken her for a honeymoon ride on a horse car. Now he was father of a child, and his total fortune amounted to eighty dollars. He borrowed twenty-five hundred dollars and started North with wife and child.

Reaching Florence, he found a terrific situation. Open gambling and prostitution and pistol fighting on the streets, and the sheriff and district attorney the tools of the gangsters. The night of Osborn's arrival, the toughs shot out the windows of his newspaper shop and the leg off one of his job presses, just as a little intimation to him to be "good." But Osborn refused to be "good." He equipped his print-shop force with repeating rifles, and called a mass meeting of the decent citizens. Finding a strong element willing to be led, he determined to get the spineless district attorney removed in favor of someone fearless enough to prosecute the lawbreakers.

He set out for the state capital. The gang decided that he must not achieve his purpose. They sent false telegrams for his arrest. They pursued him in rigs and on horseback. They held him up on a dark road at the point of guns, dragged him into a town, and locked him up. But he broke free and, evading other tricks and traps, got out of the woods at last, reached the governor, who listened to his story, removed the corrupt district attorney, and appointed another, who fought with Osborn till they had the gang on the run.

At the end of a year, so vigorous was young Osborn's editorship, so strongly did he enlist the better element behind his paper, that he had paid for it and repaid all the money he had borrowed. At the end of three years, he sold out and had $10,000 cash in hand.

Here is where the individuality of this man Osborn stood forth again.

HE HAD proved that he could run a newspaper. He had won against bitter odds. He was only twenty-five years old and $10,000 was a lot of money in those days. According to the copy-book maxims, he should have stuck to his last, and, no doubt, if he had confined his energies to newspaper work, he would have gone on to a more distinguished success in that field. He did, in fact, edit and own and manage other newspapers in other towns of the North. But even the management of a newspaper in a growing country was not sufficient to occupy his energy and satisfy his craving for action.

There was a bigger thing—iron. The ranges of upper Michigan were just being discovered and exploited, and the whole North country was iron mad. Curiosity

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

"Leaves Faces Fit?" Certainly. Why not? It ought to. Eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin have gone into its making.

Its lather is quick and thick. It prepares both skin and beard so perfectly that the razor's work is made as easy and smooth as a razor's work can be.

It will not turn a dull blade sharp. You could not use it satisfactorily with a jackknife. But it makes dull blades *seem* less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And super mild, (yes, just that, *super* mild) it soothes while it softens; freshens facial tissues; gently, thoroughly cleanses facial pores. *Leaves Faces Fit!*

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . .
. . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA! Made for after-shaving. *Keeps* the face Fit all day.

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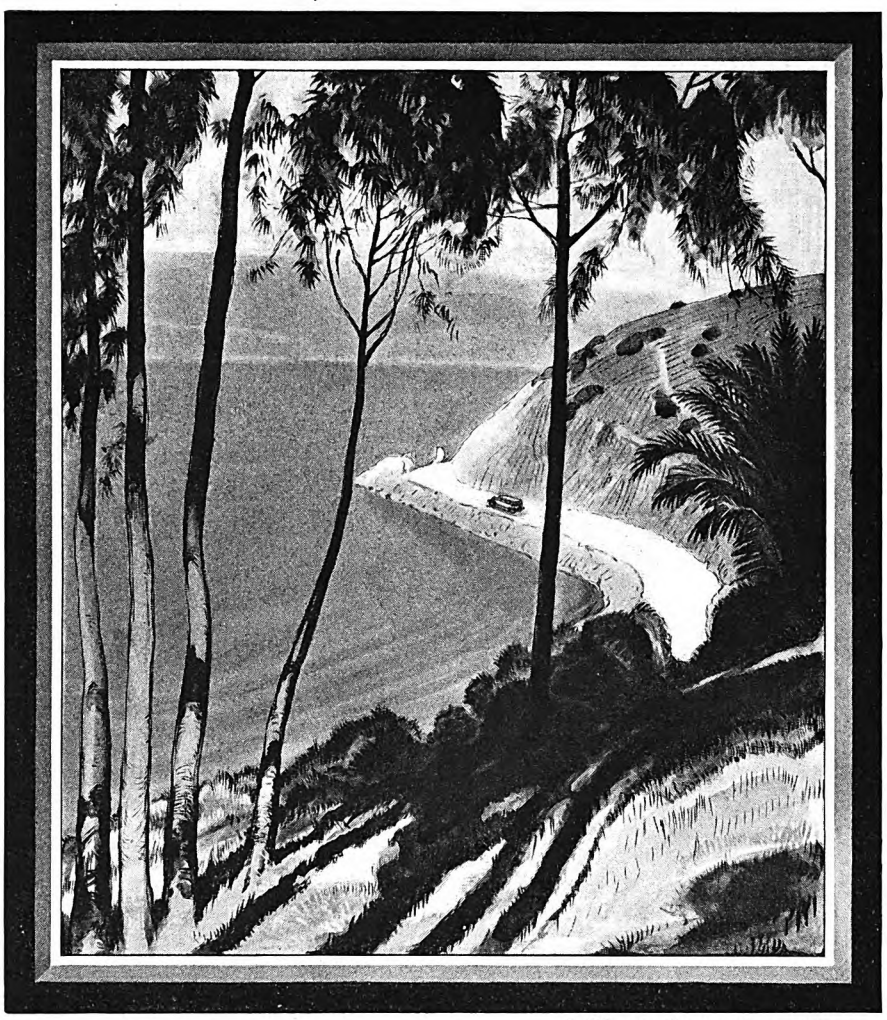

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UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

had led Osborn out with men in search for iron. He learned the lore of the woods, taught himself economic geology, and became known as an iron expert.

With a pack on his back and a pick in his hand, he hit out through the untracked forest, sometimes with an Indian guide, sometimes alone. First through the forests of northern Michigan, then across the St. Mary's River into the wilder reaches of Canada. He had many disappointments, but finally his knowledge and persistence were rewarded. He discovered a veritable mountain of iron—the famous Moose Mountain. He acquired title to it, sought financial help of Chicago capitalists, got it, and ultimately sold out his share of the property for a fortune.

That established for years a ruling theme in his life.

Iron!

He ranged the world for iron—over the tundras of Lapland, through the mountains of Central China, into the jungles of Madagascar and Brazil. Iron fascinated him by its interpenetration into the lives of men. "Our life is ticked off by springs of iron ore in watch and clock," he writes in his autobiography. "Ocean steamships made of iron ore throb with a life that is more than artificial. Giant cranes, made from iron ore, move about in Gargantuan majesty. Into cannon and the surgeon's knife enter iron ore. One can look nowhere and think nowhere without encountering manifestations of iron ore. Let those who produce it hold up their heads with dignity and walk erect among men. They gave to it their lives that it may serve mankind."

BUT no one theme can for long dominate a man as keen about all phases of life as Chase Osborn.

He has been in politics, tooth and nail, from county "corkis" up to governor's chair. But he is not a politician. He has rather a distaste for politics. He despises its machinations and intrigues. Politics has been merely at certain times an outlet for his fighting energies.

Out of his newspaper days he has brought the virile journalistic style that enlivens the five books he has found time to write. Had he written all the books he has in his head, he would have a five-foot shelf to his credit. He spouts writing ideas like a geyser. In contact with him, a novelist or a poet or a writer of short stories or of articles could pick up themes, one a minute. It was he who gave his friend Emerson Hough both the idea and the title for "The Covered Wagon."

At sixty-eight, he has today more pep than half a dozen ordinary men. A life outdoors has given him the constitution of an ox.

He is as much at home with a dock-walloper as with an Egyptologist, but he is most at his ease with children, for he is himself a child. He has kept the curiosity about all things which is the precious gift of youth, but which most men and women lose as they creep on into middle life.

I have had many amazing proofs of that curiosity:

A few months ago, Chase Osborn came to visit us at our farm in the Connecticut hills, fifty miles from New York, one of the few localities of the world on which he had never set foot. That night

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he fascinated a group of our friends till midnight with imitations of Central African dialects, with his original theories of earthquakes, and with stories of Georgia crackers, and of tiger hunting in Burma. "That cat catapulted as only a cat can pult," I remember he said of one tiger encounter. When we went to bed we told him that breakfast would be at seven or eight, or whenever he wished it. He replied that he might sleep late, for he had been up the night before till almost two.

In the morning we waited breakfast from eight till nine. We heard no sound. At last I ventured up to his room. I knocked. No answer. I peered in. Bed empty!

Still we waited. At nine-thirty we heard a war whoop. Out of the woods he strode toward the house, laughing boisterously, hungry as a bear.

"I've been up since four," he announced. "Say, this is a great country!"

He sat down, ate a grapefruit, devoured two dishes of cereal, swallowed three cups of coffee, and attacked a platter of bacon and eggs.

"This old lady over here," he jerked his thumb off over the hills to the eastward, "she's a great character, isn't she? Deaf as a post. But she wants too much for that land of hers. I know something about land values. I offered her $4,500, but she wouldn't take it. Then I found some namesakes of mine up here at Valley Forge," he nodded in the opposite direction. "Beautiful old house of theirs, isn't it? Too bad it's so run down. This man Morton up here is a fine fellow, and that wife of his is a crackerjack. No, I mean crackerjill! They think a lot of you. Say, you're *dreadful* nice. But what's going to happen to Morton when the reservoir is built above him? That's what I'd like to know."

His eye ranged the table and lighted happily as my wife produced another platter of bacon and eggs.

"Say," he ran on, "I know how you find out where your boundary is up here on the mountain!" He chuckled. "If you cut down a tree and it falls your way, it's on your land, and if it falls the other way, it's on Chandler's land. Gosh, that was a funny case about that fellow who secretly cut a tree on your land and hitched a horse to it to try to make it fall his way, and then had to go for help to hoist his horse out of the ledge! That's what I call the justice of the gods.

"That man Charley Chase up here in the woods really knows a lot about dogs," he went on. "I've been picking up some points about him. I was talking with old Doc Graham up at the Forge, too. He told me . . ."

IN FIVE hours Osborn had ranged the countryside for a radius of five miles around; he knew the names of everyone and their family histories; the intrigues and legends of the neighborhood; the value of property; the sales made recently; the births, marriages, and deaths. He had found out why our township has less population than it had seventy years ago. He had learned who had owned the water-mills whose broken dams are half hidden in brush along our little rushing river. He knew all about our new town government, and what people thought of the new selectmen and why we have such bad

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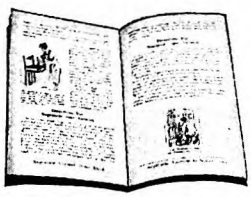

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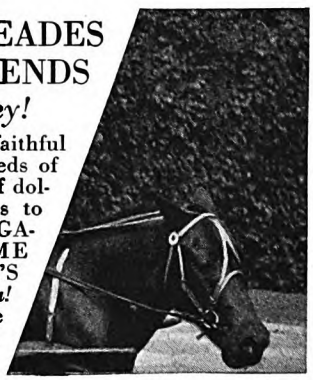

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roads. He had studied the rocks, the ferns, the trees, the animals, and the birds. He had found out more about our neighborhood before breakfast than we had learned in seven years.

A day or so later I was lunching with him at a New York hotel. A handsome, round-faced, black-eyed waiter came up to our table, smiling broadly, and Osborn introduced him:

"This is my friend Alexander Zhelaskoff Constantinoff. Is that the right pronunciation, Alexander?"

"Yes, sir, perfect," smiled the waiter.

WHEN Constantinoff had gone with our order, Osborn burst forth:

"This fellow Constantinoff is great. He is a Bulgarian. Bulgarian father and Greek mother. He came to America at the age of two with his father, who got an education here, and then went back to Bulgaria as a Presbyterian missionary! Later on Alexander came to America again. He's been everything, from a waiter to a newspaper editor and back to a waiter. Now he's waiting, and writing insurance on the side. That's a great side line for a waiter, isn't it? He can practice while he waits!"

Then Osborn's deep-set dark brown eyes sparkled under their shaggy gray brows. "Yesterday Alexander came up to me here in the dining-room and said in a sort of frightened way: 'Governor, could you come up to my house to dinner tonight and hear our little boy play the piano?' 'Sure, I will,' I said. I took a tube train and then a bus to Hundred and Steenth Street and climbed to Apartment 21.

"Gosh, you ought to see that family! Lena, a Norwegian wife, a girl he met out at Valparaiso University, a handsome, buxom, smiling girl, and five children that soon will be six. We had dinner of cabbage soup that had been bulgarianized till it was half kraut. Kosher butter to lubricate the whole-wheat bread. Wonderful shish kabob. Golden cake as light as foam. Then little Boris played. Lange and Rachmaninoff and a lot of other things. Only eleven years old, and really an astonishing player."

Just then Constantinoff put our lunch down in front of us.

"Last night," the Bulgarian said to me, "was the greatest event of my life. My children will remember it forever." Then he turned to the stern, kindly, weather-beaten face opposite me. "Before Boris went to bed, he said, 'Mother, I wish Mr. Osborn could live forever.'"

Chase Osborn had fascinated and awed the Constantinoffs. The Constantinoffs had *interested* Chase Osborn. He was more deeply and genuinely concerned with every detail of the Constantinoff household and fortunes than he would have been with the family of a real estate magnate or a college president or a steel mill executive, for the Constantinoffs in their relation to America were to him an exciting phenomenon, and, besides, with simple people the human facts in which he is so interested stand forth more clearly.

I could go on indefinitely with proofs of Chase Osborn's knife-keen concern with everything on the earth and under it and in the heavens.

Is it possible to corral such a man as this with a definition, to express his

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essential self or his message, or what you will, in a paragraph or a page?

"Business with me has been a successful sentiment," he wrote recently when I asked him about his philosophy. "I have never lost anybody a dollar and have never been associated with any enterprises that have failed, not one. My one rule was, and 's, to spend less than I take in; in other words, if you can't pay as you go, don't go. That's so deuced old-fashioned as to be humorous. It has been my policy not to try to take the last cent out of a thing, but to take only enough to permit me to go on in the more interesting adventure of pioneering and exploration, so as to add new wealth to the world. Long ago I decided it vulgar and inhuman and unjust to have much more than anybody else. If man would only be fair and not take so much, poverty might be entirely abolished. I made up my mind to give back what I did not need to live on."

So he has been giving back his surplus. He has given it to his family, even unto the remote reaches of his own and his wife's relations. He has given it to his town. He had given it to old friends and business associates. "There are some worthy people," he says, "whose pockets are pyrographed by spondulics. For such I have put money in trust."

But he is no foolish giver. Whenever possible, he gives in such a way as to stimulate people to efforts of their own. Recently he brought up and made active the question of a new hotel in his town of Sault Sainte Marie. Many times he had offered free for a hotel site a valuable piece of land facing the public park, but no one responded. Now the lack of a new hotel began to be more and more glaringly evident. So Osborn put himself down for $50,000 stock in the new concern, and went to the three banks in town in turn. "Of course you'll take $25,000 stock in the new hotel," he announced at each bank. "Well, of course—but—all right!" the bank officials gasped. Osborn has a way about him which usually impels people to do what he wants them to do. With this start, the sum rolled up fast. Everybody in town got in on it. It was a community affair. Civic spirit boomed. Osborn procured a good architect and presently the hotel began to rise on its foundations.

PERHAPS if we fix upon this conviction about *giving* we get near the essence of Chase Osborn. Acutely he puts his finger upon the fact that a genuine spirit of giving would heal most of the evils of the world. Not giving as *charity*, but a genuine giving by each man of his best self for the common good of all.

"Our system of education makes for false appetites," he writes. "Success is measured by taking only, which leaves in its trail hunger of soul and pain of body and ill-health of mind. We are educating unconscious and conscious burglars, who are trained skillfully to take as much as possible and give as little as possible. This is not the worst phase of modern education—it is that it is builded upon the assumption that taking is happiness; which is to say that *having* is happiness. . . .

"In the long run the balances would be the same if the competitions of life were those of giving rather than taking, and there would always be a better taste in the

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mouth of mankind; there would be no heart hunger, no bitterness, no envy, no malice, no war, no woe; there would be all joy of living; no fear of death."

Consider the implication of those words—"if the competitions of life were those of *giving* rather than *taking!*" Is that the impossible dream of a fanatic idealist? Does it run too hopelessly counter to human nature? At any rate, this conviction, that it is the solution of human relationships, and this forceful phrasing of it, is another supreme illustration of Osborn's individuality.

Recently Purdue sent a distinguished Indiana artist, Robert Wadsworth Grafton, up to the North Woods to paint a picture of Osborn, to hang in a place of honor at the university which he quit fifty years ago because of the too-keen competition of clawhammer coats.

In the artist's picture, which he calls "The Iron Hunter," you see Osborn garbed as he is today in his camp in his beloved woods by the rushing blue-green St. Mary's River. Here you see the gentleness behind his pugnacity; his canniness, his egotism, his benevolence; the wistfulness commingled with austerity—which all go to make up Chase Osborn.

WITH THE great and glorious Fourth on its way, we asked Edgar A. Guest to write something for our July number. Eddie responded, as we hoped he would, with a corking piece on Patriotism. It is not the spasmodic patriotic fervor, stirred up by fireworks and addresses, that he writes about, but how one can maintain a steady stream of patriotism the whole year 'round. Briefly, it is a little homily on Good Citizenship, told in Guest's own inimitable style.

Advice is All Right if You Don't Take Too Much of It

(*Continued from page 39*)

interested me. I tried to shut other pictures out an' stick to what I'd started out to do. I still made cartoons somebody else's way an' took them into class, but the kick had gone from it If I'd really done the thing I wanted to I'd have quit an' gone West. For I was fed up on cartoons by now—hated the things. But I didn't have the nerve to quit—go back an' admit I'd failed. It never occurred to me I might draw pictures I really liked.

Rolf Armstrong was the first one of my friends to make a move. He had gone on to New York. Fitzpatrick had caught on with the Chicago "Daily News." Occasionally, I saw one of Wood Cowan's cartoons from a paper in the South. Armstrong was catching on with the magazines an' I began to see his heads. He was writing for me to come on down an' beard the lions in their dens. So the next move was New York.

I started in to peddle my cartoons. But that first year was tough. I cooled my heels in the anterooms an' inter-

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viewed more office boys than I did editors. Occasionally I sold a drawing. Frank Casey was on "Collier's" at that time. He bought the first I sold. An' ten dollars looked like all the money in the world right then. To me it still is quite a sum. Occasionally I sold one to "Judge." Each week I took some down to "Life," an' always got them back. I had enough rejection slips to paper the walls of my room.

Other friends I'd studied with all started catching on. Neysa McMein, Lucile Patterson, an' Anita Parkhurst were all busting into print.

Ten dollars was as much as I got for any drawing that I sold. An' sales were few an' far between. If I hadn't been living among friends I'd have carried the banner that winter. I wasn't getting anywhere. I knew my drawings were bad. For I wasn't doing the thing I wanted to an', worst of all, I didn't know what that was.

MY FRIENDS were free with everything, an' each one gave advice, until I didn't know whether I was afoot or mounted on a horse. "Why not try comics?" one friend said. So I tried them a while. I knew they were as funny as a crutch, but I managed to sell a few. "Why not try political cartoons?" another friend said. So I switched an' did a few of them, till I was headed off again.

Then one night Tom Benton happened in. Tom was having a tough time too. But Tom was really trying to do something on his own, an' I respected it. Tom happened to see some sketches on the floor I'd really made for fun without any attempt at using the bag of tricks I'd learned from someone else. "First things I ever saw of yours I really liked," says Tom. "They're different from anyone else's work. I believe you really got something. Go down to the Public Library an' ask for a book on Daumier. Mebbe it will help you clear things up."

It was that book of Daumier's drawings that made up my mind for me. For he put things down just like he saw or felt the thing, without the sign of a trick. So simple an' honest they were, to my mind his drawings have never been equaled. An' something rolled off my back that night as I walked home that had bothered me for years.

I didn't intend to copy Daumier or imitate his style. But I made up my mind I'd try an' do things my own way. An' put things down the way I saw, an' felt the thing, no matter what else come.

That night when I got back up to my room some other friends came in. For dropping in to advise me had become a pastime of theirs. It was done with the best of intentions, but this night it didn't take. For when one of them suggested I take a job in an engraving shop till something started to break for me I told him I was through. "Ain't goin' to quit?" they said. I told them that I was. "I'm never goin' to draw another darn thing unless it interests me," I said. I wanted to get as far away from pictures an' people who drew them as I could. So I took the first train West.

* * * *

Asterisks now denote one year's lapse of time, an' the next place we find our hero is in the Arizona hills, wrangling

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horses for a cow outfit at fifty dollars a month. I wasn't a cow-puncher. For the wrangler seldom has anything to do with the cattle. My job was acting as a companion an' head nurse for some hundred-odd head of horses. Most punchers don't like it, for it's kind of a lonesome job. But I can think of lots worse company than a bunch of saddle horses.

I couldn't have made a better move, for I wanted to be alone. For I'd failed in the thing I started out to do, an' the less I saw of anyone the better it suited me. Five wasted years. I had plenty of time to think out here. But a man can't live long in those hills an' be alone without getting his feet on the ground.

I'd been in Arizona a year before I started to draw again. At times I'd itch to get hold of a pen, an' then I'd think of New York, an' tell myself I was through. Then, one day, as I sat cross-legged on my horse I caught myself drawing with a burnt match on my chaps. It was a drawing of one of the horses, an' I hated to rub it out. Not long after this I had one of the punchers get two brushes from a Chinese laundryman in town, an' I tried ink again. Some days I'd make as many as a hundred drawings in a day. The horses, the hills, the punchers, in fact anything that struck my eye. An' for the first time since I started off to school it was really fun again. For I was drawing the things that interested me an' drawing them my own way. But each night before I took the horses in I built a fire an' burned them up.

ONCE when I went into town I passed a little news-stand on the street an' when I did I pulled my pony up. For there were three magazine covers in a row, by Rolf Armstrong, Anita Parkhurst, an' McMein. I'd gone to school with them. I sort of looked my layout over, an' it didn't look so good. For I was riding a poor ole pony an' my boot heels were run down. Five wasted years. It had taken me that long to find I didn't want to do a thing—well, anyway, thinks I, I'll keep on drawing the way the thing hits me, if no one ever sees them. For the very thought of New York still sent a chill through me.

I'd been in Arizona a couple of years when Fitzpatrick found where I was. One day when I went into town I found a letter from Fitz. An' when I answered his letter I made a sketch on it, just a head of one of the punchers. An' Fitz wrote back an' said the editor of the St. Louis "Post Dispatch" would use some stuff like that if I'd send in some drawings.

At first I bucked, for I had my doubts of all editors. He'd probably want the puncher to wear a pretty scarf an' be dolled up, smooth-shaven an' everything, instead of the way we dressed. But I was drawing pictures all the time, so why not send some in.

In due time a letter came from Fitz, an' if I hadn't been living on good beef an' frijole beans the past two years I'd have fainted on the spot. For Fitz said the editor was using a double page of them, an' would I send some more. Would I? I'll tell a man I would! But still, I figured something must be wrong. For I couldn't understand how anyone would pay real money for drawings that were really fun to do.

Armstrong was writing me to come on back an' give the thing another whirl. But I was still spooky of New York and I hated to leave these hills. For the life in a cow camp had got hold of me. An' I didn't want to leave. So I wrangled horses an' punched cows in the spring an' fall an' went on making pictures.

I'd been in Arizona four years, drawing the things I liked. Then one fall, after the round-up, I went back up to Chicago. O'Donnell was editor of a little magazine called "Cartoons." He happened to like the things I drew an' he bought drawings of me all winter.

The late George Bellows was teaching at the Art Institute that winter. An' when he saw some horses I'd drawn, he gave me a pat on the back. It helped a lot, for I'd been going it alone regardless of anyone. An' his opinion meant a lot to me, for I respected the things he did. "Too bad more artists don't go to Arizona," he said; "maybe they'd learn to draw. Don't let anyone try an' tell you anything," he said. "Keep on the way you are." I stayed there until the grass got green, then my feet began to itch. An' I was back in Arizona when the spring round-up started again.

I worked through the spring an' fall round-up, an' as soon as we shipped that fall I tightened my belt an' bought a pair of flat-heeled shoes an' headed for New York.

Several friends all gathered the night that I got in, an', with the best of intentions, they started advising again. For the drawings were all strange to them an' they didn't think they'd go. "Now, if you had a girl in the pictures," said one, "I believe that they would sell." Another friend, after looking them over, suggested that I draw them bigger. I got enough advice that night that if I'd followed it I'd still be working on them. "They'll go just like they are," I said, "or they won't go at all! If they do, all right—if they don't, all right; an' I'.l go back to Arizona."

Frank Casey had left "Collier's" an' was art editor on "Life." He was one of the few editors who had left a good taste in my mouth, so I poled up to see him. An' Casey took two drawings, the first "Life" ever bought from me. That in itself was worth the trip. For it was just eleven years from the time I sent my first drawing into "Life" before "Life" bought a picture.

"Century" was the next place that I struck, an' when they took six pages of drawings it began to look as if I might pull through the winter.

ONE day I happened to tell the editor of "Boys' Life" of an incident at the ranch. He told me if I'd write it, he'd be glad to buy the story. At first I wouldn't try it, for I'd never tried to write. Pictures caused me grief enough without taking on more misery. For I remembered Tom Craven, a friend of mine, had written ten years, an' made just twenty dollars. But the editor insisted, so I finally wrote the thing. He paid me twenty-five dollars an' asked me for another.

It was shortly after this that I happened into "Leslie's." William Morris Houghton was the editor at that time, an' in the course of our conversation he asked me if I wrote. I laughed an' told him I'd just sold two lousy stories to a boys' magazine. For the idea of me trying to write still

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struck my funny-bone. But Houghton countered by asking me to bring him one of the things.

I went home that night an' wrote the piece. It was an incident that happened to one of the punchers at the ranch. An' Houghton, after reading it, said if we could get together on the price he'd like to buy the story. I figured that would be easy but I didn't tell him so. An' when Houghton told me how poor the magazine was, an' how they couldn't pay like some of the bigger ones I begun to feel so sorry for the magazine I was ready to give him the story. But the next thing Houghton said had me rocking on my toes. For in a casual, offhand way, he said, "How does a hundred an' fifty strike you?"

It struck me right between the horns. But I'd been kicked before by horses at the ranch an' managed to survive. So as soon as my head got clear again, we dickered for a while. For I'd played poker some. Finally, he said two hundred was the most that he could pay. An' I staggered out of the office still rocking on my toes. For two hundred dollars meant just four months' wages at the ranch.

"Leslie's" bought more stories at two hundred a shot. An' coming from a family of horse traders I got to thinking about one "Boys' Life" had bought. It was as good, I thought, as any "Leslie's" took, an' I'd only got twenty-five for it. So I dropped in at "Boys' Life" an' dickered with the editor.

He was a friend of mine, an' said if I thought I could get more than twenty-five for it he'd be glad to sell it back to me. So I took it up to "Leslie's" an' got two hundred for it. About that time George Martin of "Farm and Fireside" sent for me, an' we've been trading horses ever since.

AS FAR as the stories go I know nothing of so-called writing. I simply try to tell the things that interest me an' tell them my own way. I'll listen to anyone's advice. Any that I find helps I take, an' throw the rest all out. For it's all right to listen to advice if a man don't take too much of it.

New York still gives me a slight chill when I come back to it. But they've raised the ante some since the stories "Leslie's" bought. An', of course, that always helps. For I still try to write about real punchers an' the things I know. For I happen to know how it feels to ride herd in the rain or be thrown from a pitching horse. Writing still comes hard to me, an' I expect it always will. An' the real fun in doing a story is drawing the pictures for it.

For I'm still trying to draw the things that interest me, an' draw them my own way. I tried to be someone else an' couldn't get away with it. So now I peg along as best I can an' try to be myself.

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Grindstoned

(*Continued from page 27*)

His mood was shadowed after the brief interview in the squire's dingy office over the harness shop, so that not even Jamie's buoyancy was able to lift his spirits. He listened silently to the boy's eager talk all during the long, plodding drive to the farm. Jamie would have helped him unload the sacks of cut feed, but he refused.

"No sense to getting your clothes all mussed up. Might go start supper, though, if you're a-mind to, while I see to the chores. Find an apron back of the door."

By the time he came in with the milk to the smell of frying bacon and coffee, his cheerfulness was in a measure restored. He listened more attentively to Jamie's plans, while they ate and washed the dishes. The new paper was destined to be a mighty power; all the finest minds of the rising generation were already under promise to write for it; Scheib was a wonder at lining up genius. "The Rising Sun" would be, above all else, fearless, outspoken. The world was ready for such a voice, leading it out of darkness.

"Sounds first rate," said Nathan. "Look here, Jamie, whyn't you slip over and tell Milly about it? Be real int'rested, Milly will. Guess she'll be kind of counting on seeing you, too—told her you was coming home to-day."

"Well—" Jamie hesitated; but his eyes moved with a brightening glance to the white house that clung to the hill's breast in the picture framed by the open doorway. "Sort of hate to leave you alone; but if you think I'd better go—"

"Figured on going to bed kind of early, I did," said Nathan. "Kind of had a hard day of it. You go on over—we'll have plenty of time to talk to-morrow."

HE DID not, however, go to bed when he finished with the dishes. Instead, stretched in the hammock-chair on the porch, he looked out across the darkening hollow where the shadows deepened like a slow sediment in a pool of fading light. Slowly the trees and fences disappeared, till there was only the silhouetted shoulder of the hill against a sky of stars, and, bright against its blackness, a single yellow spark of lamplight from the east window of the Hadden house. He watched it till he fell asleep. Jamie, returning, woke him with a cheerful whistle, rallied him gayly on not having sense enough to sleep in his bed.

"Milly pleased, was she?"

"Guess so—you know how Milly is." Jamie chuckled. "Wouldn't say much if somebody came along and gave her a million; but you know, all the same, how she feels about things." He whistled again. "Prettier than ever, isn't she?"

"Smart, too," said Nathan.

"Yes, she's got a first-rate mind." Jamie paused. "It's a rotten shame she's never had a chance to have it trained. She thinks absolutely straight about things she knows; but—but there are gaps, where she doesn't know, where she's just as sure of herself as if she did. It's a pity. If she'd ever had a chance—"

"Guess it wouldn't take her long to learn," said Nathan. "Smartest girl I ever talked to, Milly is. Sight smarter 'n me, anyhow."

Jamie chuckled. "She said she'd seen quite a lot of you this winter and spring."

"Been over there some. Figured it wouldn't do no harm to leave her see your letters. Sort of keep her in mind of you." He hesitated. "Charlie Brownlow's been hanging 'round some."

"She wouldn't look at him!"

"Figured she wouldn't, but I sort of aimed to make sure. Won't ever amount to much, Charlie won't. Be a pity f'r a girl like Milly to spend her life doing housework f'r him."

"Guess there's no danger." Jamie laughed comfortably, moving toward his bedroom door. "Wake me up, Nat, will you, in the morning? Need somebody to turn the grindstone while you grind the mower knives, I guess." Jamie's voice held a hint of self-approval, as if he was pleased about his remembering the technical detail.

"No. Got the stone rigged so I turn it with my feet. Make out first rate single-handed. You better take it easy, Jamie, long's you're home. Need your stren'th, I guess, when you start in editing that there paper."

"You're pretty level-headed, Nat." Jamie's tone warmed. "Most people who work with their hands can't seem to understand that brain work takes it out of a fellow even more than pitching hay or swinging an ax. Used to think I was tired after a day's work on the farm; but I never knew what being abso'utely used up was like till I'd sat up all night boning for my first exam! But a lot of people think it's soft!"

"Wouldn't be f'r me, anyhow. Sooner thrash, any day." Nathan spoke drowsily, beginning to undress. "Can't hardly keep awake right now. G' night, Jamie."

FOUR hours' work lay behind Nathan, next morning, when he saw his brother crossing the meadow toward the Haddens'. He grinned contentedly as he drove the clacking mower; nothing that Jamie could have done in the hayfield would be half as worth-while as this employment of his leisure. One of these days—his mind dwelt pleasantly on a future in which not only Jamie Telfer would be free of the dull, profitless drudgery of the farm, but Milly Hadden too. Somehow, as the familiar, homely figure of speech rose in his thought, it was Milly's escape that seemed the more desirable of the two. Her nose was too pretty to be held against a grindstone.

He met her in the village after he had driven Jamie, with Squire Fentress's check in his pocket, to the train. The sight of her somehow comforted him against a depression caused partly by Jamie's going and, selfishly, by the consciousness of the lien that lay against his land.

He seemed to see her, for the first time, with Jamie's more enlightened eye; she was pretty, thus inspected, as pretty as she had always been to Nathan Telfer's

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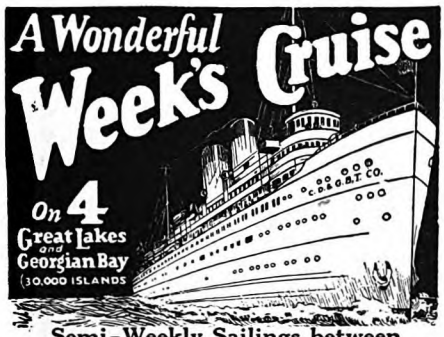

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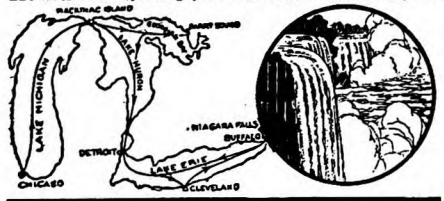

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untutored observation; even her dress, for all its thrifty simplicity, wasn't so very different from the clothes that girls wore in the magazines. But, with a sudden stab of rebellion, Nathan saw upon her the scars, premonitory rather than real, of the harsh, heavy, stupid work that all Glen women did, like their men-folk, as the price of mere survival.

Her hands weren't pretty, even now. He'd never noticed before that they were red and roughened and chapped, like her mother's, from dishpan and washtub.

"Been seeing Jamie off, have you?"

His ear detected, resentfully, the Glen slurring of syllables. He seemed to hear it with Jamie's ear. If she'd been away at school, like Jamie, she'd have picked up the talk as quickly as he had, more quickly, perhaps—women were smarter about such things than men, even such clever men as Jamie Telfer. Here in the Glen she hadn't any chance or reason to improve upon the homely, clumsy speech of the hills.

"Uh-huh." He nodded. "Guess he told you about things, didn't he? Know what he's up to, down yonder."

"Yes." She hesitated, her lips compressed a little. "You've done a lot for him, Nat. He told me about the money."

"Wasn't only his fair share," Nathan said. "Suited me better 'n trying to sell the place and divide the money."

"He'd had more than his share already," she objected. "You've been paying his way through college all this while, and now—"

"It don't amount to anything. Always aimed to see to it 't Jamie didn't have to wear himself out on the farm." His voice warmed. "Sight too smart for it, Jamie is. Ain't many boys c'd ketch on the way he's done—next to the highest in his class, down to that college, and stepping spang into this editing job, minute he's finished school!"

"It's all your doing, just the same. He'd never have done it without you."

"Ain't so sure. He's smart. Guess he'd 've made out to amount to something anyhow." He hesitated. "Got better reason to 'n most, anyway. Guess you know what I mean, Milly."

He saw her flush, but she said nothing. He turned away, grinning contentedly. Likely they had it all settled between them. Jamie hadn't said anything, but he wouldn't be apt to, even to Nathan, till he was in shape to marry. That wouldn't take long, the way things stood. The thought of the mortgage didn't trouble Nathan Telfer very much as he drove home.

EVEN in the first moment of startled pleasure at the sight of Jamie, a shadow fell across Nathan Telfer's spirit.

He rubbed his hand on his overalls before he extended it in response to Jamie's eager gesture, uncomfortably aware of the contrast between the big, misshapen, calloused fingers, and the soft, well-kept city hand that met them; of the difference between his own awkward height and Jamie's straight, lean, confidently graceful carriage; of his ugly, work-stained clothes and clumsy shoes. Even more, however, he sensed his own want of words. With all that there was to say, after three years of separation, he could only grin and stare.

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"Same old Nat!" Jamie clapped an affectionate hand on his shoulder. "Haven't changed a bit."

"Wasn't—wasn't expecting you," Nathan managed to tell him. "Give me quite a start." He half turned toward the house, paused, suddenly reminded of the pail that swung from his elbow. "Go right in and make yourself to home till I milk," he said. "It won't take me long."

Jamie laughed. "I'd have bet you'd say that! Take more than me to make you forget your chores, wouldn't it, you old scoundrel! Haven't changed a hair!"

Nathan grinned uncomfortably. "Got to be done, milking has," he said defensively. "No way to get out of it, same as death and taxes. You go in and—"

"I'll come down and talk to you while you do it," said Jamie. "Been waiting long enough for the chance!"

There was no possible room to doubt the sincerity of the tone. Nathan Telfer warmed under it. A dim fear that his brother might be ashamed of him retreated to the back of his mind; Jamie wasn't that sort. No matter how far he left the farm behind him, he'd remember. . . .

"'Most give up expecting you," said Nathan. A new anxiety stirred in him: "Everything all right, down yonder?"

"Fine! That's why I'm here." Jamie, chuckled. "The paper's making money at last, and I've got an assistant. And look yonder!"

Nathan's glance followed the gesture to a shining new car under the maples that overhung the retaining wall.

"Mine," said Jamie. "Paid for, too." His tone changed. "That's what I've been waiting for, Nat—promised myself that the first time I came back to the Glen I'd come in my own car. Just got it yesterday, and here I am!"

NATHAN nodded, puzzled by the queer returning shadow that slid over his content. He ought to be altogether delighted by this proof of Jamie's success; cars like that one cost a sight of money, as much, maybe, as the farm was worth. He was ashamed; instead of being glad and proud he was mean enough to wish, almost, that Jamie had come home in rags, begging.

"Looks fine," he said. It seemed to him that his voice creaked with the effort of speech. "You must be doing first rate."

"It's all your doing if I am." Jamie's hand lay on his shoulder; they walked in step along the unevenly spaced flat stones that paved the pathway to the cowshed. "If it hadn't been for you I'd be right here, getting ready to help you milk, instead of—" he paused. "Look here, Nat, how about the mortgage? If you need any help—"

Nathan shook his head. "Got it 'most paid off," he said, almost sullenly. "Make out to get shut of it, this winter, if nothing goes wrong."

"Really?" Jamie's voice changed. "How did you ever manage it? I thought you'd be lucky to keep the interest paid, the way farming's been, lately."

"Been getting out stove wood, winters," said Nat. "More sale f'r it 'n there used to be, the way folks been going back to open fireplaces."

Jamie twisted his head to look up the hill at the front rank of the woods that crowned it. He chuckled softly.

"I might have known it! I felt mean about it; but Scheib knew better. He told me that any time a Yankee farmer gave me the best of a business deal I'd better buy a padlock for my watch!" Again he clapped his brother's shoulder. "It's all right, Nat; I'm not kicking, but I've wasted a lot of pity on you, all this while."

"Don't know's there was any call to do no pitying," said Nathan. "Made out to get along, I have."

The shadow deepened upon him as he listened, the resounding pail between his knees, to Jamie's easy flow of talk. He groped vaguely for the cause of it, puzzled to discover that he wasn't happy.

"Le's go get supper." Nathan kicked away the one-legged stool and released the stanchions. The cow broke into an ungainly trot under the spiteful slap of his palm. He carried the pail to the kitchen, wishing that Jamie'd stop talking, give him a chance to think things out. He busied himself mechanically with the familiar routine of supper, while Jamie, perched on a corner of the table, swung his legs and smoked and chattered gayly on.

"HOW'S Milly? Pretty as ever?" The tone jarred on Nathan's ear. He turned sharply, on the point of angered protest. After three years, Jamie hadn't any business to ask about Milly Hadden as if he'd seen her last week.

"Might go over after supper and see," he said.

Jamie grinned. "Guess I will." He exhaled deliberately. "It'll be fun to see Milly again. Always liked her."

Nathan Telfer scowled at the skillet. Here was another piece of folly; always, during these years of separation, he had been afraid that Jamie'd fall in love with some girl in the city; always he'd contrived to mention Milly Hadden in his labored letters and taken pains to repeat to her Jamie's occasional messages. Now and then he'd gone so far as to invent these.

And yet, for no reason at all, he wasn't pleased at the thought of Jamie's driving that new, shining car over to the Haddens' after supper. He caught himself in the act of an ungracious wish that Jamie hadn't come home at all.

He went to bed without waiting for Jamie to come home, and in the morning he was careful not to wake him. The sun was high and hot by the time Jamie sauntered out to where the mower clacked through the first cutting of lush alfalfa; he waited for Nathan to complete the circuit of the field.

"Don't worry, old man, I'm not going to bother you at your work. Haven't forgotten that haying won't wait. Just wanted to let you know I won't be home till after supper—Milly's going to let me take her over to Long Lake." He showed his teeth in his cheerful grin. "Gee, she's pretty, isn't she? I'd forgotten what a perfect knock-out she was for looks."

Nathan Telfer managed not to frown. "Got a sight more 'n good looks, Milly has," he said shortly. "Hope you'll have a good time."

Jamie hesitated. "I'd ask you to come along, only I know you can't very well leave your hay."

"I sh'd say not." Nathan clicked to the team. He saw the shining car, presently, sliding down the groove of yellow road between the overgrown fences, and wondered, helplessly, at the smolder of dull resentment it kindled in him.

There was no sense to this; he'd always looked forward to just what was happening. He saw, more clearly than ever before, that everything he had done for Jamie had been done as much for Milly Hadden's sake; that, all along, while he sacrificed and sweated to free Jamie from the slavery of the land he had been thinking even more of opening, through Jamie, an escape for Milly. He'd have hated the boy if he hadn't liked Milly; he almost hated him, now, because he did like her.

Grimly he compelled his thoughts to dwell on the prospect. Presently Milly'd ride away in Jamie's new car, out over the enclosing wall of the hills and down to the cushioned, easy life that lay beyond them, to an existence that would shield and increase her beauty instead of slowly killing it.

They'd come back, now and then, for little flying visits, and each time they came they'd make him feel as he felt now—aware of his huge, awkward body, his knotted hands, the slouching shamble of his knee-sprung gait, his sluggard tongue and wit. He found himself wishing that he needn't ever see either of them again, that they'd just get married on this drive of theirs and keep right on to the city.

HE WAS about to begin his chores when the car whirred in at the gateway. Jamie sprang down and came toward him.

"Well, Nat—I'm pulling out." Jamie thrust out his hand. It felt soft, puny, in Nathan's huge, calloused palm. "Just called up Scheib over the long-distance, and I've got to be on the job in the morning; there's a big story breaking in this war-debt business and Scheib wants me to handle it. I'll have to drive most of the night."

"Figured you'd stay a while." Nathan's tongue moved sluggishly. "Ain't hardly seen you."

"I'm sorry; but it can't be helped." Jamie spoke abruptly, as if he was displeased about something. "You know how it is, Nat—my work won't wait, any more than yours will. There's a chance, right now, of waking the American public to the truth about these war debts—"

Listening to the stream of words, Nathan Telfer became dimly aware of a dull annoyance below his awed sense of eloquence and brilliancy. Something in the cocksure voice woke in him a stubborn disagreement; Jamie's face seemed to change as he talked; it was queer, Nathan thought, that he'd never noticed how long and sharp Jamie's nose was, how, unreasonably, he now resented that pointed length as if it were Jamie's fault.

"Well, I guess that covers it." Jamie's tone changed, "Better be starting." He held out his hand. Again, encountering its softness, Nathan felt a dull, unreasonable resentment. "I'll run up again pretty soon, Nat."

"Hope so." Nathan discovered that he wasn't speaking the truth. He didn't hope that Jamie would come back with that shining, magnificent car. He tried to resist the sense of relief with which he watched its brisk departure, heard the loose planks of the bridge rumble under

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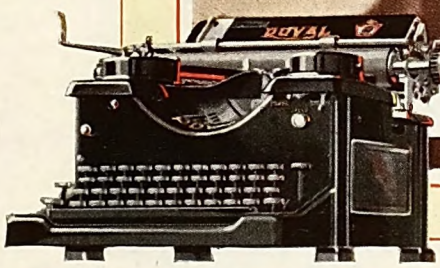

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the disdainful spurn of its tires. He suddenly hated the car, hated it because it was sure to bring Jamie back, soon and often. Trust him for that, after seeing Milly Hadden!

Mechanically, his mind blurred and clouded, Nathan Telfer went about his chores. He had stabled and fed his team when he caught sight of the knife bar he had carried down from the mower, left overnight in the hayfield. He glanced at the sun; it was early, time enough to grind those knives before he milked. For some reason he felt as if the task would be, for once, agreeable.

He found it so, although, as always, the jarring slither of steel on stone set his teeth on edge. He bore down heavily, even enjoying the feel of the gritty water that ran out over the knife and stained his knotted fingers. He hummed between his set teeth.

A SHADOW darkened the open doorway and he looked up, startled, to see Milly Hadden standing there. For a moment he stared at her; there must be some extraordinary reason for her presence. Obscurely he associated it with Jamie.

"He had to go back," he said. "They sent for him from the office—"

"I know. I was with him when he telephoned," Milly nodded. "It cost a dollar."

"Guess that wouldn't worry Jamie much," he said quickly, as if in answer to an implied reproach. "He's done first rate down yonder, Jamie has. Prob'ly told you himself."

"Seemed real satisfied." Her voice somehow reminded Nathan of the edge which his thumb was mechanically testing. "What did he want of you this time, Nat?"

Nathan's eyes went wide. "Want? Why, nothing. Whatever gave you that notion, Milly?"

She laughed shortly. "Isn't he always after something when he comes here? And doesn't he always get it? I tell you, Nat, I've stood it long enough! Watching you work your hands off for—" She stopped. "What does he want now?"

Nathan had never seen her angry. It made her, he thought, prettier, more—more alive, somehow.

"Should think you might guess, Milly," he said, a little awed by his daring. "It isn't money, anyhow."

He watched the color deepen below the sunbrown of her cheeks; but her eyes met his directly.

"Me, you mean?" She laughed again. "Well, he doesn't—not after to-day! We've settled that. He doesn't want me a bit more, now, than I want him!"

He stared. "Sounds as if—as if you didn't like him, Milly. Always thought—"

He paused. Somehow, he couldn't make himself tell her, straight out, why he had set Jamie free of the dull, hopeless slavery to the soil.

"Always thought you kind of liked him," he said slowly. "It was mostly my own notion, sending him to college and all." The stone between his knees suggested his father's homely metaphor.

"Wanted him to get his nose off the grindstone, Milly, so—so when—if you kept on liking him—"

She stood still for a long moment, color rising faintly under the sunbrown of her cheeks, but her eyes, straight and frank and understanding, holding his.

"So that was it?" She spoke under her breath. Slowly her lips curved to a reluctant smile. "Maybe, if Jamie's nose had been ground down a little it wouldn't be so long now, or so handy for poking into other folks' business. Maybe it would look more—more like yours!"

He did not at once believe his ears, nor the eyes that saw the look of her; his mind was still defensive, apologetic.

"WANTED you to—to have the best there was, Milly. Wanted—"

She laughed, very softly. "Don't you worry, Nat. That's just what I'm going to have!" She moved abruptly toward him. "Here—I'll turn for you."

Over his mumbled protest she fitted the crank handle to the squared end of the shaft and, balanced on the one-legged stool, swayed back and forward to the slow revolution of the stone. Instinctively, Nathan Telfer bore down again on the knife-bar, and the grating rasp of the steel jarred across the warm stillness of the dusk. Milly's teeth were set, like his, against it, but her laugh came happily between them.

"It sounds good, doesn't it?"

Nathan Telfer discovered, suddenly, that it did.

Divorced!

(*Continued from page 29*)

coming of the Federal Reserve Banking System in 1914, that divorce became still more definite. Our present fiscal arrangements make it practically impossible for us to have a genuine money panic.

"With regard to the business outlook in the present election year, I feel what I believe to be justifiable confidence. But in order to explain this confidence, I want to show the difference between present conditions and those which have existed during previous election years.

"Up to 1904, as I have just explained, the money situation, or the fear of unsound changes in our currency, was responsible for the serious business depressions in election years. In the present campaign that fear need not be considered, *because it does not exist!*

"In 1908, during the first Taft campaign, we had another depression. This was partly due to the fact that we were then in the heyday of the 'trust-busting' period. There was fear of radicalism, too. Also, these election-year reactions were a *habit* with us; and habits are hard to break.

"In 1912, came the three-cornered fight between Taft, Wilson, and Roosevelt, as a 'Bull Moose.' The business recession was very slight that year and recovery promptly followed.

"During the first Wilson Administration, in 1914, came the most important and far-reaching business event in the history of this country: the establishment of the Federal Reserve System.

"In that year came also another tremendously important event: the beginning of the World War. The course of business during the next six years depended entirely on the war and not on our own political issues.

"During the 1916 campaign there was a slight recession, but a quick recovery. The recession probably was purely psychological; for at that time we were sure to have prosperity, no matter who was elected President.

"THERE was a reaction in 1917, when the United States went into the war; but that was because of a temporary uncertainty and it was all over within a few months.

"The prosperity of the 1914-1919 period was the result of the fortuitous circumstances of war. *It was independent of politics.*

"The same thing is true of the business depression which began during 1920, the next election year. It was simply the commencement of the inevitable post-war deflation; and it would have come in any case, no matter which party was in power at Washington.

"Even in past election years there has been no general rule about business being good or bad. In six of the twelve years it was distinctly above normal. In five it was below normal; and in one it was about evenly divided.

"The present year, 1928, opened with business somewhat below normal. This slowing down, which was not serious, began in 1927 and had no connection with the fact that 1928 would bring a presidential campaign! It was entirely due to *business* factors.

"What conclusions are to be drawn from all this evidence?

"The first one is this: Business never was as dependent on politics as people thought it was. Second, it is less dependent now than it ever was! Third, that there always has been a business recession during the campaign. But, fourth, since 1904 these recessions have had no justifiable grounds in the political issues of the campaigns. Fifth, there seems to be a tradition that business must be bad in election years. Sixth, there is no valid reason for sticking to this tradition now. Seventh, sometimes political campaign talk—as in 1924—can cause a business reaction for which there is no excuse. Eighth and last, sensible men should not pay attention to this sort of campaign talk, but should study business conditions on a purely business basis, just as they do in non-election years.

"I think that covers the ground," said Colonel Ayres. "There is an old phrase to the effect that 'business is business.' We need to get rid of the idea that 'business is politics'."

"But are there no political issues, likely to come up during this campaign, which may have an effect on business?" I asked.

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"Well," he replied, "let's see what issues are likely to be discussed. Probably prohibition; but that won't affect business in the least. Religion? No connection whatever with business. Government ownership? A dead issue at present. Government supervision of public utilities? Yes, that is a possibility in which the utilities themselves are interested; but it is not vital to business as a whole.

"Some form of aid to merchant shipping? That is something which we have now and which needs modification. If we get it, my belief is that we shall be better off. And if we don't get it, we shall be no worse off than we are now.

"Agricultural relief? I concede that this issue does have a definite bearing on business. But I don't see any reason for getting panicky about it at present.

"As a matter of fact, there probably will be no real conflict on important issues. And so far as *business* is concerned, I don't think the election is of great importance.

"One interesting thing in connection with the subject is this: Business has an exaggerated aversion to change of any kind—even to a change which later proves to be an improvement.

"THE most striking example was the attitude of business toward the Federal Reserve System. The very men who fought it most bitterly fifteen years ago couldn't possibly be persuaded to give it up now.

"In the Cleveland Trust Bulletin of October 15th, 1924, I mentioned what was then an interesting fact in regard to our business prosperity. During the preceding forty years, there had been twenty-four years of Republican administration and sixteen years of Democratic régime. Under Republican rule, 55 per cent of the months were characterized by business prosperity and 45 per cent of them by business depression. Under Democratic rule the relative percentages were exactly the same.

"We now have had four more years of Republican rule. As most of them have been prosperous ones, the percentages would now be somewhat different.

"However, there is no way of proving that the past four years would have been materially different, so far as business is concerned, if the Democratic Party had been in power. The point is this: Economic conditions were such that they almost inevitably brought prosperity.

"When that is the situation we shall be prosperous anyway, unless the party in power willfully and recklessly attempts to prevent it; which is almost inconceivable.

"There is only one conclusion to be drawn from these facts: To a degree which seemed impossible twenty-five years ago, business and finance have become emancipated from politics. Their fluctuations are almost entirely due to factors within their own fields and largely under their own control.

"I do not believe there is the slightest threat that the result of the election will bring into power an Administration, of either party, which will prove unfriendly to legitimate business, or committed to fundamentally unsound economic policies.

"If that is true, there can be no reason why we should have a business reaction this summer *merely because of the campaign.* Such reactions will come and go from time

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to time because of general business conditions.

"Of course, the divorce between politics and business never will be absolute. Nor will we ever reach a time when business will not have to adapt itself to new laws and regulations. But in most cases experience has proved that, after a period of necessary readjustments, these innovations have been a help to legitimate business.

"On fundamental economic questions, both of our leading political parties are, I believe, better informed and better intentioned than ever before. Neither party has any desire to interfere with honest business.

"While the divorce between business and politics is not absolute—nor is it desirable that it should be—the old relation has disappeared. Business now stands on its own feet. It does not 'sit in the lap of politics.' That being the case, it is about time for us to get rid of the tradition that a presidential election year is necessarily the proper occasion to have an attack of business chills and fever.

"What about the business recession last year? It had nothing whatever to do with politics, and there is no present political factor which should be permitted to disturb business conditions *this* year.

"In driving a motor car, what do we consider? The car, the road, and the traffic. We are not influenced by what is happening somewhere else.

"That is precisely what business men should do. They should understand their own equipment, the course of business, and the traffic they must meet. In other words, they should realize that business is business; not politics."

White Birches

(*Continued from page 21*)

As he went, he paused, as if forgetting something.

"Oh, 'Relia said to tell you you'd better drive in some Saturday and stay for the dance."

He let things go at that. But the next time he came he said:

"Looked for you down to the hall Saturday night."

"Guess you can keep right on looking," Nan replied.

"Should think Mark'd be able to take a night off once in a while." Lute's voice was both condemning and friendly. "He'll lose you, if he don't make out to give you a good time!" He laughed loudly.

"He's awful busy," Nan said again; but she knew it was not enough this time.

It was only a few days later that Nan found Lute out by the steps.

"'Lo, Nancy! Just going by, so I thought I'd say 'Howdy'!"

Toward the end of the next winter he was saying to her:

"Mark's got no right to keep you penned in here—no fun or anything! You come along of me, girl, and we'll show 'em how to have a good time, eh?"

It was the Ramer in her that made her listen. But the Wainwright still resented him. She had gone, twice now, to dances in town, had lied about them, and hated herself for it.

Then he was asking her, definitely, to

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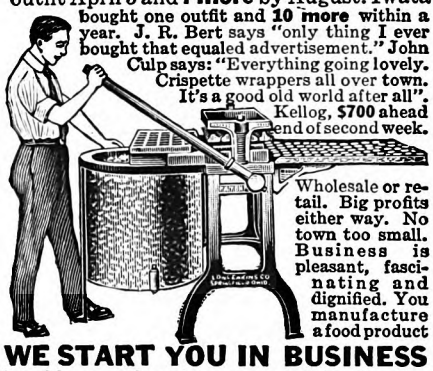

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go away with him. He knew of a "tea route" up in York State he could get.

"It's a crime, a girl like you wastin' herself up Ellis Run!" he said.

Across the ache of her loneliness the ugly tinsel of her other years had taken on the luster of gold, and her young feet, used now only to dull farm tasks, twitched to dance again. Still, she did not think of going—not really.

But two things happened:

Mark's Aunt Julia came for a visit. She was a faultfinding woman, but Nan might sometimes have borne with her, for Mark's sake. Not this time. Aunt Julia snooped everywhere—cupboards, cellar, bureau drawers, thoughts.

"When my sister was alive, quilts never got put away in this fashion," she would say. Or, "Good land, Nan, don't tell me this is Charity's best snowdrop linen tablecloth—all holes this way!"

But Aunt Julia finally went too far:

"Let's see . . . you and Mark been married six years now, ain't you?" she said. "Ought to have a family by now. Don't seem fair to Mark, you not having any babies."

Nan flew 'round, hot with fury, from the kitchen stove.

"Oh, you meddlesome old fool!" she cried.

Mark heard of that; Aunt Julia took pains that he did. And Mark undertook to reprove Nan.

Nan said things then that only years could heal, and Mark the same.

The other happening was Mark's bringing home of a little white kitten.

"The fellows were teasing it down in the store," he explained. But he said it as if he did not expect her to appreciate it, after all. He did not see her eyes, defiant and starved, as she took the kitten up in her arms.

"Thought I'd like a cat to fuss over, anyhow," he blundered on. "I suppose you think it'll be just underfoot, and no matter if it was pestered down to the store. But I want something alive around!"

Something seemed to freeze inside Nan at that. So he had never known how she had loved the black kitten? So he had never seen her grief at its death? Did he think *she* didn't want something alive around?

SO, THE next day, she said to Lute: "I'll go with you if you want, Lute. There ain't any use staying here, I guess."

She was to meet him next afternoon, down around the bend.

She made all preparations, her heart like a stone. She baked up a few things, ahead, for Mark. She washed a couple of flannel blankets. She mended her one pair of silk stockings. She fixed a little bed, with an old quilt and a box, behind the kitchen stove, for the white kitten.

The farm had never seemed more ugly to her than it did that morning. But she suddenly knew she had to tell Mark she was going. He wouldn't care; but she had to tell him.

That's what *he* would do; he would not sneak off, as she was planning.

When Mark came in to dinner, she had words all ready. But she could not say them. Mark looked tired, somehow; tired and old. But when dinner was finished, she told him.

"Mark—I'm goin' away—with Lute Lory—this afternoon!" There, she had said it! She felt squeezed all over, and yet at the same time a burden seemed to roll from her, as if she had owed a big debt and had suddenly paid it all. He was staring at her—his face white, his eyes queer. But he struck back.

"Yeuh? Well, I might have expected it, I suppose!"

Was that all there was to be of it?

"I—I thought I'd ought to tell you—" Her voice seemed lost, no expression in it.

"Don't see what you bothered to do that for," he said evenly.

"Oh!" she caught her breath sharply. "*Oh!* Neither do I! Neither do I! It don't make no difference to you, either way; I know that well enough! Only—I thought—mebbe—it would make a difference whether I *told* you or not! I see it don't anything matter to you any more! Well—I'm going, anyhow!"

"DON'T make no difference to me, uh?" A fire seemed to make slow, painful burning through his numbness. "Guess I'd have gone myself, long ago, if that was so," he said. "What do you think I married you for, anyhow? Don't make no difference? You think that, do you?"

He did not give her a chance to answer. He pushed open the screen door, and was gone—to his plowing.

She washed up the dishes, went up and got her suit case. There was no more she could do. No more. She just wasn't his kind, she never had been. They were well rid of each other. Down in the kitchen again, she went to the cellarway and skimmed off some cream into a saucer for the white kitten.

She fixed the fire, picked up her suit case and went out of the house and down the road. She had curled her hair elaborately and shortened her skirt. She looked a girl still.

So he didn't see why she had bothered to tell him? He didn't see! Well, maybe it had been foolish. Probably had! He might have expected it of her? Why might he? Hadn't she stayed there for five years after he had stopped loving her? Hadn't she tried to think things out his way? Hadn't she? But she couldn't. She belonged to a cheap run of folks, and you couldn't make yourself over. Not when you were twenty-seven.

Still, if *he* had tried, she would have seen. Or, would she? Maybe he had—maybe she had just exasperated him so that he couldn't stand it. There was that time he had said, "I know you hate this place, Nan; but it's into my bones, don't seem as if I *could* go any place else!" If she had said then, "I wouldn't hate it if I thought you cared about me like you used to!" would that have helped, made things more honest between them?

Honest—honest—honest—her feet seemed to beat the word along the soft dirt of the roadside. Mark seemed to depend so on folks being honest. But he'd been brought up to it. Maybe he had not understood how hard it was when you had never thought it necessary to be honest, all your life. Maybe she ought to have tried to tell him that.

But she couldn't now. It was all done. Around the bend was Lute. . . . Oh, she would dance—every night and every night—to make up for all the nights in the

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gray, dreary old farm—oh, but she'd dance! But her feet felt heavy.

She came to the little knoll, passed it. She would have a pink dress and satin slippers! She was done with all that, done with it; she would never again rise at five to help with the milking! She would never sit there by the kitchen fire sewing, and look up to see Mark's indifferent face above his book. Never.

SHE looked back, stopped dead still in the wayside mud to look. It was all just as always. The gray house with its neat yard, its great pleasant maples, now red with small new leaves, its red barn, its clump of woods beyond. The watering trough. The mail box that held so little mail. The black furrows of the new-plowed fields. The dogwood trees at the fence corner. The hepaticas back under the trees. The robins dropping to turned sod. The birch trees on the knoll.

But it was not as always, either. It seemed to Nan Wainwright that she had never seen it before. Over the gray house rested a soft air that made it look like home. From the black rows came a smell, a smell that was sweet, that made you want things in a happy way. The red maple tips swayed a little in the warm wind, and it was a friendly gesture, and beautiful.

The birches—"kind of pretty," Mark had called them; they were! So white and slim and "kind of alive"! They seemed to move in a faint mist of green—lovelier than—than pink satin! Into her face came a dull red and her heart began to pound strangely.

For she knew suddenly that she was seeing the farm as Mark saw it. She had never seen it that way before, not even at first. Her hands on the suit case began to tremble. *Honest, honest;* she ought to let him know. "I know you hate this place," he had said. She didn't hate it, not a bit now, though she was leaving it forever. She ought to tell him that.

If she went back and told him that, maybe he would see—really see—that she was trying to be honest, to do things his way, to think about things as she'd ought to! Her feet began to move up the road toward home.

He would be up in the field; she would have to go to him there; he would think it queer. But she had to tell him—if only he would look at her then as if he saw her, as if she were a human being like himself, as if he had some respect for her. She had started wrong—about the tie. But she knew better than that now.

She came toward the house. Then she saw Mark, in from the field, sitting on the back steps. His black head was bowed on his knees. Cuddled against his shoulder was a little ball of soft white—the kitten! Nan felt her throat pull together as with a puckering string, and something hot stung down across the red spots on her cheeks. *What do you think I married you for, anyhow?* Why, he had married her because he loved her! *He still loved her!*

There was desolation in him as he sat there, alone, with the white kitten. And that manifest desolation told her more than hours of words might have done.

"Mark!" she called. "*Mark!*" She dropped the suit case and began to run toward him.

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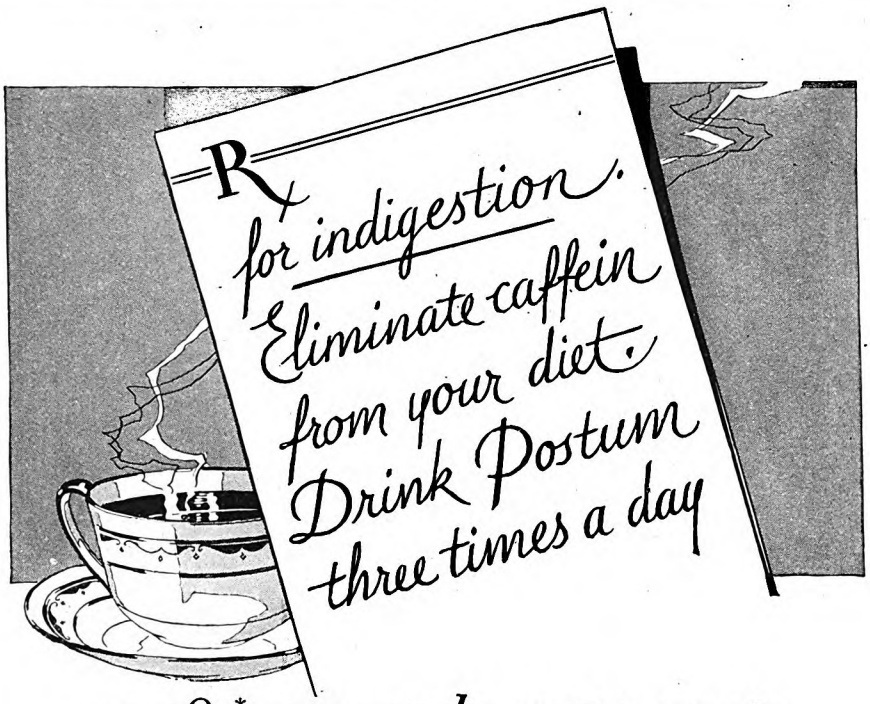

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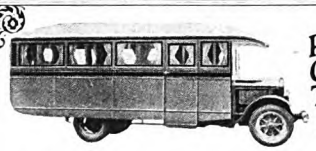

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 61*)

well, I never got on the horse again."

"Your world revolves around your brother Ash," mused Rock. "Well, some day I'll put you up on Egypt, right here in your yard. . . . And some other day, maybe, I'll give him to you."

"Oh! . . . You couldn't—and I couldn't accept. . . ."

She was silent a moment, evidently not quite sure how to take him.

"I asked Al what you did when you found out Ash took your horse," she went on presently.

"What did Al say?"

"He said you were thunderstruck. And you swore something terrible."

"Al told the truth, Thiry," admitted Rock, with reluctance. "I never was so surprised—never so furious. New trick on me! My beautiful horse—that *you* had named, taken from me."

"Mr. Rock, you see then . . . how impossible Ash is!"

"Nobody or nothin' is impossible."

"Dad says the man doesn't live who can stand Ash's meanness."

"Well, I'm livin', and maybe I can. . . . You saw him this mornin'?"

"Yes. I was up early, helping Ma get breakfast. When the horses came up it wasn't light yet. I heard Dad jawing somebody. Then Range came in, and told us. When Ash came in I asked him why he'd stolen your horse, and what he meant . . . to do with him."

Here emotion accompanied Thiry's speech; she grew husky, and faltered:

"'Luce told me he'd called the hoss Egypt, which was your pet name,' said Ash. 'That's why I took him, an' that's why I'm goin' to break a leg for him.'"

ONLY Rock's powerful hold upon himself, fortified by hours of preparation for anything, kept his anger within bounds.

"All because I gave him your pretty name! Tough on the horse. . . . And you were afraid to open your mouth! . . . Much you love Egypt!"

"Wait a minute, will you," she answered, not without anger. "I pitched into Ash Preston as never before in our lives. I—I don't know what all I called him. He took it—and, oh, he looked dreadful. But he never said a word. He got up, nearly overturning the table, jumped on the horse, and was gone like a white streak."

"I stand corrected," replied Rock thickly. "I talk too quick. I'm sure glad you had the nerve to call him. If you hadn't . . . Well, Thiry, I suppose you want to know what I'm goin' to do about this horse deal?"

"Worry over that has made me sick all day. I don't want to hear; but I must."

"When Ash gets back, I'll go up to him nice and pleasant. I'll say, 'Look here, cowboy, if you want to borrow my horse, ask me for him.' "

"Suppose he comes back without Egypt?"

"Then I think I'd better pass it off as if nothin' had happened. I'd ask your father. And if Egypt was crippled, I'd go find him and end his misery."

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There followed a long silence. Then, "Mr. Rock, you—you were to tell me something to-night?" she began nervously. "You needn't tell me. I can feel it. . . . You're not going away."

"No!" he replied, with a ring in his voice.

"Oh—Mr. Rock, I feared you wouldn't. All day long I've felt it. But, oh, if you only knew! It's not all for Ash's sake that I ask it. But for Dad and Mother, Alice and Lucy—for me!"

"Thiry," said Rock, with deep feeling, "last night I almost gave in to you. It was terribly hard not to. But to-night I have hold of myself. You can't persuade me. You can't drive me. I shall stay. I've thought all night and all day. Out of this torture have come two facts, which I believe as I do my own soul."

"What are they?" she asked.

"I believe I can serve you best by stayin' at Sunset Pass."

"And the other?"

"I love you."

SHE flung out her hands, protestingly, imploringly, as if to ward off some incomprehensible peril.

"Mr.—Rock!" she gasped. "You dare make love to me, when we've never been together an hour, when I'm insisting you leave my home!"

"I'd dare that, yes, under any circumstances," he retorted coolly. "But, as it happens, I'm not makin' love to you. I'm tellin' you a simple fact. I'm not likely to annoy you with it soon again. You'll hear gossip about me and my love affairs, which you can believe if you like. But I know now I never had a real one before. It suits me to stake what I think I've become against the old True Rock. This needn't worry you one little bit."

"You speak in riddles," she replied incredulously. "How can I help but—worry—now, more than ever?"

"I shall leave you blissfully alone. I shall hardly be even polite if I see you at mealtime. Your brother Ash will soon see that there's one rider who's not mushy over you."

"To what end?" she went on sharply. "Is that to deceive Ash, so you can stay here?"

"Partly. But I'm bound to confess that it's to spare you."

"Oh, you're not going to spare me," she cried. "You'll not leave me alone. And, even if you did, Ash would believe it only a blind—that you were with me during his absence. It's a poor plan. Please give it up."

"No."

She began to twist her hands in her white gown. The agitation which before he had marked was possessing her again. The idea that he had decided to stay at Sunset Pass held some singular dread for her. And while he weighed this in mind, he watched her with penetrating gaze, steeling his heart against the tenderness that threatened to overwhelm him.

WITH evident strong effort she controlled some almost irresistible fear or conflict. Her glance changed to one of deep and unfathomable mystery. She had discovered a latent strength. Rock divined she had been driven to extremity. And he grew sickeningly sure that she was involved somehow with Ash and her

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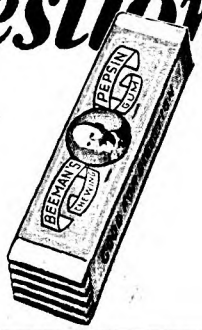

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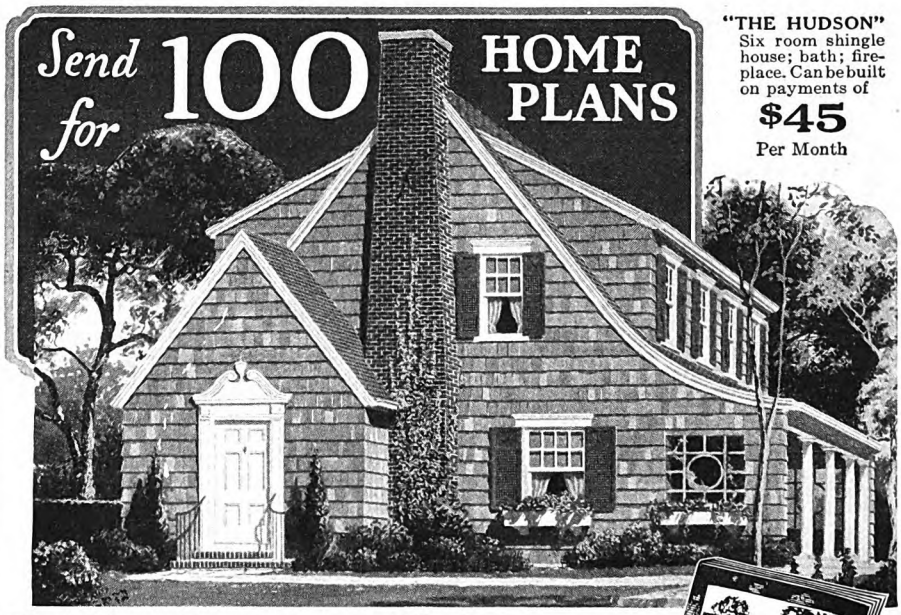

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father in something which would not bear the light of day.

"Trueman Rock, I want you to leave Sunset Pass," she said, leaning to him.

"So you've told me about a thousand times."

"Let's risk being discovered meeting at Wagontongue," she went on. "You can get work anywhere. We'll take Mr. Winter into our confidence. We can meet in his store and spend an hour or two in his office. Then I'll arrange to stay with Mrs. Winter all night when I come to town. You can meet me there too. I will go to Wagontongue every week."

"Why would you be willin' to do this unusual thing?" asked Rock, eager to lead her on and on.

"Didn't you say you—you wanted to be friends with me?"

"I sure did."

"It's your only chance. And I'm giving you that to get you—to persuade you to leave here."

"Thiry, I ask you again: *Why* do you want me to leave?"

"To keep you and Ash apart."

"Is that the only reason?"

"It's the—the big one," she replied, with both voice and glance unsteady.

"But that won't keep Ash and me apart. He will come to town when you do. He'll watch you."

"I'll choose the time when he is away with Dad. He won't know that I go to town."

"When he's away—where?"

"Why, on the range. Dad has large orders. The driving and—and the—the work will take up half his time from now on."

WHAT a child she was, thought Rock! As transparent as crystal water! But she was with a woman, with all a woman's power to surprise and waylay to attain her ends. He ruthlessly laid traps for her; but the sole reason was not only to lead her into betrayal.

"You would risk so much for me?"

"It's not for you, though I know I—I—*will* like you, if you let me. It's for Ash and Dad—all of us."

"It's very sweet of you, Thiry," he said, with just enough satire to belie the portent of his words; "but very little to risk my life for."

"No, Trueman, it may save your life."

"You call me Trueman?" he asked, amazed.

"Yes, Trueman. . . . We can deceive Ash. . . . The Winters will do anything for me. Ash will never catch us together."

"How long would you expect this to go on? And when it came to an end—and I worshiped you—what then?"

"I'd run the same risk as you."

"What of? Being killed?"

"No! No! No! You're tantalizing me. You know what I mean."

"Indeed I don't. Reckon some locoed cowboys would think you meant that you risked the danger of love."

"I meant just that, Mr. Trueman Rock," she blazed. "I'm human. And surely it is not beyond the bounds of possibility for me to—to love someone. Especially if he sacrificed for me—proved himself a man."

"Thiry Preston, are you offerin' such a hope to me?" he asked huskily.

"It's not a hope, but a chance—only a chance—and all I *can* offer."

"But a chance that means a lot," he went on, without remorse. "I could be with you alone?"

"Yes, as long as you wished."

"Could I make love to you?"

"How could I keep you . . . from it?"

"Would you let me kiss you?"

"Yes," she replied, white-faced and calm.

"Would you kiss *me* . . . now . . . to seal the compact?" he went on, as mad in the ecstasy of the moment, as stern to convict her.

"You drive a hard bargain," she murmured bitterly. "I've never kissed any man save Ash and Dad. . . . But I will kiss you."

She stood up, took brave, but hesitating steps, until her knees pressed against his, and as she bent over instinctively her hands went out. Rock saw them trembling. She was going through with it. A moonbeam caught her face. Rock, uttered a cry of poignant repentance. One second more would make it too late.

He seized her hands, and bending his head he kissed one and then the other.

"Thiry," he whispered, "I would give almost my very life to have you kiss me. But not for this. . . . I led you on. I wanted to see how far you would go. You poor, loving, blinded girl! What would you not sacrifice for this cursed Ash Preston? I will stay here! You have no idea what a horrible temptation you gave me. To meet you often—to have you alone—to be able to kiss you! *Thiry!* I could make you love me. . . . But, so help me heaven, I wouldn't have your love at such sacrifice. I'll win it square and fair—or never. Now, I'll go, and I'll not speak to you soon again. Trust me, Thiry. Good night."

He kissed her hands again and rushed away into the moon-streaked shadows.

FOUR days passed, days full of hard labor for Rock and pondering thought, and slow, absorbing adaptation to the most difficult and strangest situation he had ever encountered. Early at breakfast and late at supper, he saw Thiry, but only to exchange a greeting. He did not look to see if she looked at him, though curiosity and longing consumed him.

By doing most of the fence work, he made himself more than solid with the three brothers. He let them ride off up into the timber to cut pine saplings and snake them down to the pasture, while he dug the post holes and built the fence. Opportunity would some day come for him to ride down to the old well on Slagle's ranch, and find out what was in it.

On the fifth morning Al remarked laconically, "We sure gotta hustle to-day, for Pa will be home."

"Why the particular hustle to-day, Al?" queried Rock.

"Pa has a way of slippin' up on us, an' it'd sure never do to be ketched loafin'. He wouldn't let us go to the rodeo and dance on the Fourth."

"I'd forgotten about that," rejoined Rock, with enthusiasm. "Are all the folks goin'?"

"Pa and Ma ain't goin', but sure the rest of us Prestons are."

"Includin' Ash?" asked Rock casually

"He never missed one yet that Thiry

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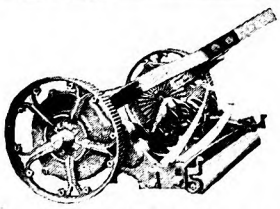

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went to—leastways a dance. Allie and the kids will stop at Leslie's. Thiry said she was goin' to Winter's. Reckon you'll ride in with us?"

"I'll ask your dad," returned Rock thoughtfully. It would be very much better, perhaps, for him to remain on the ranch. Yet the urge laid hold of him. He could take just a peep in at the dance, to see Thiry in a party dress.

"Reckon, on second thought, I will go," he said to Al.

Late in the afternoon the brothers left off work and rode home. This time Rock went with them. They reached the barns, to ascertain that Ash and the others had not yet come in. Rock, after caring for his horse, slowly sauntered up the slope to his cabin.

WHILE he was cleaning up for supper, he heard the clip-clop of trotting horses, then a rattle of wheels. With a start he went to the door. Scoot Preston was driving up on the seat of a big empty wagon. Two more wagons had topped the slope. Soon they halted before the cabins. Rock waited for riders to appear. And he was not disappointed. The burly form of the older Preston hove in sight, riding a roan, and leading two saddle horses. A little afterward, sight of Ash on Egypt shot a quick stab through Rock. Then next instant he relaxed. The white horse appeared tired, but none the worse for the absence.

"Aw!" exclaimed Trueman aloud, and his relief told him just how much he had cared. "Reckon I might as well go out and get it over."

But first he went inside. While pondering over how best to meet this situation, he had buckled on his gun belt. Suddenly the fact dawned on him, and he laid hard hands on the belt buckle. But he got no further. He had no right to face this vicious unknown problem, Ash Preston, without being armed.

Whereupon he strolled out leisurely. As he came in sight of the arriving Prestons, half way between the cabins, Gage spied him, and with a start he wheeled about from the family, who were welcoming him, to dismount like any cowboy, and hurried to intercept Rock. As he drew near his deep gray eyes betrayed considerable anxiety.

"Wal, Rock, how are you?" was his greeting, accompanied by extended hand. "The boys say you-all got on fine. I'm sure glad."

"Howdy, Boss," returned Rock cordially. "We got the fence job 'most done."

"Ha! You don't say? Wal, I'll be dog-goned! How'd you ever get thet out of them?"

Preston fell in step with Rock, and they approached the double cabin, where the women and children were collected. Ash was the only one of the returning brothers who got down on the ground.

"Cowboy, I shore hope you won't rile Ash—leastways hyar before the women," said Preston hurriedly.

"Don't worry, Boss," returned Rock, with a genial laugh. He had caught a glimpse of Thiry, who kept somewhat in the background.

Egypt was standing, bridle down, half way between Ash and the porch. One glance told Rock that he was gaunt, dirty,

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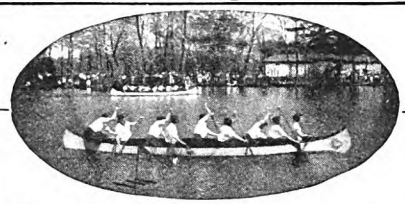

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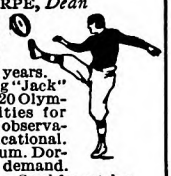

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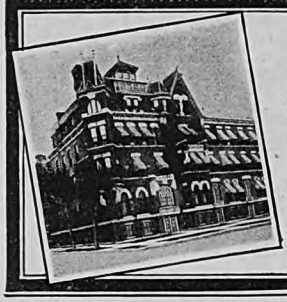

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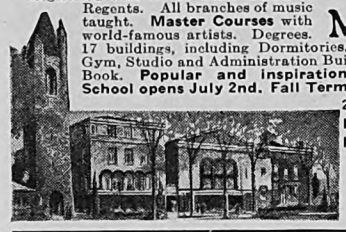

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and rough, but apparently as sound as ever. He whinnied at sight of Rock.

"Howdy, boys," said Rock, nodding to the drivers on the wagons. Then, halting beside Egypt, he turned to face Ash Preston. Despite his iron control, a slight quiver stung his frame. How cool, intent, potential of evil menace this man! He stood at ease, hands on his hips, his black sombrero slouched back, his blue-flame eyes piercing Rock, as if to read his mind. Rock had met penetrating glances before; and this one shot little cold sparks along his marrow.

"Howdy, Ash. Did you like my horse?"

Not improbably that was the last query Ash Preston would ever have anticipated.

"Best hoss I ever forked," he replied, without feeling of any kind.

"Thanks. Hope you were good to him."

"Wal, Rock, the fact is I begun bad," drawled Ash. "But he piled me in the brush. An' runnin' him over rough ground didn't faze him none. An' I reckon I ended treatin' him good."

"Did he pitch with you?" queried Rock, in genuine surprise.

"He's got any outlaw beat I ever rode."

"Dog-gone! Leslie swore this horse never pitched in his life."

"Reckon that was no lie, Rock. But I nagged him. He threw me, an' I couldn't get near him again thet day."

"Served you right," responded Rock, naturally. "It doesn't pay to be mean to horses. And, see here, Ash, don't go borrowin' a horse from a rider without askin' him."

The tension relaxed, the charged atmosphere lost its fullness and suspense. Ash, though he betrayed little of what might have been his true state, eyed Rock with s'ow, cool smile, and slouched with clinking steps to the porch.

Thiry met him, reached for him in glad excitement:

"Oh, Ash, I'm glad you're back—and you—and everything all right!"

Ash wrapped his long arms around her, and hugging her closely he bent his head over her. The action seemed eloquent, beautiful, and yet it pierced Rock like fire. Bending down to feel the legs of his horse he kept that posture until he had recovered. Without a glance backward then, he led Egypt down toward the barns.

ROCK spent so much time caring for Egypt, cleaning and brushing him and making him a comfortable bed of grass in a stall, that it was dark when he got back to his cabin, and the supper bell was ringing. He hurried out, but fortunately he did not arrive late, as the Prestons were just seating themselves at table.

For the first time in five days, Rock looked deliberately into Thiry's face. She gave him a grateful smile, wistful and wondering, as if she would make amends for doubt. It softened Rock, and though he did not glance at her again he managed to get through the meal cheerfully. Afterward, to his relief, Preston called him into his cabin.

"Have a drink with me, Rock," invited Preston.

"Sorry, Boss, but I've quit."

"Have a cigar then. I shore recommend these."

"Thanks," replied Rock. "Did you have a successful trip?"

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"Best ever; but thet won't interest you," returned Preston briefly. "I'll say, though, thet when the trip ended hyar I was some worried. An' when I seen you packin' a gun, I was scared stiff."

"Sorry, Boss, but that oughtn't to have bothered you. It's just habit."

"Ahuh!" returned Preston, giving Rock a dubious look. "But it was hard to figger you. Ash shore wasn't able to. An' you clean knocked the pins from under him. He didn't, an' neither did any of us, expect you to take thet dirty deal so nice an' friendly."

"What else could I do?" demanded Rock, spreading wide his hands. "I came out here to make friends, not enemies."

"Wal, I'm shore thankin' you. You've got Ash stumped. I heard him ask Lucy if you'd been runnin' after Thiry."

"Humph! What did Lucy say?"

"Lucy said you hadn't—thet you were seldom hyar, an' then never paid no attention to Thiry. Is thet so, Rock?"

"Reckon it is, since you left."

"You and Thiry quarreled, I take it," went on Preston. "She didn't say so, but she has a way of makin' the boys leave her alone. I didn't think you'd be so easy, an' I'll gamble it won't last. Just before supper, Thiry told me you'd acted wonderful with Ash—thet she'd misjudged you. Don't remember when I've seen the lass so strange. The truth is, Rock, I think she likes you. You've shore begun right, if you're in earnest about her."

ROCK could scarcely believe his ears. Yet there was no mistaking Preston. He implied even more than he said.

"In earnest? Good lord, I wish I knew how to tell you how earnest I am."

"Wal, I reckon now I savvy why you met Ash thet way. Rock, you're an upstandin', fine chap, an' I like you. So don't be backward tellin' me just how you feel about Thiry."

"Preston, the minute I laid eyes on Thiry, I fell in love with her. And it's changed my whole life. I used to be a free, careless hombre, runnin' after girls, ridin' here and there, drinkin', gamblin', fightin'. But that's past."

"Thanks fer talkin' out," rejoined Preston, bending deep, inscrutable eyes upon Rock. "'Course you mean marriage, cowboy?"

Rock jerked in his chair; his face reddened. "Preston—I never let myself have—such hope," he burst out.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," quoted the rancher. "Declare yourself like a man, if you want my interest."

"Boss—I—don't quite savvy," replied Rock, uncertainly. "What more can I say? . . . Lord, I never dared even dream of Thiry as my wife."

"But you'd like to marry her?" queried this astounding ranchman.

Rock stared a moment: "I'd be the happiest and luckiest fellow on earth."

"Wal, thet's talkin'," returned Preston gruffly. "Do you want my advice?"

"Preston, I—I'd be most grateful for anythin'."

"Thiry ought to be told."

"Aw, no! . . . So soon? Before I've proved what— It'd only distress her—do my cause harm."

"Cowboy, you don't know women," said Preston. "The very fact that you

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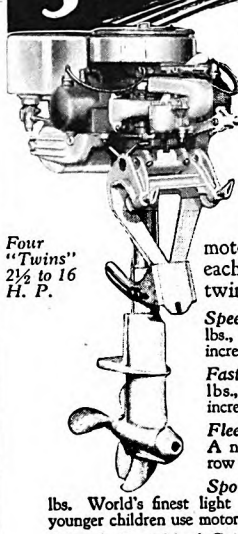

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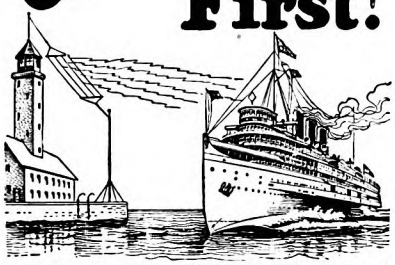

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came to me an' declared yourself, straight like your name, will go far with Thiry, an' all of us 'ceptin' Ash. An' even Ash couldn't help but see thet was right. He beat a cowboy once who dallied after Thiry without talkin' marriage."

"Like as not he'd try to beat me—if I did tell her."

"Wal, I'm appreciatin' your fine feelin's, Rock, so I'll tell her myself," replied the rancher and, turning to the open door, he called, "Thiry."

"Preston!" gasped Rock, rising.

THEN, standing as if paralyzed, he heard light, quick footfalls. And immediately the dark doorway framed a slender form in white, with wistful, expectant face, and great doubtful eyes.

"Come in, lass, an' shut the door," said her father.

She complied, and came forward hesitatingly, her glance going from her father to Rock.

"Thiry, come hyar," he went on; and when she drew close he put an arm around her. "Do you see thet big cowpuncher standin' over there?"

"Yes Dad; I couldn't very well help it," she replied, and she just escaped being demure.

"Sort of pale round the gills, ain't he?"

"Dad, I—I'm afraid he looks a—a little guilty."

"Wal, it's not exactly guilt," laughed Preston. "Lass, Rock has asked your hand in marriage—an' I've given it."

"*Dad!*" she whispered, and leaned against him as if suddenly bereft of strength. Then she rallied, while the scarlet waved up from neck to cheek. "Are you crazy, or am I? You couldn't joke—"

Her blazing eyes flashed in doubt and fear from her father to Rock.

"Miss Thiry," replied Rock, finding himself under those wonderful eyes, "this is the most solemn—and terrible moment of my life."

Slowly she released herself from her father's arm, with widening, darkening eyes, that seemed fascinated by Rock.

"Reckon it's sudden, lass," spoke up Preston. "But thet's this cowboy's way. An' he comes straight to *me*. I like thet. Your ma will, too. when I tell her."

"What do you think—*Ash* will say?" she broke out.

"Ash? . . . Wal, child, he's not your dad or your boss. You're no kid any more. You're a woman, free to do as you want. You shore don't have to ask anythin' of Ash."

"Father!" cried Thiry, incredulously, almost with horror.

In that exclamation of protest, of unbelief, of consternation, Rock delved further into this Preston mystery. It seemed to betray Preston's guilt along with that of his son, and Thiry's knowledge of it.

"Wal, lass, will you answer Rock now or do you want some time to think it over?" asked Preston coolly, unabashed or unconcerned by her agitation. He was deep. He was playing a game that Rock sensed but could not fathom. His effect upon Thiry was also beyond Rock's ken.

"Mr. Rock, I thank you," said Thiry, through trembling pale lips, "for the honor you do me. . . . I'm sorry I cannot accept."

Rock bowed, with what little dignity he could assume.

"Thiry, wait a minute," said her father, as she made for the door. He caught her and held her, unmistakable affection in his grasp. "I'm sorry to upset you. But these things will happen. Don't think your dad wants to get rid of you. I'm powerful fond of you, Thiry. It's only thet lately— Wal, I don't want to worry you about what might happen to me. I might not always be hyar to take care of you. I'd like to have your future settled before—before long. An' Rock struck me about right. . . . Aw, there you're cryin'. Wal, run along. I shore can't stand a cryin' woman, not even you. An' it's no great compliment to Rock."

Thiry held her head high as she walked by Rock without giving him another word or glance, and he saw that she was weeping.

"Preston, I ought to knock the daylights out of you," declared Rock wrathfully when Thiry was gone. "If I ever had any hope to win Thiry, it's sure gone now."

"Much you know about women," said Preston. "I had a hunch Thiry took a shine to you, an' now I know it."

"Man, you're drunk or crazy, as Thiry said."

"Wal, Rock, if she hasn't before, she will now," replied Preston, imperturbably. "She knows now you want to *marry* her. Thet always fetches a woman, provided she ain't in love with someone else. Have another cigar, cowboy. I see you mashed thet one."

Rock discovered that not only had he crushed the cigar but he had burned his fingers.

"Preston, I can't be mad at you, but I sure want to be," returned Rock, resigning himself.

"SET down. I want to talk to you," said the rancher. "You'll shore be goin' in to town with the rest of the outfit. They're leavin' day after to-morrow. Thet reminds me. I run into that pretty Mrs. Dabb, an' she said to tell you to be shore an' come to her dance. She's havin' the new town hall decorated."

"Well, in that case, I might go," replied Trueman thoughtfully.

"Say, cowboy, wasn't this Dabb woman an old flame of yours?"

"Well, she wasn't exactly mine, but that wasn't my fault."

"Ho! Ho! I know the lady. Thet is to say, I've seen her with the cowpunchers. Reckon John Dabb was a darned old fool, marryin' thet young lady. . . . Wal, Rock, if she happened to be a little sweet on you yet, it'd shore be lucky fer you. It won't hurt your cause none to let my lass see other women like you."

"Boss, you must have been a devil among the women, in your day," said Rock slyly. "Now, how would you handle this particular case of mine, regardin' the dance?"

"Wal, as you're a handsome cuss; you want to make the most of your chance. It's to be a masquerade, you know."

"Masquerade? I sure didn't know."

"You get yourself up in some dandy outfit. Then, first off, be cold to Thiry an' sweeter'n pie to your old girl. But you want to be slick, cowboy. Don't carry it too far. Don't overdo it."

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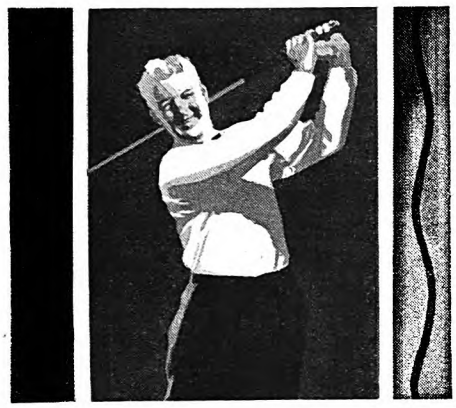

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Rock laughed. The absurdity of the thing so blandly suggested by Preston did not quite submerge a certain enticement. The nerve of it, the very audacity, the reckless assumption that he might make this wonderful girl jealous, took on him a hold hard to shake.

"Old-timer, I'm afraid I couldn't do it," replied Rock, with a grimace, as he flung his second cigar into the fireplace. "It'd be funny; it'd be great, if I dared. But I think I'll rustle now, before you get me locoed. . . . Good night."

As he opened the door abruptly, he almost bumped into Ash Preston. Rock could not help wondering if he had been eavesdropping.

TRUEMAN strolled in the black shadows of the pines near his cabin. The night was pleasant, the wind was at its old task in the tree-tops, the frogs along the creek were croaking drowsily of midsummer. The dark Pass, obscure and dreaming, seemed pregnant with life.

The plot had thickened, and Rock saw no way of extricating himself, even had he so desired. In some unaccountable way he had won Gage Preston's regard and friendship. Nevertheless, he concluded that Preston had some deep motive, beside a longing to see Thiry safely settled for life. What could that motive be?

Rock tried to give it up, and went to bed, where he listened to the sing-song of pines overhead. One by one Rock's thoughts brought him back to the conviction that Preston was deeply involved in crooked work, and that Thiry knew it.

He awakened at dawn with an idea which must have generated in his subconscious mind while asleep. And it was that he should start toward Wagontongue ahead of the Prestons instead of waiting until they had gone. He wanted to stop long enough with Slagle to dig through the husk of that rancher's provocative reticence. Likewise, he wanted to ride over that part of the range which had been the scene of Preston's latest labors. With Gage Preston at home, busy with manifold tasks left him, and his family on the road, there would be opportunity for Rock to confirm or disprove his suspicions.

At breakfast Rock asked permission to leave that day, instead of on the morrow, and it was readily granted. Saddling Egypt, and leading the rested and mettlesome horse up to the cabin, Rock tied a couple of blankets behind the cantle, and rode away under the pines without being noticed, so far as he could tell, by any of the family.

What he devoutly hoped was that Preston had not worked close to the Pass. The Flats, Rock had ascertained, were the wide, gray, cedar-dotted levels some miles this side of Slagle's ranch. Tom Preston had been given orders to drive the green wagon as far as the Flats. Trotting briskly along, his eyes ever and anon keen on the broad wheel tracks, Rock soon arrived at the bottom of the slope, where the ground spread wide and flat for miles.

He found where the wagon had left the road to halt in the first clump of cedars, and then it had gone on again, back to the road. A mile this side of Slagle's ranch,

"Good Bye, Boys!"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

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which was hidden in the rough hilly country west of the Flats, the wagon tracks, and hoof tracks of saddle horses, turned off the road. Rock did not care to follow them until the Prestons had passed, and even then he would be extremely careful how he did follow. Ash Preston might have eyes as good as his own.

To Rock's disappointment, he found that Slagle was not at home, and he could do nothing else but ride on, thinking that he might stop at Pringle's.

A COUPLE of miles down the road Rock met the wagon tracks again, coming from across the Flats.

"By golly!—looks like a short-cut, doesn't it? I guess not!" exclaimed Rock derisively. Then he discovered that these tracks were fresh, and made on the return home. The wagons had been empty. This was longer and harder going than 'round the road. Rock passed on a few hundred yards, to find where the Prestons had driven into the road on their outward trip. And still farther on he came to more tracks, older by some weeks.

After pondering a while, he decided he might safely risk some careful scouting around, provided he left no traces and kept keen survey of the several miles of road. With this in mind, he tied Egypt on hard ground and, taking to the thickest part of the cedars, he mounted the hill, then went on to the summit of the ridge.

The wind was strong in his face. It carried more than heat, and as he gained his objective point he both smelled and saw dust in the air. Then something faint, but raw, an odor that was tainted!

Eagerly Rock came up behind a cedar, and from this cover he peered out and down. The slope on that side sheered steep and rough, down to an open draw, up which his keen sight roved. This draw appeared pale green, with a dry winding wash in the center. It led up to a white pocket, where yellow water gleamed. Cows were bawling. White objects flashed in the sunlight, drawing Rock's gaze the quicker. Then he discerned a cabin and corral, covered with white spots; also, men on horses and on foot.

Rock slipped to his knees, and, crawling to a low, thick cedar bush, he half buried himself in it, and peered out. The white objects were cow hides, thrown over the corral fence, and nailed on the cabin, hair side down. There were seven riders, several still sitting their saddles, the others walking around.

One of the cowboys, a tall fellow wearing a red scarf, turned some of the cow hides over to look at the under side. Presently he and the others on foot collected in a group round their mounted comrades and talked. Watching like a hawk, Rock convinced himself that these riders were curious about Preston's butchering business, though nothing inimical to the Prestons manifested itself.

Rock strained his eyes to take in all details of that red-scarfed rider's appearance, so he might recognize him some day. But the distance was pretty far, even for his sharp eyes, and he could not be sure. Presently, the mounted riders galloped off, and those on foot took to their horses and followed. They rode up the ridge, westward from the cabin. The fellow with the red scarf, following last, halted on the brink of that pocket and took final survey of the scene. Then he followed after his comrades, who had disappeared over the ridge.

"Dog-gone!" muttered Rock, rolling out of his uncomfortable covert and wiping his perspiring face. "What to make of that? Maybe means nothin' an' then again—"

He counted the cowhides in sight. Thirteen! It was not a lucky number. But there might be several more hides on the far side of the log cabin. Even so, that was rather a small number, if the hides in sight represented all the beeves killed by Preston on this occasion. Preston had gone to town with three large wagons, one of which Rock had helped load with hides. The other two, of course, had been loaded with beeves. How many? That was something Rock wanted to know—and meant to find out. He retraced his way down to his horse, racking his brain the while.

No doubt at all was there that the cowhides in plain sight over in the draw bore one of the several Preston brands. If other stock besides Preston's had been butchered, which Rock did not doubt in the least, the hides with their telltale brands had of course been well hidden. Heads were easier to dispose of, and the risk of discovery through them was negligible.

Straddling Egypt once more, Rock rode down the hill toward Wagontongue. Cedars and brush grew densely at the foot of this slope, where the road crossed a culvert over a deep wash. Rock's eyes, bent on the ground, suddenly espied the heel imprint of a rider's boot. It stopped Rock. If he ever had occasion to study a track of any kind it became photographed on his mind. He had seen that heel track before. Slipping out of the saddle, Rock bent to scrutinize it. And he experienced a queer little cold chill.

The impression of the heel was well defined, but the toe part was dim. It pointed off the road. Rock found another like it, though not so plain. But for his trained eyes the trail might as well have been made in snow. It led into the coarse white grass, down over the bank, to the edge of the culvert, where it vanished.

THERE was no doubt in Rock's mind that this imprint was identical with the one near Slagle's well. He had the little sticks with which he had measured that track. Taking them out, Rock was about to go back and measure, when his instinct prompted him to take a look at the culvert, now that he was down there. He walked on, stepping on stones.

The culvert was not the handiwork of masons. The aperture was large, to take care of a considerable flow of water, during the wet season. Crude walls of heavy stone had been laid about ten feet high and the same distance apart. Logs and brush had been placed across the top. Above this a heavy layer of earth formed the road.

When Rock stepped into the mouth of the culvert he saw a lumpy floor, which at first glance he thought consisted of rocks lying on dried mud. A foot track, the one he was trailing, brought a low exclamation from his lips. Bending quickly with his little sticks he tried them. They fitted perfectly. Moreover, this one had been made recently.

When Rock rose from that track he knew what he was going to find. The tunnel appeared about a hundred feet long, with light shining in at both ends, and the middle dark. The numerous stones on the floor were of uniform size and shape, and he noted that the first of these lay back several yards from the opening of the culvert.

Rock kicked one. It was soft. Bending to feel of it, and to look at it more closely, he ascertained that it was a burlap sack tied 'round something. He laughed sardonically.

"Cowhide," he said, and went on, kicking to right and left. These stonelike objects all were hides tied up in burlap sacks. They were old. Some of them were rotting. Then, toward the middle of the culvert, where the bags were thickest, he found that those in sight were lying on a bed of bags, flat, decomposed. Altogether, hundreds, perhaps thousands of hides had been destroyed there.

ROCK went back to the point where he had found the boot track. If fresh cowhides had lately been deposited in this hiding place, where were they? Rock searched the ground more carefully. Back from the opening it was difficult to see well. Nevertheless, he trailed the heel track a third of the length of the culvert, toward its center.

Naturally then, he reached up to feel where he could not see. He had to put his toes in crevices between the stones to climb up and reach over the top of the wall. The thick logs placed across from wall to wall, and far apart, left considerable room along the top.

When Rock's groping hand came in contact with a sack he felt no surprise. This one was not soft. It appeared to hold heat. Grasping it firmly, Rock dropped to the ground and hurried with it to the light. He ripped it open. Quicklime, hot and moist! A fresh cowhide, wrapped with hair inside!

With hands that actually shook, Rock unfolded the hide. No slight thing was this proof of somebody's guilt—about to be disclosed! The brand was clear—a half-moon. Rock had never heard of it. He certainly knew all the old brands of that range.

He rolled up the hide, stuffed it in the sack, with the little quicklime he had spilled. And he put it back where he had found it. Then he struck a match. By the dim light he saw rows of burlap sacks, neatly stowed away.

Rock sneaked out of that culvert and into the cedars and 'round and up to his horse, as if indeed he were the guilty one himself. Not until he was riding away down the road, positive that he had been unseen, did he recover his equanimity.

That boot track had been made by Ash Preston. Rock knew it. Gage Preston was growing rich by butchering other ranchers' cattle. The very least implication accorded to Thiry Preston was that she shared the secret, and, therefore, indirectly the guilt.

And Rock loved her—loved her terribly now, in view of her extremity. When he got to that confession, he seemed unable to escape from the tumult and terror it roused in his mind.

(*To be continued*)

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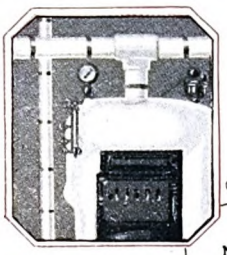

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The Greatest Bridge in the World and the Man Who is Building It

(*Continued from page 34*)

That first year, we estimate, it will be used by about ten million vehicles. A few years more, and traffic will cross at the rate of seventeen million vehicles annually. But its capacity will not even then be taxed; for the main roadways of this bridge will be able to accommodate at least thirty million vehicles a year, to say nothing of trolley cars on the lower deck!"

What a feat! To suspend high in air a span that will leap at a single flight thirty-five hundred feet through space, and carry motor traffic and electric trains across that broad estuary, the Hudson! What a bridge! Outranking in magnitude all the seven wonders of the ancient world, it will stand as one of the great engineering achievements of mankind!

Now, in this great industrial triumph, this conquest of space, altitude, wind, water, heat and cold, scores of engineers, and thousands of other men, skilled and unskilled, will share; yet, in a sense, the whole project, a masterpiece of daring and simplicity in design, an epic of engineering construction, is the product of the genius of one man. And this man—Othmar H. Ammann—I found in the offices of the Port Authority of New York, where he holds the plain title of bridge engineer. Quiet, alert, keen-eyed, and sensitive, he is forty-nine years old. By engineering experts competent to judge, he is ranked as a genius—and for a reason that is worthy of note—*not because his design for this bridge of heaven-aspiring boldness calls for new and untried features, but because of the skill with which he has adapted all that has been learned from past works and experience.*

"GET all the experience you can," said Mr. Ammann at one point in our conversation. "That's the great thing. Learn from those who mastered your trade or profession before you. I have known many ambitious young men to fret themselves and waste their energies early in life because they could not achieve at once great things, for which, as a matter of fact, they were not prepared.

"It is true of other careers as it is of the engineer's—the first thing a man must decide is whether or not he has the ability to follow the calling he has chosen. Once convinced of this, it is a matter of hard work and experience; if the experience you need isn't thrown in your way, you must move heaven and earth to get it.

"The one guiding principle which, I feel, should be applied by all young men is this: if you love your calling, *stick!*

"Remember that the seven lean years came before the seven fat ones. Take the lean years with what patience you can while working to acquire that experience which must certainly tell in the end.

"Let me put it in another way: Study the career of any man of real achievement, and you will almost certainly find that this is true: from the very start he was not only willing but *eager* to profit by the experience of others. How true it is that there is nothing absolutely new under the sun! However great a man's achievement may be, it rests, in the final analysis, not upon radical departures from the experience of those who went before him, but upon the way in which he adapts their experience to his own purpose."

FOLLOW this narrative through, and you will see for yourself that it was not by chance that this man became the creator of the world's greatest bridge, but by an indomitable will to *get experience.* For twenty-five years he dreamed of such a project. In his youth, with a promising career ahead, he threw everything aside and associated himself with the bridge-building enterprises of another continent. *For he had to cross the ocean to find a river big enough to suit his dream of what a magnificent bridge might be!* And over here, he dreamed and worked, and charted his course always with that selfsame purpose in view—the experience that would fit him for the one thing above all else that he wanted to do.

To begin with, imagine him as a boy of eleven in that quaint, romantic old town of Schaffhausen, Switzerland. His grandfather was a painter of landscapes; his father a hat manufacturer. As for the boy himself, he had a remarkable talent for free-hand drawing and was on the way to become an architect. So he thought.

Now, over the Rhine, which flows through Schaffhausen, was, and is, the longest wooden bridge in the world. Four hundred feet between abutments and eighteen feet wide, it was built for the municipality by Ulrich Grubenman, an uneducated village carpenter. Just a plain wooden bridge, a combination of arch and truss work, without any expression of genuinely scientific principles, yet it represents the correct principles for spanning an opening. Roaming through the town with sketch pad and pencil, the youngster included it in his childish studies. It was the first bridge, with its charm and rugged strength, to fire his imagination!

Years pass. All through the lower classes of the Swiss elementary school, from twelve to seventeen, he is sketching, and dreaming of becoming an architect. A little later, when attending State College, it appears that he is extraordinarily good at mathematics. To his surprise, without effort, he becomes the leading pupil in the school in this branch. More and more he finds himself interested in the exact sciences; and when he enters the Swiss Federal Polytechnic Institute at Zurich, it is to pursue an engineering course; but without knowing what branch of engineering he will take up.

For two months, during the summer vacation of his second year at the institute, he works in a bridge-fabricating plant. It just happened that way. He had been prepared to take a job to get experience in any engineering branch. Here he learned something about the practical end of bridge building; he saw bridge members fabricated. He worked as an inspector of material and prepared some of the plans himself.

At this time, on a trip to Schaffhausen, he took another look at that wooden bridge built by Grubenman, the uneducated village carpenter. What a fine bridge it was to have been built by a mere artisan without scientific training! In the light of what he knew now, he admired it more than before.

On the faculty of the Institute at Zurich was Professor K. E. Hilgard, who had returned to Switzerland after a successful career in the United States as bridge engineer for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Professor Hilgard sometimes talked to his students about American bridge-building practices.

"Over there," he said, "things are done more efficiently than we do them in Europe. They are a young country. They have difficult problems to face. Industrially, they are getting better organized than we are; they are using more machinery; over there the engineer has greater freedom in applying individual ideas. In the United States I have seen youngsters in charge of work which, in Europe, only graybeards would be allowed to perform."

Around that classroom went a smile. Professor Hilgard was being adjudged guilty of "tall talking." Witty youngsters accused him of being "more American than the Americans." Whereupon, the professor showed pictures of Brooklyn Bridge, then the outstanding American example, and of various bridges over the Ohio and the Mississippi.

IN THE brain of at least one student in that classroom had lodged an idea, and presently he was all afire with it. He was going to America to get experience. He would associate himself with the greatest bridge-building enterprises he could find.

But he didn't go right away. He was then a little past twenty. Presently, a graduate engineer, he was working as draftsman and inspector for a Swiss firm. Then he was called to Frankfort by a German firm to take charge of their bridge designs and construction.

Meanwhile, acquiring the experience that would fit him for the great adventure on this side of the water, he was forever thinking of the great bridges that were building in the United States. This was in 1903. From the New World came word that the railroads were expanding in the West; there was talk of building additional large bridges over the East River in New York; and even some talk of bridging the Hudson.

"When I first heard of the problem involved in bridging the Hudson," said Mr. Ammann, "I was fascinated by it. The thing that attracted me was the magnitude of the span, for the length of the span is the real gauge of the difficulty of the task as a whole."

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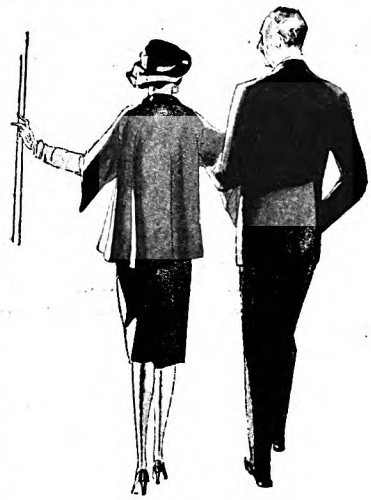

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"At that time, a bridge over the Hudson was merely a dream. The chances that it ever would be built were very slim. But it drew me on. In my mind's eye I kept contrasting that project with the greatest span that has ever been built across the Rhine—seven hundred and fifty feet! And I made up my mind that it was time to go. I talked it over with Professor Hilgard, who said, 'Go! By all means, go! Even if you don't stay more than a couple of years! Experience is what you want! And when you are there keep your ears and eyes open and mouth shut.' And he gave me letters of introduction.

"When I informed my employers, they said: 'You're making a mistake! Don't go! You're doing well here!' They offered me a much larger salary to stay, but I felt that I ought to go; and I went, landing in New York in the spring of 1904.

"For a young engineer with my thorough preparation and the ability to speak several languages, there was no difficulty in getting a job in America at that time. I found a place as assistant in the office of Joseph Mayer, who had lately been chief engineer of the Union Bridge Company, and was then practicing as a consulting engineer.

"Through this association with Mr. Mayer I immediately became familiar in detail with the problem of bridging the Hudson. He had already designed a railroad bridge for the Hudson River at Fifty-seventh Street, but the project had fallen through because the railroads were not prepared to coöperate financially.

"After six months with Mr. Mayer, during which time I designed twenty-five or thirty railroad bridges, I felt that I needed shop practice. So I sought and found a place with the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton, Pennsylvania. Here, for two years, I was in the drafting department, working out detail drawings for all kinds of bridges. This position I was holding on August 29th, 1907, when the great bridge that was being built over the St. Lawrence River at Quebec collapsed—a cantilever bridge, with a span of eighteen hundred feet, half completed at the time it fell, causing the death of a hundred or more workmen."

AMAZEMENT over this catastrophe filled the engineering world. What could have caused it? A celebrated Philadelphia engineer, C. C. Schneider, formerly vice president of the American Bridge Company, was retained by the Canadian Government to investigate. For a young engineer like Ammann, earnestly seeking all the experience he could get, what was there to do? Through his employer, F. C. Kunz, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, he offered his services to Mr. Schneider to assist in the investigation, with or without pay, on any terms he could get; and presently be found himself in charge of the Quebec bridge investigation under Mr. Schneider.

"The failure of that first Quebec undertaking," said Mr. Ammann, "was due principally to the fact that the latticing of compression members was from three to four times lighter than it should have been. This had come about owing partly to the state of engineering knowledge at that time, and also partly to certain shop practices which have since been greatly improved. To-day, a failure such as that was

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simply could not occur, I am sure."

Following the Quebec investigation Mr. Ammann was for two years first assistant in a famous firm of engineers—C. C. Schneider and F. C. Kunz. Then again he sought a change of work for the sake of varied experience, and he was recommended by his associates to Gustav Lindenthal. After eight years of study and preparation, Mr. Lindenthal had just received an order for the construction of the Famous Hell Gate bridge over East River. As first assistant to Mr. Lindenthal, Mr. Ammann was in charge of all office and field operations for that twenty-million-dollar project.

And now again, in 1920, the proposal of Mr. Lindenthal for a railroad bridge over the Hudson River at Fifty-seventh Street was revived. Again it fell through, owing to the financial inability of the railroads to coöperate.

"At that time," said Mr. Ammann, "it occurred to me that it should be possible to build a lighter and cheaper structure for vehicles and trolley cars at some other point, where it would not be in competition at all with the Fifty-seventh Street project. Forthwith, I investigated all possible sites, choosing the one already mentioned as the most feasible, and tentatively designed the type of structure I thought desirable.

"THERE was opposition, to be sure. Some declared that the proposal was too bold, questioning it simply because of its size. Governor Silzer of New Jersey, long familiar with the great demand for better vehicle transportation over the Hudson, and many civic bodies, became interested. Later, the legislatures of both New York and New Jersey took action. In 1925, the Port Authority, with ex-Governor Silzer at its head, was granted authority to build the bridge and operate it."

As the originator of the great project, Mr. Ammann was called upon to complete his designs and direct their execution. So much for the faith of that youth from Switzerland who believed that experience is the bedrock on which ultimate achievements must be grounded!

Now, in the construction of a great suspension bridge, the cables which support the bridge floor are one of the principal and most expensive parts of the whole structure. You will be surprised when I tell you that the cables for the Hudson River bridge, together with the anchorages which hold them in place, will cost twelve million five hundred thousand dollars, or about one fifth of the cost of the whole. But remember that these cables are of unprecedented size, thirty-six inches in diameter, five thousand feet in length, and seven thousand tons in weight! Getting these cables into place is not only the most complicated and important but the most picturesque feature of the work. So I asked Mr. Ammann to tell me exactly how this will be done.

"To begin with," he went on, "imagine these two great towers on either side of the river, thirty-five hundred feet apart, each six hundred and fifty feet high. Among the seven wonders of the ancient world there were two structures which dazzled the ancients because of their great height. First, there was the Pharos, or lighthouse, off Alexandria, in Egypt, whose fire is said to have been visible for a hundred miles;

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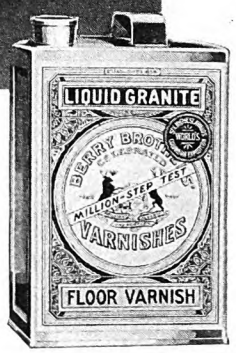

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second, there was the Colossus of Rhodes, a vast statue, the name of which has added a symbolic word to the vocabulary of all nations. It is said to have been so large that ships could pass between its legs, and it took a big man to encircle the thumb of the statue with his arms.

"As for the Pharos, it appears to have been not more than four hundred and fifty feet in height, while the Colossus was not more than a hundred and fifty. In contrast, the towers for the Hudson River bridge will be one third higher than the Pharos and four times as high as the Colossus.

"In the modern world we have one edifice that is almost exactly the same height as these bridge towers—the Singer Building in New York. The only edifices that exceed these towers in heights are the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Woolworth, the Metropolitan, and one or two other New York skyscrapers. But remember that a spire supports nothing except itself, whereas a bridge tower is comparable to a great giant, a sort of Atlas, who carries on his shoulders a massive yoke with enormous weights attached, and such a tower must be built of unusual strength to fulfill this function.

"Built of structural steel and concrete, faced with granite, each of these towers will be strong enough to support a load of more than a hundred thousand tons in addition to its own weight. And each will contain twenty thousand tons of steel, enough to build two ordinary skyscrapers.

"At the top of each tower will be placed four steel castings of enormous size, twenty-nine feet in length and ten feet wide. These are known as 'saddles.' Each saddle has a groove three feet in diameter, and in each groove will rest one of the four great cables of the bridge.

"Once the towers have been completed and the saddles put in place, the next step is the building of the footwalk. Steel cables strong enough to support this temporary structure will be stretched across the river by means of tow boats, and raised to the top of the towers by means of derricks. The cables will then be adjusted so that a solid plank platform can be built on them. The building of this footwalk alone will require many months. When completed, it furnishes a safe passage for workmen clear across the river, from tower to tower.

"After the construction of the footwalk, the 'guide wires' are put in place. These are small, strong wires that serve as a guide for the adjustment of the cables; that is, the sag of the cables when they are completed will correspond to the sag of the so-called guide wires.

"NOW we are ready to begin the spinning of the cables. A moment ago you asked me how it would be possible to raise cables thirty-six inches in diameter and weighing seven thousand tons each into the saddles at the top of the towers. The fact is, of course, that each cable is made up of 26,474 small wires, each three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, about the size of an ordinary lead pencil.

"The wire for these cables is now being made in a great bridge-wire plant in New Jersey. Producing on an average of eight hundred tons a month, it will be three years before this plant will complete its contract for wire for this bridge.

"At the plant, the cable wire is made in lengths of thirty-eight hundred feet. In a so-called reeling plant, to be erected for the purpose near the site of the bridge, all this wire will be spliced into eighty-thousand-foot lengths and put on giant reels eight feet in diameter. There will be many thousands of these reels. Half of them will be shipped to either side of the river at the bridge site.

"Before I finish explaining how the cables are spun out of these small wires, let me say a word about anchorages at each end of the bridge. The individual wires which make up the cables will be fastened to the anchorages by means of what we call a 'strand shoe,' which is something like a pulley wheel, but stationary. The anchorage on the New York side will be a solid block of masonry and steel covering an acre of land. On the New Jersey side the steel girders of the anchorage will be embedded in tunnels blasted out of solid rock forming the Palisades.

"WHEN it comes actually to spinning the cable, one of the great reels of wire I have mentioned is first mounted on an axle in such a way that it can turn easily. One end of the wire will be fastened to the anchorage on the New York side. Between the fast end of the wire and the reel, a revolving wheel will be adjusted. This wheel now travels on a cable back and forth across the footbridge.

"Each time the traveling wheel goes across the footbridge it spins two wires. When it gets to the opposite side from which it started, the wire is fastened to the anchorage over there. Then, on its return journey, the traveling wheel picks up a new wire from another reel and travels back, spinning two wires more. This operation is repeated until the wire on the reel is exhausted, after which the end of the last spun wire is spliced into a new reel, and the operation continues.

"So it goes. It takes four hundred and thirty-four of these small, pencil-like wires to make one strand. It takes sixty-one strands to make a cable. Thus you see that each cable contains twenty-six thousand four hundred and seventy-four individual wires.

"Once a strand has been completed, it is clamped together at intervals of three feet with flat steel bands, and then lifted by derricks into the proper saddle. When sixty-one strands have been completed, the cable is roughly hexagonal in shape, loose and soft. Now comes what is known as the squeezing operation. At intervals of three feet, hydraulic presses are applied to the cable. Consisting of six jacks, each jack exerting a pressure of thirty tons, the press squeezes the loose strands into what is practically a solid mass. Wires and strands are compressed until further compression is impossible.

"Now we have our thirty-six-inch cable adjusted to its saddle, with the proper sag, and complete, except for numerous things that must be done to protect it against the weather. First, it must be cleaned with gasolene throughout its whole length, to remove grease and dirt. Then it will be given two coats of red lead paint, following which it will be wrapped in numerous coverings of steel wire. This, in turn, will be caulked with lead wool and given many coats of paint.

"How will the floor of the bridges be hung from these cables? By means of steel suspenders attached to the cables at a distance of sixty feet apart. The suspenders will support steel cross girders, on which a floor of steel and concrete will be laid. Three and a quarter inches in diameter, these suspenders are designed to withstand a load of two hundred tons each, and they would not break under a strain four times as great.

"There is one feature of a structure such as this in which I think every layman will be particularly interested—the effect of wind pressure on the upper surfaces of the bridge. In the case of small bridges, the effect of wind gusts is to produce a wabbling motion. Owing to the great dead weight of the structure in question, the wind will have relatively less effect. Every engineer could, of course, anticipate what I am going to say, but the average person will doubtless be surprised when I tell him the extent to which various parts of the structure will be affected by wind, heat, and cold.

"We calculate that the force of the wind against the upper portion of the structure will, at times, tilt the floor of the bridge sideways for a maximum of ten feet. To persons traveling the bridge, even this will be barely noticeable, owing to the great width of the structure. As for the cables, they will be subject to considerable temperature variations, particularly at the center. Contracting under the influence of cold, they will go up at the center a maximum of five feet. Under the influence of heat, the cables will expand and go down at the center a maximum of five feet.

"Similarly, the tower will move under the influence of temperature and what engineers call 'live load motion.' Under extreme conditions the towers may move out at the top a maximum of one foot toward the river. Likewise, the cables may sag a matter of from four to five feet when the full load is on the bridge.

"Surprising as these figures may seem to the layman, the conditions, stresses, and strains they represent are all allowed for in the calculations on which the design of the bridge is based; and the variations mentioned are not at all extreme for a structure of such mammoth size.

"IT HAS been said that the Hudson River bridge presents many new and unusual features. In a sense that may be true; but the important thing is that practically all these features involve only skillful adaptation of what has been learned by past experience in the art of bridge building. However, you will, I think, be interested to know that in one respect the bridge represents a new departure:

"Ever since the early stages of the nineteenth century, engineers have had a tendency to make suspension bridges more and more rigid, in order to eliminate the wavelike motion due to flexibility. This rigidity is accomplished by what is known as 'stiffening;' that is, by the use of great trusses and other devices. For a long span, these trusses require a great deal of metal, and so mean much expense.

"I became convinced that a bridge with such an enormous span did not require this excessive amount of metal to make it rigid. The structure itself will weigh five times the weight of the greatest load it will ever be called upon to carry. Thus, I concluded that this bridge could be built with

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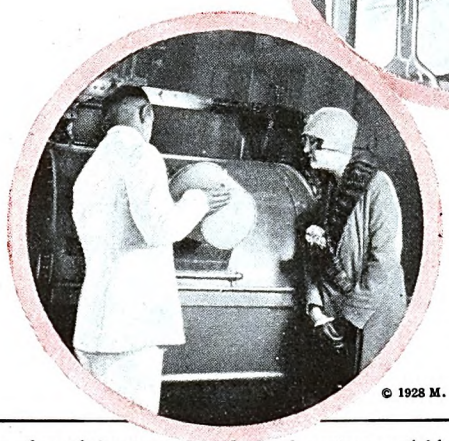

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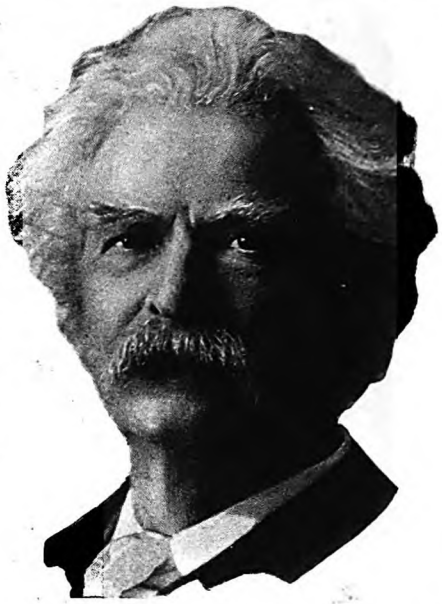

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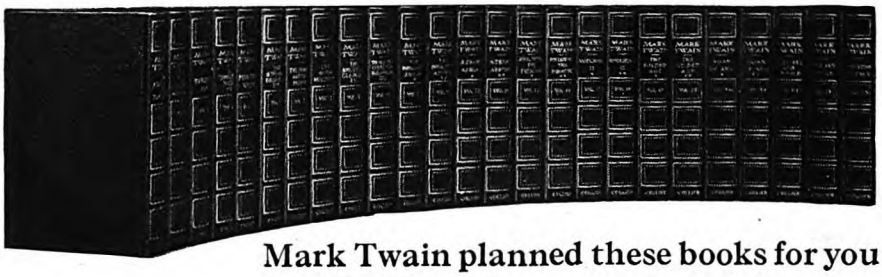

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comparatively light, flexible, shallow stiffening trusses instead of heavy, rigid trusses. In the aggregate, this means a great saving—a saving of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds of steel per lineal foot of bridge, or thirty-five thousand tons in all. To this must be added an equivalent saving, owing to the fact that much extra material would have to be put into the structure to carry the excess weight of the stiffening system. In a word, this one feature of the design means a saving of twelve million dollars in material and construction costs."

"A few years ago," I remarked, "when the Delaware bridge between Philadelphia and Camden was completed, it was discussed as a remarkable advance, because of a span eighteen hundred feet in length. As you have already indicated, the Hudson River bridge will have a span twice as great. That makes me wonder what would be the greatest span possible to build."

"About two miles, or a little less—ten thousand feet—under present conditions," was the prompt response.

"If two miles, why not five?" I asked.

"The possible length of a span is absolutely determined by the strength of available materials. As you doubtless know, each particular metal has a certain strength. As the span increases in length, an increasing proportion of metal has to be supplied to carry its own weight. Consequently, a limit will be reached when, no matter how much material is put into the structure, it can carry its own weight and *no additional load.*

"Accordingly, I calculate that, with the materials we have at present, the utmost length for a span of the suspension type is ten thousand feet. The limit for a span of any other type is much less.

"The longest spans actually under consideration at the present time are not over five thousand feet. One of approximately this length is being talked of as a means of connecting San Francisco with a suburb across the Golden Gate; another of the same length may some day be built over the Narrows, the neck between the lower and upper bays of New York Harbor."

There'll Be 9,000 Earthquakes This Year!

(*Continued from page 63*)

travel farther from their source. But with delicate instruments they may be felt at the very opposite point of the earth.

"We have recorded several quakes from Japan this year, several from the mainland of Asia. The recent quake that disturbed the Azores, the Armenian earthquakes of 1927, the shock that shook the Holy Land on July 11th, 1927, all these were distinctly recorded by our seismographs, though the vibrations reaching here from so great a distance had been dampened down to a very small amplitude."

"But how large are the vibrations right at the scene of the earthquake?" I asked.

"The movement may be only a fraction of an inch, and still be very destructive. Or it may be several inches. The earth

The start of many serious ills . . .

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

MANY of us are constantly risking the priceless gift of health because of faulty intestinal hygiene. Not that we neglect the matter! Indeed, no. As soon as we feel the headache, the tired digestion, the fatigue that so often warn us of intestinal toxicity, we take a cathartic—and consider the matter settled.

It is not. A drastic cathartic may bring temporary relief. But it also frequently shocks the system, and too often tends to cause undesirable habits. And meanwhile intestinal toxicity continues its work—spreading poisons to all parts of the system, stealing away strength and vitality, often laying the foundation for serious ills to follow.

That is why an ever-increasing number of people are turning to natural means in their efforts to combat intestinal toxicity. A balanced diet (with green vegetables and roughage reducing the amount of proteins)—exercise *in fresh air*—plenty of water—work wonders.

As an added precaution, Eno, taken regularly, often gives just the extra assistance needed to keep one fit.

For Eno is so unlike the ordinary bitter "salts"—so pleasing in taste—so gentle, yet thorough, in action that it never leaves you "all dragged out"! It simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe nor disturb the day's routine.

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When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of Eno. *Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.*

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of Eno. *You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.*

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particles move both vertically and horizontally, and in many diverse ways between these directions. A movement of only an inch is a terrific experience for the human nervous system, for the earth surface does not make one movement and stop. It vibrates many times within a second. When you know that these vibrations travel around the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles per minute, you can imagine that at the point of origin their energy is enormous.

"During a quake in Calabria a stone well was shot up about eight feet out of the ground. It was like a pebble thrown into the air by the vibrating head of a drum. In Messina, pavements were furrowed, waterpipes telescoped, chimneys twisted, and hundreds of loose stone houses shaken to ruins. 'The ground was shaken like a rat in the teeth of a terrier,' is the way a man in the great Indian quake described it.

"The movement along the surface horizontally may be considerable. In California, in 1906, the earth slipped along a vast crustal seam or fault, and roads were sliced in two and shifted as much as fifteen feet to one side. Even greater vertical movements are on record. A violent earthquake in Alaska in 1899 lifted a considerable stretch of shore, and left it permanently upraised more than forty-seven feet.

"Frequently the earth billows like waves in the sea. The earthquake in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886, had a very pronounced surface-wave movement. One observer described it as billowing along 'like ground swells in deep water,' and the waves of earth were two feet high from trough to crest.

"The Charleston quake was one of the most severe ever recorded on this continent. The New York 'Herald' reported that it was felt on the third floor of its building in New York with alarming distinctness, and its tremblors were noticeable as far west as Chicago. This earthquake proved of great interest to seismologists who were then studying the velocity of seismic vibrations, because it occurred in a nation that had standard time—then a rarity on the earth! For this reason, the time of the reports from various cities could be reduced with some precision."

WE HAD reached the laboratory, a frame building of one large room labeled "Seismology." Windows were open on three sides. "Take off your coat and collar, and be comfortable," said Father Tondorf, indicating a chair, and making it easy to follow his advice by practicing it himself. Picking up a fly-swatter he swooped it down upon a venturesome fly that had alighted on a nearby globe.

"If we could bring the earth down to the size of this globe," he said, "we might solve some of the mysteries of earthquakes more quickly, especially if we bored a hole into the globe and looked into its interior."

"Do you know what I am thinking, Father Tondorf?" I said. "I am wondering how you got interested in this subject."

"Oh, I am interested in many things," he answered. "As for this particular work, I was assigned to it by the Superior in our Order. Some years ago the International Seismological Association felt that the study of earthquakes required more observers, and particularly so in America, where there was very little scientific observation in this field. As the Society of Jesus has numerous colleges distributed over North America, the Association appealed to the Jesuits and asked if we would not interest ourselves actively in seismology. It was in response to this appeal that our station was established here at Georgetown in 1911; and similar stations have been placed at more than a dozen other Jesuit colleges."

"But the Jesuits are a religious order. Why are they concerned with science?"

"We are interested in all branches of knowledge," said the priest. "Missions, education, research, exploration, the classics, science, invention—many trails have been traveled by members of our Society. When a man offers himself to the Society, if he has a bent in any direction he is encouraged to pursue it and improve it, and to master it as far as he may."

"What was your early bent?" I asked.

"Possibly I had none in particular, but in my childhood, like the average youngster, I found delight in the starry heavens. They spoke to me the glory of their Maker; they stirred my religious nature profoundly—and that was the beginning. Then I entered Boston College, where my teachers, the Jesuit fathers, led me closer into the secrets of the skies. I left Boston College in 1888, at the age of eighteen years, and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Maryland."

THIS was the beginning of a training that was to continue for nineteen years.

"The first two years are known as the 'noviceship'," explained the priest. "These years are devoted mainly to spiritual exercises and are to test the novice's calling. If this preliminary period is passed successfully, simple vows are assumed. These vows are called 'simple' because they are revokable if the probationer decides not to remain in the Order, or if it is found advisable to ask him to withdraw."

Following this period of probation, Father Tondorf became a "scholastic," or learner, and that is literally what he was for the next seventeen years.

Father Tondorf has been at Georgetown since 1904, as computer, mathematician, teacher of various sciences, and finally as director of the seismological station. The last step in his progression as a Jesuit came in 1907. He took solemn vows and became one of "the professed," swearing himself to perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience.

"But your work takes you out into the world," I said. "Are there not times when you must use money?"

"The work is supported by the university, and whenever travel is necessary, transportation and other essential expenses are provided," he explained.

The seismological station of Georgetown University is said to be the most complete of any station on this continent. I have visited it twice since that first call, and through the courtesy of Father Tondorf was privileged to watch operations. There are two "caves," as the underground vaults are called, in which five earthquake detectors, or "seismographs," are installed. One seismograph is for the detection of vertical movements of the earth, and Father Tondorf told me that it is the most sensitive machine now in the United States. The other four detect horizontal movements, and are so placed as to cover all directions of the compass.

The caves have double walls, electric heating to keep the temperature constantly at 78 degrees, and when the doors close the caves are hermetically sealed. Every precaution is taken to guard the instruments from outside disturbance.

It was a weird experience to stand beside one of these silent machines and watch its point trace a zigzag line on a revolving scroll of smoked paper—writing in Washington the story of a quake that had just shaken the Alaska coast.

"How does it do it?"

"THE earth does the trick," answered Father Tondorf. "The seismograph is simply a writing machine with which Mother Earth jots down the record of her own restlessness. However, it is a peculiar writing machine, for the usual order is reversed—the pen is stationary and the paper does the moving. If you can imagine a dexterous chirographer who can write a message by moving a piece of paper back and forth under a fixed pen, you have the system by which the earth writes down its own tremors."

"But the earth is your foundation, and when the earth is quaking, how can you have a fixed pen?" I asked.

"Here's how we manage," and Father Tondorf pointed out the various parts of the machine.

"We have this weight of five hundred pounds suspended so as to be in neutral equilibrium. It is really a big pendulum at rest. When the earth moves, this inert weight tends to remain stationary. The pen or point is attached to this stationary mass, and so it tends to remain stationary too. But the paper is on a drum supported by the concrete floor, so any movement of the earth is communicated directly to the paper and causes it to joggle. Since the point remains stationary and its sharp platinum tip just grazes the paper, it cuts a line in the smoked surface."

Anyone who has been in a railroad coach when the locomotive gave a sudden jerk, knows that a body at rest tends to remain where it is. The seismologist simply harnesses this well-known principle, which Sir Isaac Newton called the law of inertia.

"Unfortunately," added Father Tondorf, "this tendency for the pendulum to remain at rest is not absolute. When the period of the pendulum approximates the period of the earth movement, the pendulum is inclined to pick up the movement of the earth and itself vibrate, thus falsifying the seismogram.

"Attempts were early made to dampen out these movements, and this has been more or less satisfactorily accomplished by a resistance applied through air-compression devices, water, and oil, and lately through magnetic interference. Recent improvements include seismographs which make their records photographically, by reflecting a beam of light upon sensitized paper, and in many of these the stationary mass has been reduced to a small weight."

The first earthquake detector of which we have record was devised by a Chinese smith, Choko, about eighteen hundred years ago, and is fully described and illustrated in one of the old Chinese annals. Choko's instrument had eight metal balls poised loosely, each resting in the open

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Teamwork Pays!

Of course a man's wife is part of the team, and her wifely attentions to his personal appearance can have much to do with business success.

There's a decided connection between the full wash line and the full pay envelope. Frequent change of linen is an investment that earns dividends.

Men realize this, but yet in some homes there persists that restraint which says, "Try to keep the wash down this week."

What a mistake! Simply an instance of lack of teamwork which may lose the game.

THERE'S HEALTH AND WEALTH IN SOAP & WATER

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mouth of a brass dragon. When the earth quaked the dragons trembled and the balls were joggled off and dropped.

Of course this crude arrangement of balls in dragons' mouths could do no more than indicate that the earth was agitated; it gave no measure of the distance or extent of the quake. "But nothing better was invented for the next sixteen hundred years," said Father Tondorf, "and the really sensitive seismographs, with which it is possible to determine the position of distant quakes, are the product of the past half-century."

I asked the seismologist to explain how he can determine the position of an earthquake.

"If the seismogram, or record, is readable—and often it is not," answered Father Tondorf, "a child in high school would be equal to the solution.

"The secret is contained in this fact: that earthquake vibrations travel in two kinds of waves, one at the rate of 497 miles an hour, the other at 279½ miles an hour. Naturally, the fast waves reach the seismograph first, write their signature; after a while, the slow waves arrive and write theirs. Other kinds of waves also enter into the seismogram; but these fast and slow waves are very pronounced and generally are easily identified. Since we know their speeds, and can tell from the space on the seismogram the period elapsed between the arrival of the first fast wave and the arrival of the first slow wave, it is an easy problem in mathematics to figure the distance that the two waves have traveled.

"It is like having two trains leave Boston for New York on parallel tracks at the same moment, one traveling fifty miles an hour, the other thirty miles. If you know the times of arrival in New York you can compute, from the two velocities, the distance they have traveled.

"ON THE morning after the great Japanese earthquake in 1923, I went to my cave at four o'clock in the morning and found there a very marked record. I took the paper off the drum and studied it as closely as the vulnerable film of the smoked surface would permit. I estimated at once that the distance was about 6,500 miles. Fifteen minutes later, after the sheet had been given a protective coating of shellac, I was able to read more closely between the lines.

"I found that the distance of the center of the disturbance was less than I had estimated—it figured 6,100 miles. Then I drew a circle on my globe, with the center in Washington and the radius of 6,100 miles, and when the circle passed through Japan I was fairly certain that Japan was the disturbed area.

"Theoretically the quake might be anywhere along the circumference of that 6,100-mile circle, but there are chronic zones of quakes, and generally we are able to determine positions through knowledge of these zones. By securing records from two or more stations widely separated, and combining the results, the precise center of an earthquake can be located to a nicety.

"To judge the violence of an earthquake we are forced to rely on the extent of the zigzags traced on the paper, allowance being made for the distance traveled by the earth vibrations. That is to say, if our seismograph is considerably joggled, so that the point cuts wide zigzags, and at the same time the record shows that the vibrations have traveled 5,000 or 6,000 miles, we know that the quake was a severe one. Slight quakes 5,000 miles off would make a very light record, perhaps none at all. Whereas, light quakes close at hand may make a heavy record.

"That earthquake of 1925 which gave New York a slight shake oscillated our seismograph considerably—so much so that the paper jumped far to one side, and entirely left the point at one place. That happened because the center of the quake, in Quebec, was relatively near. The same disturbance in Asia would have caused only minor tremors on our instruments."

Geologists, by studying rock formations, go far back into the past of our planet and find evidences of gigantic earthquakes everywhere—for earthquakes seem to be a necessary incident to the uplifting of the crust. Indeed, it is fair to say that without earthquakes eventually we would have no dry land. Mountains and hills are continuously being leveled by the processes of the weather and washed by rains and rivers as sediment into the sea. Were it not for the uplifting of the crust, which is accompanied by the cracking and slipping of rock strata in a quake, we would soon be left with a globe entirely covered with ocean.

"EARTHQUAKES must not be thought of as entirely useless pests," said Father Tondorf. "They appear to be quite necessary to the well-being of us land creatures. This suggests why certain regions are more afflicted with quakes than other regions. Geologists tell us that the Coast Range in California are young mountains and are still growing. Also that the lofty St. Elias Range in Alaska is yet in the making. Over in Asia they find that the massive Himalayas, which include Mount Everest and other exceptionally high peaks, are pushing in their restless youth toward the Pacific Ocean. Similarly, the mountains of Japan, the Philippines, Sumatra, and the coast of Chile, in South America, are all in process of upbuilding.

"It is this very district, the rim of the Pacific Ocean, that is the most earthquaky region of our planet. And it is only natural that this should be, for these are the regions where crustal uplift is going on most rapidly. It has been predicted by specialists who have studied the evidence that within a few thousand years, the whole eastern coast of Japan will have been uplifted into mountains shearing off steeply into the sea. There is a mountain range near the border of the United States and Alberta, Canada, which shows a shift of seven miles to the east—it has moved with the crustal creep that distance.

"An earthquake is just a small by-product of these tremendous shiftings of weight on the earth's crust. An uplift in one area must be matched by a drop in another, and somewhere between these two opposing movements the crust must give. Whenever that giving takes place, the rock cracks, breaks, and slips—and the delicately poised seismographs write down another earthquake.

"The earth is hard and resilient. And when a layer of the crust snaps, or slips along a seam of weakness with the tremendous friction of millions of tons of rock, the whole round globe, sea and land, rings with the vibrations, like a bell that has been struck."

"WHAT are the chances of earthquakes in the United States?" I asked.

"We have certain well-defined faults, or seams of weakness," answered the seismologist. "There is one along the Pacific Coast, one in the Mississippi Valley, and one in the St. Lawrence Valley north of Quebec. The latter is not in the United States, but its effects may be felt in the United States, as they were on March 1st, 1925.

"The year 1925 was the most active year seismically that we have had in recent times. There were three fairly sizable earthquakes in North America that year, and one hundred and twenty-seven not so serious.

"I have heard and read some rather dire prophecies of what might happen to New York some day from an earthquake. I am not inclined to view such prophecies as serious; and this opinion is based on fundamental principles accepted by all geophysicists. Though New York is somewhat near to the fault in the St. Lawrence Valley, the evidence seems convincing that the eastern section of North America is not suffering any severe crustal strain. Of course there is the Charleston earthquake of forty-two years ago—it still awaits a satisfactory explanation. 'Perhaps' and 'possibly' fit neatly into the statements of the seismologist, nor has he any prerogative to be dogmatic.

"In proportion to its area, I think the United States gets a very small share of earthquakes, and can feel especially favored in this regard.

"A practical good that may come out of the studies of seismologists," added Father Tondorf, "is an exact knowledge of earth movements during a quake. This should supply data to guide engineers in planning cities and erecting buildings proof against earth shocks. An American firm has erected buildings in Japan which it claims are earthquake-proof. Only time can substantiate these claims. That they have stood a single quake, and even a severe one, would hardly be assurance that they will withstand every possible movement of the earth. For it is safe to say the earth never moves twice in the same way.

"But many practical points have been gained in this field of engineering in recent years, and, while we can never think of controlling earthquakes, we should be able to reduce their destructive effects."

Father Tondorf walked with me to the campus gate, and on the way we met two small boys, tiny tads of about seven years. They hurried up and accompanied us to the entrance, walking solemnly on each side of the priest. I have since learned that a host of children in Georgetown flock to him when they see him on the street. One who knows him well told me of waifs that Father Tondorf has taken under his wing and helped. There are several boys whom he put through school; some now useful members of the professions have this quiet, modest scholar to thank for their education. A seismologist does not necessarily think only of seismographs, seismograms, and seismic computations!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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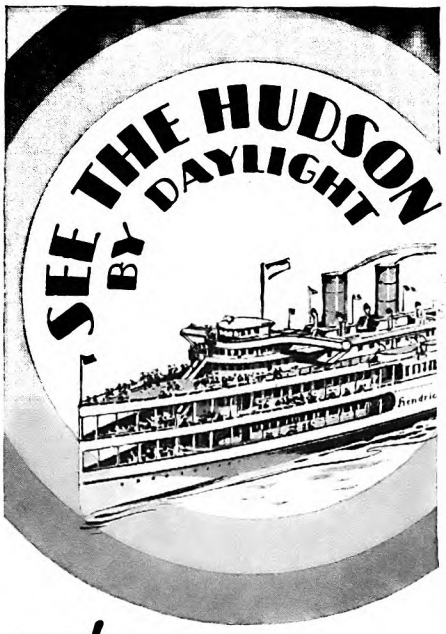

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

And Then He Begged Us To Send Him to School!

OUR son never wanted to go to school. This was a tremendous disappointment to me; but I kept hoping that he would sometime draw an exceptional teacher, or that when he became able to read for himself his feeling would change. Neither of these things happened: He continued to dislike school intensely, and he was bringing home disgraceful report cards.

I talked with him and tried to make him see what an education means, but I could not change his attitude. He said he would go to school as long as the law compelled him, and no longer. This, if you please, from a ten-year-old.

Not a great while before I had read an article in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE that had impressed me very much. I cannot recall the name of the person interviewed, but he was a man to whom people took their problems, invariably coming away with a solution. As I remember it, his idea was that if people wanted something that was not good for them, this thing should be given to them in large doses. So, with this in mind, I went to talk it over with the principal of my son's school.

I found that my boy had told him just what he had told me. We could not seem to hit upon any good plan, until I told him of an instance mentioned in the article I had read. It was about a little girl who had to be compelled to go to school every day. The parents were advised to keep her out of school for a year. She was not allowed to go to school for any purpose whatever. When the next school year started, she was howling to go. This did not seem the perfect solution to our problem, for my boy could do nothing the longest, and be the happiest over it, of anyone you ever saw. But it contained the germ of our final solution. We decided to keep the boy out of school, and make him work.

ACCORDINGLY I went home and talked it over with him. I said: "Son, you know what I have always told you. I do not care what you do, when you are a man. I do not care whether or not you are a ditch digger; but if that's what you want to be, I do want you to be a good ditch digger. An educated ditch digger has a better time than an ignorant one. And education opens up a bigger and more interesting world to you. As your understanding is increased, so is your capacity for enjoyment increased.

"However, as you are determined that you do not want an education Mr. J— and I have decided that perhaps it is a mistake to waste so many years. If you are going to be a laboring man, it will be better for you to start in now to develop your muscles, so that you may become a first-class laboring man.

"Now, you know that everyone who eats must work. The way boys and girls do their share is by working at school and, of course, doing their share of the chores at home. So, if you do not go to school, you must work during those hours. I cannot give you a man's work to do, but everything you do will be good training, for laboring men often have to take uncongenial jobs."

He was wildly enthusiastic. He enumerated the various things he could do for me, and I must say that during the try-out he was as game as could be. He did anything I asked him to do, and did it cheerfully, and well.

Before he started work the first morning, I told him I would let him reconsider. If, after a week or two of work, he decided he would rather go to school, he might return. But if he did decide to go back, he would have to play fair—go at least until he was through the eighth grade, and bring home creditable reports.

THE first day went by wonderfully, also the second day. Each morning I let him do the dishes alone. These dishes include a separator and milk dishes. At noon I let him have help with the washing. The third morning he remarked that, anyway, the dishes wouldn't be so bad after lunch, as M— would help him. So that day I had other work for M—, and from then on he had the dishes alone.

He asked if he could have a fifteen-minute recess, as that was what they had at school. After due deliberation, we decided that uneducated folks do not have as much recreation time as educated ones, and ruled against it. He saw the justice of it and never mentioned it again.

By Friday morning, I think he felt that the world was just nothing but dirty dishes, and that an education or the getting of one might lift a fellow out of such a sudsy sea. He informed me that he was going to school that afternoon. I told him that would not be fair, as a working man would have to put in six days; and I felt that he needed to put in at least a week at it.

He fairly howled at that, and told me that he was going back Monday morning and nobody could stop him, for the law said he had to go, and the sheriff would come after us if we kept him home.

It was such a sudden and complete surrender that I could hardly believe it.

The rest of the school year his reports were considerably better. This year he has had his name in the honor roll several times and has had "A" in deportment.

It was a wonderfully successful experiment, and was surely better than punishing or scolding. After all, it takes real experience to teach any of us, doesn't it?

E. M. P.

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STATE UNIVERSITY MAY 19 1926

"They Are Hell Bent" By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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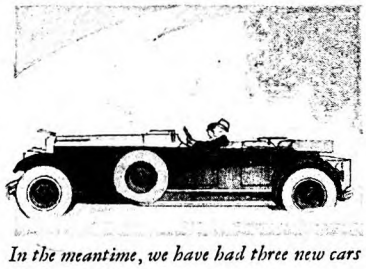
"Of course it's not an *Orthophonic*" we would say apologetically

AFTER hearing the Hamiltons' new Orthophonic Victrola, my husband and I felt like apologizing every time anybody asked us to play *our* poor little old machine. It was good enough in its day, to be sure, and gave us a great deal of pleasure. But we had had it since Roosevelt was President. I think the last record the children bought was *Dardanella!*

In the meantime, we have had three new cars. But, for some reason—sentimental, perhaps—we clung to our old talking-machine. It was a nice piece of woodwork and seemed to be a part of the household. However, we couldn't forget that evening we had spent with the Hamiltons.

Such music! Such versatility! Stokowski, Kreisler, Whiteman, Chaliapin, Jesse Crawford . . . every kind and class of music. I believe the Hamiltons thought we were *never* going home! But you couldn't blame us. We had never heard music like that, except on the stage, by living artists.



In the meantime, we have had three new cars

We knew that, sooner or later, we would just have to have an Orthophonic Victrola. The more we were asked to play the old machine, the more determined we were to replace it with a new one. Well, we have one of these wonderful instruments now. Already, it has repaid us in a thousand ways. Our only regret now is that we waited so long before buying it!

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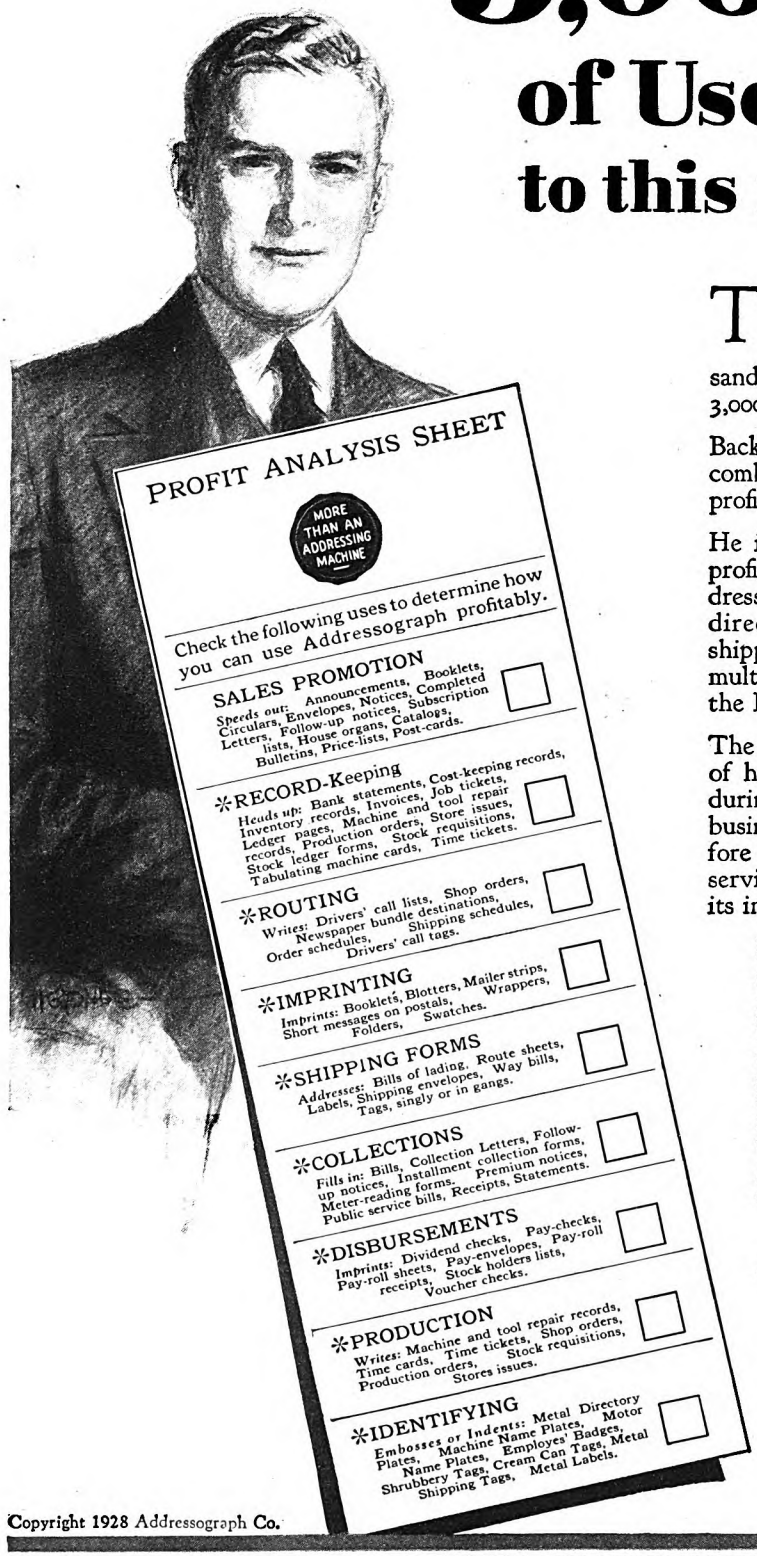

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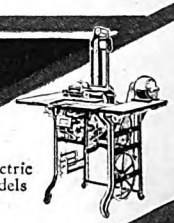
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The American Magazine

Contents for June, 1928

Merle Crowell, *Editor*
James C. Derieux, *Managing Editor*

JUST as this issue was going to press, we received from one of our readers a letter that is too good to keep from our other readers. Here it is:

"Well, spring is nearly here, and I am glad, for I am tired of winter. I am tired of getting up in the cold; I am tired of putting on an overcoat with the sleeve lining torn, and I am tired of paying for coal.

"I am going out and shake hands with the first bumblebee that comes zooming by; and I shall get up a flirtation with the first butterfly—regardless of sex.

"Yes, I want some real hot weather: I want to feel the sweat (not perspiration) trickling down my back; I want to see a blue-throated lizard panting at me over a rail that is too hot to stand on; I want to hear a grasshopper give his impersonation of a rattlesnake in the grass.

"When I see and hear and feel these things, then and not till then will I *know* that summer has come!"

One of the joys of our job is the letters we receive from readers. Every day scores of them come, and the reading of them is a delight, for they are friendly, intimate talks about this and that. You can see from the one above just how friendly and personal they are—and you can judge from this "Ode to Spring" what a good time we have with our correspondence.

THE EDITOR.

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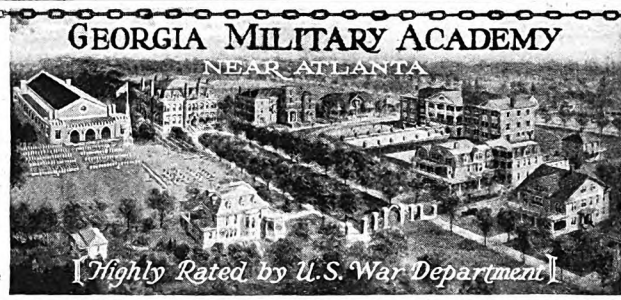
The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

Schools and Colleges for Boys



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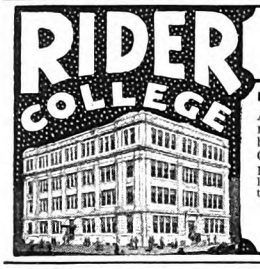

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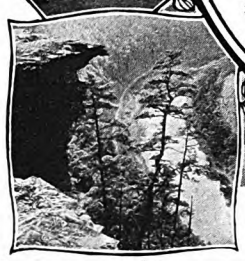

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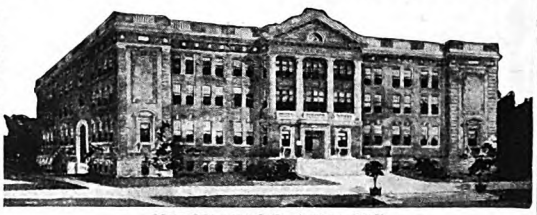

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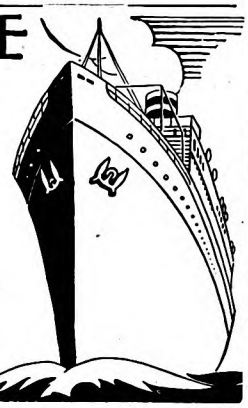

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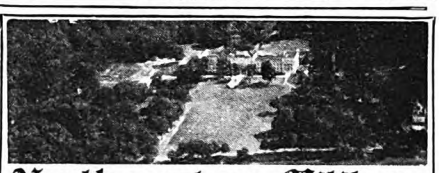

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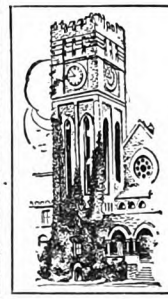

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Send Us The Boy And We Will Return You The MAN.

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Excellent record in college and life. Instructor for every 10 boys. Congenial surroundings—musical and literary organizations; fine library. All athletics—gym, 60-foot swimming pool, track, 10-acre field. Separate school for younger boys—home care. Plant recently modernized. Moderate rates—no extras. 8 miles from Princeton. Write for catalog. Francis Harvey Green, A.M., Litt.D., Headmaster, Box 60, Pennington, N. J.

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Schools and Colleges for Boys

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PAGE is designed wholly to serve the needs of little boys. Matrons give sympathetic motherly attention. Boys are taught *how* to study and to conduct themselves like little gentlemen. Modified military and physical training. The largest school of its kind in America. Catalog.

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13 years old

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1833 — 1928

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Ages 5 to 14

Open all year

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Beautifully and healthfully located in 200 acres of mountain and forest land. 83 miles east of Nashville. Eight substantial buildings and modern heating, plumbing and lighting. House mothers who take a personal interest in the health and happiness of each cadet. Happy, homelike atmosphere prevails. Moderate rates. (Camp Whooppee for summer months, under same management.) For catalog and information address Maj. Roy DeBerry, Headmaster, Box A, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

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Mount Ida School and Junior College

6 *Miles from Boston*

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Following classes are admitted:

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Grade: Standard four-year course with B. A. degree.

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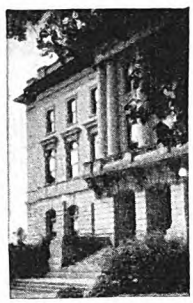

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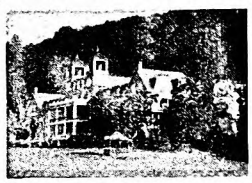

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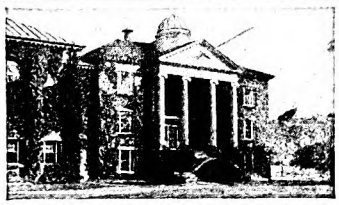

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Beautiful mountain location at southern end of Shenandoah. Prepares for college or business. Large dormitories. Low rates—liberal endowment. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. All sports. Catalog. **Col. Wm. R. Phelps, Principal, Box A, Bedford, Va.**

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A Western school with Eastern standards. Widely accredited. Graduates have entered over 75 American Colleges. Separate Junior School. Beautiful location. Ideal Winter climate. All forms of athletics under expert coaches. R. O. T. C. Catalog, Registrar, Tex. Mil. Inst., San Antonio, Texas.

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123rd year. Amidst hunting grounds and fishing streams. **11 teachers for** 100 select boys. Champion athletic teams. **Tennis. ¼-mile** track. Golf links available. Concrete **pool and skating** pond. Catalog.

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"Add in"

CHARMING life of the South with thorough preparation for the leading colleges. Elective courses and one year Junior college. Music, art, physical education, household and secretarial sciences. Modern buildings on a 50-acre campus in the Blue Ridge mountains, overlooking the Shenandoah valley. Sports. Catalog. Box 6-A, Park Station, Waynesboro, Virginia. John Noble Maxwell, Pres.

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St. Mary's Academy, Box A, Notre Dame, Indiana

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Country Boarding School and Junior College.
College Preparation. Certificate Recognized. High School, Home-Making, Secretarial, Journalism, Kindergarten Training, Social Service, Music and Art. **Vacation Trips to Bermuda and Europe.** Summer Camp and School, South Naples, Maine.
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On beautiful Lake Gleneida, near N. Y. City.
College Preparatory, General and Special Courses. ***Fully Accredited.*** Small classes. Moderate rates. 63rd year. Junior School. **Herbert E. Wright, D.D., Pres., Box A, Carmel, N.Y.**

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A country school in historic Shenandoah Valley. Sixty miles from Washington. College preparatory, cultural, graduate courses. You should see it to understand it. Church School. Mariah Pendleton Duval, Principal, Box Z.

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An Endowed College: Offering standard A. B. Course with state authorized degree, 36 modern buildings, beautifully located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mts. near Atlanta. Student body of 500 from 35 states. 10 national sororities.

Conservatory: All branches of music under noted teachers leading to Bachelor degree (B. Mus.). Dramatics and Expression with degree B. O.

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Academy: Independently organized in separate buildings. Standard four-year high school. Privilege of electives.

Sports: Horseback-riding, Boating, Swimming, Basketball, Track, Golf, Tennis, etc. (182 acres.)

Climate makes possible outdoor life all the year.

For Catalogue address
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HILLCREST FOR GIRLS Ages 6 to 14

Charming home life. Cultural atmosphere. Supervised study. Thoroughness in grade work. Music emphasized. Nature study, sewing, cooking, French, expression and art. Interpretive dancing. Outdoor games and activities. In healthful hill country. 19th year. Only normal, healthy children are accepted.
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Standard A. B. and A. M. courses. Placed in first rank of women's colleges. Aims to develop highest type cultured Christian character. 845 students from 33 states, 3 foreign countries. Healthful climate. Sixty-acre campus. Ample equipment including astronomical observatory. Art, music courses. Gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic field. Moderate rates.
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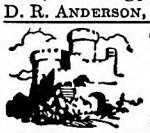

The Mason School for Girls
and Junior College
The Castle
Box 954, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Nationally Recognized College for Women in the Southwest

"Dutch Girl"

FOR 101 years Lindenwood College has given young women a thorough education in a Christian environment, training them for a useful life with a distinctive preparation for leadership. A standard four-year college course, acknowledged by the highest accrediting associations, and leading to degrees. Vocational courses in journalism, home economics, secretaryship, and physical education. Extraordinary opportunities in music, art, and oratory under distinguished faculty of artists. 138 acres in a forest of linden trees overlooking the Missouri river. Beautiful modern buildings including five dormitories. Represents an investment of nearly four million dollars. Swimming pool. Golf course. Large gymnasium. Cultural advantages of St. Louis' orchestra, opera, theatres, and galleries. For catalog and views address
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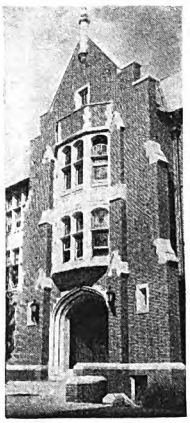

Lindenwood College

50 minutes from St. Louis

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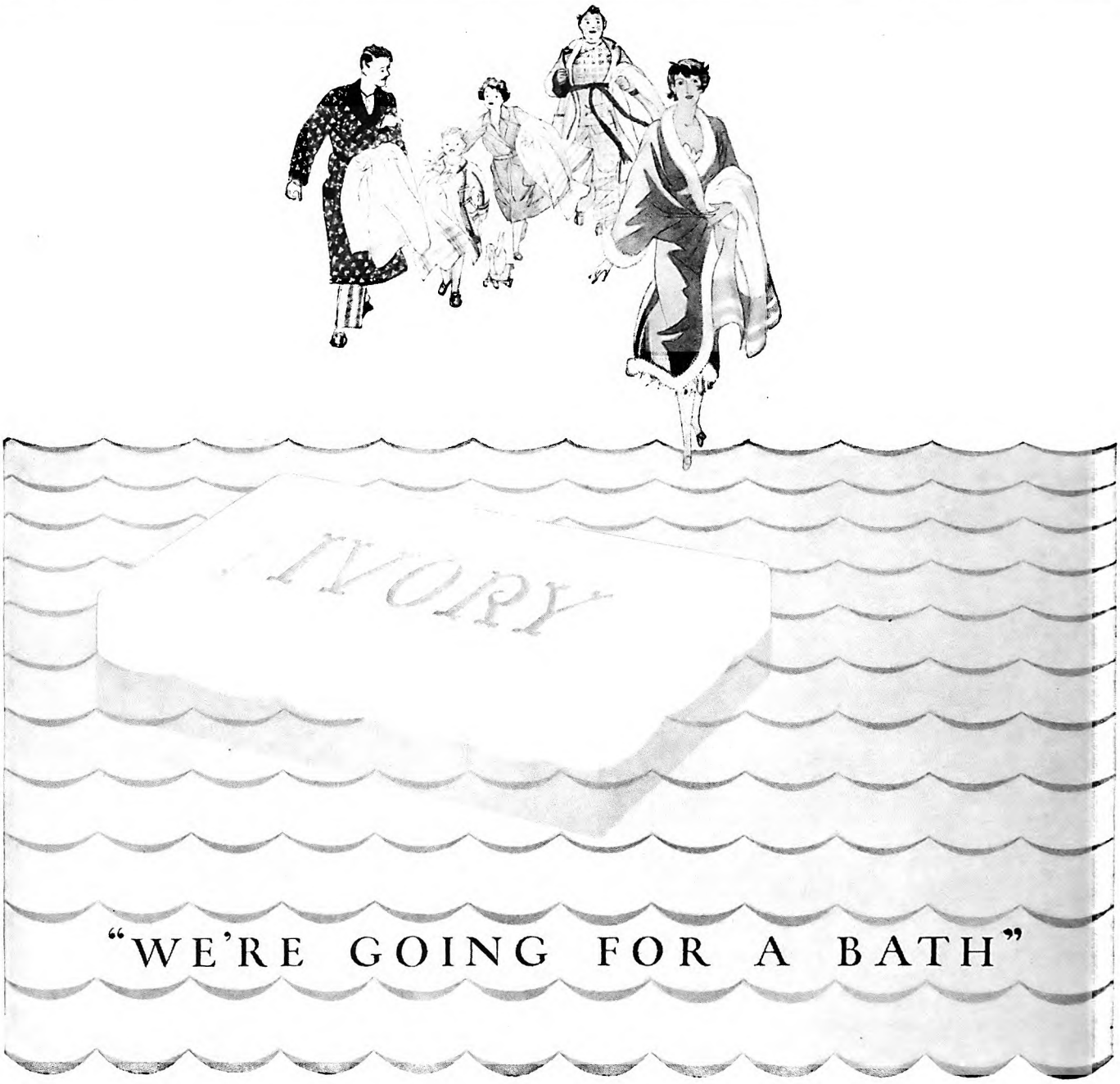

Here's a lot of people walking, and the artist says they're talking—they've already told him secretly, "We're going for a bath."

He says they seem so hopeful they will find tubs floating-soapful that he *dares* not give them *sinker*-soap because he fears their wrath.

So, dancing on their bath horizon, *there's* a sight to rest their eyes on! Now they'll change their bathrobes for an Ivory lather coat!

They'll have no more of bluish soap, of green or scarlet-huish soap—these *creamy* cakes alone will do, and every one will *float!*

Ivory is really the nicest soap to bathe with that's ever been made. Not only does it float right where you can see it and reach it, drop it where you will; but it quickly gives a lovely, creamy lather which cleanses thoroughly and then rinses off instantly.

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

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Barbasol *vs.* the Field!

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

Barbasol
Skin Freshener
A tonic stimulant. After shaving—after bathing—any time. 65c at all druggists

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU have your shaving hobby. Maybe you've stayed with the same soap or other preparation for years. Pretty hard to get you off it.

Yet you may be missing the shaving bet of your life by not playing BARBASOL. We *know* BARBASOL is *faster, smoother, cleaner, closer.*

Why not match BARBASOL against your pick of the field? All you have to do is

Make This 3-Day Test

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—Wash the face {and leave it wet}
2—Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}
3—Shave!

Do this for three successive days, and—

Let Your Face Decide

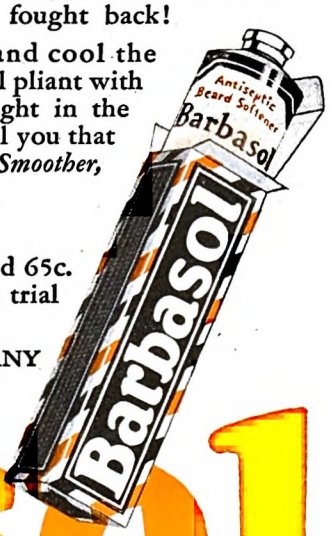
Notice how rough and harsh the soap side is—how the soapy alkali burns, and how the razor pulled and the beard fought back!

Feel how silky soft and cool the BARBASOL side is—all pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Your face will tell you that BARBASOL is *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

We know the winner!

At all druggists, 35c and 65c. Send 10c for generous trial tube.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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Index of Products Advertised

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TIME · TEMPERATURE · HUMIDITY · WATER · BEARD · SLEEP · SKIN CONDITION · HEALTH · NERVES · LATHER

Gillette must do a different job for you each day

—*with a blade which does* all *of them superbly*

THE weather may be fair or foul, warm or freezing; the water may be hot or cold, hard or soft; your digestion, too, affects the comfort of your shave; so do your nerves —how well you slept, and how long you lather.

There are at least forty different reasons why your Gillette Blade never gets precisely the same kind of shaving job to do twice.

There is just one reason why you can always get a smooth, clean, comfortable shave under any conditions—the invincible, even-tempered smoothness of the Gillette Blade—the one *constant* thing about your daily shave.

Gillette could safely make this statement in the beginning when the daily output of blades was less than a hundred. We can make it now with far greater positiveness, when over two million perfectly honed and delicately stropped Gillette Blades leave the plant every day. For these blades are made by delicate machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. Human skill could never hope for such accuracy. The blades receive most rigid inspection at every step. To make this possible, four out of every nine employees are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

When you slip your fresh Gillette Blade into your razor tomorrow morning, remember that it has a different job to do each day—and *does* it with comfortable smoothness.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette

TRADE Gillette MARK

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Tooth paste takes your youngsters to the ballgame

How come, you ask? Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. **You use** about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals **six dollars,** the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the **large** tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. **All** right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three **dollars,** your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

Compare this dentifrice to *any*. The results will convince you.

When you try Listerine Tooth Paste we ask you to note the following:

How white and gleaming it makes teeth after a few brushings.

How swiftly it sweeps tartar from the gum line—yet how *gently*.

How delightfully clean and stimulated your entire mouth feels when brushing is over.

We spent fifty years studying tooth and mouth troubles, and in Listerine Tooth Paste we have a dentifrice of which we are proud. Compare its results with those of any dentifrice you have used before. Don't buy unless you feel that Listerine Tooth Paste performs the tooth brushing task more efficiently.

The price of 25c, of course, is possible only because of our advanced manufacturing methods and mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large tube 25¢

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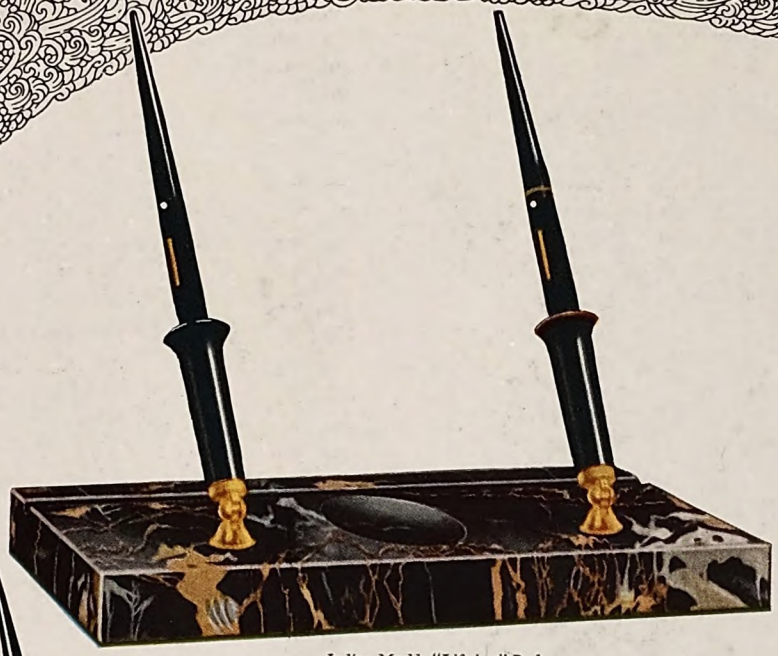


Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $35

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Oval Crystal Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $16.50

Jet Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $15

Sheaffer gave the world its writing instruments of real beauty

Pioneers in elegance! Sheaffer's Lifetime° desk fountain-pen set has brought to the work-places of the world a new efficiency. It is a convenience that is now greatly needed in every office and home. Always ready for instant service, responding to the lightest touch, a handsome ornament, this first pioneer quickly became a desk necessity.

At better dealers everywhere

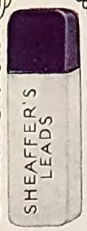
Onyx or Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Blue Label Leads 15 cents

DONALD DENTON

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Ernest McGroucher, whose culinary efforts usually result in dismal failure, produces his Sunday morning masterpiece—Pillsbury's pancakes

Even mere man can turn out the perfect breakfast with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. It's easy—simply add water or milk, and bake!

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high-quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen

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